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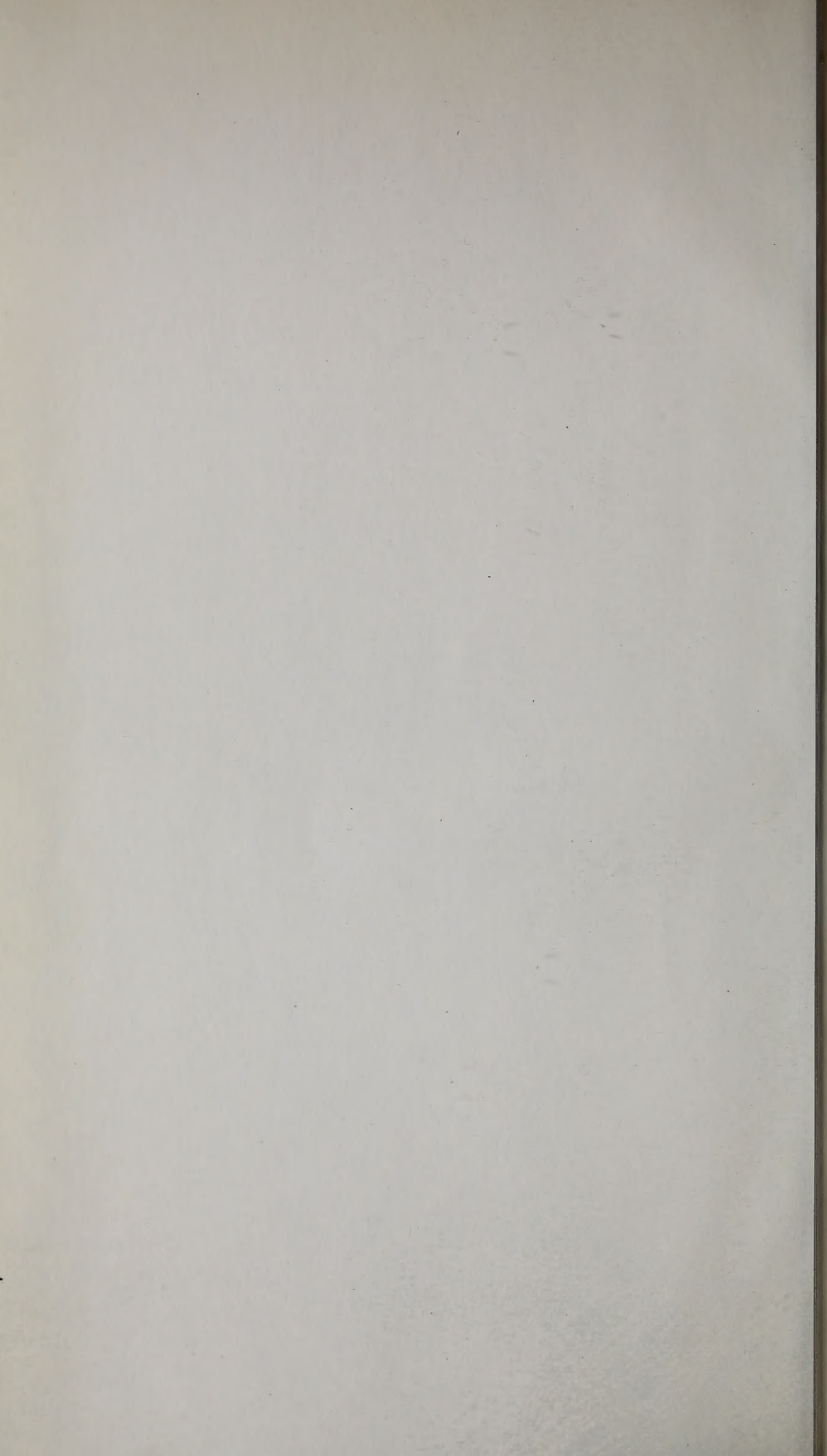












# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

AN ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

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VOLUME XXXII.

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FOR THE YEAR 1877

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# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohn, New York.  
Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RELIGIOUS VISIT TO  
FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA BY AMOS  
PEASLEE.

*Second mo. 13th, 1830.*—I left home this morning under an humbling sense and solemnizing weight of Gospel bonds that await my spirit, after a solemn approach to the throne of grace, in supplication on behalf of my dear wife and tender children. I rode to John Haines', near Woodbury. Next day I attended Camden Meeting to good satisfaction, the great Minister of ministers being near by His holy presence. Dined at John Ward's, whose son George joined me as a companion in the visit, and we crossed the river on the ice and rode to Darby, and lodged at John Hunt's, a very kind Friend.

*14th.*—Rode to Joseph Pennock's, at London Grove.

*15th.*—Attended Quarterly Meeting at that place (the select meeting having passed before we arrived). The public meeting was large and more like a Yearly Meeting for size than a Quarterly Meeting. The unslumbering Shepherd of Israel was pleased to arise for the help of His people and for the watering of His heritage, and it was a heart-tendering season.

*16th.*—We had a meeting at West Grove, it which that most deeply interesting portion of Scripture was revived: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son

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(a light into the world), that whosoever believed on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" showing the root and spring of true and living faith, and its Divine origin being the operative power of God in the soul of man, bringing forth the fruits of holiness, righteousness and peace. Dined at Mahlon Preston's.

*17th.*—Had a meeting near Samuel Headley's, when the watchword was, "The world by wisdom knew not God;" "The mysteries of the kingdom of heaven are revealed to babes and sucklings in Christ."

*18th.*—At Meeting at Doe Run, when the word of Life arose with power and energy. Lodged at Daniel Lukins', with whose precious family we had a religious opportunity, to great satisfaction.

*19th.*—Attended Fallowfield Meeting, which was mercifully favored with the overshadowing wing of ancient Goodness, and many hearts were contrited before the Lord. Lodged at James Truman's.

*First of the week and 21st of the month.*—We attended East Sadsbury Meeting in the morning and West Sadsbury in the afternoon, in both of which the Truth rose into great dominion, but especially in the latter, in which the language of the Prophet was revived, where he describes the kingdom of Anti-christ in man, and how it is subdued by the kingdom of Christ, saying, "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments



*Second-day.*—At Willistown.

*Third-day.*—At Westchester; all of which were favored seasons, especially the latter, in which it was shown that the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did, by which we draw nigh to God; showing that Christ within, who is the better hope, brought to light by the Gospel, is perfect in all His works, and by His quickening power only we can draw nigh to God. The external or outward law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Moses was faithful in all his house as a servant, for a testimony of those things that should be spoken after.

*Fourth-day.*—Were at Concord.

*Fifth-day.*—At Birmingham.

*Sixth-day.*—At Merion, and on First day in Philadelphia. Attended Cherry street in the morning and Green street in the afternoon. The Lord helped us from meeting to meeting, furnishing with matter and utterance suitable to the states of the people; and more especially did my cup overflow with heavenly blessing at Green street, and many minds were much tendered before the Lord, whose goodness endureth forever. Blessed be His holy Name! Passed over the river and lodged at John Ward's, and next day attended Woodbury Monthly Meeting, and gave up my minute, having performed the service according to prospect to the peace of my own mind.

#### REFORMERS.

It is delightful to remember that there have been men who, in the cause of truth and virtue, have made no compromises for their own advantage or safety; who have recognized "the hardest duty as the highest;" who, conscious of the possession of great talents, have relinquished all the praise that was within their grasp, all the applause which they might have so liberally received, if they had not thrown themselves in opposition to the errors and vices of their fellow-men, and have been content to take obloquy and insult instead; who have approached to lay on the altar of God "their last infirmity." They, without doubt, have felt that deep conviction of having acted right which supported the martyred philosopher of Athens, when he asked, "What disgrace is it to me if others are unable to judge of me or to treat me as they ought?" There is something very solemn and sublime in the feeling produced by considering how differently these men have been estimated by their contemporaries, from the manner in which they are regarded by God. . . . A storm of calumny and reviling has too often pursued them through life, and continued, when they could no longer feel it, to beat upon

their graves. But it is no matter. They had gone where all who have suffered, and all who have triumphed in the same noble cause, receive their reward; and where the wreath of the martyr is more glorious than that of the conqueror.—*Norton.*

From the New York Tribune.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The time was when news of the death of Charles Kingsley would have brought with it no less consternation than sorrow, to all who labor for the welfare of the human race; for every such worker would have felt that a great warrior had fallen in the very beginning of the battle. Now—since so much has been accomplished that he lived to accomplish, and, in the progress of constitutional government, the repeal of bad laws, and the wide dissemination of liberal and humane thoughts and ideas, the safety of his cause, and theirs, seems assured, this news will be heard, with a deep sadness and solemnity indeed, but with a sorrow unmingled with alarm. He has fallen; but not before his victory was won. The champion of the oppressed poor man sinks into the grave; but the poor throughout the English speaking world, are better in condition and happier in mind because Charles Kingsley has lived; and the high purpose of social amelioration which he refreshed and stimulated, by so many agencies, in the best heart and intellect of his age, giving it a fresh impetus and a renewed vigor—survives to lift them higher yet, and constantly to teach and keep in view the brotherhood of man.

The story of his life is, of course, the story of his works and their influence—and that is written on the experience of his generation. Mr. Kingsley was born at Holne, in Devonshire, England, on June 17, 1819.

The childhood of this celebrated man was passed in Holne vicarage, and amid surroundings of such natural beauty and historic associations as have won for Devonshire the name of the garden of England. These environments of natural loveliness and legendary lore had their strong and healthful influence on the development of his imagination and his robust and manly frame. From the age of fourteen till the age of twenty he was under the tuition and care of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, at Ottley, St. John. Then he went to King's College, London, and then, in his twenty-second year, to Magdalen College, Cambridge—from which institution he was graduated with high honors as a classical scholar and a mathematician. In 1844, having chosen the profession of the church, he was settled over the Parish of Eversley, in Hampshire, and there were



passed many years of his useful and brilliant life. In 1844, also, he was married—his wife being the daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, long a member of Parliament for Truro and Great Marlowe. His life at Eversley must have been very happy—for, though he worked hard for the parish and was assiduous in preaching, he followed with the freshness and ardor of a boy those field sports of which he was passionately fond, and which kept him in health and hope and cheer. As a clergyman he was stanchly devoted to the Established Church, yet liberal in theology. As a preacher he was simple, sincere, strong, effective, and—by reason of his manliness, his sympathy with the poor, his knowledge of the wants and feelings of the humblest rustic—very dear to the people among whom he lived and labored. He rose in the church to be Canon of Westminster, and he became one of the private chaplains to the Queen. Another office of honor that he occupied with credit and beneficence was that of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University.

The writings of Mr. Kingsley are voluminous and diversified, showing prodigious industry as well as a vital and versatile mind.

Deep belief in the nobleness possible to human nature, and blended therewith a determined opposition to the fetters—of whatever sort—by which it is constrained and fretted, breathe through all his writings; but their earliest emphatic enunciation was made in his third work, "Alton Locke," put forth in 1850.

It espouses the cause of the poor, and it eloquently urges that every human being should be permitted to make the best of himself that he can, according to the law of duty and conscience. A keen and pitying sense of the miserable state of the poor of London, working upon a nature full of tenderness and of poetic aspiration and hopefulness, pervades this book, and gives it an astonishing vitality. Its originality and power seized the public attention in its day with a very strong grasp, and Charles Kingsley became at once a name and a power in the world of thought and among the practical workers for Christian civilization.

Dying at the age of fifty-five, Mr. Kingsley passes away in the meridian of his powers. He had lived a wholesome life: he was a well-knitted, tough, elastic man; he had the capacities within him of much additional work. Yet it cannot be said that he has left his work unfinished. The word that it was in him to speak, for the emancipation of mankind from error and wickedness, the tyranny of caste, the wrongs of class legislation, the burdens of poverty, wretchedness,

and vice—was fully spoken. He never lost an occasion, with voice or pen, in sermon, novel, or poem, to plead with man for the rights of humanity. His vindication of health, as an element in the salvation of the world, had likewise been made complete. There were his doctrines; there was his example. To literature he might have contributed more; but it is quite unlikely that he would have wrought in a new vein, or risen to a loftier eminence. Virtue, manliness, the spirit of adventure, the work of self-reliant character, and the necessity and beauty of religious faith, are urged and celebrated in all his fictions. The lesson had been wholly taught. And Charles Kingsley, distinguished on two continents as novelist, poet and moral and social philosopher and teacher, had lived to see not a few ideas crystallized into practical fact which were thought to be visionary twenty-five years ago. If it was his appointed vocation to foster the intelligent and virtuous aspirations of mankind toward equality before human laws and obedience to laws divine—and thus toward national and healthful happiness—he certainly accomplished it to the utmost limit of his power. In later years he has desisted from strife and controversy, finding the social world calmer, and yielding more to the poet than to the reformer in his restless spirit. His visit to this country was a happy episode in his autumnal experience. He made many friends here, and he left a gracious and fragrant memory when he sailed away. He will be honored, in the long future, as a man of true and pure genius, whose moral nature allied that genius to patient work for the practical good of his fellow-creatures.

From Public Ledger.

THE TALMUD.

A few years ago much attention was attracted to the article on the Talmud which appeared in one of the great English Quartermasters. It was followed by other articles in that and other journals on kindred subjects, by lectures and short articles, which were authoritatively ascribed to Dr. Emanuel Deutsch, one of the staff of the British Museum. Very shortly after the almost extravagant praise which was lavished on the profound learning and clearness exhibited by the author in his discussion of the oriental literature and history of which he seemed a complete master, he died in Alexandria, and was buried in the Jewish cemetery at that place. His writings have been collected and issued in a volume published in London and New York last year, under the title of "Literary Remains of the late Emanuel Deutsch," with a brief memoir. The leading articles are re-



prints of the *Quarterly Review* papers on The Talmud and Islam, and the other contents of the volume are mainly notes on Egypt and on other Eastern subjects—Semitic Paleography and Culture, on Arabic Poetry, and on the Ecumenical Council—all showing that his studies were mainly in one direction, and were extensive if not exhaustive. His mastery of English, too, seems to be almost perfect, and this is the more remarkable, for he was born and educated in Germany, and went to England only in 1855, in his twenty-sixth year. There for fifteen years he studied and wrote with great energy, looking forward to a treatise on the Talmud as the work of his life, but in the meantime writing essays and articles for "Chambers' Encyclopedia," "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible" and "Kitt's Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature," all subsidiary to his great subject.

Long before he could do more than make his eloquent summary of his work, he died, the victim of overwork, and the neglect and indifference to the health and comfort of its employes, which was characteristic of the British Museum, as it is so often of all great corporate bodies. Still from the volume now gathered together, it is possible to form a clearer and more distinct notion of the Talmud, the great monument of Jewish learning, when it stood almost alone in the world, than can be found elsewhere. The Talmud, Mr. Deutsch tells us, is a collection of all the discussions upon the text of the Scriptures, with the comments of generations of teachers who devoted years to the elucidation of the Bible, to applying its doctrines to the practical requirements and conditions of life, and to the recording of all that had thus been gathered by tradition. It is a code of laws, forming a kind of supplement to the Pentateuch, recording the thoughts rather than the events of a thousand years of the national life of the Jewish people. There were successive bodies of men specially chosen to preserve the Scriptural texts and apply them to the needs of daily life. These were the "Scribes" and their successors, the Sanhedrim, or Colleges of those who devoted their lives to study. The vast mass of learning thus gathered together was three times reduced to system and order, and in an unwritten code it was again transmitted to succeeding generations, of commentators, whose discussions were again codified, making, in their present form, twelve folio volumes, about four times the size of the earlier digests. Both of them are full of oriental color, fairy tales and jests, stories and parables, just as the student could remember the illustrations used in discussing Bible texts and transmit them in turn to and through a long line of oral repetitions, until the text

and the comments were both reduced to actual manuscript. To us it seems that writing and printing are the only means for preserving and transmitting any sort of learning, but we forget that there are laws and codes and a whole literature in the East preserved with absolute authenticity in the memory of doctors and disciples, even of those who repeat thousands of lines, such as would fill whole volumes, yet without the slightest conception of their meaning. But the Jews reduced their Talmud to manuscripts, many of which are preserved in the great libraries of Europe, and for over a thousand years it has survived the persecutions that have been waged against it.

Of the printed editions, the first was that of Venice, in 1520; and the third, that of Basle, in 1578, remains the standard to this day. There have been translations and corrections innumerable begun, but few of them have gone beyond a beginning, and even Deutsch's labors seem to share the ill-fortune that attends all modern attempts to reduce to manageable limits this monument of Jewish learning, and this record of the history not only of the Hebrew race, but of their contemporaries, their neighbors, their masters, and their rivals, Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Arabs. It is a great storehouse of the languages and the sciences of many generations of men long prior to our modern civilization, which yet owes a vast deal to the studies of those whose only record is in the Talmud, where it is now, after years of neglect, again being sought after by the lovers of learning for its own sake.

#### THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. - I love



to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

—Webster.

## LOCAL INFORMATION.

As the editors have solicited the co-operation of Friends in various parts of the country, in furnishing for their paper information of interest respecting the state of our Society, I have thought the subjoined might open the way for some in more remote localities. We all want to know how it fares with our brethren and sisters in other places:

## FRANKFORD PREPARATIVE MEETING.

This meeting is composed of two branches, Germantown and Frankford, both belonging to Green Street Monthly Meeting, and meets alternately, for the transaction of business, at Germantown, in the odd, and at Frankford in the even months.

Both meetings are very small, the latter having, from various causes, dwindled to a mere handful, though by the great faithfulness of these few it continues to be a power in the neighborhood, felt and acknowledged, as is demonstrated by the large number of children (over one hundred) that assemble in the meeting-house for school exercises every First-day morning, many of whom (though having no connection with Friends) remain for meeting.

The attendance of these meetings for business, from want of direct public conveyance between Germantown and Frankford, involves some sacrifice on the part of the members; but, as the membership at present stands, neither is strong enough to act independently of the other.

Frankford is so easy of access from the city that a visit to this time-honored gathering-place of the fathers and mothers of the past is within reach of all, and a lovelier spot, on a spring or summer morning, in which to spend an hour in religious fellowship and communion, can scarcely be found.

Very many Friends belonging to Race Street

Monthly Meeting also have their homes in Germantown, and on First-day mornings that meeting is usually well represented; but the actual number of members composing the Germantown branch of the Preparative Meeting is very small, and but a mere fraction feel concerned to keep alive the mid-week and business meetings. For some time an exercise of spirit has been felt by those who bear the weight and burthen of this branch of Frankford Preparative Meeting respecting those in their midst who have a right of membership, but who are seldom seen at First-day meetings, and are never present at other times. The subject was laid before the meeting at a late sitting, and resulted in a voluntary offering by some present to visit such, and "to carry the love of the meeting to them in their individual homes." Frankford Meeting, having great unity with the proposed labor, is also giving attention thereto, and it is believed that the results will strengthen and build up both meetings.

R.

## SCRAPs

## FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I was not, my dear friend, discouraged with the picture thou drew of thy own weakness, but felt like quoting the words of the Apostle, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Surely thy note gives evidence of that condition. The same experience is often mine, when the whole creature is abased—all self-reliance gone. Then the spirit looks up to the Source from whence it came, and finds, to its surprise, that it is already encircled as in the arms of Divine Love; and so long as it is willing thus to be sustained, it grows "in stature and in favor with God and man." I often realize these times of self-abasement to be my most precious experiences.

I have been comforted in recalling a beautiful sentiment, recently published in *Friends' Intelligencer*: An aged invalid, being asked by a friend how he bore his affliction with so much patience, replied, "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod." If we could only remember that, I think we would all be able to bear our trials with patience, and even sometimes to rejoice under our afflictions. "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."

But, my dear friend, how is it that I thus attempt to offer a word of encouragement to one who has had more experience than I have, and who has lived much closer to the mark than I have done? Thou wilt excuse me, I know. My experience of late is not altogether bright—I am not watchful enough. I yield too easily to temptation, and am not always

faithful. Sometimes I feel as if I should altogether fall away were it not for the encouragement I receive through the lives of some faithful ones around me; therefore, I still have hope that if I strive on I shall some day attain the mark set before me. That is about all I can say of myself spiritually.

As we pass along through time it is well for us occasionally to review our lives and ponder our past experiences. In doing so, we sometimes are able to read more clearly the dealings of our heavenly Parent with us than we could before we had learned by experience the lesson of His love and wisdom. It is well, too, for us thus to be reminded that in the day of our espousal to the "beloved of souls," we were little in our own eyes; we were proven in little things; we were given to see that if we were not faithful in these, there could be no advance; self had to be reduced, the gratification of the senses abridged, and the solemn language was, "He who loveth anything more than Me is not worthy of Me." Even things lawful in themselves had to be surrendered. All this was in great wisdom to discipline our spirits—to teach us the lesson of the cross, to prepare us to meet adversity and to receive the varied dispensations of life as from the hand of a loving Father, who could make an even balance by richly pouring in the consolations of His Spirit in times of trial, and by surrounding us with the preserving influences of His love in times of prosperity.

These remembrances do us great good in many ways. The acknowledgement can, not unfrequently, be made, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," and surely we may believe the same helping hand will continue to be stretched out still for the support of every dependent child.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 27, 1875.

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NOTICE.—The next Third-day evening meeting will be held at Green street Meeting-house on the 2d of Third month, at 7½ o'clock.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—With the present number begins the thirty-second volume of *Friends' Intelligencer*. On entering upon this new year of its existence, the Editors take pleasure in acknowledging the kindness and encouragement extended them, and the many assurances which they continue to receive of unity with their efforts to elevate the standard of thought among its readers.

To those co-laborers in the field of journalism, with whom the *Intelligencer* exchanges, they offer greetings, with desires for their increase in influence and usefulness; earnestly hoping that their own sheet may in no degree fall behind its compeers in the advocacy of every rightly directed effort that has for its end the advancement of intelligence, virtue and religion in our midst, and the promotion of "Peace and good-will" among the nations of the earth.

With a meager patronage, that scarcely represents a tithe of the membership of the Society of Friends, the influence of the *Intelligencer* is necessarily circumscribed.

If it fails to meet the expectations of its readers, it must be borne in mind that the Editors are only responsible for the views contained in the editorial columns and selected articles. All other essays and contributions that appear in the paper are furnished by correspondents in various branches of our Society, and must, therefore, represent the tone of religious thought that pervades it.

While it is desirable to avoid controversy, it is believed right to open its columns to all who are concerned to awaken and foster inquiry respecting the great truths of our holy profession, and in the testimonies that are held by us.

From Friends, and those holding similar views, the Editors ask for a continuance of interest and for substantial aid. In every Monthly Meeting there are worthy members who would gladly receive the paper, but cannot afford to pay for it. If others who are more favored would remember these, the subscription list might be increased.

The size of the sheet necessitates much care in selecting from original matter kindly furnished; and it is hardly possible to avoid wounding the feelings of some valued contributors, who, at much cost of time and labor, prepare articles that, in some instances, are either much abridged or altogether rejected. Especially is this the case with obituary notices. While desiring to meet the wishes of surviving friends, by publishing tender and truthful memorials of the departed, it is absolutely necessary to confine all *lengthy* obituaries to those deceased Friends most widely known as public benefactors.



The Editors recognize and appreciate the grave questions that at present agitate Christian sects; and are encouraged by the tolerant spirit that characterizes discussions on doctrinal differences, to believe that there is a growing disposition to accord to every one the right of private judgment in all matters of faith and doctrine. They gladly introduce into their columns, from their exchanges, articles pervaded by this spirit.

It will continue to be the aim of the Editors to give such "Local Information" as can be obtained of the state of the Society in various places; they again urge upon their readers, who have the interests of Friends everywhere at heart, to furnish them with any items that come under their notice which are deemed of sufficient value for publication.

The subject of education is receiving increased attention. Any information respecting the opening of new schools, and the reorganization of those that had been closed, will be acceptable.

Friendly intercourse always promotes love and unity in the Body, and where this cannot be kept up by social and religious commingling, the press becomes an available medium: to those who, by isolation or bodily infirmity, are debarred from the attendance of meetings, how satisfactory it is to have a weekly summary of the state of Society, and to be made familiar with the thoughts and aspirations of other minds, as presented in the essays and communications on various subjects that fill the columns of the *Intelligencer*. Its value to such as these has not been adequately measured.

While we acknowledge that the Great Teacher is an ever-present Helper, we as fully believe that He communicates His truths through various instrumentalities as well, and that the religious press is, in this age, a power for good that can scarcely be overestimated.

**SIGNATURES.**—A Friend writing to us from Ohio, desires that those who contribute articles for our paper would sign their full names instead of their initials only. The reasons he gives for this request are, that any one who publicly advocates a truth should be willing to be *known* as its advocate; that a knowledge of the name would give added interest to the

article; and that, considering how widely scattered the members of our Society are, it would tend to promote a feeling of brotherhood, and, in a measure, introduce the writer to the acquaintance of his *distant* brethren. As we believe his request was not made from a desire to gratify mere curiosity, but from a wish to do good, we give it for our contributors to ponder. There is one periodical issued by Friends in England, the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, in which, if we remember rightly (for we do not often see it), the name of the writer is affixed to every contribution. We learn something of the *mind* of a writer through what he writes, and when we know his name, we fancy we make some approach toward a knowledge of his person. A little incident may be in point, as showing how this fancy may mislead. A friend of ours who is something of an antiquarian, hearing of a Friend in England of similar tastes, commenced, and carried on for a considerable time, an interesting correspondence with him on the subject of antiquities connected with the history of our Society. It appeared, afterwards, that each was under the impression that his correspondent was a *plainly-dressed, elderly Friend*. When the correspondence had ripened into familiarity, a request was made that they should exchange photographs; and the surprise was mutual to find that both were scarcely middle-aged, neither of them wore the *Quaker costume*, and both had a liberal amount of the fashionable beard.

To return to the request of our friend; there are some persons who are willing to write for the public eye if they may remain unknown. Of a retiring and sensitive spirit, and having a high standard of literary excellence, which they think they cannot approach, they shrink from being known, even by their initials. Might not such find, upon self-examination, that it was not humility, but its disguised opposite they were cherishing?

We would not be understood as urging anyone in this matter. Our correspondents are aware that their names must be sent for the information of the *Editors*, but beyond this we leave each one to his freedom. Like many other questions, "much may be said on both sides."



**NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.**—This institution, with J. W. Shoemaker, A. M., at its head, is, so far as we have any knowledge, the first that has been established for the distinctive object of "Culture in human speech."

The school has entered upon the second year of its present organization, and is located at 1418 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

In the catalogue for 1874 and 1875, we find, among the graduates and students, several familiar names, and feel assured that in giving this brief notice of the school, we are recommending an Institution that is already known to many members of our religious Society.

The Principal will doubtless be remembered as one of the most attractive readers at Friends' Social Lyceum on several occasions, in its earlier days.

#### DIED.

**ROGERS.**—At the residence of her son-in-law, Caleb Wilkins, near Medford, Burlington County, N. J., on the 4th of the Eighth month, 1874, Susan E., wife of David Rogers, of Evesham, in the 66th year of her age; a member and Elder of Medford Monthly Meeting. She was of a delicate constitution, and suffered for more than eight years with consumption, which prevented her from the constant attendance of religious meetings; a privilege she valued very highly.

**WRIGHT.**—At his late residence in Penn's Manor, Bucks County, Pa., on the 20th of First month, 1875, Mark Wright, in the 73d year of his age; a member of Falls Monthly Meeting. He gave evidence that he had attended to the call, "Be ye also ready," and expressed to those around him that the messenger of death was not unexpected. He yielded to the mandate with Christian resignation, realizing that crown of peace he had so earnestly sought.

#### SCIENCE AND POETRY.

Science and poetry, recognizing, as they do, the order and beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from her altar, but in their natural characters they are co-operators, and, like twin sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating power; poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining love. Science adores as a subject; poetry worships as a child. One teaches the law, and the other binds the soul to it in bands of beauty and love. They turn the universe into a temple, earth into an altar, the systems into fellow-worshippers, and eternity into one long day of contemplation and praise.—*Ware.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 37.

(Continued from page 829, vol. xxxi.)

#### WALKS ABOUT ZION.

"The sun now rises on the minaret,  
And desolation lingers o'er the walls,  
Where angels once, like its own mountain band,  
Stood round Jerusalem."

An English traveler who visited this most venerable of all the pilgrimage spots on earth in 1869, thus expresses his feelings after a few days in Jerusalem: "My first impression of Jerusalem was a kind of disappointment which I cannot well describe. It was not the 'city of David' and home of our faith that I had long been picturing to myself, and so ardently longed that I might live to see, and I could not in any way identify it with our common Christianity. I read portions of the Old and the New Testament that bore upon its history, but could not account for my frame of mind, till the light broke in upon me that the time had come that we 'shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.' 'God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,' whether on the bleak mountain-sides of the north, or on the sunny slopes of the Himalaya:

"Or haply in some cottage far apart,  
Our God may hear, well pleased, the language of  
the soul,  
And in His book of life, the inmates poor enrol."

Wherever two or three are gathered in His name, there will He be in the midst of them. I am more than ever convinced of the violence that we do to the pure and simple worship of the Father, in attempting to give that worship a favored home, whether at Rome or at Jerusalem." But the heavens above us, as revealed through a most ethereal atmosphere, and the eternal hills around are real, and present the same appearance to-day as when princes of the race of David sat enthroned in Zion. We have traversed the pathways along which the great Teacher walked at eventide with His friends when He sought the olive-crowned mount for meditation and for prayer, and have loitered long on the mountain ridge of Olivet, and looked eastward on the Dead Sea, blue and silent, in its deep valley of the hills, and marked the position of the valley of the Jordan, which ascends to the sea of Galilee, so memorable in sacred writ. To the north the hill of Mizpeh, so linked with memories of the Prophet Samuel, is plainly visible from Olivet, and the City of Jerusalem is grandly spread before us to the eastward. In the days of its glory the prospect from this lovely hill-top must have been most magnif-

icent. We are high enough above Jerusalem to see quite into it, and near enough to distinguish all the larger objects very clearly, and yet far enough away to be quite unconscious of all discordant noises, of all the terrible uncleanness and the leprous distresses of the streets. The houses are low and flat, being nearly all roofed with solid stone work, slightly arched. The color of the building material is a very light grey, and upon the roofs and domes of the city fitful and beautiful beams of sunlight are descending from a showery sky like smiling benedictions from on high. A rainbow arch is springing from the heights to the northward, as if to promise once more Divine favor to this long suffering land. Far away to the eastward we see the rugged and majestic mountains of Moab, and at their feet the dark and silent Dead Sea is revealed, while we can trace the Jordan valley northward toward the Galilean fountains. It is a grand and soul-satisfying revelation, and I have, as often before, a longing to share the wondrous scene with many in my own land, whose hearts are often turned with earnest affection to this ancient land, hallowed by such sacred associations. It is the land of the patriarchs and prophets, of the sinless One who came to save, and of His chosen apostles; and here dwelt worshippers of the spiritual and eternal Father, when almost the whole earth beside paid homage to senseless idols, or, at best, to poetic fancies.

Standing on the little minaret of the mosque which crowns the height, we can see many miles away into or over the desolate wilderness country to the southeast, where was heard the voice of the prophetic Baptist, who called the attention of all men to the greater Teacher who should have power to baptize the heart. Bearing record, "I saw the spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him."

We look once more to the westward, and fancy what a scene this must have been when the magnificent temple crowned the heights of Moriah, and towers and palaces adorned the proud city of the Jews. And so the poet (Milman) fancies:

"On our olive-crowned hill we stand,  
When Kedron at our feet its scanty waters  
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,  
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace.  
How boldly doth it front us! how majestic!  
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside  
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,  
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer  
To the blue heavens."

It is strange and sad to descend from the calm and peaceful height of the tower to the earth again, and hear the wailing cries for "backsheesh!" and thread our way amid the crowd of beggars toward the portal of the so-

called Church of the Ascension. The poor, idle creatures, sick, sore and deformed, press upon us, kissing our clothing, and pleading for more, long after our stock of little moneys is exhausted, and I realize how the crowd of Syrian peasants must have pressed round the footsteps of the good Physician, when He trod these paths eighteen hundred years ago.

Here is shown the rock from which, it is asserted, Jesus ascended to Heaven. There is an indentation in the firm limestone that may be imagined to resemble a footprint, and this is kissed reverently by pilgrims, as being the last spot on earth on which the foot of Jesus rested. It will be remembered that it is written (Luke xxiv, 50) that "He led His disciples out as far as to Bethany, and that while He blessed them, He was parted from them." Accordingly, they have no Scripture warrant to locate the ascension on Olivet. Next we are shown the enclosure made by a French lady of rank and fortune, which is supposed to be the spot where Jesus taught the memorable prayer to His disciples. Under the quadrangular colonnade are arranged tablets on which the Lord's prayer is given in as many languages; and on one side the lady, though yet living, has had her reclining figure sculptured as if in death, intending this, perhaps, as her place of burial when she is done with time. After loitering awhile here, we descend the mount, pass the cavernous Tombs of the Prophets, which we do not explore; pass the sad-looking Jewish place of burial, which stretches along the face of the mountain; and then, attracted by a curious chaunting, we draw near the squalid village of Siloam. Our guide suggests that it may be a wedding festivity in which the people are engaged, but we see at a glance that they are mourning, not rejoicing. A group of perhaps twenty older women are seated on the ground, wailing and weeping, with their hair and clothing in the utmost disorder, to indicate extremity of grief; while others are marching or dancing round in a circle, chaunting dismally, beating their breasts and faces, tearing their hair and wailing. And here, then, we have a living representation of the wild lamentation to which such frequent reference is made in the Scriptures. The weepers are all women, and their voices and gestures are certainly calculated to stimulate feelings of grief, "wailing like the dragons, and mourning as the owls." It was a strange, impressive sight, and I soon wanted to turn away from it. Our guide told us that after the death of a person of some consequence among them, the people, or at least the women, keep up this wild mourning for the departed for twenty days. During the day when the lamentation is going on they



eat and drink nothing until the going down of the sun, when they may refresh themselves—then comes feasting and “the cup of consolation.” For the first time, I see the reason why the great Lawgiver of Israel forbade His people to “cut themselves or to make any baldness between the eyes for the dead,” as such doubtless was the custom among the more barbarous people of the land. They are to this day creatures of wild impulse, kissing your hands with greatest fervor for the smallest alms, cursing terribly if disappointed, and on the least offence hurling the ever ready stone with deadly intent. Cruel oppression and neglect have been their portion for long ages, and they have little encouragement from their Turkish rulers to undertake any productive industry.

I am as-sured that all the hills around Jerusalem might produce the olive and the vine, but that the tax-gatherer claims so large a portion of the produce—even demanding a tax on the tree from the time of planting—that industry is quite paralyzed. One traveler assured me that an Arab told him that his olive trees were so heavily taxed that it absorbed more than *all* the produce, so that he cut them down in despair. Was there ever such oppression? Notwithstanding these cruel imposts, the Turkish government is totally inefficient and corrupt—bribes, or “back-sheesh” as they call it, being the order, from the lowest official to the highest.

In this valley we are shown the reputed tombs of Zacharias, Absalom, St. James and Jehoshaphat. Absalom’s pillar, as it is called, is defaced by the stones which it has long been the Arab fashion to hurl against the monument of the disobedient and rebellious son of David. The tomb is a monolith, made by hewing a portion of the original rock away, and then shaping the part detached and building the upper portion on it. The front is so battered that what was once a square window is now only a rough breach. Our little donkey boys, Abbas and Hassan, picked up stones here and hurled them against the pillar, spitting furiously in the same direction, as a testimony, I suppose of their abhorrence of unfilial conduct, and also as an evidence of their own superior virtue. Then they handed us each a stone, that we might testify in the same manner. It were long to recount the tedious legends connected with the hill-sides that environ Jerusalem—grains of truth in bushels of fable, they seemed to me—and I thought of the perplexity of the tossed and troubled sons of Israel, disappointed in their hopes of a temporal Prince and Deliverer, yet repulsed from an acknowledgment of the crucified Messiah by the absurd superstitions and cunningly-devised

fables that men have interwoven with His beautiful and simple ministry.

The most extensive and interesting of the tombs in hills around Jerusalem, are called the “Tombs of the Kings,” though of what kings I could not learn. They are referred to by Josephus as the “monuments of Heleno Queen of Adiabene, near to which the third wall of the city extended.” The amount of labor bestowed upon these rock-hewn sepulchres is amazing. On the east side, facing Jerusalem, we enter a court of about 150 feet square, cut out of the solid rock. In front is a broad vestibule with pillars, frieze and projecting cornice, ornamented with fruits and flowers, of which enough remains intact to show that they belong to an early period. To the left, through an opening perhaps three feet square, our guide descends, lights his tapers, and calls to us to follow him. By assuming very absurd positions we manage to do so, and find ourselves in the first of a succession of chambers, in which are excavated, from the solid rock, a number of double and of single tombs. It is said that originally each of these chambers had an ingenious stone door, fixed in a groove, that shut so close as to appear like the native rock. We crept on hands and feet from one to another of the chambers till our curiosity was quite satisfied, and then demanded to be led back to the daylight. No one can tell me what has become of the bones of the ancients, which were laid to rest in these most wonderful tombs. All traces of them have vanished.

The enclosure which contains the neat rows of almshouses, built by Sir Moses Montefiore, with means largely furnished by American Israelites, especially by the late Judah Touro, of New Orleans, lies just beyond the pool of Gihon, outside the Jaffa gate. They are a refuge for the destitute Jews, who are so numerous at Jerusalem, and they ought to be a great blessing to these poor people. It is asserted that out of the 8,000 Hebrews of this city half are living on charity, chiefly supplied by the wealthy Jews of Europe. They come here in old age to die, and spend their time in reading and in prayer for the restoration of the holy city to its ancient glory.

S. R.

*Eleventh month 30th, 1874.*

#### DETRACTION.

St. John Chrysostom advises us to give to detractors the following warning: “Have you anything good to say of your brother? I am ready to listen to you, my heart is open to receive your communication with gladness. If it be anything bad, my ears are shut against you; they refuse to be sullied. What profit am I to derive from hearing that some one



has behaved badly? I was ignorant of it, and you telling me of it can only make me sad. Why should you not speak to him? Let us meddle in our own business only; we have quite enough to give an account of our own thoughts, words, deeds and omission; let us bring that restless curiosity and scrupulous examination to bear on our own conduct instead of setting up ourselves as censors of others, and spending so much valuable time scrutinizing and divining into the deepest recesses of other people's hearts."

From the N. Y. Times.

#### TRANSIT OF VENUS.

PRELIMINARY ACCOUNT BY PROF. DAVIDSON OF HIS OBSERVATIONS.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, in San Francisco, the following communication from Prof. Davidson on the results of his observation of the transit of Venus was received and read:

UNITED STATES TRANSIT OF VENUS STATION, }  
NAGASAKI, Dec. 14, 1874. }

To the California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, California:

The instructions of the commission permit me to give general results of our work, and I condense as much as possible for presentation to the Academy our labors of preparation and final results. We have determined the difference of longitude by cable, between Nagasaki and Vladivostok, whence it will be carried westward to St. Petersburg by telegraph, and in connecting the Venus Station with the Telegraph Observatory we have determined the latitude and longitude of the French Venus Station and two other points on the bay. We have determined the latitude of our station by the Talcott method; observing upon twenty pairs of stars for five nights. We have observed fourteen occultations of stars by the moon for longitude differences with Peking and other stations. This was work which we had to discontinue on account of the smallness of the party and the continued hard labor to be done. Incidentally we have determined the magnetic declination, magnetic dip, and horizontal intensity. . . . Before the day of the transit we were ready and anxious for the event; the weather was gathering for the worse, and the prospect was decidedly bad. On the morning of the 9th, at 4 A. M., when we observed star transits, the sky was as clear as a bell; at 5 A. M. densely clouded. The clouds broke partially at about 8:30 A. M., and we obtained our preparatory photographs and had all the final adjustments made by 9:15, when the clouds thickened, and the prospects were dark as the lower stratum of clouds touched the mountain-top four miles

south of us, and only 2,000 feet high. There were two strata of clouds—the upper one, moving very slowly, was a curtain of cirrus and cirro-stratus; the lower, gathering heavily and slowly from the southwest, was cumulo-stratus. Ten minutes before the first contact a break in the lower stratum occurred, and near the time, I was sure of it, but a thicker mass deadened the image so that I could not be sure of the contact, and when the light increased the planet was certainly ten seconds on the sun's limb. Then the clouds increased, and no measures for cusps could be undertaken until the planet was half way, when it became bright, and I observed the second contact as well as such an event can be noted by the eye alone. There was no ligament joining the limbs of Venus and the sun; no black band or black drop. There was a slight unsteadiness of limbs, such as we see in our regular geodetic work, but no hanging together, no distortion of outline of either. The separation might have been much sharper, but the result could not raise a doubt of more than two seconds in my mind. Then I commenced measuring with the double-image micrometer the separation of the limbs until Venus was on one diameter; then made measures of the diameter of the planet. These were made to study the question of irradiation. During this time there was no sign of an atmosphere or haze around the planet. In these different measurements about 150 micrometer readings were taken. I should here mention that Mr. Tittmann, the First Assistant Astronomer, also observed the second contact with the Hassler three-inch equatorial of the Coast Survey, and noted no ligament or band. After diameter measures came thicker clouds, but fortunately at noon they broke away, and with the Coast Survey meridian instrument No. 2. I am enabled to observe the meridian transit of the sun's first limb over nine threads, the first limb of Venus over eight threads, the second limb of Venus over eight threads, and the second limb of the sun over six threads. Mr. Tittmann, with another transit, measured the difference of declination of the upper limb of the sun and both limbs of Venus by eighteen micrometer readings. These meridian observations and the diameter measures were not contemplated by the commission. Then the weather thickened and threatened rain, but at third contact broke away slightly, and I was defeated in the third contact. Just a few seconds before I had the line of separation very narrow and well-defined and without ligament, but the clouds deadened it, and even without colored glass it only cleared to let me see that the planet had broken across the sun's limb about five seconds; thence to



close, dense clouds. During the day there was no time after 10 A. M. when the sun shone from a blue sky. The upper stratum of clouds acted as a screen to the sun's heavy rays, and the atmosphere was quite steady. Objects at a distance were dark, but clearly defined. Of photographs, we got none near first contact; only began to receive them when the planet was half on. After that we obtained about sixty good ones. Altogether, with the second contact, the micrometric measures, the meridian transits, and the different decimation, and the photographs, I believe we have more than average satisfactory results. We did our best; there was no hurry, no jar, no clash or hindrance; everything worked smoothly and like machinery, as by our practice and drill we had anticipated. Our observed one and two contacts were about one minute forty-five seconds after American almanac data, and about three minutes thirty seconds after the English. The third contact was near the American data.

Enough. In a subsequent letter I will place before the Academy my opinion of methods and instruments, and elevations to be chosen for the transit of 1882.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### MY WINTER WINDOW.

At this dear loophole all the seasons through  
Is ever fresh delight. These faithful pines,  
Whose ceaseless murmur tones my summer dream;  
This stately river whose blue volume rolls  
A sweet serenity through all the hours,  
And yon embowered and simple rural home,  
Where farm-life ebbs and flows with labor's peace,  
Are portions of my being. Musing here,  
Care falls from me as falls the sapless leaf  
From Autumn's bough!

All the muffled night,  
Unheralded, this fleecy beauty fell,  
Until the river that the ice has roofed,  
With bordering fields, a soft, white meadow lies.  
Across the laughing lustre of the morn,  
Sullen and dark, the naked woodlands grieve.  
Like diamonds multiplied beyond the stars  
The snow sends back the risen smile of heaven,  
And shames with purity the cloudless blue.  
Yet all yon distant groves maintain their gloom,  
And for the losses of their emerald robes  
Will not be comforted!

How like these trees  
Moaning about us, in the embattled world  
Are beings rude misfortune has bereft  
Of comfort and of smiles. The day mounts bright  
And beautiful above them, but so bare  
Struggle and want have left their lives of joy  
And ornament and trustful hope, the gloom  
Of evening's shadow reaches back to dawn!

Oh, season of stern lessons for the soul,  
Thy mission is for good. Sweet Charity

Unfolds its blossoms in the Winter frost  
From sunshine born in heaven. God is in  
Its element of love. And he who makes  
With smile, or word, or gift,  
A soul that suffers to bear up in hope,  
And struggle with its foes to victory,  
Honors most the Father. Aid to man  
Is joy on earth and added bliss above.  
This blessed truth we learn, too oft, so late,  
Is firm forever as the tuneful law  
That keeps the stars at peace!

S. S.

Bristol, Pa., Second mo., 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### COME, SUP WITH ME.

O heavenly Guest! where tarriest Thou?  
I've watched for Thee since morning-tide,  
And thrown my tier-door open wide;  
'Tis near the gloaming now!

I've watched intent with listening ear,  
And risen my Beloved to greet;  
But though I heard Thy passing feet,  
To me Thou drew not near.

To lave Thy feet, with loving care  
The water from the spring I've brought;  
And for Thy coming I have sought  
A welcome to prepare.

Oh! tarry not upon the way;  
My house for Thee I've newly swept;  
For Thee, the best I have I've kept—  
Come, sup with me, I pray.

I know 'tis but an humble place—  
With all my efforts, poor and mean;  
I cannot make it wholly clean,  
And yet I trust Thy grace.

Thy sacred promises stand sure,  
That with the meek Thou wilt abide—  
The humble Thou wilt safely guide—  
The unclean heart make pure.

Then, come Thou in, and sup with me;  
With willing hands the board I've spread;  
But *Thou alone* can break the bread—  
The blessing comes from Thee!

This "Bread of Life!"—I pray Thee, give  
A bounteous portion from Thy store,  
That I may hunger never more,  
But by, and with Thee, live!

To sup with Thee! Oh be it mine,  
This privilege beyond compare;  
With *Thee* the best repast to share,  
O Guest, beloved, Divine!

A. R. P.

#### HOW MOUNTAINS ARE FORMED.

Look at any sea-cliff in which the strata are twisted and set on slope. The beds must have been at one time straight and horizontal. But it is equally clear that they have been folded by being squeezed laterally. At least, that is the simplest explanation, as may be proved by experiment. Take a number of pieces of cloth, or any such stuff; lay them on each other, and then squeeze them together at each end. They will arrange themselves in folds, just as the beds of the cliff have done.

And if, instead of cloth, you take some more brittle matter, you will find that, as you squeeze on, these folds will tend to snap at the points of greatest tension or stretching, which will be, of course, at the tops and bottoms of the folds. Thus cracks will be formed; and if the pressure goes on, the ends of the layers will shift against each other in the line of those cracks, forming faults like those so common in rocks.

But again: suppose that instead of squeezing these broken and folded lines together any more, you took off the pressure right and left, and pressed them upwards from below, by a mimic earthquake. They would rise; and as they rose leave open spaces between them. Now if you could contrive to squeeze into them from below a paste, which would harden in the cracks and between the layers, and so keep them permanently apart, you would make them into a fair likeness of an average mountain range—a mess, if I may make use of a plain old word—of rocks which have, by alternate contraction and expansion, helped in the latter case by the injection of molten lava, been thrust about as they are in most mountain ranges.—*Kingsley.*

#### THE STRENGTH OF MATERIALS.

Gold may be hammered so that it is only 1,360,000 of an inch thick. A grain of iron may be divided into 4,000,000 parts. Still chemistry tells us that there are ultimate parts called atoms or molecules, which are absolutely invisible. These atoms are attracted to each other by the attraction of cohesion, and repelled by the force of repulsion. By the action of both these forces the atoms are kept in a state of pact. The solidity of a solid depends upon the fact that each pair of atoms are in this state of equilibrium. These atoms are supposed to be of an oblate spheroidal form. An iron bar would support its own weight if stretched out to a length of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. A bar of steel was once made, which would sustain its weight if extended to a length of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

Our ideas of great and small are no guide to be used in judging of what is truly great and small in Nature. The Bunker Hill Monument might be built over a mile in height without crushing the stones at its base. When bars of iron are stretched until they break, those which are the strongest increase in length less than the weaker ones. A piece of wood, having a breadth and thickness of three inches, and a length of four feet, if supported at its ends, would be bent one millionth of an inch by a weight of three pounds placed at its centre, and a weight of one-tenth of an ounce would bend it one seven-millionth of an inch. Prof. Norton described

a machine for testing the variations of sticks of wood. The machine consists of levers and screws, so contrived that the amount of weight brought to bear upon the stick can be accurately measured, and the variation of the stick from a straight line can be measured, even though it does not exceed one seven-millionth of an inch.—*Late Paper.*

#### CURIOSITIES OF PLANT GROWTH.

In a recent lecture before a crowded audience of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, President Clark, of the Agricultural College at Amherst, described in an enthusiastic way his experiments and theories of plant growth, which are full of curious facts. Among other things, he stated that an apple-tree on the college farm sent its roots down through a gravel bed eight feet, in search of water. A clover root on the alluvial banks of the Connecticut was carefully washed out, and found to have penetrated perpendicularly eight feet. There are records of a parsnip root penetrating the earth  $13\frac{1}{2}$  feet. A leguminous tree in India rooted 69 feet deep. Some root to a great horizontal distance. An Amherst elm was found to have roots 75 feet from its trunk. A squash vine at the College was washed out with its roots by the continued use of a garden-hose for twenty-four hours, and the whole root system was spread out on a floor and carefully measured. The main branches were each 12 or 15 feet long and aggregated some 4,000. One of the 70 nodal roots, four feet long, had 480 branches, and a most careful estimate of the ramifications of the rootlet based upon the actual measurement of the division showed that that squash vine had between 15 and 19 miles of roots. Reckoning the number of days it had been growing (52), it was found that it must have made on the average 1,000 feet per day, and on favorable days about 2,000 feet.

Several sections of trees were shown on which experiments had been made to test the laws which govern the flow of sap, by removing the bark and also a large part of the wood. In one case all the wood had been cut out of a young tree for the space of some half dozen inches, leaving only the bark, and the foliage wilted in an hour. In another case both the bark and wood had been removed, except a small splinter of wood a sixteenth of an inch in circumference, and the tree went right along as if nothing had happened. Col. Clark said that his experiments had demonstrated the fact that the sap flowed up through the wood and down through the bark.

But the great object of interest was the wonderful squash which was put into harness and made to raise 4,120 pounds! It was a



rough-looking object, hard, knobby and misshapen; but there it was, *the* veritable squash. Col. Clark said that when this vegetable athlete was at work great beads of sweat stood upon it, as on the forehead of a man who is exerting his utmost strength. And well they might. The poor squash was in as sad plight as Sinbad with the Old Man of the Sea upon his shoulders. The seed of this squash came from Mr. Gregory, the Marblehead gardener, and was planted in Durfee Plant-house. On the first of August the flower which produced this Hercules was artificially fertilized, and when the squash was about the size of a man's head it was put in harness. That is, it was put in a strong box with a concave bottom, and an iron frame (subsequently changed to a heavy steel one) placed over it, upon which rested a lever, its short arm chained to the frame and weighted on its long arm, like an old fashioned steel-yard. Care was taken to secure proper ventilation and an adequate supply of sunlight; and, after breaking sundry levers and twisting its harness out of shape, the squash finally, as we have said, accomplished the Herculean task of lifting 4,120 pounds.

At the conclusion of Col. Clark's lecture he cut the squash in two with a saw, and it exhibited no difference from others of its family grown in the ordinary way, except that there was not so much vacant space in the centre. The seeds were eagerly sought for, especially by the ladies among the audience. Col. Clark secured a plaster cast of this pet and pride of Amherst, which will be "handed down to other times" as representing one of the many wonders of this wonderful age.—*Independent*.

The Scripture speaks of those who "disdain the day of small beginnings;" but the disciple of the Gospel will not be misled by this error, for he knows that to be founded in the strength of God all Christian work must be founded in the weakness of man.—*Hycinthe Loyson*.

## NOTICES.

### APPEAL.

Owing to the severe winter and pecuniary distress of many of the poor of our city, the demand on Friends' Charity Fuel Association has been much greater than in former years, and the treasury being very low, it has been concluded to solicit all who feel inclined to aid the Association without embarrassment, to continue its operations the remainder of the season, to forward their contributions as soon as may be to

T. MORRIS PEROT, Treasurer,  
No. 314 Vine Street.

## ITEMS.

THE King of Siam has invited British and other astronomers to make observations within his dominions of the total eclipse of the sun, which occurs on the 5th of Fourth month next, visible in the Pacific Ocean north of Australia, and of which a fine view may be had from islands in the Bay of Bengal and from Siam. The Indian government also has placed a ship at the disposal of observers, who may wish to be sent to the Nicobar Islands or the coast of Burmah.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot in Germany to send out another expedition to the east coast of Greenland. It is to consist of two steam vessels, of three hundred tons burden, each manned by thirty men; one to explore Greenland, while the other advances to the North Pole. The expense counted upon will reach \$250,000, and the date of the expedition's departure will be determined by the rapidity with which this amount can be collected. Up to the latest accounts, the government had made no offers of assistance to the enterprise.—*N. Y. Post*.

A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—The Manchester *Guardian's* London correspondent writes: "A scheme for the education of women has been undertaken by a private gentleman on a scale which I believe to be unprecedented in either this or any other country. After building a sanitarium for the insane, at a cost, if I remember rightly, of more than £150,000, Mr. Holloway, the maker of a well-known patent medicine, has embarked upon a much greater and more important project. He has purchased for some £25,000 the Mount Lee estate at Egham, and on this he purposes to erect an enormous building, to be called a ladies' university. More accurately described, it will be a college for the education of women. The institution is intended to accommodate 400 students, under at least twenty professors, and it will hold the same relation to the higher education of women as do the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to the education of men. The place will not have any charter, and students will be prepared for the Cambridge examinations. It is intended that the instruction will be the highest kind that can be obtained, and the fees will be as low as that object will permit. There will be no effort to work the place for a money profit. Though the clerical element may not be entirely absent, it will be far less prominent than at Oxford or Cambridge, and the education will be almost exclusively secular. The scheme is not sufficiently ripe for the selection of professors, but I understand that Mr. Fawcett, M. P., is one of Mr. Holloway's chief advisers in this undertaking, so that those who are likely to avail themselves of its benefits may rest assured of a good choice of instructors. The size of the building will give your readers some idea of the magnitude of Mr. Holloway's undertaking. It will be built in the style of the French Renaissance, and consist of one great quadrangle, 550 feet by 400 feet, having projecting wings. The library, the large lecture-room and the dining hall will each be 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, and the chapel will be 146 feet by 40 feet, and 60 feet high. There will also be thirty-six class-rooms, each 24 feet by 20 feet, and three dormitories, each 120 feet by 40 feet. Each of the latter will be divided into single rooms, 14 feet by 12 feet. I can only state the estimated cost of this great scheme in general terms, but I should think that it will be quite £200,000."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 6, 1875. No. 2

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UPON THE AMUSEMENTS THAT BELONG TO  
OUR CONDITION.  
BY FENELON.

We should not, it appears to me, be troubled about those amusements in which we cannot avoid taking a part. There are some people who think that they should be always mourning, that they should put a continual constraint upon themselves, and feel a disgust for those amusements to which they are obliged to submit. For my own part, I confess that I know not how to conform myself to these rigid notions. I prefer something more simple, which I also think would be more pleasing to God. When diversions are innocent in themselves, and we enter upon them with a due regard to the condition in which we are placed by Providence, then I think that we may enjoy them with moderation and in the sight of God. Manners more reserved and harsh, less complaisant and frank, only serve to give a false idea of piety to the people of the world, who are already but too much prejudiced against it, and who believe that we cannot serve God but by a melancholy and austere life. Let us go on our way in the simplicity of our hearts, with the peace and joy that are the fruits of the Holy Spirit. Whoever walks as in the presence of God in the most indifferent things, does not cease to do His will, although he may appear to do nothing of much import-

ance. I believe that we are conforming to the divine order and the will of Providence, when we are doing even indifferent things that belong to our condition.

Most persons, when they wish to be converted or to reform, think more of performing some difficult and extraordinary actions, than of purifying their intentions, and sacrificing their inclinations in the most common duties of their situation in life; in which they are deceived. It would be better to make less change in the action, and a deeper change in the disposition with which it is performed. When we are already pursuing an honest and regular life, it is necessary to make a change within, rather than without, if we would become Christians. God is not satisfied with the motion of the lips, nor the posture of the body, nor outward ceremonies. It is our undivided love that He demands; it is an acquiescence, without any reserve, in His will. Let us carry this submissive temper, this will, inspired by the will of God wherever His providence conducts us. Let us seek the Father of our spirits in those times that seem so vacant, and they will be full of His presence. The most useless amusements may be converted into good works, if we enter into them with proper decorum and in conformity to the will of God.

What enlargement of heart do we experience when we act with this simplicity; we walk like little children led by a tender pa-



rent, not fearing whither we may go, and with the same freedom and joy. When piety has its foundation entirely in the will of God, regarding neither fancy nor temperament, nor induced by an excessive zeal, how simple, and graceful, and lovely, are all its movements! They who possess this piety appear much like others; they are without affectation, without austerity; they are social and easy, but still live in perpetual subjection to all their duties, and in an unceasing renunciation of everything that does not in some way belong to the divine order which always governs. In short, they live in the pure vision of God, sacrificing to Him every irregular movement of nature. This is the adoration in spirit and in truth that Jesus Christ has taught. All the rest is the mere ceremony of religion; the shadow rather than the substance of Christianity.

You ask by what means we can retain this purity of intention in our intercourse with the world, and while thus partaking of its pleasures. We find it difficult, you will say, to defend ourselves against the torrent of evil passions and bad examples among men, even when we place a continual guard upon ourselves. How then shall we hope to resist, if we expose ourselves so readily to its pleasures, which may contaminate, and must dissipate even the mind of the Christian?

I acknowledge the danger, and I believe it even greater than it is said to be, and I admit the necessity of great precaution against these snares; and these are the safeguards that I would recommend, reading, prayer and meditation upon the great truths of religion. Fix your thoughts upon some action or instruction of Jesus Christ; and when you feel convinced of the truth which you have been considering, make a serious and particular application of it for the amendment of your defects. If you are faithful to retire, morning and evening, for the practice of this duty, you will find that it will serve as a counterpoise to the dangers that surround you. I say morning and evening, because the soul, like the body, must refresh itself at stated times, lest it faint and become exhausted in its commerce with the world. But we must be firm against temptations from without and from within, if we would observe those periods. We never need be so engrossed by external things, however good they may be, as to forget the wants of the soul. I am persuaded that, in following these simple rules, we shall insure an abundant blessing; we shall be in the midst of pleasures, moderate, discreet and self possessed, without constraint, without affectation, and without the severity that gives pain to others. We shall be in the midst of these things as

not being there; and still preserving a cheerful and complaisant disposition, we shall thus be all things to all men.

Should we feel at times disheartened and discouraged, a confiding thought, a simple movement of heart towards God will renew our powers. Whatever He may demand of us, He will give us at the moment the strength and the courage that we need. This is the daily bread for which we continually pray, and which will never be denied us; for our Father, far from forsaking us, waits only for our hearts to be opened, to pour into them the stream of His unfailing love.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NOAH WORCESTER.

I send, for publication, an account of a visit, made by John Comly (as related in his Journal) to Noah Worcester, the Editor of a periodical entitled, *The Friend of Peace*. The interview occurred while J. C. was on a religious visit to Friends in the Eastern States, in 1818. Apprehending that the present generation know very little about that prominent advocate of peace principles, and having, though then young, some knowledge of the periodical he was sending over the nation at the time of the war of 1812-15 with his messages of peace and love, I thought the account might interest and instruct some of the readers of *Friends' Intelligencer*. The *Friend of Peace* was patronized by Friends, who maintained our peace principles much better than they did in the last war.

WM. BROSIUS.

*Octararo, Second mo. 3d, 1875.*

J. C. writes: "Hence we went on to Brighton, and after dining at an inn, walked to the humble dwelling of Noah Worcester, not far distant. His house is a plain two-story building, not large nor tastefully elegant. I was introduced by my friends to Noah and his family, consisting of his wife and an amiable son and daughter. He appears to be an humble, meek-spirited man, plain in his appearance, though dressed as a clergyman, in dark clothes. The furniture of his house is plain and simple. He and his wife and children were friendly, affable and kind; mildness and undissembled complaisance mark their manners and address. They appear to be a family of love, and the friends of peace. We spent the afternoon in a freedom of conversation, more like old acquaintances than strangers, principally upon subjects connected with or directly appertaining to his favorite subject of peace. He showed us many interesting letters he had received, among others one from Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and one from the President of Hayti. He also read some parts

of letters of a very interesting nature, relative to the effects produced by spreading books on the subject. One of these was, a minister in Canada introduced the 'Solemn Review' to a British officer by reading a few passages. The officer at first rejected the sentiments, but, on reflection, borrowed the book and read it, and acknowledged he had never before had any thoughts of the inconsistency of war; but so forcible was the conviction wrought, that he resigned his commission in the army. Many other very interesting anecdotes were related, and it was an opportunity very grateful to us all. I inquired of Noah how long he had been engaged in the concern? 'Why, sir,' said he, 'I suppose you are aware that I have been a soldier?' I told him I understood so by his writings. He then stated, that during the latter part of the American Revolution he followed shoemaking, and the first impression was made on his mind by some conversation of one Jonathan Philbrick, a Baptist, who came into the shop and expressed his sentiments on war very freely, as inconsistent with Christianity; but he thought him an enthusiast, and regarded very little what he said at that time; nor had he thought much upon the subject until about four years ago, when the troubles of the late war called forth the former impression, and induced him to examine the subject very closely, the result of which his writings testify. Thus we see that a seed may continue long in the earth before it springs up and grows, so as to bring forth much fruit.

"After tea we went to the house of John Kenrick, an enlightened man, formerly a Baptist. From him we had information that Noah Worcester entered the army as a fifer, during the American Revolution, and continued there about two years, and being a ready writer, he was employed as a clerk also. But some prior engagements induced him to leave the army in order to accomplish his marriage. He then followed shoemaking when the first impressions were made (as above stated) upon his mind relative to war. He continued some time at shoemaking and teaching school, and, being of a serious mind, he occasionally exhorted at funerals when they had no minister. After some time, the minister of the parish proposed to his congregation to dismiss himself and take Noah Worcester for their minister, as he was the best preacher. The proposal was acceded to, and Noah became a regular preacher, and appears to have labored not for money or honor, but for the good of mankind. After this he wrote and published some religious books, in one of which—'Bible News'—he stated his views of the Trinity, as it is called, in a different manner from the generally-re-

ceived opinion. This brought him into more public notice, for a controversy ensued among the clergy, and Noah was displaced by the New Hampshire Association of Congregational Ministers, for holding heretical opinions. He then removed to Brighton, and maintained his doctrines by able and cogent reasonings from the Scriptures, proving the doctrine of the Trinity to be unfounded and unsupported by the testimony of the sacred records. He has lately been invited again to join in the controversy, but he firmly declined, saying he intended to devote the remainder of his days to peace, and he considers all controversy a species of war."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE TENDENCIES OF THE TIMES.

While men are agitating themselves about reform, while they are contending with each other as to what measures will be most effective in improving the condition of the race, there is a deep current of feeling, which bears the world along, and, apparently, is neither affected by temporal events, nor possesses any influence over them. To seek out the hidden cause of this unceasing and unfailing current belongs to the domain of the philosopher; but it is permitted to every thoughtful mind to try, at least, to ascertain *what* this feeling is.

It is difficult to judge of the times in which we live, for

"We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great."

We stand too near the events which are passing around us daily; we can only approximate in our judgment of them. But it is well for us, sometimes, to turn aside from the labor and care of our daily life, and direct our attention to the course of events, the tendencies of the times. We turn to history and read there, on page after page, of the struggle between darkness and light.

"History's pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the world."

In these struggles for the advancement of the right, individuals may have failed; temptations may have overpowered the weak, and wickedness, apparently, been triumphant in the world; but a closer examination into the facts of history will show that virtue has always received a certain homage from man, however degraded, and vice has always been accompanied by self-condemnation, proofs that man has striven for something better, and aimed at a closer knowledge of the Truth.

No good can ever perish. A noble thought, expressed in the humblest words by one of the humblest of our race, may reach the ears of a great poet or orator; when clothed in



his more elegant language, it may be received by an enthusiastic people, thus becoming the common property of all. A good man may yield to strong temptation; yet, is the good of this whole life to be swallowed up in one misstep? Surely not; for

"In the wreck of noble lives,  
Something immortal still survives."

And this something, indescribable though it may be, will find its way into the undercurrent of feeling which moves the world.

While some men are decrying the present age as a degenerate one, and sighing for the purity and simplicity of the past, and others are extolling the virtues of the present to the disparagement of the olden time, it is well for us to ascertain towards what we are drifting, and how we stand in respect to the past.

We find throughout the world a great improvement in the means of education; institutions of learning are more numerous and more wisely conducted; school books are better adapted to the understanding of students; education is not, as formerly, the privilege of the wealthy alone, but it is the birth-right of the poorest in the land. All this shows that an era of intelligent, untrammelled thought is approaching.

If we trace, from the earliest times to the present day, the changes in the position of women, we shall not fail to observe the very great advance. From the object of chivalric valor, woman has become the social equal of man. And, although men try to persuade themselves that they would respect women less if certain other rights were granted them, it is not to be doubted that the element of progress, which has advanced woman from the position of slave to that of domestic equality, will not be stayed until they shall possess that perfect equality with man which her intelligence, virtue and peculiar qualifications demand.

Liberty has made rapid strides within the last few centuries, and even within the last few years. The United States has indeed the right to assume superiority over other nations in regard to the free character of her government. But, although she affords an asylum to most immigrants, she should not boast or assume too much, until she treat all with the same respect, even those from the farthest East. Prejudice is the result of ignorance; and now that we are becoming daily more acquainted with the Chinese nation, their education and habits, the prejudice against them will, it is to be hoped, wear away, and *justice*, at least, allowed them by the freedom-loving and enlightened people of the United States.

And, while we are gaining in civil liberty, *thought* is gradually casting off its fetters and

striving for more perfect freedom. Religion is losing many of the shadows of superstition which formerly clouded it. He is no longer a heretic who rejects the commonly-received faith; but his opinion, whatever it be, is treated with respect, and not decried as fallacious until justly weighed and found to be so. The study of the sciences has done away with many superstitious ideas, and brought wisdom into play in religious matters. It may be that some who study superficially may be led to doubt, but the true, profound student of nature in any of her forms can but recognize a Great First Cause—a Creator's hand visible in all His works—for, "The mountains declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Knowledge, if used aright, cannot injure the cause of religion: it may destroy all creeds, all dogmas, but the spirit of Christianity, the true religion, it leaves untouched. God has placed within our reach facilities for intellectual progress; if we neglect or misuse these, we are burying the talents entrusted to us, and will receive our due reward. Let us rather make such use of our intellectual advantages as will lead to true knowledge and to a life of daily communion with the Infinite.

There has been a great change in public opinion, within the last few years, in regard to several important moral questions. Intemperance has gradually been receiving the attention of earnest men and women, until now it is looked upon by the intelligent everywhere as a crime, and constant efforts are being made to save its victims and to overcome it entirely.

All civilizations have retained for a very long time some relics of the barbarous ages which preceded them. Our relics are the custom of war and the law which demands a life for a life. But public opinion is changing in regard to both these evils, and we can but think that the time is fast approaching when

"No longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise."

Capital punishment has already been abolished in several States of the Union, and in many others the public will soon demand a like action of the legislature. No law will avail unless it meets the wants of the people. Legislators do not make the law; they but give expression to it; the people are the law-givers of our country, and when they are convinced that it is wrong to punish crime by crime, the law sanctioning it will vanish from our code. And, as has already been said, the people are gradually coming to know that they sin when they demand blood for blood.

The Mosaic law is annulled by the more comprehensive and charitable code of Christ.

Then, if we study carefully the tendencies of the times, we shall see that we are advancing, not retrograding. Thought less trammelled; fewer human beings in bondage; religion with less form, but more real, living truth; women holding a higher and more natural position; more minds alive to the evils of war, intemperance and an unjust law; these are the characteristics of the age, together with that feeling common to all time—that desire for *truth*. The men of the present age, especially, will not be satisfied with virtue or knowledge transmitted from their ancestors. They must search, they must advance. While we reverence the past generation for its piety and wisdom, and for its lives in so strict accordance with the light given, we must not be satisfied with the mere copying of its virtues, but must remember

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth.  
They must upwards still and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;  
Nor attempt the future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

E. H. E.

SELF-LOVE is a good motive, but it is very narrow; there is not much power of growth in it; but if I love another as well as myself, we see there is more room, in that added motive is the seed of larger, fuller life; once let the love of others find a lodgment in us, and we see how it may increase and deepen and widen, until it is as large as humanity itself. Such is the power of growth and expansion in this motive. And if to this be added the love of God, the love of the truth in and for itself, the love of right for its own divineness, the pure love of the Father of our spirits, our horizon widens into the infinite and eternal.—*Francis T. Washburn.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### SUGGESTIONS FROM A FIRST-DAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

I grow daily more convinced that it is needful to mingle secular with religious teaching. They should not be separated; we always need the former to illustrate and enforce the latter. All our reading should be accompanied by a desire to glean some fresh items of interest for the children, otherwise I do not see how our instructions are to possess the necessary qualities of vitality and freshness. Are we not told to "put new wine into new bottles?" It is a mistake for a teacher to go to the class and adhere to the lifeless routine of questions and answers in a book; and a still graver error to require those answers to be committed to memory. In the

latter case we make our religious instruction too often a matter of labor and dread to the scholars, and memory is cultivated at the expense of the heart. Religion is not so much a matter of history and memory, as of feeling and intuition. I find that children enjoy the relaxation of conversation in the class. The topics they choose, or the incidents they relate, may be very foreign to the lesson of the day; but can we not follow the beautiful example of Jesus and draw heavenly inferences from the homeliest facts? There is hardly any subject children could speak upon in which the teacher could not be on the alert, and, at the right moment, press home some important truth, or tender beauty that it may suggest. In this way the tendency would be to inspire the young with the happiness and simplicity of heart-felt religion, and its adaptation to their every-day wants. They would understand that it was not a thing to be brought out once a week with their text books and best clothes, but a fresh, vital influence, running, like a golden thread, through the dull pattern of their every-day life. Make them realize that they, as well as the great and noble ones in the world, are God's agents—part of His great universe—and are expected to be faithful to all their little duties, and that

"Each is bid to shine,  
With a clear, pure light,  
Like a little candle  
Burning in the night."

In this way a feeling of responsibility is aroused in the youthful mind that will do more to make their lives pure, good and useful than the most accurate historical knowledge could do of itself.

C. S. W.

*Bristol, Pa., Second month, 1875.*

From the (London) Friend.

JOHN DALTON.

John Dalton's father was a weaver, in humble circumstances, residing in Eaglesfield, in Cumberland, to whom the birth of a son—who afterwards became illustrious—seems to have been a matter of so little importance that he did not take the trouble to register the fact. There seems, however, little doubt that it was about the year 1776 that John Dalton first saw the light. His first schoolmaster was John Fletcher, of Pardshaw Hall School, and before he was twelve years old he is reported to have gone through arithmetic and navigation; still, we are told, he was not a quick boy, but steady-going, plodding, and thoughtful. Passing over his childhood we find that, in his thirteenth year, he opened a school, for both sexes, in his father's house, and was somewhat exercised when his elder scholars, some of whom were much older



than himself, challenged him to fight. In 1784 John Dalton joined a school at Kendal, conducted by George Bewley, which in 1785 passed into the hands of the brothers John and Jonathan Dalton. Here the next twelve years of his life were spent, the spare hours after school duties being filled up with the study of botany, writing papers for periodicals, constructing rain-gauges and other scientific instruments, and in similar congenial pursuits. In 1793 John Dalton removed to Manchester, to teach Mathematics and Philosophy in the New College established there in 1786. In this great centre of commercial and intellectual activity he soon met with congenial minds, and we find him, in 1794, reading a paper on "Color-Blindness," before the Literary and Philosophical Society. Up to this time public attention had not been called to the fact that many people are unable to distinguish between some colors; indeed it was not till John Dalton (who himself was color-blind) had attained to manhood, that he became conscious of this startling defect in his visual organs. For the curious particulars connected with this subject,—how he bought his mother a pair of cherry-colored silk stockings, believing them to be bluish drab, and ordered a scarlet coat for himself,—we must refer our readers to the book itself. The subject is a very important one in these days of railroad traveling, when the safety of a train may, indeed does, depend on the color of a signal.

About the year 1796 he seems to have had a little inclination to get married, but, like so many others in the Society of Friends, he was over cautious, and finally settled it in his mind that "he was too busy to get married." It was not till John Dalton was thirty years old that he paid any special attention to chemistry. He then attended a course of lectures on the subject, delivered by Dr. Garnett, and from this time the strength of his mind was principally given to chemical research. It is not within the scope of this notice to enter on the great discovery with which the name of John Dalton will always be associated, commonly spoken of as "The Atomic Theory," the law that "the same compound consists invariably of the same components." A discovery of this magnitude was not the work of a day, but was the result of years of patient experimental study, and as early as the year 1802 we find from his letters that he was on the track of the great facts which were given to the world in a series of papers in 1802, 1803 and 1804. These papers attracted the attention of scientific men all over Europe, and in the year 1804 Dalton was invited to lecture at the Royal Institution, London. He was introduced to

Sir Humphrey (then plain Mr.) Davy, whom he describes as "a very agreeable, intelligent young man, the chief failing in whose character is that he does not smoke." Honors now flowed in rapidly. In 1822 he was elected a Member of the Royal Society, and in 1830 he was elected one of the eight Foreign Associates of the French Academy of Science. In 1834 he was granted a pension of £150 per annum, and was presented at Court, but wisely declined the dubious favor of knighthood. He died on the 27th of July, 1844, full of honors, having done a good day's work in his day, and leaving the world better and wiser for his life, a striking example of what can be accomplished by a man of no very special ability, under unfavorable circumstances, by untiring perseverance and intense devotion to study.

TRUTH enters the heart of man when it is empty, and clean and still; but when the mind is shaken with passions as with a storm, you can never hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.—*Taylor*.

#### SALT IN THE SEAS.

Many people imagine that the ocean water is naturally salt, and will be surprised to know that the salt comes from rocks, and is washed into the sea.

The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for its saltiness. It does not originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points, which, in the revolution to which matter is subject, may again be a stratum of salt somewhere remote from where the mass was found. Thus, the salt mines of Portland, and the vast horizontal beds of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land remote from water.

There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rock is regularly going on, but there is not water-power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil. The negroes of northern Africa, having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve in the ground, leach it. In that way they separate the salt. By evaporating the water holding it in solution, an excellent article for domestic purposes is produced. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses and most vegetable products on

which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is necessary, as with ourselves, for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply and blindness would ensue.—*Exchange paper.*

#### SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

Every condition of life has its advantages and its peculiar sources of happiness. It is not the houses and the streets which make the city, but those who frequent them; it is not the acres which make the country, but those who cultivate them. He is wisest who best utilizes his circumstances, or, to translate it, our surroundings; and happiness, if we deserve it, will find us wherever our lot may be cast.—*Selected.*

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

##### ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.

As this new meeting has been projected by Indiana and Baltimore Yearly Meetings, from constituent parts of both, and will be settled next fall, it would, perhaps, be well to throw before Friends of the several sections of our widely-extended Society some particulars concerning the prospect.

The application was, in the first place, made by Friends scattered over a vast region of the Upper Mississippi valley, comprising Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, and, perhaps, we might say, West Kentucky and Minnesota. The two Yearly Meetings have gone through all the forms essential to the preliminary arrangements, by committees to visit the several Quarterly and other meetings of the section, have fully united with the measure and appointed committees to be present at the opening, and it is anticipated that there will be a large assemblage on the occasion. The meeting is to be held (and is so established) on the *second* Second day preceding the last First-day in Ninth month, which will place it this year on the thirteenth of the month, at Clear Creek, Putnam county, Illinois. The Meeting of Ministers and Elders will be held on the Seventh-day preceding, and a Meeting for Worship on First-day; all of these meetings to assemble at ten o'clock, forenoon.

Those Friends solicited no aid from the bodies from which they proposed to be separated, intending to erect suitable buildings of their own, by making a large addition to the old house; but such have been the trials in that section that they must have aid from their friends. This aid has been generously tendered from the cities of Richmond, Ind., New York and Baltimore, and about ten or

twelve hundred dollars have been subscribed. Other denominations erect edifices worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and cannot we build, in that growing and promising section, a house at once commensurate with the great demand?

The successful establishment and prosperity of the Yearly Meeting depend greatly on the comforts and accommodations at the place of assembling, and I hope subscription lists will be opened in every meeting, and every dollar that can be raised for the object, with the assurance that the building will be erected in accordance with the means supplied.

The Building Committee will meet at Ben-jaminville, Illinois, on the 27th of this Second month, which is the time of Blue River Quarterly Meeting, to consult as to the plans. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Samuel B. Walton, West Liberty, Iowa, one of the Committee. H. J.

*Baltimore, Second month 23, 1875.*

## SCRAPS

#### FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Owing to many hindering things thy letter has remained long unanswered. I hope thou art prospering. I can acknowledge I have been favored many ways—helped to keep the even tenor of my way—my head supported above the billows which have many times menaced my destruction, and I now feel that my times are in the Divine Hand. My Father will care for me and help me to bear all my burdens. Language cannot convey an adequate idea of the many deep provings I have had in a variety of ways, in both spiritual and temporal matters, and after all this deep experience, let me say to thee as a fellow-traveler in suffering, try by all means to keep a good heart, trusting that light and help will spring up, perhaps in some unexpected quarter not foreseen by us.

Let us, thou and I, place ourselves in the sole care and keeping of our Heavenly Father. It may be, that after all this deep heart-searching, He will be pleased to use us to promote His cause in the earth, and to exalt His name among the children of men.

We lost a dear cousin the other day, who died very suddenly. She was at meeting on First-day. A minister there spoke of her impressions that some one in the meeting had but a short time to live, and alluded to the necessity of a preparation. On my cousin's way home, she told her family, she should not be at meeting again. She died the next day. How uncertain is life and all its pleasures! and how important that our hopes be fixed upon things more stable, and our treas-



ures be where there is neither "variableness, nor shadow of turning."

I do not know whether I ever related to thee the circumstance of which the communication of N. H. reminded me, concerning that worthy Friend and valued Elder, Roger Brooke, of which he himself informed me fifty-five years ago. He said he was on one occasion, sitting in meeting at the time of the Yearly Meeting in Baltimore, when that gentle, tender-spirited Friend, Ann Poultney, was speaking, in her affectionate manner and voice; and the thought passed through his mind, rather impatiently, "*What good can such preaching do?*" Just at this time he saw Samuel Thomas, a man about his own age, sitting before him, all broken down under her ministry, till the floor was wet with his tears. This lesson has been an instructive one to me from that day. Much depends upon the condition of the hearers, whether they will be improved by a discourse or not. "The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord"—it is all *one harmonious labor*.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 6, 1875.

NOTICE.—The next Third-day evening Meeting will be held at Girard avenue Meeting-house, on the 9th of Third month, 1875, at 7½ o'clock.

HEREAFTER our city subscribers will receive the *Intelligencer* through the mail, instead of by a carrier; this will reduce the price to \$2.60, the same as is paid by our country subscribers—the extra ten cents being the price of postage, which, according to the new postal arrangement, we pre-pay. If those Friends who have already paid \$3.00 for the present volume will call at the office, No. 706 Arch street, forty cents will be refunded.

Our Agent requests us to say, that any Friends changing their residence, will oblige him by naming not only the new post-office direction, but also the former address, as in several cases the same name occurs more than once on our list.

Although we have reminded our subscribers that we are much in arrears for the last volume, we cannot begin our new volume without again alluding to the subject. Our terms are in advance, but the last volume is

ended with a large amount owing to us, and but few have paid for the coming year. We think that in some cases Friends have not seen their bills, which have been in the folds of the paper.

A REPLY TO "C. C."—We opened our "Scrap Column" with the expressed understanding that it would be mainly filled with selections from private letters, which are often expressive of deep personal experiences, such as could not be made public without violating friendly confidence. These experiences are often helps to others similarly situated, who may have felt they were walking in a hitherto untrodden path.

LECTURES ON HISTORY BY J. THOMAS, LL.D.—Dr. Thomas proposes to give a course of twelve historical lectures, at the Hall of the Mercantile Library, commencing on Sixth-day evening, the 5th of Third month. Each lecture will treat on some one important epoch or age, as the Age of Pericles, the Age of Luther, etc. It will be the especial aim of the lecturer to give not merely a correct history of the actors and events, but also a true and vivid representation of the prevailing customs, the characteristic habits of thought and feeling, etc., of the particular age treated of.

Essentially, the same course as the one here proposed, has been delivered before large audiences (including the students of the Normal schools) in Trenton and Westchester. Professor Johnson, Principal of the State Normal School at Trenton, remarks: "The course, from the beginning to the end, has been a great success in every particular. The interest aroused by your first lecture has not only been maintained, but greatly augmented and strengthened."

Prof. Maris, Principal of the State Normal School at Westchester, speaking of the course just finished in that school, says, among other things, "I can freely say that these lectures possess a freshness and vigor rarely equalled."

The lectures will be illustrated, when needful, by maps and pictures, some of these having been expressly made for the present course.

"COME THOU WITH US."—This language of invitation, more than three thousand years

ld, and instinct with earnest entreaty and under pathos, is as full of meaning now as when, for the first time, it fell from the lips of that ancient leader, Moses.

In the records of the semi-barbarous ages, when men established titles by force, and war was held to be a divinely-appointed means of settling national and tribal difficulties, there are found many striking examples of assistance rendered from a remembrance of kindness shown, and in return for outspoken friendship. The sequel of the incident here alluded to is a remarkable instance of this, and for its significance is worthy of notice.

When Deborah sang, "Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, be," it was in acknowledgement of the deliverance of Israel from imminent danger by the hands of this woman, whose family were the descendants of that Jethro to whom Moses had extended the invitation, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

If we have read this old-time record to profit, the lesson it teaches is not that the atrocities of war are any the less cruel and inhuman because of the good that may eventuate therefrom, but that, living under the Gospel dispensation, which breathes "Peace and good will" to all, we should be ready to embrace every fitting opportunity to extend the hand and offer the word of kind encouragement, making the opportunity, if need be, that no human heart within the circle of our influence may hunger for lack of human sympathy.

The lesson reaches beyond this, to that infinite longing for "best things" felt by the soul when a single word of encouragement has often been the turning point in spiritual life.

In the light which this investigation furnishes, let us look around over our meetings, and take into consideration the state of things everywhere exhibited.

We know there are many in our midst who are seldom absent from public worship on the first day of the week, who have no religious interest outside of Friends, yet who come and go, year after year, being *with us*, but not *of us*. The query arises, Have any said to these, "Come, cast in your lots with us, and 'we will

do you good;' be strength to us in bearing aloft the testimonies of Truth as we have received them, and we will share with you the good that is our portion." Alas! how many of these have turned away sorrowing, feeling as did one of old, "No man cared for my soul!"

It is not in the nature of every one to be reliant and self-sustained; only in a very few are the wants of the soul so met and satisfied that they can walk unflinching, asking no more than they find within themselves. By far the larger majority of the human family must have recognition and kindred sympathy; soul reaches forth to touch soul and mingle in divine companionship. As sang the poet:

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."

The tendency of our profession is towards individuality, a centering to the Source and Fountain of life within; each for *one*, so anxious to make the "calling and election sure," that there is danger of our neglecting to inquire after the spiritual health of a brother or a sister.

We do not, as a people, set that value upon human help that properly belongs to it. It was the compassionate heart of Jesus, His strong, tender, expressive sympathy, that drew all conditions of people to Him. We have need to petition for a larger measure of His all-embracing love.

We would not say that these souls will be required at our hands, yet we are convinced that there rests with us a responsibility, as instruments in the Divine hand, in this respect, that we will not be excused from if we fail to accept.

Let not any ask who is sufficient for these things? In the peaceable kingdom of Christ, as revealed in the vision of the Prophet, *he* saw the day when the fiercest and the strongest should be led by "a little child." Surely, in the warm, unquestioning faith and love that marks the little child, we may say to those who stand without, waiting to be taken by the hand, "Come with us, and we will do you good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning (our) Israel."



## DIED.

**BARNARD.**—On the 18th of Eleventh month, 1874, in Princess Ann county, Va., John W. Barnard, formerly of Chester county, Pa., aged 43 years.

**GALE.**—Of consumption, on the 18th of First month, 1875, at the residence of her grandfather, Sylvanus Brown, Pickering, Ontario, Pamela Jane, wife of John H. Gale, in the 28th year of her age; a member of Pickering Monthly Meeting.

**LEEK.**—On the 30th of First month, 1875, in East Nottingham, Chester county, Pa., of pneumonia, Rachel Leek, aged about 74 years; a member of Little Elk Particular and Nottingham Monthly Meetings.

**BAILY.**—On the 8th of Second month, 1875, in Oxford, Chester county, Pa., of pneumonia, Elizabeth H. Baily, aged 68 years; a member of Little Elk Particular and Nottingham Monthly Meetings.

**SCOTT.**—On the 12th of First month, 1875, in Danby, Vt., Job Scott, in the 67th year of his age; a member and minister of Danby Monthly Meeting.

**SEARING.**—At Brookston, Ind., on the 28th of Twelfth month, 1874, of cerebro-spinal meningitis, Joseph R., son of Charles W. and Jane R. Searing, in the 26th year of his age; a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting. Ever pleasant, kind and genial, he was beloved by those who knew him.

**SEAMAN.**—On the 3d of Second month, 1875, Elizabeth, wife of Ardon Seaman, in her 82d year; a member of Jericho Monthly Meeting, and a consistent Elder thereof for many years, also an Overseer of Bethpage Preparative Meeting.

## READING.

WHY should people read? and what is the real, solid value of printed matter? There are three good reasons for reading, and we can think of no others. They are: to be made wiser, to be made nobler, and to be innocently recreated. Books which neither confer information which is worth having, nor lift the spiritual part of us up to loftier regions, nor, by judicious diversion, refreshen the mind for further serious efforts, are bad books, and the reading of such is invariably idleness, and not unoften the most dangerous kind of idleness. Reading is not, as so many people now-a-days seem to suppose, good in itself, as so many things are which are by no means as highly thought of. All energy that is not injurious, wasteful, or subtracted from some other effort incumbent upon him who puts it forth, is good; as walking, riding, boating, and the rest. But the reading of which we speak cannot, under the most favorable construction, be regarded as energy. On the contrary, it is the very laziest form of laziness. People fly to it when they think they have nothing else to do, and they flatter themselves that by reading they are really doing something; and thus, nine times out of ten, they exonerate themselves from the obligation of performing some duty which is distasteful to them.—*Temple Bar.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 37.

(Continued from page 12.)

## WALKS ABOUT ZION.

One of my most thrilling memories of Jerusalem will be that of our visit to the wailing place of the Jews. It was Sixth-day evening, and it is their custom to assemble weekly for this purpose, from 2 P. M. to sunset. The place is just outside the Temple area, and it is selected as containing a portion of the oldest and best remains of the foundation wall of the ancient sanctuary. Some of the stones are twenty-five feet long by five feet deep, and the wall is of such tremendous durability that it looks firm enough to endure many centuries more. The place is not a public street or passage way. It is swept quite clean and enclosed by a modern-looking wall, and here the children of Israel, of all ages and both sexes, come by ones and twos, till the whole space of the wall, perhaps a hundred feet, was quite filled with wailers. Moslem rule forbids them to approach nearer to their once holy hill, and here they have for centuries poured out their sorrowful pleadings to the Most High. Aged patriarchs, with long flowing, white beards, clad in the long, black coats, called gaberdines, and with fur caps on their heads, were here; and there was no mistaking the reality of their emotion, as they kissed fervently the wall of rock, and the great tears streamed down their faces. For a time it seemed to me that there was no especial order to their service of lamentation and prayer; but I at length perceived that there was a leader, or Rabbi, who repeated a few words, and that the rest of the people made a monotonous, broken response. Two Franciscan monks, who had been fellow-voyagers with us on the Mediterranean, stood by us, and I inquired of them the meaning of the words. One of them kindly gave me the following translation:

"*Rabbi.* Because of our kingdom that is desolated.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!

*Rabbi.* Because of the Temple which is destroyed.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!

*Rabbi.* Because of the walls which are broken down.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!

*Rabbi.* Because our majesty has passed away.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!

*Rabbi.* Because our great men have perished.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!

*Rabbi.* Because of the precious stones which were burned.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!

*Rabbi.* Because our priesthood is confused.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!

*Rabbi.* Because our kings are disregarded.

*People.* We are sorrowful, and we mourn!"

*Rabbi.* We beseech Thee, O Lord! have mercy on Zion!

*People.* Assemble again the children of Jerusalem.

*Rabbi.* Make us to come, O Saviour of Zion!

*People.* Speak in favor of Jerusalem!

*Rabbi.* The beauty and majesty which surround Zion!

*People.* Look favorably towards Jerusalem!

*Rabbi.* Be pleased that the royal dominion of Zion be soon re-established!

*People.* Console those who weep over Jerusalem!

*Rabbi.* Let peace and felicity enter in Zion!

*People.* And let the scepter and power be raised up in Jerusalem!"

It must be a hard heart indeed that cannot, unmoved, this overpowering scene. Nothing appeared to us in a ridiculous light, there was no attempt at any imposture, and no superstitious rites marred the pathetic solemnity of this appeal to the Divine commission.

At the foot of the Mount of Olives is an enclosure containing several very ancient olive trees and a few cypresses. This place is called the Garden of Gethsemane. We knocked at the low door, and were admitted to the garden by a Latin monk. It is laid out in flower beds, bordered with rosemary, and, as soon as we showed an interest in the half-fashioned plants, the attendant monk, much pleased, gathered us plentiful bouquets of rosemary, globe amaranth, marigold, chrysanthemums and roses, telling us there were plenty of them and we were very welcome. He was the only caretaker of the flowers, and seemed to love them as if they were his children. There were fourteen stations for prayer along the wall, and the good father troubled us with any recital of the sad, sublime story which so long has thrilled the hearts of men. Of course, the locality is more than doubtful, and the Greeks have selected another spot as more likely to have been the place to which Jesus and His disciples frequently resorted; but really it matters very little which we consider the consecrated place, the whole western mountain side being so thoroughly associated with the life of the Messiah, and the garden of prayer and of agony may be very reasonably presumed to have been large enough to include both sites.

The slopes of Olivet are also associated with

the pathetic story of the sorrow of David in the days of the rebellion of Absalom (2 Samuel, xv, 30):

"David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up."

To make a visit to Bethlehem, we took into our service a venerable Jewish guide, Moses Jacob Misrachi, and placed ourselves under his care for the day. He is ready at the hotel at an early hour, with three resolute-looking donkeys and our two boys, Abba and Hassan. Our little beasts are gaily caparisoned, and accept their appointed burdens without complaint, and we set forth with our little caravan. So, out of the Jaffa gate, down we go into the valley of the sons of Hinnom—past the reputed pool of Bethesda—past the Jewish hospital and out into the fertile plain of Ephrath. There has been rain enough to moisten the parched earth sufficiently to admit the plough, and the husbandmen are at work with their rude implements and their astonishingly small oxen, scarcely bigger than calves, loosening the soil for sowing. Crocuses and other flowers are springing up everywhere, and little patches of green grass give promise of greater things to be, when the rain shall come yet more bountifully. As we ride on, we have frequent glimpses of the Dead Sea in its deep valley, and a fine view of the distant mountains of Moab, and soon we come in view of the town of Bethlehem. Just by the wayside is a small dome on a square white building, which marks the place of the death and burial of the beloved Rachel (Genesis xxxv, 19). Here we dismounted and walked round the building, which shelters the tomb of the mother of a great people. The grass was growing green among the stones, and the flowers were blooming, and I gathered the delicate white crocus as a memorial of this most interesting locality. Moslem graves are all around the tomb of the Hebrew mother, and Moslems claim the very dust which lies within. The aged Moses awaits our pleasure patiently, and I suggest that it will be an agreeable variety to walk into Bethlehem from this place. Moses walks with us, and tells us of the kindnesses he has received from good Christian people, speaking with the greatest affection of Dr. Barclay and his family, and of the good Bishop Gobat, and other missionaries, and manifests the greatest joy when my friend tells him she has known Dr. Barclay and his family. I ask him if these good men have not tried to make a Christian of him. "Yes, often,"



says Moses, with a sigh; "but the children of Israel must be faithful to their God." And then I tell the old man how much I have wished that they could have the land of their fathers again. "When He wills," replies Moses, reverently pointing upward. "If we did not have our land again, then God's word would be broken." And then he tells us about his aged mother, more than a hundred years old, who lives with him in Jerusalem, and who is yet able to get about. "And when she can walk no more," he says, with an affectionate gesture, "I will carry her in my arms!" We become interested in the old man, as he talks on, and tells us that his native country was amid the mountains of Georgia, and that he has travelled through many lands before coming to end his pilgrimage in this sacred place. But we are very close to Bethlehem now, and remount our little beasts and ride into the squalid, miserable town. Loathsome beggars come screaming round us—sick, sore, lame, halt or blind. It is in vain to give alms—it only increases the pressure of the crowd—and we are glad to dismount at the Church of the Nativity, and seek refuge in its silence.

We are most kindly received by the Franciscan monks, who have charge of the sacred places, and when we have rested a little, one of the brethren conducts us to the chapel, and then to the two rock-hewn troughs, which are said to have been the birth-place and the cradle of the Babe. There are altars and votive lamps and paintings, and much tawdry ornamentation of the grotto in which these spots are pointed out, and one feels distressed and disappointed to find such an air of unreality about this most unquestioned of all the sacred places. A dungeon-like room, and study of St. Jerome, are also shown, and it is a matter of pathetic interest to learn that the studies and labors of the mediæval father were pursued in so drear a place.

The monks supplemented our lunch with coffee and a very generous bottle of Bethlehem wine of their own manufacture, and spread our repast in the brightest end of their large dining saloon. Above us is a beautiful portrait of St. Jerome, while in front hangs a painting of the present pontiff Pius IX in his youth. Through the thick wall we hear nothing of the barbaric clamor which troubles the streets without—quiet, neatness, artistic ornamentation and order reign in the convent—and we take leave with feelings of real satisfaction and gratitude, without compromising our general sentiment of disapproval of the custom of men secluding themselves from the common life of humanity, in monastic communities. Passing

out of the great door into the clamorous street again, we are besieged by a troupe of beggars and by a band of dealers in toys and trinkets who are hardly less urgent in their demands. The chief business of Bethlehem seems to be the manufacture of beads, rosaries, crosses, necklaces and bracelets from olive-wood, figs, the mother-of-pearl oyster-shell of the Levant Sea, and from amber. On the great peasant shells they sculpture rudely scenes of sacred interest, such as the Flight into Egypt, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Ascension. The misery and poverty of the people seemed to me greater than that of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. I am most glad to ride away from the town into the sunny and tranquil plain again, and in the pleasant afternoon to traverse once more the pathways oft before trodden by the feet of patriarchs, prophets and saints. The approach to Jerusalem in this direction is most pleasant, and the country presents quite a different aspect from that from the heights of Olivet.

"All that walk the earth are but a handful,  
To the tribes that slumber in its bosom!"

This truth is strikingly illustrated in the vast area of graves and tombs around Jerusalem. Jew, Moslem and Christian have laid down to rest here for so many ages, that we may almost fancy the very clods that lie beneath our feet to be the dust of humanity. Those who look for the personal second coming and reign of the Prince of Peace on earth believe that in this place will be the resurrection of the dead, and the final judgment. The Moslem expects Mohammed to reappear and that he will sit on a projecting column that is built into the wall of the city overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat, and be the judge of the living and the dead. The Jews expect here an ingathering of all his scattered tribes, and the restoration of a mighty prince of the house of David, while the Greek and Latin Christians look as definitely for the return of the crucified Jesus to the city of his martyrdom, as Prince and Judge. S. R. *Eleventh month 30th, 1874.*

WORKING AND WAITING.—There are two things that always pay—working and waiting. Either is useless without the other. Both united are invincibly and inevitably triumphant. He who waits without working is simply a man yielding to sloth and despair. He who works without waiting is ever fit in his strivings, and misses results by impatience. He who works steadily and waits patiently may have a long journey before him, but at its close he will find his reward.—*Exchange.*

## SUFFERERS IN THE WEST.

We are more than willing to call the attention of Friends to the subject of the following letter. We have little doubt that if Friends near the seat of destitution, in Kansas and Nebraska, would ascertain whether, and how many, of our members have been sufferers so as to need aid, that aid will be forthcoming. Probably many Friends are withholding their contributions, because they have no definite information as to the need, or as to any plan by which what they give may reach the sufferers.—EDS.

*Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:*

I have noticed in the two late numbers of the *Intelligencer* articles concerning the destitution of the inhabitants of portions of Nebraska and Kansas.

Although many Friends have, no doubt, given aid towards alleviating the general distress there, yet there is a duty devolving upon us to act in a Society capacity, if there are any of the sufferers who are in membership with Friends.

If such is the case, it becomes our special duty to put ourselves in the way to render them the assistance they so much need.

Few of us who have the comforts of life, and abundance at our disposal, can realize the utter strippedness of resources among those who have endeavored to establish a new home on the prairies in those States. With many, their capital is all used up in payments for land, erecting a few small buildings, and obtaining stock and farm implements. Their year's living and future needs depend upon the present crops, and when these are snatched from them their case becomes hard indeed.

This is the general condition of the settlers on the border now claiming our sympathy and assistance.

Let us not suppose the amount already given will suffice. Four months must elapse before the earliest vegetables can be produced from the land, and from six to eight months before grain crops can be available.

What small resources they possess will be first used, and therefore the next six months there will be the severest strain to meet the necessities of life and provide for coming farm operations.

I would suggest that Friends, in their respective localities or meetings, take the matter into consideration, and see what amount can be raised for the assistance of members of our own Society first, and if more than adequate should be collected, distribute amongst the needy at large. By proper ef-

forts, reliable channels will open through which to distribute the appropriate funds for the needy and deserving.

No doubt many will feel they are now taxed heavily to meet the demands upon their resources; but I would suggest that we consider the many comforts, not to say luxuries, we enjoy. Can we not forego some of these, that we may minister to the dire necessity of those who have economized, labored and toiled for subsistence and a home, and whose resources are now blasted, and by means such as no foresight on their part could have prevented?

Let us reflect that if, out of our abundance, we are not willing to share a portion with the unfortunate, our love towards our fellows is not of that character evinced by early Christians and imposed by Christ upon such as would be His disciples.

STEPHEN R. HICKS,  
Old Westbury, L. I.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
CELESTIAL VISITANTS.

As the *Intelligencer* is often freighted with scientific as well as religious intelligence, and is thus of increased value and interest, I have thought it might be gratifying to its numerous readers to have a brief account of some remarkable phenomenon occurring within the range of vision of the remotest western Quarterly Meeting of Friends on this continent.

About ten o'clock on Fifth-day morning, the 11th inst., many of the inhabitants of our little city of 3000 people left their stores, shops and dwellings to look upon a phenomenon of rare beauty.

Fully one fourth of the visible heavens was spanned by an immense circle. The Mount Pleasant *Journal* describes it thus: "At regular intervals around this circle were seen sun-dogs, or luminous points, each larger than a full moon. Inside the circle floated a peculiarly brilliant segment of a rainbow. It had all the brilliant vivid coloring of the brightest rainbow, yet seemed but a fragment of a bow, not spanning more than half the space of the circle's diameter."

While displays of this character have been frequent, our oldest inhabitant never before looked upon one of such magnificence. The sun was shining brilliantly, and the atmosphere intensely cold.

On Sixth-day evening, the 12th inst., at about 10½ o'clock, there appeared an immense meteor, resembling a great ball of fire, illuminating the whole firmament and giving a greenish tint to all perceptible objects. Our friends Dr. C. F. Marsh and wife, of this city, represent it as a bright light, resembling a heavy discharge of lightning. Subsequently



the aerolite came into view from the south-east, leaving a brilliant track of light behind it. The body appeared to be pear-shaped, the larger end foremost.

The *Free Press*, of this city, says: "It passed the meridian at an estimated altitude of thirty degrees from the horizon, and, adhering to a straight line, disappeared in the northwest, being obscured by the intervention of some buildings." They think that "eight or ten minutes elapsed from the time they saw the flash until they heard the report; there appeared to be a compound detonation, one report following the other as an echo." The concussion was very great; our next neighbor compared the noise to the rolling of barrels down the roof; others were awakened, supposing their houses to be on fire from lightning. The jarring of the windows was excessive.

This phenomenon was witnessed by several of the College students. Prof. J. M. Mansfield, of the University, who has given much study to the subject, is of opinion that the visitor was a detonating aerolite, and, considering the extent of the arc it described on its passage, and the number of degrees it appeared above the horizon, it could not have been nearer than ninety miles above the surface of the earth.

The loud report was heard by many persons from four to ten minutes after the meteor passed over this city. It seemed *very near* the earth, and some say they heard a weird hissing sound.

No doubt many of the readers of the *Intelligencer* (like myself) have seen the meteoric stones in the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C. Whether the one that passed over us was dissolved into dust, or is buried from sight beneath the soil, is a question we are unable yet to solve. We should be pleased to obtain a portion of this *celestial*, to place beside the terrestrial sparkling geodes found in the Mississippi valley, in which the colors of the rainbow have for ages played among the crystals.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

*Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 2d mo. 21, 1875.*

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To an humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied, "I know I am; but, blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it, I hope it."

### "FINISH THY WORK, THEN REST."

Finish thy work, the time is short,  
The sun is in the west,  
The night is coming on—till then,  
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest—  
Till then, rest never;  
The rest prepared for thee by God  
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,  
Ungird thee from thy toil;  
Take breath; and from each weary limb  
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down  
On some celestial hill,  
And of its strength-reviving air  
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace—  
Life's battle fought and won—  
Hear from the throne thy Master's voice,  
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,  
Give praise to God above;  
Sing a new song of mighty joy  
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up  
In all thy paths below;  
Who sees thee faithful unto death,  
And crowns thee now.

E. S. MILLER.

### MOUNT TABOR.

BY JOHN HAY.

On Tabor's height a glory came,  
And, shined in clouds of lambent flame,  
The awe-struck, hushed disciples saw  
Christ and the prophets of the law;  
Moses, whose grand and awful face  
Of Sinai's thunder bore the trace,  
And wise Elias, in his eyes  
The shade of Israel's prophecies,  
Stood in that vast mysterious light  
Than Syrian noons more purely bright,  
One on each hand—and high between  
Shone forth the godlike Nazarene.  
They bowed their heads in holy fright,  
No mortal eyes could bear the sight,  
And when they looked again, behold!  
The fiery clouds had backward rolled,  
And borne aloft, in grandeur lonely,  
Nothing was left "save Jesus only."  
Resplendent type of things to be!  
We read its mystery to-day  
With clearer eyes than even they,  
The fisher saints of Galilee.  
We see the Christ stand out between  
The ancient law and faith serene,  
Spirit and letter—but above  
Spirit and letter both was Love.  
Led by the hand of Jacob's God  
Through wastes of old a path was trod  
By which the savage world could move  
Upward through law and faith to love.  
And there in Tabor's harmless flame  
The crowning revelation came.  
The old world knelt in homage due,  
The prophets near in reverence drew,  
Law ceased its mission to fulfill  
And Love was Lord on Tabor's hill.

So now, while creeds perplex the mind  
And wranglings load the weary wind,  
When all the air is filled with words  
And texts that ring like clashing swords,  
Still, as for refuge, we may turn  
Where Tabor's shining glories burn—  
The soul of antique Israel gone—  
And nothing left but Christ alone.

—Scribner for January.

ONCE upon a time, the conversation having turned, in presence of Dr. Franklin, upon ches, and a young person in the company having expressed his surprise that they ever could be attended with such anxiety and solicitude—instancing one of his acquaintances, who, though in possession of unbounded wealth, yet was as busy and more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The doctor took an apple from a fruit-basket and presented it to a little child, who could just totter about the room. The child could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said the philosopher, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy!"

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR SECOND MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
in during some portion of the 24 hours.....	2	2
in all or nearly all day.....	0	3
now, including very light falls.....	6	8
badly, without storms.....	7	1
near, as ordinarily accepted.....	13	14
Total.....	28	28
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
mean temperature of Second mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	33.75	26.55
highest point attained during month, Penna. Hospital.....	72.00	58.00
lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	12.00	—2.00
in during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	Inches. 2.82	Inches. 2.84
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year.....	Numbr. 1263	Numbr. 1467
		Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Second month for the past 86 years.....		30.80
mean of Second mo., 1875, up to 19th, inclusive.....		21.70
highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857.....		41.03
lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1815 and 1838.....		24.00

WINTER TEMPERATURES.

	Degs.
Mean temperature of the three winter months of 1873 and 1874.....	36.38
Mean do do do 1874 and 1875..	29.42
Average of the winter temperature for the past 85 years.....	31.51
Highest winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1827-28 and 1850-51.....	38.33
Lowest winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1814-15 and 1835-36.....	26.60

The two years (1875 and 1838) when the temperature of the Second month descended to 24 degrees, are the only instances found as low as that point during the long period of eighty-six years; while, as to the means of the three winter months, as low as 26 degrees as a winter mean has been recorded only eight times, and all these previous to 1832.

The above record, independent of our own feelings, makes it certain we have had not only a very cold Second month, but a very cold winter. The valuable space of the *Intelligencer* forbids our going much into detail, but such as desire more minutiae are referred to the *North American and United States Gazette* of this city, where we have published a much fuller review. On the 8th of the month we were told that "the Niagara river, below the Falls, is now completely covered by an ice-bridge, which will probably remain solid until spring. Ice-mountains reach nearly to the edge of the falls."

On the same day and the succeeding it was said the mercury fell to from 19° to 21° below zero! The 10th was also an excessively cold day. Reports from various points in Pennsylvania chronicled from 7° to 11° below zero, while at other places, such as Quebec, Omaha and Puny Sound, 10°, 11°, 16°, 21° and 23° below were reported. At the same time, the ice was so firmly packed between Staten Island and Bergen Point, that hundreds of people crossed on it to reach New York, and a great number of teams also passed over in safety. It is said an event of this kind has not been known in the present century.

On the 11th a heavy snow-storm prevailed through portions of Pennsylvania. At Williamsport and other places reaching a depth of two feet. \* THE SCHUYLKILL has been effectually closed by the ice embargo, and up to and even after the middle of the month, the ice remained backed up until it had reached the level of the pool above, and it was impossible to see the water as it came over the dam. From this point downward was a mass of broken ice as far as the eye could reach.

On the 21st the writer drove up the Schuylkill road to the Wissahickon, and along its banks, for a considerable distance, and, with the exception of being able to see the water come over the dam, the same state of things existed. In some places only a single carriage road had been cleared through the mass of broken ice which had been floated on to the road by the fresbet of the 3d and 4th of the month, entirely cutting off all travel.

THE DELAWARE, above the city, has been closed, but between here and Camden a passage way has been kept open by the Ferry boats. From Port Richmond up, the river has been completely closed, and at Beverly persons were crossing in sleighs. The ice-boats have done good service, and navigation has not been much interfered with.

As an incident of the season it may be mentioned that, on the 12th of First month, twelve locomotives were frozen up on the C. B. and Q. Railway, near Burlington, Vt.

J. M. ELLIS.  
Philadelphia, Third month 1st, 1875.



E. S. PHELPS' excellent essays upon the subject "What to Wear," deal many telling blows on the side of good sense, health and rational thought. She is thoroughly in earnest, and her readers must feel that there is a measure, at least, of truth in some of her forcible criticisms. A Western exchange says, that dress reforms will aim at four distinct things; greater dependence of individual action; more permanence in what have been found to be useful and tasteful fashions; a resolute discarding of whatever is immodest or unhealthful; and a limitation of money, labor, time and thoughts, so that other duties may not be robbed of their proper claims.

### NOTICES.

HADDONFIELD FIRST-DAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY UNION will hold its next meeting at Medford, N. J., on Seventh-day the twenty-seventh of Third month next, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Cars leave Market street Wharf at 10.30 A. M.  
EMMOR ROBERTS, *Clerk.*

#### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

3d mo. 7th, Reading, Pa., 2 P. M.  
" " " Abington, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" " " Chester, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" " 21st, Gwynedd, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" " 28th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.  
" " " Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.

#### FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

Stated meeting this evening at 8 o'clock.  
ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk.*

#### LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet Fourth-day evening, 10th inst., at 8 o'clock, in Library-room.  
J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

#### PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION

Meets at Green street Meeting-house, Third month 12th, at 8 o'clock P. M.

#### INDIAN COMMITTEE.

Stated meeting of Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will be held on Sixth-day afternoon, Third-month 12th, at 3 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting-room, (being the same day that Representative Committee meets.) Full attendance very desirable.  
J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

A meeting of the Concord First-day School Union will be held at West Chester, on Seventh-day, Third month 13th, 1875, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

MORDECAI T. BARTRAM, } *Clerks.*  
MATILDA GARRIGUES, }

### ITEMS.

THE Court of Inquiry sitting at Hong Kong to ascertain the cause of the disaster to the Pacific Mail steamer Japan, in its decision says:

"That the fire was caused by the spontaneous combustion of the coal placed there when coaling in the harbor of Yokohama, the coal having been taken on board during a violent rain-storm, and consequently stowed in a wet or damp condition.

The court recommend that a more rigid inspection of coal bunkers, a greater care in burning surplus coal first, and a more careful supervision of the condition of the coal when coaling should be exercised, and that the temperature of the coal burners should be ascertained at least once every four hours, for the purpose of detecting and preventing any incipient signs of combustion going on in them."

This steamer, bound from San Francisco to Yokohama, thence to Hong Kong, took fire at sea on 19th of Twelfth month, 1874. The vessel was totally destroyed, and more than three hundred lives were lost.

THE California *Spirit of the Times* states that United States Government "stands at the head of nations in its donations for solving the problem incident to the Transit of Venus. The cost is stated as follows:

The American expeditions will cost.....	\$150,000
The English expeditions, about.....	100,000
The German expeditions, about.....	80,000
The Austrian.....	50,000
The French.....	50,000
The Russian.....	50,000

The expenditures of several other governments, far as they are known to our government astronomers, will not exceed \$59,000, making a total of five hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars. This is the expenditure only for instruments and special helpers, assistants, etc. The salaries of government astronomers engaged in the work, and the expense of fitting out and sending government and other vessels with the expeditions add to the sum at least half a million more."

THE investigations made by Pettenhoffer into the effects of air-proof fabrics show that such fabrics ought to have only a very limited use. In India rubber or gutta-percha textures, the wearer is highly uncomfortable when having to give off more heat than usual, or undergoing much exercise. They become inconvenient, not because they stop change of air entirely—which they cannot do, in fact, on account of the necessary openings in them—but only because they limit the universal change of air in the underlying garments. Protection against the wet from without they afford, of course, well suited, but they produce another wet on the skin by impeding evaporation; they may be used with advantage and safety, therefore, in wet weather, when accompanied with cold or wind, but not, though wet, when it is warm or calm.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE following hints for the use of safes, and what should be put in them, are vouched for by good authority. Avoid fancy-colored inks, as they are more liable to be obliterated by heat than the safe is under fire. The black inks are better. Lead pencil will stand the heat better than either even when the paper is burned black. Do not put the most valuable account books at the sides of safes, as the heat coming from the outside will affect them first. Crowd the books from the sides to the center of the safe for the purpose of making them tight together, as in this connection they will stand the heat much longer. Wood drawers are preferable to iron for cash boxes and for small valuable papers, as wood is a non-conductor of heat and is a good conductor. Never use in a safe a leather wallet as a receptacle for valuable papers, as being water, heat 212 degrees, will crisp and curl, convert it into a gluey substance and destroy the papers. When a safe has been under fire send an expert to open it.—*Public Ledger.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 13, 1875. No. 3

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

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## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE "RANTERS" IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Read before Friends' Historical Association of Philada.

As these people have, in some instances, been confounded with Friends, either through ignorance or intentionally, and as some of them aforesaid had been members of the Society, but were disowned for their evil practices, it is important to give a brief history of their extravagant doings, that the distinction between the two peoples may be clearly drawn. The Quakers arose in a fanatical age, and when this fact is considered, it is remarkable that but few cases occurred among them of intemperate enthusiasm, whereas the "Ranters" sought every opportunity, it would appear, to disturb them in their meetings and denounce them elsewhere.

In a work called "Outrageous Apostates Exposed, or a Relation of the monstrous Errors and Blasphemies committed by Isaac Pearson and his impious Associates, upon several occasions, but more especially in Meetings held for the performance of Divine Service and Worship to Almighty God, by the people called Quakers, in the County of Cumberland, England, 1718," we read that Friends of the Quarterly Meeting of Cumberland were compelled to ask the civil authorities for protection against those impostors, the chief of whom were Isaac, Job and Lot Pearson, and William, John and Alice Robinson.

A few passages from the aforesaid account (which is long) will suffice to illustrate the character of this people, as well as to show the numerous trials to which Friends were subjected on their account.

Isaac Pearson had been disowned from the Monthly Meeting of Beckfort, "for disorderly conduct," after which he became a disturber of meetings held for worship and discipline. The account states: "After we had given judgment against him as aforesaid, although he would not condemn what he had done, or promised amendment for the future, yet he remained pretty quiet as to disturbance (only some of his confused preaching and praying for a considerable time), probably at first he might not be hardy enough for it; so, whilst he remained thus, he came into our meetings for worship, and went out again, without any molestation from us; but, his patience not proceeding from a right principle, and being by some secretly instigated to greater opposition, as afterwards appeared, he began to obtrude himself into our meetings of discipline (as he had before done amongst the women) demanding reparation and satisfaction for the injustice he had sustained in denying him communion, &c.

"I shall now speak concerning his behavior in our religious meetings, when he would have obtruded himself into our meetings of business (as before noted), we esteeming him not a proper person to be pres-



ent, by reason that such meetings only related to the care and well ordering of the members of our own Society, in which he (having proved so refractory) could not justly be reputed. Therefore we ordered him to be kept out. Also, he appeared so turbulent in our religious meetings, and took up so much time with his confused ribaldry and prophesying, we thought it convenient to keep him out of them likewise. After this, his secret supporters, who had all the while kept pretty much behind the curtain, must needs think it high time to come forth to his assistance, &c., appeared in his behalf publicly, manifesting themselves to be of the same opposite mind to the judgment of our friends, so that, finding as great disturbers within as him that was held out, we thought it in vain to keep him out any longer."

Here follows an account of their appeal to the Quarterly Meeting, their not meeting the committee appointed thereon; their further disturbances in meetings, uncharitable aspersions, "ripping up old failures," pretending to judge Friends by their countenances, prophesying against them, &c., &c. Because of these things and others equally atrocious, the writer denominates them "destroyers of human society, viz., in two respects, first, in endeavoring to suppress all religious performances; secondly, in endeavoring to lay waste or destroy all holy discipline and good order in the church, by obstructing it whenever they come, also by encouraging and practicing several disorders and immoralities."

At a Quarterly Meeting at Wigton, one of the aforesaid disturbers being "turbulent," and some offering to take him out, he "crept under the gallery rails, wherein he stood, and a table being near, he crept under it, and then laid him all along on his back, a considerable time, *crying out murder, when nobody touched him*; at several other times he hath behaved in like manner, laying him down, and would find no feet."

In some instances, Friends sustained personal injury from them. They prophesied the ruin and downfall of meetings; that God would send amongst the Quakers pestilence, famine and sword, and that He was the author of confusion, because "He sent Moses to Pharaoh for that very end, and Christ came into the world on purpose to provoke the Jews, that they might crucify Him; and when we objected (continues the account) that was only the consequence, but God never sent any for that very end and purpose, for that would make Him the author of sin, which is most contrary to His nature, he replied, both to the foregoing, and many others which we instanced, that that was not only the consequence, but God sent them for that

very end and purpose; for, said he, Christ said, 'for this cause came I to this hour,' therefore (said he) Christ came on purpose to stir the devil up in the Jews, and to harden them that they might crucify Him. Oh! impious, blasphemous and sordid!"

Friends bore this ill treatment with a good degree of patience for more than four years; till, as the book states, "we found our charity and indulgence so much abused, that they grew so imprudent and saucy as to give us the most audacious and daring challenge to go to law, withal insinuating their cause was such, and we had done them so much injustice that we were afraid to appear in the face of a court, and by our long forbearance many were apt to believe them. Wherefore, presuming they had had time enough both to demonstrate our patience and expose their folly, we therefore took such methods as the law directs to restrain them, which happened as followeth: Our Quarterly Meeting, in course, falling to be in the city of Carlisle, we made our application to the Recorder for redress, and he, not being ignorant of the great abuse we had for a long time suffered, caused some to come in to observe these rude persons' behavior, who found them all shouting, hallooing, knocking or rapping, until they were pulled down, and taken away by force.

"The two Pearsons were committed for not giving bail for their appearance at the next Quarter Sessions, but Wm. Robinson, giving bail, was at liberty until that time, in which time he was as bad or worse than before.

"And, at their appearance at Sessions, being indicted for a wilful disturbance of a congregation, on trial thereupon, they were found guilty, and a verdict passed against them, and therefore fined and turned over to the gaoler, who was present in court, to be kept in close custody, viz., for notoriously violating the Act of exemption or toleration, and our religious liberty, thereby granted."

Soon thereafter "the grand enemy" stirred up another "wicked imp" (Alice Robinson), whose wild and disgraceful conduct disturbed Friends, often "daring" them "to take the advantage of the law against her." Having quarreled with the civil powers, on charges of another nature, she was convicted and imprisoned with the Pearsons. "Wherefore," continues the account, "being for the present relieved from these grievous sufferings, by the civil laws, made through the clemency of our superiors, and they in part restrained from their inhuman disturbance, we cannot but think it our incumbent duty to pray for the King, his royal progeny, and all our superiors in general."

After acknowledging their obligations to the

"Powers that be," for interposing in their behalf, these Friends proceed to vindicate their course, on that occasion, by "Scripture and right reason." The writer proceeds to say, "That God hath abolished all carnal war to destroy men's bodies. We agree with them; but will it from thence follow that men have no power to restrain persons of such immorality and rudeness, when they may do it, without either prejudicing their souls or bodies? Surely no such matter. God hath endowed man with power and understanding to maintain and propagate human society; therefore, to invoke the Divine Majesty to appear in an immediate and miraculous manner to our relief, without all external means in such trivial cases, which a man may restrain the party from, without doing any hurt, and which, too, is so obviously repugnant to all human society, would certainly, in my opinion, be a most presumptuous tempting of God."

"We, for a long time before we made use of the law, kept them out of our meetings for worship and discipline, not being willing, if possible, to take the advantage thereof against them; wherefore, after this manner, they used to argue against us, calling us luggars and tailors, which they have filled people's ears with so much clamor, and for which they rank us even among the damned furies of hell, comparing it with Cain's killing Abel, Ahab's murder of Naboth, Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, the Jews' crucifying of Christ, and the tyrannous and bloody persecutions of the Apostles and all succeeding martyrs," etc. "Because of these things," says our author, "I hope all reasonable men will allow that no milder restraint can be used than, in a *mild manner*, to take them out of a meeting, and we justify no other."

These disturbers pretended "*conscience*" for what they did, but their violence "sufficiently confuted their arguments." . . . "Some persons of other persuasions placed them on the same ground with Friends, because they both pretended conscience and the impulse of the Holy Spirit for what they did, and, therefore, were equally entitled to the benefit of the Act of Toleration; but, says our writer, "As we would not be persecuted for conscience' sake ourselves, so neither would we persecute others; provided that none, under the pretence of conscience, infringe upon their neighbors' properties, either spiritual or temporal; not so, but that either we, or any teacher of other societies, may have intercourse to instruct or admonish each other (so as it be done in such a demonstration of love and good will, as that it may evidence we come not to disturb, but for a concern for the salvation of their souls), and the greatest latitude we desire to take is

only to persuade in a friendly and Christian way; but to impose our tenets upon people whether they will receive them or not, and, to effect this, go day by day to disturb and interrupt them in the performance of their worship (after such an exorbitant manner as is before related), so as, that if they will not embrace our opinions, to endeavor, with all our might, to hinder them of having any worship at all. As this is contrary to the tenor of the Gospel Covenant, and to human society itself, so we desire that such like practices may be suppressed, and the practisers of them, wherever they appear." Much argument in the book of similar import is here omitted.

In the testimony of the Quarterly Meeting of Cumberland, concerning Thomas Wilkinson, of Beckfort, it is among other things stated that, "he passed through many hardships and great exercises by the Pearsons, and bore a faithful testimony against them and the spirit they appeared in, at the meeting to which he belonged. As his dwelling was near the meeting-house, he suffered many abuses by them in their malice and rage; but that which was the most afflicting was the danger the meeting was in of being laid waste by them, under which affliction, this, our friend, stood firm, himself and family being instrumental to uphold the meeting, and were a great strength to Friends. In his last illness—some Friends sitting by him—he said, he had no trouble in his mind for anything he had done concerning them, they being rebellious against God and His people."

This is all that need now be said of the Cumberland Ranters.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### A LETTER.

The little company to whom the following letter was addressed, having been edified by its contents, and believing that there are others, similarly situated, to whom the concern of the writer is equally applicable, it is offered in the hope that its influence for good may thus be more widely extended. B.

"To the Members of our Bible Class:

"DEAR FRIENDS,—It is not often that I allow myself to indulge in even especial desire to be with you; for it is so clear that my duty is at home, that the very knowledge of this has, thus far, made it easy. But to-day my feeling has been of desire to be, in some way, with you, in the consideration of Hebrews xi, your probable work for this evening; and although even the opportunity for writing has seemed well nigh lost (through unforeseen circumstances), I will still make the effort to show you where I am.



"Immediately with thought of the chapter aforesaid, came verse 6th into my heart; and the feeling that if I could be with you long enough to lend whatever influence could be mine, towards having the whole evening imbued with the practical and simple spirit of that verse, I could leave you then, bringing away food enough for myself from that portion only. I do not know what may be found by you in rich interest, historical inquiry or discussion, upon points of minor import in this chapter, which rings throughout with the melody of faith, and of its necessary accompaniment, obedience; but for me, the verse to which I have alluded holds what I now want for myself and for *us all*, and holds enough to fill my heart, the others being all subservient, or only illustrating this in different lights or with different expressions.

"It tells of that without which it is impossible to please God. Can we ask Him to be satisfied with a heart that will not trust Him? Can we come to Him through the difficulties, the crowd of doubts and discouragements, that often beset the truly earnest seeker, unless we believe that He is?—that is, believe in the Power, the help of which we need for every day's round of little duties (if we would do them aright), and in the all-sufficiency of that Power for the sorest time of need that we can ever know? Believing in the fullness of the Power, the next step is to realize that it can and will give to us what we need; that the earnest or diligent seeking will be rewarded. Nothing said about success, as we would term it—any amount of difficulties, of weakness, of failures to do as we would, may be included; but we are to believe in the sure reward to the diligent, persevering seeker—the one who through all will not give up the pressing forward. Simple points these. I do not give them because I imagine ignorance in any one to whom they may be read, but because of the beautiful light in which to my vision they stand forth, calling away from all immaterial differences, to pure, simple, child-like faith, which lights the way, even by its own soft radiance, until the end, when—

"('Shall all that now divides us dissolve and pass away,  
Like shadows of the morning, before the blaze of day?  
Shall all that now unites us more sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union, in a blest land of love.'

Some of the early instances given are of those whose single acts of obedience, from this light of faith, shine out as the only bright parts that we can see, or that we would so characterize in their lives; yet, in obedience, as far as they could read the commands

given, the working of the same principle is seen as in Paul's grand hymn of faith, 'who shall separate us from the love of Christ,' &c.

"It is the principle of faith that comes home to us as we read these olden records, and it is that living, vitalizing principle that we need now—need it more than aught else, for pure, simple faith will lead to all things good for us. Needless to add that I do not mean a blind faith, but one that seeks continually the Light, walking toward that as best it may, and (all unconsciously oftentimes) casting its own soft radiance around for others' cheer.

"My most earnest wishes for our band of workers are that this may be known in its fullness by each one; and my greatest rejoicing over the experience that we have had together has been in the realization that the 'faith which worketh by love' is not unknown in our midst. The love is warm, and the faith will, I am persuaded, 'increase more and more.' Always with you in spirit, though rarely having opportunity to follow you at all in the lessons, I send my heartfelt desires that the blessing that your hearts most earnestly crave, may rest upon you.

"Your friend,

L. C. S.

"Baltimore, First mo. 19th, 1875."

#### UNSKILLED LABOR.

The views expressed in the article given below so fully accord with my own experience that I send them for insertion in *Friends' Intelligencer*. We are all sufferers, in every department of life, from the effects of unskilled labor. It should be the earnest endeavor of all to use their influence with those who are just entering upon vocations to fit them for lives of usefulness, that they learn well their trades. Be it the rearing of a building or the making of a shoe, the moulding of bread or the moulding of mind in the school-room, making a garment to wear or writing an item for a paper, let it be *well done*. The times demand, and should have, the best that skilled labor can produce. "There is always room at the top," is a truth that should become a maxim. Then, indeed, we should not have so many wandering here and there seeking for work, when they are not qualified to do one thing well.

L. H. H.

"The dull times bring out into bold relief the fact that the mechanic who is thoroughly master of his trade is better off than most men who are dependent on their labor for a living, the thrifty farmer perhaps excepted. It is a lesson for parents to take to heart as they guide their children into avenues of self-support. Of unskilled workmen the *Churchman* well says:

"The signs of distress among the poor are

more apparent than ever before. There is one cause for this in the inflation of trade since the war, and the demand for labor. Many men have rushed into employments requiring little skill, and others have been taken in default of skill by employers who regard slighted and inefficient work as leading all the quicker to new demands. To put the thing in very plain English, good-for-nothing workmen have been employed to do good-for-nothing work, because the sooner that gives out the sooner they will be needed again. The consequence has been great restlessness on the part of the operating population, and multitudes left, by the stoppage of a few concerns, strangers in strange towns, without resources and without friends. Unskilled labor always tends to pauperism. It is regulated by no proper principles of supply and demand. In a shoemaking town there come about as many shoemakers as the trade will maintain. In a seaport the mechanics employed about ships are in close ratio to the activities of commerce. But unskilled labor is ready to migrate anywhere in search of a paying job; is therefore restless, without home ties, home comforts, or home responsibilities. When the need of unskilled labor stops, no one cares for the laborer. Skilled labor is paid for in dull times, lest it be wanting in busy times. The answer in the Catechism "To learn to labor," etc., ought to be taught as something more than an idle piece of repetition. We believe in teaching children to read and to write, but there are other uses for their eyes and their hands which they should be taught also. This country is fast producing the most inefficient and faulty set of operatives the world has seen since the Christian Era. The pauper question is best settled by settling the labor question.—*A Chicago paper.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE CLOSING SCENE.

It has been my allotment to stand and watch at the death-bed of not a few, who, having for a while enjoyed the sunshine of this mortal existence, were about passing away to the "bourne from whence no traveler returns;" and having witnessed many instances of unnecessary and unwarrantable haste in preparing the body for burial, I have oftentimes experienced feelings of uneasiness, lest this habit of unnecessary haste may, in some instances, lead to interment without adequate tests having been applied to solve the solemn problem of life and death.

In contemplating the reckless indifference with which this solemn subject is treated by many, I am sometimes ready to inquire: Are we indeed intelligent beings or are we irrational?

The following remarks, as will be observed, are not restricted to the treatment of the lifeless remains, but extend also to incidents connected with and preceding the closing scene, and to this department of the subject I will devote the earlier part of this essay.

It is a very common impression, and a no less frequent remark, in relation to our languishing friends, who have not, by word or movement, during several hours, given evidence of consciousness, that they are therefore not cognizant of events and conversation occurring in their presence, and that there is, therefore, no necessity of being guarded or restricted in our language, even in reference to arrangements preliminary to interment.

From what I have myself witnessed, and from information received from others, I am prepared to believe that, in many instances, where voice and movement are absent, and no evidence of vitality apparent, except, perhaps, a little warmth and respiration, that even then the mind is frequently unclouded, and cognizant of what is occurring in the apartment.

This announcement will doubtless be regarded as novel and startling by many who have never given the subject even a transient thought; and the fact that there is so much thoughtlessness in relation thereto, is the ground of my concern in thus giving expression to views and feelings which I have experienced when pondering upon the subject.

The great problem of life and death, and the almost imperceptible line which divides them, invests this subject with a solemnity not attending many other dissertations; and I desire to approach it with a reverence commensurate with its impressiveness.

It can hardly be otherwise than that others, perhaps not a few, will, upon retrospection, be able to recall instances similar to some which I will recite.

A valued Friend, who had, during many years, been an acceptable member of my family, after a protracted illness, arising from an incurable internal affection, was gradually drawing towards the close of her earthly existence. After lying several days and nights in a condition apparently unconscious and insensible, and, as was supposed, uncognizant of passing events, a female Friend, between whom and the departing one the warmest sympathy had always existed, began to make arrangements preparatory to the final close, and, in the presence of her dying friend, entered freely into conversation respecting the preparation.

Having for a long time been fully impressed that greater caution is needed in this respect, I interposed an objection by remarking to the attendant friend that, "notwith-



standing the apparent unconsciousness of the departing one, I had no doubt she was entirely cognizant of all occurrences and conversation in her presence." The reply was just in accordance with what hundreds of those who read this article would make: "Oh, no; she is entirely unconscious; she does not comprehend anything that is said or done in her presence."

A few moments afterwards, I approached the bed-side of the dying one, and her hand lying outside of the cover, I placed it within my own; she immediately grasped my hand, opened her eyes, which had been closed for days, and, with a benignant smile, for which, in health, she was remarkable, gazed for a moment intently in my face. Every feature and muscle of her face then instantly subsided into the death-like apathy, of the preceding and the few succeeding hours of her existence. I could not interpret the scene otherwise than as a recognition and approval of the rebuke and caution I had administered to her friend.

It is a saddening reflection, how many instances like the foregoing have probably occurred, where the dear departing ones, while lying in a condition of utter helplessness, have had to listen to conversation, similar to what is above alluded to, without the power to indicate their disapproval, and, of course, have passed out of time, leaving no record of their unhappy experiences in this respect.

It was my allotment to witness the departing scene of my precious mother. The hand of death had *apparently* shrouded from her intellect all consciousness of sublunary events. The usual attendant symptoms of death were as obvious as in ordinary instances of actual dissolution. Sitting by her bed, I took her hand into mine, in order to test the arterial pulsation: instantly she withdrew her hand from mine, and, opening her eyes, she gazed intently upon me for a moment, and, as I thought, reprovingly; then all was still as before, and in a few moments she breathed her last.

If I had been aware of her condition of consciousness, I would not have placed my finger upon her wrist; for it shortly afterwards occurred to me that she had a peculiar repugnance to having her pulse examined, even when in usual health; and I have no reason to doubt that she was aware that my motive was to discover if life was extinct, and the demonstration she made was intended as an indication of her disapproval of my endeavor.

Another instance of supposed unconsciousness occurred in the person of an aged aunt, who was sinking by a slow decay, mostly, perhaps, resulting from advanced age. She

had been lingering a considerable time, and, like the Friend first alluded to, in this article, had, during several days, been in a condition of apparent insensibility. Some of the neighbors, in her presence, were discussing the probability of an earlier or a more protracted departure. It was formerly, and perhaps yet is, a prevailing sentiment among people living in the vicinity of the ocean, that persons so lingering were likely to decess with the ebb of the tide. In accordance with this sentiment, one of the visitors, supposing she was unconscious, remarked that when the tide began to fall she would probably go off, which, he added, will be about 2 o'clock. Although apparently uncognizant of any remarks that had occurred in her presence, the poor sufferer, having lain several hours after the remark was made, unexpectedly inquired: "Oh, is it not 2 o'clock yet?" Her question indicated that her hearing and memory and rational faculties were unimpaired, notwithstanding she was on the verge of that slumber which, so far as the body is concerned, knows no waking.

The foregoing is not written to produce a mere transient sensation, but rather to convey important instruction upon a serious subject; first, that we should avoid making such remarks, on these occasions, as are herein animadverted upon; and, secondly, as the precise point where life ends and death begins, is of difficult determination, and sometimes almost an impossibility—in view of these things there should be no haste in arranging and disposing the body, and investing it with the habiliments of death and burial.

Instead of immediately laying out the body, and placing it in a cold apartment, and surrounding it with ice, which is frequently a reprehensible practice, it should remain in the apartment where the deceased was previously lying, and for a length of time sufficiently protracted, to solve, with reasonable certainty, the great problem of life and death.

There are, doubtless, occasions when earlier measures may be necessary to guard against approaching decomposition; but that necessity occurs much less frequently than is generally supposed.

That a hasty procedure, in placing the body in a cold situation, may be the means of extinguishing a feeble latent spark of vitality, may be shown in the instance of a Friend, whose residence is but a short distance from my own. During many years, he had been suffering from an obscure malady, and at several times had been supposed to be on the verge of dissolution. During one of these attacks, he expired, as was supposed. There appeared little or no evidence of vitality. If

I am correctly informed, he remained in that condition several hours, when a bystander suggested that heated appliances should be placed around his body; which, being done, indications of vitality were soon manifested, recovery ensued, and he is now living and in the possession of usual health.

In relating his own experience, he says that he was in possession of his mental faculties during the whole time he was in a condition of apparent insensibility; that he was cognizant of all occurrences in his presence, and that he felt the need of warm applications, but was unable to give expression, or to move any member of his body.

This recital, without further argument, might appear sufficient to evince that if, instead of having warming appliances, he had, according to usual custom, been placed in a cold apartment, and especially if surrounded by ice, the feeble, waning spark of vitality would have been speedily extinguished.

GIDEON FROST.

*Greenvale, L. I., Second month, 1875.*

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

A friend writes: "Thou speakest of cold weather and supposes that our country meetings are very small. So far as relates to Upper Greenwich (N. J.) Meeting, I can say we have had very few if any small meetings this winter. With the exception of one First-day school, on a very stormy afternoon, they have been well attended.

We have three teachers steadily employed in our schools at Upper Greenwich.

Anne Churchman, of Philadelphia, has charge of Friends' High School, which is very satisfactorily conducted. Her engagement is for four months.

R.

#### BUCKS QUARTERLY MEETING,

Held at Wrightstown on the 25th of Second month, was not as largely attended as usual. There were very few persons present from the neighboring Quarterly Meetings, and many of the members were absent on account of the bad condition of the roads, and the unfavorable weather. The work of the ministry in the first meeting devolved upon R. M. Croasdale, E. H. Plummer, Amos Jones and Elizabeth Paxson. The answers to all the queries, as brought up from the eight Monthly Meetings, represented the state of society to be about the same that it has been for several years past.

By the answer from two meetings, to the fourth query it appeared that a few members have manufactured and sold some cider as a beverage. There were two men and two women appointed to constitute a part of the meeting for sufferings for the ensuing year.

The first time Bucks Quarterly Meeting was held at Wrightstown was in 1722; but it was not until 1736 that its present organization was adopted, which is one hundred and thirty-nine years ago.

I. E.

#### LIFE A WARFARE.

There would seem to be an incurable variance between the life men covet for themselves and that which they admire in others; nay, between the lot which they would choose beforehand, and that in which they glory afterward. The aim which God assigns to us as our highest is, indeed, the direct reverse of that which we propose to ourselves. He would have us in perpetual conflict; we crave an unbroken peace. He keeps us ever on the march; we pace the green sod by, the way with many a sigh for rest. He throws us on a rugged universe, and our first care is to make it smooth. His resolve is to demand from us, without ceasing, a living power—a force fresh from the spirit He has given; ours, to get into such settled ways that life may almost go of itself, with scarce the trouble of winding up. Every way He urges our reluctant will. He grows the thistle and the sedge, but expects us to raise the olive and the corn, having given us a portion of strength and skill for such an end. He leaves in each man's lot a thicket of sharp temptations, and expects him, though with bleeding feet, to pass firmly through, having given him courage, conscience and guide divine to sustain him, lest he faint. And, after all, in spite of the inertia of their wills, men are, in their inmost hearts, on the side of God, rather than their own, in this matter.—*Martineau.*

#### SCRAPs

#### FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"I am trusting with a faith almost strong enough to compel realization, that standard-bearers, well qualified, will soon rise, and shaking off *all* trammels of custom and tradition, carry acceptably the glad tidings of the Gospel to the thousands of earnest, active laborers in the moral and religious fields, who, pressing on in the best light they have, are doing the Lord's work as they comprehend it, and lacking, it has seemed to me, but little else than a clearer apprehension of the Christ within, the true Guide. The current flowing above and beyond creed, for the good of mankind, seems to me to be far stronger than the current bounded by theology and dogma—and noble minds are doing good work, yet possibly lacking one thing to clear entirely



their vision—a fuller faith in a knowledge of the “Light within.”

One of our aged Friends is being buried this morning, Isaac K. Wright, aged 81. He was at Green Street Monthly Meeting last Fifth-day, drove his wife and family home, dined, and very soon ceased to breathe. What a comfort that he was at home.

Our ranks are being very rapidly thinned! To me, it seems very desirable to be *thus* released from the clay tenement, without the tedium of a protracted illness. My faith is, that our Father does not take His children by surprise, but, by the gentle visitations of His love, prepares the spirit for the great change, secretly extending those precious influences which give a blessed foretaste of future joys. And, how precious it is to be found in a condition to receive those intimations joyfully! The great Apostle was able to say: “I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;” and he testifies, that this crown is for all who love the appearing or manifestation of Divine Wisdom, Light, and Life—who *so love* as to come under the government thereof. Oh, yes! all these shall receive the crown of righteousness.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 13, 1875

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INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—While the barbarities of civil war and internecine strifes continue to darken the pages of current history, and leading nations are using extreme measures to maintain their armies on a war footing, it is evident that they are tired of war and its fatal consequences. The ties of industry and commerce are drawing peoples more closely together, and undermining the old martial spirit that counted *might* to be right. The greater diffusion of learning among the masses is opening the eyes of those who are taxed to carry on wars, and from whose ranks are drawn the men who must fight the battles; and one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the fact that petitions in favor of arbitration are being presented in the Parliaments and Legislative assemblies of Europe, and receiving that consideration which the importance of the subject demands. In the *Herald of Peace* for First month, we find the proceedings in the Dutch Parliament

on International Arbitration, introduced by MM. Van Eck and Bredius. From the debate which followed we make a few extracts.

M. Van Eck introduced his motion, and then said:

“The principle of our proposition ought to command general sympathy, since it satisfies the demands of religion and humanity. We war against the right of war. Who amongst you does not smile at the phrase, A RIGHT of war? It is declared a right to deprive a fellow-creature of life and property, to produce misery on a large scale. While all civilized nations exercise the greatest care to protect the life and property of their subjects by devising heavy punishments against offenders, how can it ever be a right cruelly to murder a fellow-creature, simply because he lives on the other side of the frontiers? I protest against such an idea of right.

“And what are the consequences of that right? In times of war, slaughter, poverty and despair, and in times of peace, unproductive labor, and the exhaustion of productive means. 5,837,678 human beings, trained to slaughter each other on any misunderstanding, are kept under arms in Europe; the yearly war expenses are estimated at about 550,000,000 sterling; the increase in the national debts in the last twenty-two years at 1,500,000,000 sterling, of which 88 per cent. was for war expenditure; in our own country they form now on the budget for 1875, far more than two-fifths of its whole amount. The so-called right of war is, indeed, a protest against civilization; therefore it should be abolished.”

“We do not propose an absolute measure. What we propose is very humble in its nature. It is arbitration. It is nothing but an effort to persuade the civilized nations, by means of a moral obligation, to solve their differences in a peaceful way. We know a great many objections are in readiness for us. It is said, for example, that ‘arbitration does not give any guarantee against war.’ Perfectly true. We acknowledge it to be only a first step. But is it, therefore, valueless? Does an appeal to moral feeling count for nothing? Have the civilized nations lost every sentiment of honor? Will the governments be blind to the fact that they may lose all their power and influence when, by their conduct, they bring public contumely upon themselves? Do they not, when going to war, try to justify themselves for doing so by every plausible argument? That is the moral feeling not only within, but even outside the boundaries of a country. In the Treaty of Paris in 1856, there was an evidence of it; the contracting Powers stipulating that differences arising between them, before having recourse to force, should be submitted to the mediation of the other parties.

"The existence of universal arbitration will, indeed, deprive war of all its elements, because it will put down the passions which call war into existence. War is not made by the people, but by Cabinets. If the people are made aware of the fatal consequences of war, they will never willingly resort to it."

After occupying two days in the debate, a vote was taken, which gave a majority in favor of arbitration, and placed the government of the Netherlands side by side with England, Italy and other European nations, in the cause of the peaceful settlement of national difficulties.

**THE RANTERS.**—It is saddening to contemplate the delusions to which the human mind is liable, especially in seasons of intense religious excitement; and some of our readers may be of the opinion that such details as are contained in the account of the "Ranters," extracts from which are published in this number, should be suffered to pass into oblivion. But if, as individuals, the memory of past errors greatly assist us in amending our lives, so history, if a faithful record, may prove instructive on a more extended scale.

#### DIED.

**AUSTIN.**—On the 25th of Second-month, 1875, Mary, widow of the late William K. Austin, aged 78 years; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends.

**CORNELL.**—In New York, on the 7th of Second month, 1875, of diphtheria, Eliza Jane Cornell, aged 8 years. Also, on the 20th Phebe Rebecca, aged 10 years; on the 21st, George S., aged 12 years; and on the 22d, Mary Anna, aged 3 years, children of Charles W. and Phebe C. Cornell; members of New York Monthly Meeting.

**FUSSELL.**—On the 8th of Ninth month, 1874, Hannah L. Fussell, in the 75th year of her age; a valued member of Fall Creek Meeting.

**MICHENER.**—At his residence in Bustleton, on the 16th of First month, 1875, Uriah Michener, in the 84th year of his age; a consistent member of Byberry Monthly Meeting.

**POPE.**—On the morning of the 6th of Twelfth month, 1874, at his residence in Indianapolis, Abner Pope, in the 82d year of his age. One of the strong characteristics of this dear Friend, was his earnest love for the principles of our Society, ever striving to walk consistently with our profession. Long will his vacant place be felt in the home-circle, as well as among those outside, with whom he has so pleasantly mingled. He has left behind him the loved companion of nearly fifty-seven years.

**SEARING.**—At Brookston, White County, Ind., on the 28th of Twelfth month, 1874, Joseph R. Searing, aged 25 years and 7 mos., son of Charles W. and Jane R. Searing. His funeral took place at Scipio,

the residence of his parents, where a very large and solemn meeting was held on the occasion.

**WICKERSHAM.**—On the morning of the 22d of Twelfth month, 1874, at the residence of her daughter, Eliza Garrison, of Prairie Grove, Henry County, Iowa, Mary Wickersham, in the 82d year of her age; a member of Monahan Monthly Meeting, Adams County, Pa.

#### EASTERN METHOD OF MEASURING TIME.

The common people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus, workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In Job vii, 2, we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 38.

(Continued from page 28.)

#### IN JERUSALEM.

One of our best views of inner Jerusalem is from the roof of the Mediterranean Hotel, which has been our home in this city. The house is of three stories, and quite overlooks most of the buildings in the city, and the substantial roof of hewn stone makes a clean and airy evening promenade. The top of the house is not a plane, but each apartment below is suggested by a low dome, the summit of which gives a slightly improved center of observation. There is a substantial stone battlement, which suggests the direction given in the Jewish law (Deut. xxii, 8): "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence."

I am also reminded of the proverb which asserts, that it is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than to have the comfort and shelter of a wide house, under certain circumstances. Here is a serene calm, and in yonder corner it were easy to improvise a shelter which might be a blessed refuge from the family jars below. Close at hand, as we look eastward over the battlements, is the extensive cistern, called the Pool of Hezekiah. It is simply a great open pond, only a few inches in depth, enlivened by a luxuriant growth of



algæ. The waters are replenished only by the rains, and as this is the commencement of the rainy season, we see it at its lowest point. The Jerusalem of to-day has no living waters, and the ancient cisterns are, many of them, filled up with rubbish or so out of repair that they can hold no water—so that the purifying element is very scarce here in these degenerate days. Of old, it is believed, the aqueducts from the Pools of Solomon provided the city with pure spring water from the hills, and a movement was made some years ago, by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, of England, for the repair of the ancient aqueducts, and such other improvements as would give a regular water supply to Jerusalem; but Moslem fanaticism has, in some unexplained way, put an end to the good work for the present. A failure of the periodical rains might bring a visitation of famine and distress here, which would be very disastrous. It is said that almost every house, in the ancient days, had one or more cisterns built or excavated within the court, for the preservation of rain water; but these have in a great measure disappeared. In all the books of the Old and the New Testament are allusions to these "fountains," "pools" or "waters."

Beyond is the desolate area of ruined arches, now being excavated by the Prussians. These are the remains of the hospital and church of the Knights Templar—among the most interesting of all the relics of crusading times. I am told that the Prussians design rebuilding the edifice in mediæval style, making it again a hospice, as in the days of old. But no—not, indeed, as when the wealthy and powerful order of the Templars had their centre here, and kings and princes trembled before their grand-master, who was both priest and soldier. Those days are gone—never to be recalled.

In the same line of vision lies the great Mosque of Omar, which occupies a grand position on the elevated area where once stood the splendid Temple of Solomon. In the background rises Olivet, three mountains combined in one, which has been compared to an eagle with outspread wings. To the right of Olivet are the misty mountains of Moab, which forms the background of the new synagogue of the Jews. A solitary date-palm also waves its feathery crown between us and the mysterious mountain land. This magnificent tree does not flourish in the stony soil of Jerusalem, loving better the hot sands of Egypt and the warm gardens of Jaffa. The olive and the fig are the fruit-trees of Jerusalem; while the prickly pear and the vine grow luxuriantly, if they are encouraged. Turning to the southward, the interesting Tower of Hippicus, supposed to be on the very

spot of the citadel of ancient Zion, is just in front of us. It overlooks the valley of the sons of Hinnom, and its lower stones are as ancient, perhaps, as anything visible in Jerusalem. To the west, the towers of the fine Russian Hospice, Hospital and Church meet the eye; while the great gilded dome of the church of the Holy Sepulchre appears to occupy the centre of the city. The bowed and tottering form of the aged Bishop Gobat is seen in bold relief against the evening sky, for he, too, is promenading his house-top in the cool of the day, thinking, joyfully, I hope, of the glorious new Jerusalem, towards which he is journeying. The sun sinks in the west, as the full moon rises over Olivet, and a chill blast from the hills warns us that night is at hand, and we descend from the airy and peaceful house-top.

To visit the Mosque of Omar and other objects of interest, on what is called the Haram-esh-Sherif, or noble sanctuary, we procured an order from the American Consul, which was endorsed by the Pasha of Jerusalem, who also furnished us with a guard. The Haram is an elevated platform, overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat, and doubtless occupying the same position as the ancient Temple of Jerusalem. Until the Crimean war, none but Moslems were permitted to visit this spot, and for a Jew or Christian to venture to intrude, would be to risk his life. Israelites, much to their sorrow, are yet excluded from the place which is, in their eyes, the most sacred on earth. We entered by a gate at the northwest corner, and were led to the door of the mosque. We were permitted to enter without removing our shoes. I have heard this edifice much criticised by architects, but to me it seemed at once majestic, and exceedingly rich. We were courteously welcomed by the aged sheik who has care of the mosque, who shook hands with us in a most friendly manner, knowing as he did, that the more politely we were entertained the more willingly we would pay the expected backsheesh. We were led first to the great rock which is in the centre of the edifice. It occupies a space fifty-five feet in diameter, immediately under the beautiful dome, and it rises about six feet above the pavement of the mosque. It is the "Sacred Rock" of the Moslems—indeed, in their eyes almost the most sacred thing on earth—for they are told that it is suspended miraculously in the air. To prove this to us we were led down a stairway to an open chamber under the rock and were shown the footprints of Mohammed, when he last touched the earth before ascending to heaven, and the hand-prints of the angel Gabriel, who held the rock down as it was ascending with the prophet!

Our guide pointed out to us the round hole, about two feet in diameter, quite piercing the rock, through which the prophet's body bore a miraculous passage. "But," I asked the guide, "if the rock is suspended in the air, why have they built a heavy wall all around the edge, and why this marble pillar at the end?" The acute Selim smiled, and replied, "They say that some Moslems were afraid the miracle might cease and the faithful be rushed while at their prayers, so the wall was built as a precaution." Then we held up our lamps close to the surface of the rock, and I saw that it was closely imprinted with fossils, and I thought what wondrous lessons of truth some reverent student of nature might read to the ignorant Moslem from this limestone leaf from the undoubted manuscript of God. Will not positive science, the unravelling of the secrets of nature, have an important part to play in dispelling the absurd superstitions which have so long enthralled the human mind? These bright-eyed, active Arabs do not lack intelligence, but they have no inducement to turn from the accredited fables of their fathers to the tenfold more absurd nonsense which is daily retailed at the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre." I cannot describe the mosaic work which traces out elaborate and elegant arabesque patterns in green and gold on both the interior and exterior of the Mosque of Omar, nor can I give any adequate idea of the varied and beautiful columns of marbles now almost unknown in the earth—remains, it is said, of the glorious Temple of old.

There is much decay and dilapidation without, and portions of the beautiful Damascus tiles which form part of the surface decoration may be readily bought as relics. Leaving the great "Dome," as it is called, we were conducted along the Haram platform to the Mosque of Aksa, on the southwest side of the platform. This building, which occupies a space of about three hundred feet by two hundred feet, and the substructure are of that massive style, known as Phœnician, or Jewish, and some of it is thought to be as early as the time of Solomon. It is only a confused labyrinth of vaults, massive levelled domes, mighty columns and aisles, surmounted by a Saracenic dome, ornamented with arabesque, and is chiefly interesting for its situation on the supposed site of the Temple of Solomon. After wandering about the Aksa, we returned again to the Haram platform respecting the various objects of interest which adorn the noble area. It is fifteen hundred feet from north to south, overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat, and nine hundred from east to west. The general effect of the domes, arches and pillars, independent of the inter-

minable legends connected with them, is very fine. I specially admired the "Dome of the Chair," or judgment-seat of King David. It is a graceful Saracenic cupola resting on light marble columns, which, like those of the Mosque of Omar, are believed to have belonged to the ancient Temple.

Of our visit to the vast building called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is not easy to write. It is to me a sad and melancholy exhibition, and no one can wonder that both the Jew and the Mohammedan turn contemptuously from such a system of falsehood, superstition and idolatry as they see in this perverted Christianity. The open space outside the door is a kind of market for rosaries, crosses, beads, pictures and images of saints and other objects of superstitious reverence, and beggars are sternly ordered off the ground by a tall ecclesiastic, who seems to have some authority. We entered the doorway, and the Turkish guard in a raised recess to the left gave us a friendly nod and almost a smile. Their office is to keep the peace among the different professors of the Christian faith who seek this place, which they deem the most sacred on earth. Within this building are no less than thirty-seven objects supposed to be identified with the suffering and the resurrection of the Christ. We were first shown the "Stone of Unction," a marble slab about six feet long and two feet wide. Devotees are kneeling around it and kissing it again and again. We were told it is the stone on which the body of Jesus was laid while they were preparing it for the burial. Turning to the left, the "Station of the Virgin" was shown; this is the place where Mary stood while they were anointing the body. Under the mighty dome is the oblong building of marble, within which we were shown the place of the Holy Sepulchre. This slab, which covers it, receives the kisses of pilgrims continually, and over it are suspended many silver and gilded lamps, which shed a dim light in the cavernous place. Just in front of the tomb is an antechamber, in which is a pillar, two feet high, on which, it is pretended, fire from heaven descends on Easter eve. At that time, I am told, the Greek and the Armenian bishops enter the little apartment *and close the door* to await the expected miracle, while all the pilgrims, of whom there is often a great multitude, stand without with unlighted tapers, each struggling to be the first to receive the holy fire when it comes. In due time from either side of the building, through apertures about six or eight inches in diameter, are thrust lighted tapers, and the people rush to light their candles at the miraculous flame. The struggle for precedence that ensues is often attended, it is said, with serious



loss of life. The Latins denounce this pretended miracle as a wicked and impudent imposture, and are loud in their denunciation of the Greek and Armenian priests who thus deceive their ignorant and trusting people. But as long as they too were permitted to use the holy fire, they too participated in the imposture.

Under the second dome is the Greek Church—the largest and richest within the building. In the centre of the aisle is a circular slab, with a radiating star, called the “centre of the world.”

And now we are taken down a flight of twenty steps, and are shown the place where it is asserted that the true cross was found, and a little recess is pointed out where the Empress Helena sat when it was discovered.

Near this place is an altar, called “The Chapel of the Discovery of the Cross,” and in the neighborhood is the “Pillar of Flagellation,” and the little cell called the “Prison of Christ.”

We are now taken up a stairway, which leads to the supposed summit of Calvary. Here is a platform with several Chapels, of which the principal is “The Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross.” The altar is asserted to be over the rock, which was rent at the crucifixion, and in front of it is a circular hole, five inches in diameter, in which, it is said, the cross was fixed in the earth, and on each side are the holes for the crosses of the two thieves. This is one of the most important of all the sacred places, and pilgrims are continually kneeling before the altar, or stooping down to kiss the spot where they believe the cross stood. The officiating priests and pilgrim followers of the three different confessions—Greek, Latin and Armenian—are now making their afternoon procession round the church, chanting their services at the various altars. The voices rise in solemn unison, now at the Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross, and they will pass on in order till all the points of devotion have been visited. Sometimes, we are told, the three processions get too near each other, and the services mingle in wildest discord.

Among the most absurd of all the objects shown us in this building, are the tombs of Adam and of Melchizedek; and the whole mind and heart is wearied with the strange accumulation of fabulous legends, which priestcraft has substituted for the simple and sublime spiritual Christianity, which antagonizes all the bigotries and all the superstitions of the world. We grow unutterably weary of tawdry decoration, glaring colors and tinsel, and are glad to return to the open air again, and muse on what we have seen.

The street called the Via Dolorosa, which

passes by the Church of the Sepulchre, is another of the traditional places which came into notice long after the events to which they refer. One traveler suggests that no miracle in the Eastern churches is greater than that of leading their votaries to believe that these are the material objects, and this the way by which the Saviour was led to the crucifixion. The street, like all others in Jerusalem, is narrow, ill paved, and dirty, and here may be seen the Greek and Latin priests conducting their votaries to the different “stations.” Here is the house where dwelt St. Veronica, who gave her handkerchief to wipe the bleeding brows of the suffering One; here He leaned His shoulder when fainting under the cruel burden of the cross; here is the “Ecce Homo,” the arch spanning the narrow street supposed to be near the house of Pilate, and where he presented Jesus to the people, saying, “Behold the man!” Our guide also points out the house of Dives, for which we commend him, and tell him that he must tell us everything, and we will select what we think worthy of belief. The buildings are all modern Arab houses, and we know that this street can have had no existence 1800 years ago; but it was some such rude and rocky ascent as this along which the sinless One toiled with His cross, and it was in some such solemn and gloomy pass as this that the pitying daughters of Jerusalem raised the voice of lamentation for the beloved Teacher, who was going to His martyrdom. Did the foreknowledge of all the strange perversion of His glorious teachings, which future ages should witness, give an additional pang to the last bitter hour of the Sufferer?

It would be a great pleasure to pay a tribute to the labors and discoveries of the Palestine Exploration Society, as well as to the private researches of individuals, who are seeking to bring the historical books of the Bible to the test of actual observation; but my knowledge of their work is limited. The hospitals, pharmacies, schools and orphanages of English and Prussian societies, are doing a beautiful and noble work of true Christian benevolence in this city. Great is the patience, faith and self-denial which induces good men and women to leave the comforts and social advantages of civilized society and devote their lives to the elevation of these darkened souls. There seems to be really no sufficient reason to doubt that this country will be ultimately restored to fertility, and that prosperity and plenty may again be the portion of the dwellers in these valleys and plains.

Very different would be the aspect of Jerusalem if its environing mountains were a

glad with vineyards and with olive groves, and if the pure waters from the great pools of Solomon were again distributed in its streets and to its gardens. In the meantime, there are many noble hearts throughout the earth who will "pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

S. R.

Twelfth month 5th, 1874.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DR. J. THOMAS' PARLOR LECTURES.

The eighth of this interesting course of lectures on "Literature" was delivered on the 23d ult. Speaking of Gibbon, Dr. Thomas said that he was one of the greatest of historians, but was not a great man. His "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the work that best illustrates him, is not so highly appreciated as it should be.

There was in his character a true appreciation of what was grand and noble, yet he had little tender sympathy; and what with his pride and prejudice, he was very unjust to Christianity.

Hume was a great man, but a poor historian. Men may be very great without being good. Morally inferior to Gibbon, he cared very little whether he spoke the truth or not, though the historian is in duty bound to examine every important question candidly as well as thoroughly. Gifted with a subtle, clear, profound intellect, he could make "the worse appear the better reason." He had no sympathy with the common classes, but was of a mild temperament, and would never have made a martyr. He was wonderfully skilled in expression, and had great fondness for philosophy; is conceded to be the ablest Infidel writer of Great Britain, far surpassing Bolingbroke.

Robertson, as a historian, is distinguished for his rare impartiality. He had not the thorough research of Gibbon, nor the easy grace of Hume, yet his was a noble style. He lacked the facilities that access to the old Spanish records afforded Prescott and Motley in their historical researches.

Of the poets, Robert Burns claimed first attention. In scarcely any poet that ever lived were combined such tenderness with such intensity. He just struck to the heart of the thing; he expressed so much in so few words. Had he lived under more favorable circumstances, he might, perhaps, have written some things not unworthy of Shakespeare; his influence was lost for want of high moral principle. He ought always to have written in poetry, for his prose was stiff.

Thomas Campbell's genius was inferior to Scott or Byron. He had a thoroughly classical education, and was infused with the true spirit of Greek literature. There is exquisite grace

and beauty in his style. His "Hohenlinden" is, in its way, one of the finest things that was ever written in any language. Campbell excelled in martial lyrics; his "Pleasures of Hope" has been pronounced the most finished didactic poem in the English language.

Shelley was another great poet, though he never wrote a great poem. He had a fine speculative mind, perhaps a little unhinged. He disbelieved and hated what was taught him, and had an abhorrence of the tyranny of custom. With less sensibility, he would not have been driven so far. He became an atheist, yet afterwards recognized the existence of a Supreme Spirit. He had exquisite tenderness, and gave proof of the rarest genius. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was not faultless: few characters are grandly developed in every part.

Thomas Moore had high elements of poetry and rare grace in language, yet lacked deep, intense feeling. "Paradise and the Peri" is perhaps the best example of his poetry.

Of Lord Byron, the lecturer said, in the sense of the beautiful and the gift of language he has never been exceeded, but he was deficient in imagination—a most essential requisite in a true poet, for the poet is a creator, as the word in its original application signifies. He knew just how to present a thought; the manner as well as the words is in such taste as challenges the world to surpass. There is a certain poetic passion and power that never leaves him, but is sustained to the end. The effect of genius is to lead to simplicity. The parts of his poems that are pure are also, generally speaking, the most beautiful. "Childe Harold" is, perhaps, on the whole, his best work. In his "Prisoner of Chillon" he is great. All his poems are colored by the cast of his own mind. He belongs to the class of poets called "Subjective."

In giving an epitome of this instructive lecture, I have scarcely done justice to the wealth of information and fair criticism that was presented and listened to with the closest attention by the audience.

R.

Philadelphia, Second mo. 23d, 1875.

It seems to me that, of all things in the world, religious truth is that which we should most carefully keep out of the circle of personal or petty strife. Contending over these sweet, shy, delicate matters which touch the soul most nearly by its relation to God must be something like contending over a vessel of fresh milk, for which the children are waiting somewhere. Not only is there danger the milk will be lost in the contention, but something like a certainty that it will grow sour and unfit for use, and that those will not get it that need it.—Robert Collyer.



"AND THE LORD DIRECT YOUR HEARTS INTO THE  
LOVE OF GOD, AND INTO THE PATIENT WAITING  
FOR CHRIST."

Thou hast heard the sound of the Master's feet,  
Thou hast fancied He passed thee by ;  
Thou hast longed His presence within to greet,  
The Bread of Life from His hands to eat,  
That thy soul should satisfy.

Thou hast "swept thy house, and set wide the  
door,"  
The welcome is ready now :  
Has He only passed by thee? Nothing more?  
Ah! His sunlight is streaming across the floor,  
And His touch is upon thy brow.

Who has given thee grace to bear the tests  
That His love in thy path hath laid?  
And the earnest trust that for all the rest  
Thou wouldst still be able to say, "'Tis best,  
And I need not be afraid"?

"Fear not," are the words that are in thy heart,  
So often repeated there :  
'Tis the Master whispering, close to thee,  
But thine eyes are holden, thou canst not see  
All the answer to thy prayer.

'Tis His hand that has bowed thy head so low,  
New lessons of faith to teach.  
Seek not His full purpose yet to know ;  
But simply trust, and thy steps will show  
There is light enough for each.

And thou shalt be fed from the store above,  
Shalt sup with the Guest divine ;  
The hungering now, thy soul to prove,  
Shall be met with the touch of tenderest love,  
The heavenly blessing thine. L.

#### SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

Beneath a dark, November sky, with the cold rain  
falling wearily,  
And the bleak wind moaning and shrieking by, the  
seed o'er the land is cast ;  
And in grave-like furrows the grain doth lie till the  
weary months are past.

In curling mist, and frosty air, and weeping skies,  
it lieth there ;  
Or buried in the snow, or bare to every wind that  
blows ;  
And night's deep darkness, like despair, hangs o'er  
it while it grows.

It grows in spite of cloud and blast, and sullen rain  
descending fast,  
And snow-wreaths thickly o'er it cast, and thun-  
derous, darkening skies ;  
The very tempest, roaring past, strengthens it as it  
lies.

Anon a kindlier season shines, and warmth and  
light, the spring's soft signs,  
With many a beauteous blossom twines the breast  
of icy death ;  
And the grain, in delicate, emerald lines, springs  
up, a fairy birth.

Then sunny months, in swift career, bring up the  
lusty, ripened ear,  
And the golden harvest-time draws near, and the  
reaper whets his scythe ;  
Till, on a day, the rich sheaves rear their shapes on  
the landscape blithe.

Sown in the cold, dark, desolate days; reaped in  
the sunshine's mellow blaze ;

Thus, in the dim and wondrous ways of fate, are  
the deeds of man :

Sorrow and trial, defeats and delays, like storm  
that soften the grain,

Must test the soul's aspiring claim ; but every just  
and noble aim

Shall pass the ordeal clear of blame, and in the  
appointed hour

Bring forth its fruits of wealth or fame, of knowl-  
edge, wisdom, power.

In the winds of scorn, the storms of hate; in the  
darkness of hope deferred full late ;

Through the days when the world shows desolate  
must sleep the good deeds thou hast done.

Patiently labor, patiently wait: thy work shall see  
the sun.

That which was sown in the wintry air, shall blossom  
and ripen when skies are fair.

Though thine should be many an anxious care, ere  
the harvest is gathered in,

Be stout to toil and steady to bear; the heart that  
is true shall win.

—Anonymous.

From the N. Y. Times.

CHARLES LYELL.

Sir Charles Lyell, whose death was reported yesterday by telegraph, will live for centuries to come in his thoughts and method of investigation ; and it was the especial good fortune of this geologist, not to make great discoveries or new classifications, but to act upon the whole investigation of his science and its methods of reasoning, as Bacon did on the thought of his age, or as Darwin is doing now on the different branches of research in natural history. He founded a method, he originated a school of thought. Under the old views of geology, and especially with the supposed Scriptural authority for a comparatively brief period for the world's physical history, the natural theory of the past was that it had been the scene of extraordinary catastrophes and cataclysms, the theatre of gigantic forces which have now mainly worked themselves out. Students of the earth's surface looked at the immense masses of different strata piled upon one another, at profound gorges cut through mountain chains, at valleys filled up and hills denuded, at gigantic boulders tossed like pebbles upon high ridges of hills, at enormous depths of lava or of sedimentary deposits—and they naturally concluded that all these were the effects of tremendous forces, now exhausted, and that nature in those primeval periods had a certain freshness and power in its operations unknown to the present quiet epochs. The great English geologist, on the other hand, fell early upon the simple and beautiful conception that all these grand phenomena are only the effects of causes at work now, but continued through immense periods

of time. In other words, that all things are now as they always have been, and that we are in a period of cataclysm as much as the so-called fossil ages.

His method, accordingly, of studying fossil geology, or the earth as it was, consisted in studying present phenomena, or the earth as it is. If he found depressions of the earth's surface filled by the hardened clay or sand brought from distant elevations, in place of assuming unknown forces, he investigated the rate and degree with which a summer shower carried down the clay from the hill nearest his house to the next valley, or how rapidly the rocks and soil disintegrated under the influence of the atmosphere. If he found a thousand feet of limestone, he did not call in some extraordinary power to account for it, but watched how long it took for the waters of some river or sea which he knew to deposit its shells or animalculæ.

Where he discovered a mountain of lava, he refused to call in a cataclysm, but he investigated the volcanic eruptions of our own day, and from the slow accumulation of lava under them, inferred the causes and the period of those grand effects. The first volumes of his great works on geology are devoted, to the surprise of the reader, to a minute account of the phenomena of the earth's surface now—to the earthquakes, sedimentary deposits, gradual elevation or depression, action of ice and glaciers, effect of water and atmosphere, and all the thousand unnoticed changes going on upon the earth at the present day. With true philosophic tact, he led the mind by a logical process from present causes and effects to past causes and effects. He showed that the world for ages past has been substantially what it is now; that we are making geological deposits even as the fossil periods were; that the cooling process, the action of fire and water, of volcano and the atmosphere, of ice and torrent, of elevation and depression, are now as they always have been, and perhaps equally great. The only thing demanded for these vast changes under such simple causes, is immense periods of time. These he was of course compelled to give. And as time was lengthened for the earth's physical history, so it was a natural inference that more time was needed for human history. The relics of man in deposits, which, though modern in geological history are ancient as compared with human records, soon led him to conclusions as to "human antiquity" which were greatly opposed to the traditional religious views. These views are now generally accepted, even by biblical scholars.

Sir Charles Lyell was born at Kinnordy, in Forfarshire, a county of Scotland, a land

which has given more than one great geologist to the world. He was born November 14, 1797, his father being also a man of science, very distinguished in botany. But the illustrious son so eclipsed the brightness of the father that the students of the flora of Australia, when they meet with the name of Lyell, given to a family of plants, naturally attribute it to a compliment paid to the son. This, however, was not so, for the name was given by Richard Brown, the botanist, as a token of the esteem in which he held the father. Young Lyell was entered at Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated, though without any special distinction, and at the age of twenty-four he entered upon the study of the law and inscribed his name as barrister upon the rolls of the Middle Temple. But science was not so to lose her votary, and he soon abandoned the study of the law's technicalities to give himself up with ardor to the pursuit of geology. This was then a new science almost, but had received a considerable impetus from the talents and energy of Mr. Buckland, one of the ablest contributors to the *Bridgewater Treatises*. The Geological Society had indeed been founded in 1792, but at first its members had contented themselves with squabbling over the speculations of Wormald and Hutton. The fact is that geology could hardly be honored as a practical science until the days of railroads. For when men began to tunnel the mountains, and to make deep cuttings through downs and embankments over plains, the fossil remains of past ages burst upon the sight, and palæontology was born.

It was just at this epoch that Charles Lyell determined to become a geologist. The speculations of the past gave way to a systematic investigation of nature, and in this department he soon began to distinguish himself. His early papers on the deposits of certain southern counties in England were published, not only in the transactions of the Geological Society, but also in *Brewster's Journal of Science*, and attracted considerable comment from the scientific by their display of remarkable powers of observation. And more than this, his works gave evidence of a comprehension of the general laws under which similar and more ancient deposits had been laid down. After these publications he traveled in the mountainous parts of France, Germany and Italy, during which time he found leisure to make the acquaintance of leading scientific men on the Continent of Europe. But he was not known to the great public until after the appearance of his *Principles of Geology*, which came out in 1830, and went through several editions with great rapidity. This may be said to have introduced



him to the world, and one of the first results was his appointment as Professor of Geology at King's College, London. The work was speedily translated into French by Mme. Meulien, though it is said that it was superseded by the great Arago. In 1841 he visited this country and lectured here and in Boston. He availed himself of the opportunity to travel extensively through the United States and published shortly afterward his experience in a work entitled *Travels in North America*, which also contained an admirable geological map, in the making of which he was assisted by Prof. Hull, of Albany. He came here a second time, visiting more particularly the delta of the Mississippi and the sunken part of Missouri, about New Madrid. In 1863 he gave to the world his *Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man*, in which he rather guardedly admitted the possibility of the Darwinian theory. In other words, he no longer opposed the theory of development, though he can hardly be said to have supported it otherwise than negatively. To sum up, we may say truthfully of him that of late years he has rather been dimmed in the scientific world by bolder and less scrupulous writers. But he never lost his hold upon the affections of the general public, which will most sincerely mourn his loss.

## NOTICES.

THE next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Race Street Meeting-house, on the 16th of Third month, 1875, at 7½ o'clock.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Third month 21st, Gwynedd, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " " 28th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.  
 " " " Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.

### MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

Stated meeting, Sixth-day evening, Third month 19th, 8 o'clock. The modification of Constitution, preparatory to obtaining a charter, will be considered.

ALFRED MOORE, *Secretary*.

## ITEMS.

CHARLES LYELL, the geologist, died on the 22d ult., aged seventy-five years. He was buried in Westminster Abby.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL, which has been signed by the President, and is now the law of the land, provides that all persons shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land or water, theatres, and other places of public amusement, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law, and applicable alike to persons of every race and color, regardless of any previous condition of servitude. Penalties by fine and imprisonment are provided for violations of the act, and the United States Courts are to try offences under it to the exclusion

of the State Courts. There is also a provision that no one possessing all other qualifications which are or may be prescribed by law, shall be disqualified for service as a grand or petit juror in any United States or State Court on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The Civil Rights bill as it finally passed was greatly changed from the form in which it was originally introduced by Senator Sumner. His bill embraced schools, churches and other institutions, whilst the law as finally adopted is confined to inns, public conveyances, places of amusement and jury service.—*Public Ledger*.

AN Ann Harbor correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* writes as follows of the practical working of the co-education of the sexes of Michigan University:

"In the literary department co-education is acknowledged on all sides to be a success. During these few years of trial, many questions in regard to woman's capacity for sustained and heavy intellectual labor, without ill results following, have been practically settled. Among the sixty-seven women in this department, many might be selected who are living refutations of Dr. Clarke's theory. Their robust forms and full faces prove, in their own cases, at least, their study is not undermining their constitutions, nor making of them physical wrecks. There are not a few who have come to Ann Harbor in comparatively poor health, and who, after a year's solid labor, have been really benefitted by their life here. They all say that the regular life, the constantly recurring subjects of interest, and of novelty, the pleasurable excitement of daily preparation for recitations, and the satisfaction of working towards some aim, more than counterbalance the injuries which might follow excessive fatigue and too intense mental application. Their happy and contented looks speak volumes for the way in which they enjoy their work.

"Their attendance upon college compares favorably with that of the men. There are numerous cases of lady students who have not missed a recitation for two, or even three years; and, when compelled to be away, it was not on account of sickness, but because of necessary absence from the city, or from some unforeseen circumstance.

"The students regard the presence of women in the University in a quiet, gentlemanly, matter-of-course manner. They meet them in the halls and on the stairs, in the recitation-rooms, and on the college grounds. Wherever there are classes there are women. And one does not perceive any failure on the part of the gentlemen to extend to the women those little, delicate attentions, which have, in all time, been instinctively granted her, and which (the truth must be spoken) are so dear to every woman's heart. There is no presuming upon acquaintance from the mere fact of having recited together. It is really a matter of remark how few acquaintances are made among the students here, when one remembers that they see each other daily, and constantly hear each other's characters dissected and discussed by friendly and unfriendly critics. One lady, recently graduated, told me, not long since, that she never spoke to a classmate, among the gentlemen, until her senior year, and then only after a formal introduction."

ADVICES from Asia Minor state that the famine in that country is causing terrible distress. In one district alone twenty thousand persons have died since the commencement of the famine.

The population of this district before the famine was fifty-two thousand.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE "RANTERS" IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Read before Friends' Historical Association of Philada.

(Concluded from page 35.)

George Fox informs of a "General Meeting" held at Swanington, in Leicestershire, "to which many Ranters, Baptists and other professors came, for great contests there had been with them and with the priests in that town." At this meeting were several distinguished preachers among Friends. "The Ranters made a disturbance and were very rude, but at last the Lord's power came over them and they were confounded." . . . "About this time (1654) the priests, Baptists, Ranters, etc., were very rude and stirred up rude people against us. We sent to the Ranters to come forth and try their God. Abundance of them came who sung, whistled and danced, but the Lord's power so prevailed over them that many of them were convinced."

The "General Men's Meeting for Hampshire" was, in 1668, disturbed by Ranters. "These people (says G. F.) had formerly lived about London, and when the city was fired, they prophesied that all the rest of London should be burnt within fourteen days," and hastened out of town. Though they were Ranters—great opposers of Friends and disturbers of our meetings—yet, in the country where they came (from), some would be apt to say they were Quakers; wherefore I

was moved of the Lord to write a paper, to be dispersed amongst the magistrates and people of Hampshire, to clear Friends and truth of them and their wicked actions."

Some of the Separatists, under Wilkinson and Story, frequented Friends' meetings to disturb them, and, in conduct and language therein, strongly resembled the Ranters.

I. Pennyman, a reviler of Friends, asserted, that Quakers refused "trading" with those who were dissenters from them; to which William Penn replied: "What shall we say to a man thus hardy and resolved to be wicked, that he may render us so? Did we ever forbid men trading, or endeavor to take people off from trading with them? I. Pennyman can say no such thing without *lying*; for several have lovingly frequented *his shop*, and he enviously visited and disturbed our meetings. And how many do we daily trade with, that are not of us, in love and full assurance of their honesty."

Penn, in the same answer, alludes to another opposer, as "a light, scoffing, taunting, tumultuous person, who, after an hundred solid confutations, *one* of which had been enough to strike an ingenuous man to the heart, has continued to bawl and disquiet our meetings, time after time."

Ranterism appears to have been as rampant in America as in England, which the following extracts, from Friends' writings and others, will confirm.



George Whitehead tells how he was opposed by Ranters in 1654. He says: "The Ranters were very troublesome to Friends on Long Island and elsewhere, in New York and New Jersey." Various journals of Friends bear testimony to the same fact. Edmundson says: "They would come into Friends' meetings singing and dancing in a rude manner." "Several of them came to a meeting at Richard Hartshorne's, at Middletown, New Jersey. One Edward Tarff came there with his face blacked, and said it was his justification and sanctification; he also sung and danced, and came to me where I was sitting, waiting on the Lord, and called me old rotten priest, saying I had lost the power of God; but the Lord's power filled my heart, and His word was powerful and sharp in my tongue and heart. I told him he was mad, and that made him fret. He said I lied, for he was moved of the Lord to come in that manner to reprove me. "I looked upon him, in the authority of the Lord's power, and told him, I challenged him, and his god that sent him, to look me in the face one hour, or half an hour; but he was smitten and would not look me in the face, so went out."

Thomas Story's journal contains an account of the visit of some Ranters from Oyster Bay to a meeting on Long Island, in 1699. "During the greater part of the time (he says) they were pretty still, save only an old man, who hooted like an owl, and made a ridiculous noise, as their manner is." After a marriage, which was solemnized on the occasion, the aforesaid old man "stood up and bore his testimony, as he called it, against our set forms, and cried for liberty to the oppressed seed, which, said he, is oppressed with your forms, meaning the manner of the celebration of our marriages, generally approved by mankind as the most decent of all." "Now, that which these Ranters would be at, is a liberty to all that profess truth to do what they list, without being reprov'd or accountable to any person or people; for, say they, to be accountable to man is bondage, and for man to judge is vain, since those actions he may censure may be done in the motion of the holy seed and Spirit of Christ, under which pretence they would cover many lewd and vile practices, by reason whereof we had sometimes been upbraided and reproached in Connecticut Colony, where some of them, in time past, had appeared, in their extravagant ravings, under the name of Quakers."

John Griffith tells us, that at an appointed meeting, held near Black River, N. J., "there were some Ranters of Rogers' followers, who had taken upon them the name of Quakers, to the great scandal of Friends in that re-

mote place. They came to the meeting, being mostly women. Their impatient, restless spirits would not suffer them to let us hold our meeting quietly; yet, they did not seem inclinable to contend, but rather to flatter and applaud us. Some of them stood up, after we had severally delivered what we had upon our minds, to signify their unity with our doctrines, pretending it to be the same they held forth to the people, though not enough regarded by them. But we were not free to receive their testimony any more than Paul and Silas could that maid's who was possessed of an evil spirit, but rebuked them openly and publicly, declared our disunity with them, desiring the people not to look upon them as belonging to the Society of the People called Quakers, as we could assure the meeting it was not so, and that we had no more unity with those pretenders than they had. This unexpected opposition raised their flighty spirits, so that they became very troublesome, being full of words, and asked frivolous questions. Whereupon, that of Paul to some such women in the Corinthian church came fresh into my mind. I therefore called out aloud, Let your women be silent in the church, and opened to them that it was such women as they were that the Apostle rebuked, not meaning to exclude those of mine own sex in the like case, the same being as necessary for them. We left them as full of themselves as we found them."

The half-year's meeting at Oyster Bay, Long Island, was attended by George Fox, in 1672. He thus alludes to the Ranters present on that occasion:

"Here we met with some bad spirits, who were run out from Truth, into prejudice, contention and opposition to the order of Truth and to friends therein. These had been very troublesome to Friends, in their meetings there, and thereabouts formerly, and its like would have been so now, but I would not suffer the service of our men's and women's meetings to be interrupted and hindered by their cavils. I let them know, if they had anything to object to the order of Truth, which we were ever in, we would give them a meeting another day on purpose."

James Dickinson's journal narrates that the Yearly Meeting held at Burlington in 1696, was disturbed by the Keithian Separatists, and that a meeting at New York, was also harangued by one of the above-mentioned followers of Keith. Their conduct much resembled that of the Ranters.

Various passages of similar import are to be found in the writings of the early Friends upon the foregoing subject, but those already given will suffice to convey an impression of what the Ranters really were.



Allusion has been previously made in the journal of John Griffith, to "Rogers' followers," who professed themselves to be Friends. John Rogers was a native of New London, Connecticut, and being a man of unbounded ambition, was desirous of immortalizing himself as the founder of a sect. Two Ranters, named Cass and Banks, who called themselves "Singing Quakers," passed through New London, singing and dancing, accompanied by a number of women, who called upon the populace to behold, "how their lips dropped with myrrh and honey," as they opened them in hymns of praise. Rogers imbibed their spirit and accepted their faith for a time, but subsequently joined the Seventh-day Baptists; soon tiring of them, he returned to the Friends, who had labored with him for his restoration. He soon, however, became troublesome, and maintained the necessity of baptism, the Lord's Supper, and the ordaining of ministers by the laying on of hands. These novel views were accepted by some of the Friends, to whom he ministered, and these he baptized, as his followers. They were known as "Rogerenes," and their tumultuous conduct, their immodesty, and insanity, annoyed Friends and others almost beyond endurance. To insult ministers and magistrates, and defy law, seemed to be their study. They would enter the meetings of Friends, nearly or quite naked, and publicly charge them with proclaiming lies, or would seek to break up the assembly by shouting and dancing in a most indecent manner. They courted persecution, and when arrested for their unseemly behavior, rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded to insult the civil authorities before whom they were taken. A particular instance of their conduct on a certain occasion when Rogers was indicted for a misdemeanor, is recorded as follows, by Pratt, in his "Historical Account of Quakerism."

"It was his manner to rush into the Assembly on the Lord's day, in the time of God's worship, in a very boisterous manner, and to charge the minister with lies and false doctrine, and to scream, shout, stamp, etc., by which he offered insufferable molestations to the worship and people of God." And this was his way in the court, also, when he pleased, or had a mind to make himself sport, and he would laugh at it when he had done, until his sides shook. I saw him once brought to court for such a disturbance committed on the Sabbath. He had contrived the matter so as to be just without the door, when he was called to answer; upon which he rushed into court with a prodigious noise, his features and gestures expressing more fury than I ever saw in a distracted person of any sort,

and I soberly think that if a legion of devils had pushed him in headlong, his entrance had not been more horrid and ghastly, nor have seemed more preternatural. When he came to the bar, he demanded of the court, what their business was with him? The indictment was ordered to be read. To this, he pleaded not guilty, after a new mode, for as the clerk read, sometimes at the end of a sentence, and sometimes at the beginning, he would cry out, '*that's a cursed lie!* and anon, '*that's a devilish lie!* till, at length, a number of his followers, of both sexes, tuned their pipes and screamed, roared, shouted and stamped, to that degree of noise, that it was impossible to hear the clerk read."

John Rogers professed to be guided in his conversation and action by the Divine Spirit, and declared that for twenty years he had lived without the commission of one sin, yet he suffered a long imprisonment for being an accomplice in burning the meeting-house at New London, was divorced from an amiable wife . . . . and was also convicted and punished for blasphemy.

The Rogerenes frequently took to themselves wives, without complying with the requirements of law and decency. The following anecdote is told of one Gorton, a Rogerene: One day as Governor Saltonstall was sitting in his room enjoying a quiet smoke, Gorton, accompanied by a woman entered his presence, and said, 'I have married this woman without the authority of your magistrates or ministers.' The Governor eyed him sternly, and said: "Gorton, *have* you taken this woman for your wife?" The response was, "Yes, I have." Saltonstall, then turning to the woman, said, "Madam, *have* you taken this man for your husband?" to which she replied, "Indeed, sir, I have." "Then," said the Governor, "by authority of, and according to the laws of 'Connecticut, I pronounce you lawfully wedded, man and wife." Gorton, finding himself outwitted, replied, after a pause, "Governor, thou art a cunning creature," and with this sage remark, he and his wife left the room. . . .

#### EXTRACT FROM J. COMLY'S JOURNAL.

First month, 1833.—The 2d and 3d of this month, I attended Horsham and Gwynedd Monthly Meetings to my satisfaction. I believe there is a use in visiting neighboring meetings, especially those for discipline, without waiting or looking for what some people call the "woe," if they do not go. A good servant is a willing servant, who stands ready to obey his master's will, even when intimated by a look of the eye, or a nod of the head, or a pointing of the finger—such a servant does



not hesitate or doubt, because he does not want to obey until he is driven to his work by the terror of the rod of displeasure, or the woe. A gentle intimation, or feeling of pure love, may be sufficient for some services, the degree of which might not be as great as would be needful in cases of greater magnitude.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

When the founders of the Society of Friends felt themselves called upon to proclaim the all-sufficiency for salvation of Christ, the "true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," they also felt bound to acknowledge that "in Christ there was neither male nor female," yet, in the organization of women's meetings, they so far permitted the prejudices of education to sway their perceptions that they confined the duties of these meetings to the oversight of those of their own sex and the care of their poor; and, from that day to this, although much has been done to extend the area of women's usefulness, yet every such attempt has been retarded and opposed by a conservative element as though it was a great innovation. Now, looking upon all these efforts at reform as but pruning branches here and there instead of getting to the root of the matter, I have felt constrained, especially at this time when a new Yearly Meeting is about to be organized in the West (before which the question of the adoption or a revision of Discipline for their government will properly come), to ask them, as well as Friends everywhere, seriously to consider whether the best interests of our Society will not be advanced by abolishing women's meetings as distinctive organizations altogether. The many advantages to be derived from such a change will suggest themselves to a reflecting mind, but I shall only refer to one, the case of small meetings or in sparsely settled neighborhoods where there are not enough of members to hold two distinct meetings of discipline with credit, yet when united might be a strength to each other in this necessary labor. On the other hand I know of no objection which can be urged against a thorough union of the sexes in church government, except the dealing with offenders against morality in mixed assemblies; but as this is a question which is probably met with by most if not all other religious denominations and disposed of without difficulty, and as I do not think there is more immorality among Friends than with these, I see no reason to fear more unpleasantness than at present under the separate system.

The question appears to me to be not so much whether such a change would be desirable, but whether it is right, and if the foundation on which (in common with our fathers)

we profess to have built our religious structure be a sure one, then I think there cannot be a doubt of its correctness.

GEO. S. TRUMAN.

Second month 23d, 1875.

LYLE, LAN. Co., 3d mo. 6th, 1875.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

BELOVED FRIENDS,—My mind has of late been drawn into sympathy with and for you, well knowing the difficulties that are necessarily connected with the conducting of a public journal. Great is the variety of taste to be administered to, and much difference of opinion in regard to what *should be* published and what *should be* suppressed. Some would have the doors opened wider, perhaps, than would be profitable; others do not seem willing to tolerate at all sentiments that differ from their own. All these must learn to practice that heaven-born charity, that suffers long and is kind. If we look continually on one side of any subject, we will necessarily become dwarfed and bigoted. The great variety in human capacity is a mark of Divine wisdom; for, had every mind been framed to move exactly in the same channel, man could only have arrived at part of the truth; the combined research of differently organized minds constitutes the sum total of human knowledge. I have too much faith in the omnipotence of truth and right to fear investigation. Wrong opinions may be safely tolerated where truth and right reason are left free to oppose them. The truth of God exists independently of all mere human speculations concerning it. My mind, therefore, in regard to opinions is entirely at rest.

None of those *Articles* which seem to have disturbed the rest of *some* have shaken the foundation on which I desire to build my hopes of eternal peace—even the rock of the revealed will of my Father. It is enough that I know in whom I believe and in whom I trust, and that simple obedience to His requirements, made known *within*, brings *that peace* which the world knoweth not of. To serve this good Master in my every-day life, to feel as I journey on that obedience is keeping pace with knowledge, and to know, as I ascend the mount of God, that my spiritual horizon is widened, is amply sufficient to satisfy the longings of the immortal soul, without invading the realms of the unknown, or seeking to divine the mysteries beyond the river, and fearful lest mere human speculation should deprive our depraved fellow-creatures of eternal punishment beyond.

Hidden things still continue to belong to the Almighty, and those only which are revealed to the individual soul belong especially to ourselves and our children, and there



is amply enough of the positively known to engage the attention of our lives, without wasting our spiritual energies in pursuing mere shadows.

I remain, truly, your friend,

WILLIAM M. WAY.

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THE PRESS.

BY F. W. HOLLAND.

Do we feel our responsibility for its well or ill doing? Take the daily press alone, and see how its thousand, thousand voices repeat themselves the world round; how they rouse or deaden public sentiment, purify or poison the general conscience, scatter the poison or its antidote over private life, rule the very rulers of the land, and ride like the sea-birds, on the white-crested waves of the nation's destiny! Thoughts uttered to a hundred drowsy ears in evening-debate are repeated to eager, sympathizing millions in the morning journals. They fly upon the wings of the wind wherever the language is spoken—they are whispered under the ocean waves from continent to continent, and so determine not only the course of trade but the very destiny of nations.

There is one daily paper—the London *Times*—which boasts of never having undertaken anything which it did not carry through—whether to give emancipation to West India laborers, or free commerce to land-locked China, or the death-blow to a protectionist ministry—a paper whose correspondents are better paid than the judges of our courts, whose early issue is more eagerly sought by many an Englishman than his breakfast, whose oracular utterances are received by multitudes with profound reverence.

Is public opinion sufficiently alive to demand thorough purity in the pages read with perfect trust in so many families? Is the ordinary editor brave enough to keep a conscience? Is not the higher philanthropy often turned away with sneer, and the popular religion sometimes caressed in its superstitions or derided in its just claims or weakened in its best defences? Do Christian merchants feel their responsibility for those journals which live by their patronage, which would shift their sails were leading business men to declare that they could not countenance, even by advertising, such sneers at philanthropy, such palliatives for crime, such misrepresentations of public men, such practical repudiation of that Gospel in which alone is ever new life for the community?

Many a man who will leave his church when his prejudices are rudely assailed, will sustain his party-paper in what he knows to be false and imagine himself a friend

of truth. He will laugh at its caricature of philanthropists and stop his subscription if it advocate views in advance of his own; will read little of the pages he most eagerly consults but the state of the market and the puff of his own enterprise.

Surely they who sustain a paper are equally responsible with those who edit it for its moral tone, for its sympathy with human progress, for its reverence of all righteousness. Were both parties aware how much the daily journal not only manifests but modifies our public morals, how a community that reads more papers than any other on the face of the earth echoes the voice of these perpetual teachers, how there flow into our homes without ceasing the worldliness, selfishness, dishonesty, treachery, and impurity of these prophets of to-day, our noblest souls would be occupying this grandest pulpit, whose appeals would make such a constant cleansing of the Court of the Gentiles as twice at Jerusalem cleared the way for longing hearts to draw near the Spirit of Holiness.—*The Liberal Christian*.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN APPEAL TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

I have travailed under much exercise of mind (with a feeling sense of my own unworthiness) for the religious growth and spiritual welfare of my people, the Society of Friends, that we may not cherish an undue desire to become rich in worldly possessions, but rather seek to lay up treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

The earnest prayer has ascended, Give not, O Lord! Thy heritage to reproach, neither suffer Thy people to serve any other god than Thee. The eyes of the world are upon us, and it is the fervent desire of my heart that, not by precept only, but by our example, we may draw all to the *simplicity* of the Gospel of Christ.

My appeal is to the ministers and older members, as well as to the younger portion of the Society, to turn from the vain customs and formalities of this transitory world, and from all things of a carnal or selfish nature, which lead away from the light and life of Christ in the soul. Oh! that we may be "a city set upon a hill, that cannot be hid." That we may be such a people, we must know an establishment on the immutable Rock, even the Lord of Hosts Himself, who will be an anchor, sure and steadfast, to all who are willing to put their whole trust and confidence in Him; but He will not be mocked, for He will have a people to serve Him in truth and in good works. While I feel encouraged and assured in the belief that there



is a living remnant yet preserved in our Israel who have not bowed their knee to Baal, neither kissed his image, I also feel that it would be a source of comfort to the mourners in Zion to know of an increase in the number of those who are willing to stand by the many noble and valuable testimonies of Truth that are our Christian inheritance.

LYDIA ANN TOMLINSON.

*Bustleton, 3d mo. 1st, 1875.*

PEOPLE have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down that confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even where there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than to condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them.—*F. Bremer.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### IMPROVEMENT CALLED FOR.

The right training of the children is a matter of no small importance, especially to the religious Society of Friends, so that every succeeding generation may be qualified for the accomplishment of the work of its day.

The profession of Friends is to live a Christian life—a life of righteousness—the will of the creature being brought into subjection to the will of the Creator as manifested in the secret of the soul—thus giving proof of being a disciple of Christ by abiding in and under the sanctifying power of the cross of Christ, “that crucifies to the world and the world unto us.” Can the example of parents thus concerned fail to exert an influence for good over the expanding minds of the dear children, especially when this is accompanied by kind words and a pleasant countenance? A reverence for the right, accompanied with a firmness suited to the occasion, are indispensable to true enjoyment; and such parental authority, clothed with Christian love, begets its likeness in the hearts of the children, and secures far greater obedience than can be obtained by harsh and arbitrary treatment.

When the young have learned to look to the witness for God in themselves, by which to regulate their conduct, a great point is gained, strength is given to resist temptation, and the vain and changing customs that have had their origin in pride and vanity.

Thus gradually strengthened in a reverence

and due regard for the right, each generation would raise up a succession of faithful standard-bearers, to take the places of those who are removed, and a great work of reform would be going on, and the Christian testimonies of Friends would gain ground, and be held in higher and higher estimation, both in and out of the Society.

Making the profession Friends do, they are loudly called upon to give evidence of being a spiritually-minded people, and that the principle professed by them, if adhered to, is all-sufficient now as in any age to preserve from the various temptations and snares to which man is exposed in passing through this state of probation. Was there a heartfelt concern and solicitude commensurate to the importance of the occasion, to let obedience keep pace with knowledge, what an improvement and reform would be accomplished! Then the religious Society of Friends would be found occupying their true position as “a city set upon a hill,” “a light in the world that could not be hid.” This view of the subject shows the solemn responsibility resting upon Friends, both in a society and an individual capacity, to be found faithfully carrying into practice their highest convictions of what is right. It is this that brings true peace—the evidence of acceptance in the Divine sight: “the pearl of great price”—“the crown immortal that fadeth not away.” Is it too soon to lay this subject to heart, as we have no lease of our lives, and know not what to-morrow may bring forth?

D. IRISH.

*Quaker-Hill, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 2d mo. 26th, 1875.*

MAKE thy recreation servant to thy business, lest thou become slave to thy recreation; when thou goest up into the mountain leave this servant in the valley; when thou goest to the city, leave him in the suburbs; and remember the servant must not be greater than his master.—*Quarles.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

CHANUTE, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS.

When we came here no one appeared to have any knowledge of Friends. Our plain language was not comprehended, and we were obliged to explain its meaning. That difficulty is now removed.

We hold a meeting regularly every First-day morning at our residence. There are five families of Friends here, all of whom are interested in our little meeting. The knowledge of Friends that the people have gained through intercourse with them, has made a favorable impression. To ministering Friends traveling in the service of Truth we say, See

if you have not a little bread for us away here?

Isolated as we are from the Society, it is a great comfort to have the perusal of the *Intelligencer*. If we had not been so crippled by the ravages of chinch bug and the grasshoppers, I would buy some standard works of Friends for distribution. I have been loaning "Barclay's Apology;" would be glad to have "William Law's Address to the Clergy," for the same purpose.

T. E. HOGUE.

THE PHILADELPHIA THIRD-DAY EVENING MEETINGS

Continue to draw together large numbers, especially of those for whose benefit they were instituted. Ministers of our own and of neighboring meetings have been present at each gathering, and through these bread has been handed forth to the refreshment of the needy. There appears to be no diminution of interest, and the interchange of friendly greetings at the close, constitutes a very pleasant feature of the evening. We invite friends who happen to be in the city on that evening of the week to meet with us. The place of holding each meeting, will be found among the notices in the *Intelligencer*.

R.

FROM ABROAD.

In the article giving some account of the Friends' Institute, London, England, published in No. 40 of the last volume of the *Intelligencer*, reference is made to the old chain Bible (George Fox's), preserved in the Peel Meeting-house. A valued Friend, residing near London, in a letter bearing date Second month 19th, 1875, speaking of this Bible, says, that in Jeremiah viii, 22, instead of "balm," the word "treacle" is used, the verse reading, "Is there no treacle in Gilead," &c.

The same friend says: "We have had three funerals at Winchmore Hill within six weeks, and the united ages amounted to 270, viz, 90, 93, 87. In their time they must have seen many changes in this little Israel of ours. Though changes have occurred, there is still much to thank the Lord for, for He has led many into fields of usefulness, and is still doing so to those who will listen to the teachings of His Spirit within, and be faithful to its pointings."

Speaking of a religious visit made to Norfolk, in company with a ministering friend, he says: "Some days we held three meetings—morning, afternoon and evening, and I can assure thee the poor heard the word with gladness. On one occasion, in a little village, the daughter of the Friend with whom we stayed, and myself, called at the church schools, and invited the children to a meet-

ing. We mustered fifty. Our meeting lasted about an hour and a half, and was felt to be satisfactory. I oftentimes look back with feelings of thankfulness to the time thus spent. Since my return, we have consummated a Bible reading on First-day evening at Friends' houses, alternating, and on Second-day we have cottage meetings in a low neighborhood, about a mile from home. I think they have been blessed to more than one." S. R. R.

"SPEAK EVIL OF NO MAN," says the great apostle; as plain a command as "Thou shalt do no murder." But who, even among Christians, regards this command? What is evil speaking? Is it not the same as lying or slandering? All a man says may be as true as the Bible, and yet the saying of it be evil speaking. For evil speaking is neither more nor less than speaking evil of an absent person, relating something evil which was really done or said by one who is not present when it is related.—*Wesley*.

SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

"We have been subscribers to the *Intelligencer* since 1855, with the exception of one year, and in all that time have missed receiving but one number.

"We anticipate the day of its arrival as we would the visit of a friend. It is a medium by which we learn what is transpiring in the Society, and are drawn nearer together in the fellowship of the blessed Truth.

"We feel to extend a word of encouragement to concerned Friends, especially parents, to endeavor to turn the minds of the young from the light reading of the present day. Words fitly spoken, like truth, never grow old; unknown to us they may, like good seed, spring up under the gentle touches of the Heavenly Father's love."

"I rejoice in the renewal of that spirit and life which seems, of late, to be increasing in our beloved Society."

I am not unmindful of the fact that some Friends are jealous of the First-day School movement, Bible classes, &c., and I can hardly say that I regret it, for if these things are to be entered into and carried on at the expense of the fundamental principle of our profession, then, indeed, there is cause for grave apprehension. Some have thought they saw danger in this direction, and, indeed, some have seemed to see little else than danger,



and where cause for apprehension has really existed, I could not, of course, regret to see opposition manifested in a proper spirit. My own view of these matters is simply this: that *the fresh openings of Truth to our minds, from day to day, are worthy of and should claim our first attention*; then we may avail ourselves of the advantages of all the instrumental means that may be in harmony with, and have the sanction of, this same Spirit of Truth. Here, it seems to me, opens a wide field, where all may enter and labor, and I know of no serious opposition to the earnest, sincere workers, whose chief desire is to know the Master's will concerning them, and then to do it.

I approve of the course of the *Intelligencer* in maintaining an independent position, and not being committed to any mere side issues—a position from which it can speak to all, and for all, is certainly the true one.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 20, 1875.

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**PENN MONTHLY LECTURES.**—The last lecture of the Penn Monthly Course will be delivered at the Musical Fund Hall, Locust Street below Ninth, on the evening of the 25th inst., by Carl Schurz. The subject chosen for that occasion is "Educational Problems." From his great ability as a public speaker, and his scholarly attainments, those who attend may promise themselves much instruction and valuable information.

As a statesman, Carl Schurz has stood firmly on the side of freedom and justice, and what he may say on the subject of education, will doubtless be in harmony with his past record.

**CONGRESSIONAL ACTION.**—The legislation in the House of Representatives, of the last Congress will be memorable in the history of the Temperance movement. Among the records of that body there is a test yea and nay vote on a distinct measure of reform in the liquor traffic.

Judge Poland, from the Committee on the Judiciary, asked unanimous consent to put upon its passage the Senate bill, providing for a Commission of Inquiry concerning this traffic, which was objected to; he then moved to "suspend the rules," which being agreed to, the yeas and nays were called for, the members being obliged to go on record either for

or against, and thus stand committed before the nation. The vote stood 133 for, 83 against, and 71 *not voting*. Though not a two thirds vote, this is a strong majority; and, as it is believed to be the first vote of the kind recorded among the proceedings of the "House," it should be matter for encouragement to those who have been laboring for the removal of the blot of intemperance from our land. With thus much gained, let none fall into lukewarmness, or feel that the work is placed on other shoulders. Every friend of humanity has a part and a place in this matter.

By earnest effort with pen and voice, and what is of still greater value, by the exercise of temperance and moderation in our own lives, let each one add something to the accumulating evidence in favor of direct legislation for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

**WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.**—The twenty-third annual commencement was held at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Fifth-day, Third month 11th, 1875, at 12 M., when the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred by the President, T. Morris Perot, upon 16 graduates.

Mary J. Scarlett Dixon delivered the valedictory address, which was an able production.

**NOTICE.**—We are in receipt of communications, from different localities, in reference to the destitution that exists in Kansas and Nebraska, and the best means of assisting the sufferers.

It is proposed that Friends in the needy districts select reliable persons to receive contributions and forward the names of these, with such plans of organization as may be adopted by them, to our agent, John Comly, 706 Arch street, for publication, at as early a date as possible.

There are many hearts that respond to the appeals for aid that have been published in the *Intelligencer*, and willing hands are waiting to hand forth the substantial assistance when the proper channel shall be designated. In the meantime we suggest that Friends in the different Quarterly or Monthly Meetings be prepared to forward their contributions as

soon as the proposed organizations are completed. The planting season will soon commence, and it is important that means be furnished our Friends to put in their crops.

One Friend writes :

"Open the way, and I doubt not the money will be raised. The small sum of \$10 from each Monthly Meeting would make ten or twelve hundred dollars. That, for the present, would probably be sufficient. The several Monthly Meetings could forward their donations to a suitable person of their Yearly Meeting, who can send by check or otherwise to the person or persons who may be designated by the Editors of *Friends' Intelligencer*. Let such agents be careful to take care of our own household, but not exclude any others that are in need."

#### MARRIED.

**FORSYTHE—PRICE.**—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Pennsbury township, Chester county, Pa., Third month 3d, 1875, by Friends' ceremony, William T. Forsythe to Sarah J., eldest daughter of Paxson and Jane J. Price.

**CHEYNEY—PRICE.**—At the same time and place, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, George S. Cheyney to Mary W., second daughter of Paxson and Jane J. Price.

**POTTS—PEASLEE.**—At the residence of the bride's parents, Clarksboro', N. J., on Fifth-day, the 11th inst., under the care of Woodbury Monthly Meeting, George Sherman Potts, of Trenton, N. J., to Esther, daughter of Amos J. and Hannah Peaslee.

#### DIED.

**ATKINSON.**—On the 8th of Third month, 1875, of scarlet fever, Walter, infant son of Henry and Sarah A. Atkinson, aged 10 months and 17 days.

**SAUNDERS.**—On the 26th of Second month, 1875, Thomas H. Saunders, in the 34th year of his age; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

**SISSON.**—At her residence, in the town of Washington, Dutchess county, N. Y., Abigail, widow of the late Job Sisson, in the 72d year of her age; an exemplary and valued member and Elder of Nine Partners Monthly Meeting.

**WALKER.**—On the 17th of Second month, 1875, at her residence, in Belmont county, Ohio, Mary Walker, wife of Joel Walker, in the 78th year of her age; an Elder of Shot Creek Monthly Meeting. Her loss will be keenly felt by her family and friends.

**WRIGHT.**—At his residence, 819 N. Sixth street, on the 18th of Second month, 1875, Isaac K. Wright, in the 81st year of his age; a valued member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

[Last week our paper contained the notice of the death of four children of Charles W. and Phebe C. Cornell, members of New York Monthly Meeting. Two more of the family have been removed by the same disease, diphtheria. Thomas, aged 5 years, died on the 28th ult.; Samuel, who was the oldest of the family of eight children, and who, after a

severe attack, was considered convalescent, died rather suddenly, on the 2d inst. The mother, who has also been ill, is recovering. Of the two children remaining, the youngest, a babe six months old, has recovered; the other, 3 years, still sick, but hopes were entertained of his recovering. The father is the only one of the family who escaped the disease. Much interest and sympathy have been felt for these bereaved Friends who have borne their affliction with sweet resignation. *The Times*, a New York daily, after giving an account of the manner in which the children were afflicted, states] :

"At the first appearance of the disease Dr. Ramsdell advised that the children should all be sent away, but Mrs. Cornell said she had nowhere to send them, as she did not desire to carry the infection into other families. In this manner the fear of bringing misfortune upon her friends induced her to keep her children at home. The next best thing, which was to carefully exclude them from the sick room, was done, but this precaution proved of no avail.

"As soon as the first case exhibited alarming symptoms, Dr. Ramsdell called in Dr. T. W. White, of No. 130 East Thirtieth street, to consult with him, and he remained in daily attendance with Dr. Ramsdell until about the 22d, when Prof. W. H. Thompson, M. D., of the New York University Medical College, was called in consultation, who has continued twice a day ever since. All the remedies devised and adopted by modern medical science were called into requisition by these gentlemen, but the disease was of so malignant a type that it was impossible to get it under control.

"Dr. Ramsdell says that it is gratifying to be able to state that during the time of their suffering and trouble the family have received every care and attention from their friends and neighbors, and that they have had the sympathy of the whole ward. Besides the attendance of the medical gentlemen already named, Drs. Holmes and Bruce, friends of the family, who reside in the neighborhood, have lent their aid in sitting up with the sick."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 39.

(Continued from page 45.)

FROM JERUSALEM TO SUEZ.

After two weeks in Jerusalem we feel entirely ready to avail ourselves of a return carriage to Jaffa on Twelfth month 2d. The day is cool, clear and calm, and recent rains have extinguished all dust for the present. We take leave of our pleasant rooms at the Mediterranean Hotel, and are accompanied out of the Jaffa gate by the proprietor Hornstein and by our aged guide Moses. Among the laden camels and donkeys we find our carriage—a really comfortable spring wagon, without a top, which is designed to carry five or six persons. We are the only passengers, and have abundant room for all our baggage, and we make our arrangements under the



curious observation of a countless crowd of Arabs, who are not yet very familiar with this civilized kind of conveyance. Our host asks to be mentioned to friends who may be coming to Jerusalem. We promise him that we will say that his house is clean and very comfortable, the table abundant and well served, and the attention all that could be desired. "And let me be remembered, too," says Moses; and we give him the assurance he desires, for Moses has great merits.

And so, in the splendid morning hour, we drive away from the venerable city, whose glory has so long departed—take a last look at the Mount of Olives, the Vale of Hinnom, the Tower of David and the countless graves which whiten the hill-sides, as our carriage rattles up the stony road.

Since our arrival two weeks ago, there has been much change in the aspect of the country. Vegetation is reviving, flowers are beginning to bloom, various strong-looking bulbous plants are pushing their way upward out of the earth, and the deep valleys around Jerusalem are growing green. The olive-trees hang dark and heavy with the ripened fruit. When it is allowed to hang until it is black, as we now see it, the olive is manufactured into oil; but if gathered fully grown and green, it is intended to be eaten. These poor, begging, starving people have a land of great possibilities, it seems; and it needs only just and wise law and efficient leaders to make these hills, vales and plains once more the congenial home of the richest and most valuable products of the earth. And it was to perpetuate the blasting tyranny of Ottoman rule that England's blood was poured out like water on the dread Crimean battle-fields.

From the wild, desolate, barren mountains of Judea, we descend pretty rapidly towards the fertile plains. Sometimes we get glimpses of Arab villages, perched like deserted bird's nests on the face of the hills; but they hardly deserve to be classed among human habitations. Now and then we pass a hill clad with olive-trees, and occasionally a neglected-looking vineyard varies the lonely monotony of the dreary land. How lonely it is, this region where once the chosen tribes of the ancient race of Israel dwelt in plenty, and where they multiplied until it was said they were like the sands of the sea for multitude. We are reminded again of the sad allegory of the psalmist (Asaph) concerning this land of many desolations: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs

thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine; and the vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted." (Psalms lxxx, 8-15.)

We have a pleasant and not fatiguing day's ride, making two rests of nearly an hour each, one at the little half-way inn, and one at Ramleh, passing over the plain of Sharon in the cool of the afternoon. The plow had been at work and the grain is springing up from the soft rich soil, giving as much promise as such young blades can; and the pretty crocus flowers which gem the roadside are forerunners of the beauty yet to be developed when more rains and more genial sunbeams and soft delicious breezes shall have wrought their magic work.

We are struck with the diminutive size of the oxen employed and the extreme simplicity of the plough. It is a striking proof of the kindly nature of the soil and climate that good results can be obtained with such indifferent means.

At nightfall we enter Jaffa, and are driven to the Jerusalem Hotel, north of the city, among the orange groves, where we find very pleasant quarters. It is a delightful change from Jerusalem to find ourselves within sound of the music of the sea, and amid the fragrance of the citron groves. Jaffa, on its promontory to the south of us, looks attractive at night when its lamps are lighted; but we are most glad to be quite away from the unwholesome odors and unearthly noises which it shares with all Moslem towns. We find our Consul and his wife at the hotel, and they, with the two missionary ladies, who take their meals here, make a delightful little company for our three days' sojourn at Jaffa.

The next morning rises clear and bright, and we try a walk into the orange-grove adjoining our hotel. We enter with bowed heads the dense orchard, for though the trees are from ten to twenty feet high perhaps, they are so heavily laden with fruit that the branches droop very low indeed. The oranges are quite large and of an oval form, and I buy more than I can conveniently carry for half a franc. They are sweet and good now—much better than two weeks ago, when we were last here, and the people are enjoying them to the full. The date-palms are also laden with their ripening clusters, and the banana is yielding its perfected fruit. This is winter it seems; but a Syrian winter, as



yet, is far more balmy than our spring-time, and both land and sea smile under the rigors of such a December as this. The neat, comfortable houses of the ill-fated American colony, now occupied by Germans, who also look for the near approach of the second advent, are all around us; and as we walk along the orderly street of the village, respectable German fraus salute us "Guten tag!"—and the unwonted tones of the piano startle the sad air of the orient land.

In the afternoon we take a walk to the house which has been long pointed out as occupying the site of that of "one Simon, the tanner." Dr. DeHaas informs us that within a few days the ancient tan-vats, probably as old as the Christian era, have been discovered almost immediately below the spot where the traditional house now stands—so that, really, there is no good reason to doubt that this may be the exact locality. Our walk is through the market-place, among the piles of oranges, lemons, nuts, bananas and melons, and then along sleepy, dirty bazaars, at which most needful things can be bought.

The street is narrow, dirty and crowded, and beggars plead with us piteously, if we pause a moment, but I note that some of the stalls on which goods of various kinds are exposed for sale, seem to have neither seller nor purchaser. I ask our guide what this may mean, and am told that if the merchant wishes to leave his shop he hangs a fishing net above the counter, which is the well-understood sign that he is not on hand, and all purchasers accept the intimation, and pass on. No one disturbs the goods, though such tempting things as pocket-knives, gay handkerchiefs, straps, cords, caps, and notions indescribable, are exposed as if to tempt the sons of Ishmael from their Moslem integrity. Nothing is disturbed, and nobody seems to watch, though if we were to undertake to make a purchase, certainly double, perhaps treble, the proper price would be demanded of the stranger, so inconsistent is this oriental integrity. Soon we reach the low, box-like dwelling we are in search of, and are permitted to ascend by an exterior stair of stone to the flat roof. It is a bright, warm afternoon, and we take advantage of the partial shadow cast by a neighboring house, and sit down a little while and try to dream again the glorious vision of the earlier days of Christianity—when the apostles were shown that none of their fellow-men were to be despised—that the childhood days of ritualistic distinctions had, for them, forever passed away. Several friendly little children follow us to the house-top and seem more than willing to make our acquaintance, though they say nothing about backsheesh. The largest boy

tells us that his name is Achmet, and at our request, takes off his fez to show how closely his hair is clipped beneath it, though left long below it. He is a handsome, bright-looking boy, and, like many of his race, polite and pleasing in his manners; and it is such as he who are being benefitted by the schools which Christian nations are permitted to establish in the Turkish realm.

And so we sat and chatted idly for a time—gazing out over the blue expanse of ocean, dotted with ships, and then descended, and clambered down a stairway to the sea shore. The waves were dashing in gently, and a vast mass of shells, whitened and worn by sun and tide, crackled beneath our feet. Mindful of little people far away, we gathered some of the most delicate as memorials of the Syrian shore, and in the golden sunset strolled homeward to our hotel.

The next day we take an afternoon ride in a carriage, the same in which we rode from Jerusalem, and are shown the gardens, fields and villages of the German settlers. They have had a trying season of sickness, and many deaths, especially of little children, but they are going on with their improvements, and profess to feel no discouragement, even though their grave-yard inclosure is nearly filled with graves. In this little city of the silent, or "Gottes Aker," as they call it, is laid to rest a traveler, who arrived in Jerusalem on the same day as ourselves. He had traveled with a Cook party from Beyrout to Baalbeck and to Damascus, and southward through Syria to Jerusalem. At that city he was seriously advised to leave the tents and go to a hotel for restoration, as he was sick and much exhausted with travel. But he insisted on persevering in his journey to Jaffa, though he had to be held on his horse. Before the port was reached, however, his strength utterly failed, and he was left at a Turkish guard-house with a friend, while the rest of the party pressed on, and a carriage was sent back for him from Jaffa. The sufferer was quite delirious when the carriage came, and he died soon after reaching Jaffa. It is needless to moralize.

Another grave had upon it a tablet with the name of "Mrs. C. S. Minor, of Philadelphia," Industrial Missionary to the Jewesses, who died Nov. 6, 1857. "She hath done what she could," was the inscription, and I asked our conductor under what circumstances the benevolent lady died. He replied that, "The whole household of which she was a member died of Syrian fever, and that they were quite alone, for some reason, and probably suffered great misery and want before the release of death came." We turn away from the place of graves with a feeling



of admiration for the sublime patience of those devoted lovers of humanity who dedicate their lives to the slow and painful work of the elevation of darkened peoples. I do not know exactly what the work of the industrial missionary may be, but any one who visits this land must be easily convinced that one great need of the Syrian people, either Moslem or Jewish, is some kind of productive industry. One could with better conscience refuse backsheesh to the countless suppliants, if only assured that there was honest work awaiting all who were willing to labor for bread.

The next day, Twelfth month 5th, we embarked on the Austrian Lloyd steamer "Urano" for Port Said, and steam away from the port of Jaffa at eventide. A calm, warm night on the sea, and we reach the shore of Egypt at about ten the next morning, too late to take the steamer down the canal that day. So, by the consent of the captain, we pass the Sabbath day on the ship, thinking her shaded deck more pleasant than any spot the new little city of Port Said can offer. This point owes its selection as the northern terminus of the Suez Canal not to the circumstance of its being at the narrowest part of the isthmus, but to the fact that it was here the deep water approached nearest the coast. The ground on which the future town was to stand had first to be made. There was only a narrow belt of sand between the billows of the Mediterranean on the north and the waters of Lake Menzaleh on the south, and often, when the lake was full and the sea rolled fiercely, the two waters met across the slight boundary line. The engineers commenced their work by dredging in the shallows of the lake close to the belt of sand, thus forming an inner port, and extending the area and raising the height of the land. The huge machines that were to do the vast work required in excavating the canal, were brought piece by piece from France, and put together at Port Said, and the works of Dussund for the formation of the huge blocks of concrete, which form the long piers of the harbor, were also located here, and the new-born town became a scene of mighty activities.

As we sit to-day upon the deck, we have leisure to observe the method in which the outer harbor of Port Said is formed. There are two enormous breakwaters, or moles, one on either side of us. That on the western side juts out at right angles to the shore, and perpendicularly to the line of the canal, and runs straight out to sea for a distance of 2726 yards; the eastern mole stands about 1500 yards to the east of the other, and runs towards it in a gradually converging line for 1962 yards. This makes the entrance to the

port about a quarter of a mile wide, and the space enclosed an area of about 550 acres. A red light marks the end of the western mole, and a green light, the eastern. The light-house, a handsome tower of concrete 160 feet high, rises just at the commencement of the western breakwater, and the lantern on the summit contains an electric light flashing every three seconds, and visible at a distance of twenty miles. The vast blocks of which the breakwaters are made are each twenty-two tons in weight, and are manufactured of the sand dredged from the harbor. They are dropped into the sea, three at a time, by lighters, till the water-line is reached, and then they are lifted into their places by cranes. But they lie jumbled together without much regularity, and between the interstices of the western mole, sand has washed in such quantities as to form a considerable bank, along its inner side, near the shore end. S. R.

*Suez, Twelfth month 8th, 1874.*

#### THE YOUNG HEROINES OF FALKNER'S ISLAND.

The story of the last cruise of the propeller, E. A. Woodward, of Norwalk, as given in the log book of Captain Bartlett, and in the accounts of the sailors, forms a chapter of sea experience almost as thrilling as the ballad of Nancy Bell. For five days the crew were tossed about on the sea between Providence and New Haven by the most tempestuous weather that has been experienced this winter and were wrecked on a little island in the Sound, where they were imprisoned by a vast ice blockade for eleven days. Friday, the 12th, was the most eventful day in the whole period of the shipwreck and the lives of the sailors were at one time in peril. In the morning the ice parted sufficiently to allow the crew to board the vessel, and trusting to the promise of fair weather, they spent the day in pumping the water from the hold. There were five feet of water in the lower engine-room aft. The steam and bilge-pumps were set to work, and the water was lowered over fifteen inches. They tried to take the boat into safer anchorage, nearer the shore, and steam was got up, but as the stern-post and the rudder were both disabled, it was impossible to manage her. In the middle of the afternoon the gale became furious again, and the men began to be alarmed for their safety. There was nothing on board to eat, and the danger of being overwhelmed and surrounded by the ice, which had piled up on the reef to the windward to the height of ten feet, became every moment more imminent. The men tried twice to launch their boat and return

to the shore, but their efforts were frustrated by the dashing waves.

Captain Brooks from the lighthouse saw the peril of the crew, and adopted speedy measures for their rescue. His two daughters, Mary and Nannie, aged eighteen and twenty years, came nobly to the rescue with the spirit of a genuine Ida Lewis. They aided their father in dragging his heavy life-boat from the opposite side of the island over to the shore near the wreck. Although the mercury was at zero, with a biting north-east wind that the hardy seaman were scarcely able to withstand, the two young ladies bravely helped to bear the boat over the ice-cakes to the open water, where it could be launched. A rope was thrown to the ship and made fast to the deck, and also secured on shore, and by its aid the boat was rowed over the stormy waves to the vessel's side. The sailors were all taken off, and the life-boat returned in the same manner. All were completely exhausted when they arrived on the island. But for the noble efforts of Captain Brooks' family the crew must have perished. The day ended with a terrible snow-storm. The succeeding day the weather was fine, and Captain Brooks succeeded in getting word to the mainland by means of his solar telegraph, an instrument used by lighthouse-keepers in conveying messages over short distances upon the water. It is simply a small looking-glass swung upon a frame, and when worked it is placed near the ground, so as to catch the reflection of the sun and flash it across to the operator on the shore. By the number and character of these flashes the meaning of the message is understood. Aid was promised from the mainland as soon as the sea would permit.

Captain Brooks, the lighthouse keeper, is about fifty-four years old, and has been in his present position for over twenty years. He has received a gold medal from the New York Society for the Preservation of Life, as a reward for former bravery, and a few years ago the citizens of New Haven presented him a silver set to testify their appreciation of his services. The two daughters, who have shown themselves as brave as their father, were both born on the little island, and are well educated and cultivated. They say they are perfectly happy in their strange sea-washed home, and prefer its quiet, monotonous enjoyments to the pleasures of the social world.—*Phila. Enquirer.*

BETTER for a minister to preach in barns, or in the open air, where he may speak the truth from the fulness of his soul, than to lift up in cathedrals, amid pomp and wealth, a voice that is not true to his inward thoughts.

## MARCH.

Earth has a secret dear  
She wants awhile to keep,  
But vainly tries  
To blindfold prying eyes,  
Or hide with clumsy art  
Her conscious heart.  
Against her will she hints the whole,  
And inadvertent shows her soul—  
Fretting behind uneasy mask,  
Feigning denial fond before we ask.

Her suns more fervid shine  
From equinoctial poise;  
Her clouds betray  
Sky-colors soft as May;  
Through longer afternoons  
The south wind swoons;  
All day the teary house-eave drips;  
Swift under ground the snow-patch slips;  
Across the way crisp sparrow-note  
Assertive shrills from freshly whetted throat.

Prosaic city streets  
The loath confession catch,  
And glad desire  
Give back from pave and spire,  
While eyes of men repeat  
The gospel sweet;  
Yea, though there come no surer proof  
Than hammer-blows from yonder roof,  
Their mellow clink this mellow morn  
Would tell us Spring was waiting to be born!  
—*The Independent.*

## SYMPATHY.

Oh, mothers whose children are sleeping,  
Thank God by their pillows, to-night;  
And pray for the mothers now weeping  
O'er pillows too smooth and too white;  
Where bright little heads oft have lain,  
And soft little cheeks have been pressed;  
Oh mothers who know not this pain,  
Take courage and bear all the rest!

For the somber-winged angel is going  
With pitiless flight o'er the land,  
And we wake in the morn, never knowing,  
What he, ere the night, may demand.  
Yes, to-night, while our darlings are sleeping,  
There's many a soft little bed,  
Whose pillows are moistened with weeping,  
For the loss of one dear little head.

There are hearts on whose innermost altar  
There is nothing but ashes to-night;  
There are voices whose tones sadly falter,  
And dim eyes that shrink from the light.  
Oh mothers whose children are sleeping,  
As ye bend to caress the fair heads,  
Pray, pray for the mothers now weeping;  
O'er pitiful, smooth little beds.

—*Christian Union.*

If any man will be Christ's disciple, sincerely good, and worthy to be named among the friends of virtue, if he will have inward peace and the consciousness of progress towards heaven, he must deny himself, he must take the cross, and follow Christ in the renunciation of every gain and pleasure inconsistent with the will of God.—*Channing.*



## A VISION OF ANGELS.

To abate curiosity, let it be said at once that the angels written of were not of the heavenly order. They were seen at Maine, and on this wise. On an early train, one Monday morning, the passengers were found to be workmen of the road, going to their labor on a distant section. Rested by the Sabbath they were in high spirits, very boisterous, and not very choice in their language and modes of salutation. Thinking they had the car to themselves—for the only general passenger was a wearied preacher muffled up in a corner—it seemed as if nothing could check their rough treatment of one another.

At length, at a way-station, a plainly dressed but comely country woman came in, and out of respect to her, those around her became comparatively quiet. At the next station, a young child, an innocent-looking little girl, was entrusted to the conductor to be carried some distance, and around the young stranger there was also a little circle of peace. At the next station, there was borne in, on pillows, a fellow-workman of the noisy laborers. He had recently been maimed by an accident, and had so far recovered as to be taken home that morning. Suffering had changed the poor man's face, and as he cast his eyes among his fellow-workmen the refinement of his look and the gentleness of his bearing seemed to radiate upon them a corresponding softening of feature and action. In a few minutes, the rest of the noisy company were subdued. See them, by twos and threes, go up to the invalid. See them adjust their dress, look if their hands were clean, lighten their steps, soften their voices, and look their kindest into the wan and sunken countenance. Hear them inventing the cheeriest remarks, and expressing the most loving solicitudes; in fact, in every word and action, behave like regenerated beings. Sympathy, gentleness, grace flowed among them, as abundantly as bluntness, force and vulgarity had done but half an hour before. While the sufferer was in the car, no homebred nurse could outdo them in the delicacy of their attentions. Not a profane word, not a rude jest, not a blow, nor a scuffle, not a hearty laugh even, was heard among them, till, with a tenderness like a mother's, they took their wounded comrade in their arms, and bore him off the train.

"There," said the observer in the corner, "there is the mission of many a sufferer. To subdue one class of emotions, to bestir another, to elevate, to refine, to beautify our life, pain has a place in the economy of mortality."

"What has changed this company's behavior?" Thus he asked, and answered to himself. The new influences coming in among them. "And what were they, that like angels

of peace, changed men to their own peaceful image?" Beauty in the person of the fair woman; innocence in the person of the little girl; and suffering in the person of the wounded man. And, owing perhaps to the material wrought upon, in this case suffering was more powerful than beauty and innocence combined. And yet that sufferer had no idea that he was an angel of softening to all within his influence.

Should these lines meet the eye of any son or daughters of affliction, let them give it as their message, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer. Not for ourselves are we *always* smitten. By the blow upon you, God may be doing more unto others than you can ask or think." As seen in this vision of common life, suffering has as high an angelic dignity and as strong an angelic power, and may we not add, as pure an angelic origin, as beauty and purity themselves, whom all allow to be messengers of good, and only good, to man. Forget not, sufferer, that the angel of Gethsemane came from the same place as the angels of the Advent, and the angels of the Resurrection. And, having surrendered their common trust, as messengers of consolation, joy and triumph, they are even now in the same heaven, bowing before the same throne, radiant with the same glory!—*Prof. W. M. Barbour, D. D., in Congregationalist.*

EVERY man cannot be a poet; but every man may give himself some trouble to cultivate that kindly and genial sensibility of which the writing and the appreciation of poetry depends. To live poetry, indeed, is always better than to write it; better for the individual, and better for society. Now a poetical life is just a life opposed to all sameness and all selfishness; eagerly seizing upon the good and beautiful from all quarters, and on its proper aliment.—*Prof. Blackie.*

From Public Ledger.

## "PROBABILITIES."

There is nothing so well calculated to show the advance of system in meteorological observation and science, as an inspection of the maps issued every day by the United States Signal offices, stationed throughout the United States, under the direction of the Weather Bureau of the War Department. We will take for illustration of these remarks, the one printed at one o'clock on Monday morning, and issued simultaneously yesterday at all the stations. This map, like all others from the Signal offices, covers the United States and the British North American provinces, and it shows the locality of some fifty to sixty of the signal stations distributed over the territory indicated, from St. John's, New



Brunswick, to Indianola, Texas, and from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. The groundwork of the map itself is printed in a green tint exhibiting the ranges of mountains, the courses of rivers, the lake shores and the sea-coast lines, together with all the important cities, towns and stations at which signal observers are placed. In addition to these green-tinted maps, the signal officers are furnished with a set of type symbols which are impressed upon the maps in red ink every night, after the last observations made over the whole country at 11 P. M., Washington City time, are received at Washington and transmitted to the several stations. The type symbols referred to are small circles with arrows passing through them. The circles are used to show the character of the weather at every one of the stations throughout the country, and the direction of the arrows as impressed upon the map indicates the direction of the wind at all the stations. The circles are of several varieties. One of them is a simple light ring, and wherever this is seen on the map it shows that the sky was clear at that place at the time of the 11 P. M. observation. Another is a ring of heavier character showing a clear spot in the *centre only*, and this one indicates a cloudy sky wherever it appears upon the map. Still another of these circles is a ring like the one first mentioned, except that it has a broad red bar across it, and this one indicates what is called a "fair" sky, but with some clouds. The fourth is a dark circle or disk with no light about it, and this one shows that it was raining at the place where it appears on the map at the time of the observation. The fifth is a circle like the first mentioned, except that it has three narrow red lines across its face, and this tells the story of snow at the place where it is shown on the map. Besides these type symbols there are three sets of figures to be impressed in red ink upon the map after the last observation for each night. These show: first, the temperature as marked on the thermometer; second, the pressure of the atmosphere as marked by the barometer, and third, the force or velocity of the wind as shown by the "anemometer," an instrument used for that purpose.

The map issued yesterday morning has all of these symbols and figures upon it, and any person with the map in sight has, at a single glance, a "bird's-eye view" of the condition of the weather over the whole of the United States and the Canadian Dominion, as it was at 11 P. M., of Washington time on Sunday night. The storm which we were having at that time in Philadelphia had passed away from the Southern and Western country, but was still prevailing everywhere from Pittsburg to the Atlantic coast, and from Washington

City northeastward to Burlington, Vermont. The remains of that storm extended along a belt of country parallel with the Alleghenies and with the Atlantic coast, and it was moving from the west and southwest to the east and northeast. It was raining at Philadelphia and at Burlington, Vermont, and was snowing at Pittsburg, Washington City, Baltimore, New York, Albany, and Portland, Maine. Beyond this belt of storm, and to the westward of it as far as the Cumberland and Ohio rivers and the great lakes, the weather still remained cloudy; and this belt of heavy cloud, which was the rear guard of the storm, shows the same parallelism with the Allegheny mountains and the Atlantic coast, as is shown by the boundaries of the storm itself. The western boundary of the cloud belt extended from Nashville, on the Cumberland river, northeastward through Louisville and Cincinnati, on the Ohio, Cleveland, Buffalo and Oswego, on the great lakes, to St. John's, New Brunswick, on the seacoast. These boundary lines of the storm belt, and of the cloud belt following in its rear, are all clearly defined on the signal map; and behind them again, to the southward and westward, was a vast stretch of clear or fair sky, extending over all the rest of the country. This belt of clear and fair sky was spread over the whole of the South Atlantic and Gulf States from Fortress Monroe, in Virginia, to Indianola, in Texas, and everywhere west of the Mississippi, the Ohio and the great lakes to the Rocky mountains. It was following in the wake of the storm belt and the cloud belt, and it was this that brought us the sunshine of yesterday, after the western limit of the storm belt and heavy cloud belt had passed away to the northeast.

Although it has taken up considerable time to write this, and will take some little time to read it, the whole view of the weather of the continent upon which the description is based is under the eye at one glance on the map, and can be read there in a second by one familiar with the symbols used. It is this comprehensive view of the condition of the weather at the same moment of time over broad tracts of country, and of the direction in which either foul weather or clear weather is moving, as shown on the map, that enables the chiefs of the Signal Office to forecast the "probabilities" of the weather, which have now become so familiar and so interesting to the people of the United States. It may be said without boasting that, in respect of all these matters, the signal service system of the United States is in advance of all the rest of the world.

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ONE ray of moral and religious truth, is worth all the wisdom of the schools.



THE block of granite, which is an obstacle in the path of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

### NOTICES.

THE next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Spruce Street Meeting-house, on the 23d of Third month, 1875, at 7½ o'clock.

#### CIRCULAR MEETINGS WITHIN SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING.

Greenwich, Third mo. 28th, at 10 A. M.  
 Vineland, Fourth mo. 4th, at 10 A. M.  
 Alloways Creek, Fourth mo. 11th, at 10 A. M.  
 Cape May, Fourth mo. 18th, at 3 P. M.  
 Penns Neck, Fourth mo. 25th, at 3 P. M.  
 " Fifth mo. 23d, at 10 A. M.

The time of holding it having been changed, there will be no Circular Meeting at Haverford on 21st inst.

Circular Meeting to be held at Alexandria, Va., at Friend's Meeting-house, on next First-day, the 21st inst., at half-past 3 o'clock P. M.

#### FRIEND'S CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting this evening, 20th inst., at Race street Monthly Meeting-room. Some changes in regulations, &c., will be considered.

ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk.*

### ITEMS.

ARTHUR HELPS, the author of "Friends in Council," died on the 8th inst., in the 58th year of his age. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and held several public offices, the principal one being that of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

THE severity of the weather has caused great suffering and loss of life among the vessels off the coast of Massachusetts. On the 4th inst., the Italian bark Giovanni, eighty-one days from Palermo, was wrecked off Cape Cod, the steward being the only one who survived.

THE fishing schooner, Sarah H. Cressy, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, with a crew of twelve men, has not been heard of for twelve weeks, and is supposed to be lost. She makes the fourth vessel lost from Gloucester during the last two months, the total number of lives lost being forty-three. The crews of three vessels of the fishing fleet ice-bound off Provincetown have arrived in Boston, having with great difficulty succeeded in reaching the shore. The Arrow, one of the fishing vessels, had sunk in fifteen fathoms of water, and another, the Crystal Wave, was suddenly lost sight of, and it is feared that she went down where last seen in five fathoms. The men in every case remained in their vessels, using bulkheads, bunks and spars to keep their fires going, and living for days on scanty food and no water. With the Crystal Wave were three men, and as none of them have been seen, it is feared they went down with their craft.

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN THE RATES OF POSTAGE.—An amendment to the postal laws, which takes effect immediately, was made on the last day of the recent session of Congress. Heretofore the rate of

postage upon all the following named articles has been one cent for each two ounces—hereafter it is to be one cent for every ounce: "All pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, magazines, handbills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, books, book-manuscripts, proof-sheet corrected proof-sheets, maps, prints, engraving blanks, flexible patterns, samples of merchandise not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, sample card, phonographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, cards, plain and ornamental paper, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, cions, and any other matter which may be declared mailable by law, and all other articles not above the weight prescribed by law, which are not, from their form or nature, liable to destroy, deface, or otherwise injure the contents of the mail-bag or the person of any one engaged in the postal service. All liquid poisons, glass, explosive materials, and obscene books shall be excluded from the mails."

DESTITUTE CHILDREN.—William P. Letchworth of the State Board of Charities of New York, has submitted a report on pauper and destitute children of the State, in which he strongly protests against keeping them in poor houses. He says that the minds of children, from two to sixteen years old, are plastic, and may be easily shaped to good resolves, and that all children over two years old, excepting unteachable idiots and others, unfitted for family care, should be put in private families or in suitable asylums. In the latter they can be supported at no greater expense than in poor houses, and in the former the county is relieved of all expense. The most desirable homes for children are those of farmers, mechanics and shopkeepers, and the industrious disposition generally lacking in the dependent classes will be best inculcated in such families both by precept and example. This system, however, requires careful and permanent vigilance, for it is liable to grave abuses. The plan which Massachusetts pursues of requiring each year a report of the physical and moral conditions and surroundings of each "ward of the State" until it has attained at least the age of nineteen years, is a good one for securing proper treatment of children adopted into private families. It is a matter of economy for the State to make its pauper children self-supporting at an early age, that they may not prove a burden for life, and may not beget another generation of idle and thriftless consumers.—*Public Ledger.*

SOME one having expressed surprise that a member of the Society of Friends was recently admitted to membership in the Royal Society, a correspondent of a London scientific periodical claims for the English Quakers a greater distinction in this respect in proportion to their number than can be shown by any other Christian sect. He claims among the members of the Royal Society as belonging to this denomination, John Dalton, Davies Gilbert, William Allen, Prof. W. A. Miller, Henry Christy, Prof. Oliver, William Pengelly, E. B. Taylor, Daniel Hanbury and R. W. Fox. Prof. Oliver is a distinguished botanical author and lecturer.—*Independent.*

[Among the "birth-right" members of the Society who have had the above-named distinction the ablest and most accomplished in science was Dr. Thomas Young; whose investigations in physics placed him very near to Newton as a discoverer while he shared with Champollion, the honor of unravelling the secret of the hieroglyphics of Egypt.—*Friends' Review.*]

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 27, 1875.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

## IDLENESS AND CRIME.

If there is one thing more clearly demon-  
 strated by the statistics of criminal records  
 than another, it is that idleness is the parent  
 of crime; not alone the idleness that results  
 from indolence, but that which is fostered by  
 the lack of definite occupation. The late re-  
 port of the Inspectors of the Eastern Peniten-  
 tiary of Pennsylvania is entitled to grave  
 and weighty consideration, establishing, as it  
 does, conclusive evidence of the necessity that  
 exists for the State to go further than it yet  
 has done in the education of its children.  
 After calling attention to the critical exami-  
 nation given to the relation of education and  
 crime by Governor Hartranft in his last mes-  
 sage, the report continues:

"If the State demands that the children  
 should be mentally trained or instructed, by  
 what process of reasoning, based on principles  
 of equality and justice, can it be objected, that  
 mental capacity only is to be cultivated, while  
 those who possessed large capacity for indus-  
 trial instruction are to be deprived of a right  
 which their want of mental ability only, is  
 set up to deny them.

"Instruction in mechanical industries is of  
 the most grave importance. A growing  
 cause of crime is ignorance of a handicraft  
 killed occupation in the youth. There is  
 now no great public institution to afford in-

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struction in these branches. The Inspectors  
 have often heretofore called the attention of  
 the Legislature to this subject, and now that  
 the Governor has so pointedly and ably  
 treated it, there is a growing belief that it will  
 receive the consideration it deserves."

While intellectual culture remains to be  
 the sole object of State education, the impor-  
 tance thus accorded it over a knowledge of  
 mechanical and industrial pursuits, places the  
 latter at a marked discount, as the results  
 plainly demonstrate. By educating the mind  
 without a corresponding training in handi-  
 craft, the State sends forth a class of citizens  
 inadequately furnished with the means of  
 honest support, for while a small percentage  
 may gain a livelihood in clerkships and kin-  
 dred occupations, the larger proportion are  
 entirely unfitted for successful employment in  
 that direction, and are thus defrauded of equal  
 chances in the business of life. "The survi-  
 val of the fittest," in such cases is not always  
 dependent upon "natural selection," and fail-  
 ure too often arises from the lack of a fair start  
 on the journey; the power to weather the  
 gale of adverse surroundings, and shake off  
 the environments of unfavorable circumstan-  
 ces being possessed by comparatively few.

The temptations to enter upon a career of  
 intrigue and deception are many, and its suc-  
 cess depends upon the skill and training of  
 the intellectual faculties; for while the uned-



uated man, destitute of moral principle, contents himself with petty theft and street brawls, the advantages that the State affords, and which it is proposed to make compulsory, increase his capacity for wrong doing in a ratio corresponding to his intellectual ability. When the main object of the educator is directed to nice calculations in mathematics; to perfecting the student in fac-similes of the best masters of penmanship; to the study of chemical equations, and the subtle affinities they represent, with all the associate branches that constitute the *curriculum* of the schools, the brain is overtaxed to the neglect of the other parts of the body, and the vitalizing power that, for its healthy outflow, depends on regular and systematic physical action, is weakened by the fitful rule of caprice or fancy.

A lamentably small number of the boys who receive their education at our higher public schools are willing to come in contact with the smoke and grime of toil and serve as apprentices in workshops and factories. It is in the counting-room, or the office, most of these expect to find occupation. So, too, with the girls; if any measure of ability to acquire a good common school education is developed, they turn from healthy home industries and crowd and jostle each other in the struggle to obtain positions that exempt from the wear and tear of domestic duties. Thousands in our city and elsewhere are now out of employment or holding positions esteemed more respectable, at starvation prices, rather than turn to some legitimate handicraft which, if well performed, would insure liberal reward, with prospective plenty.

It has taken all these years of partial education to open the eyes of our rulers to the inconsistencies of the present system, the results of which are only small as we find them, because of the inherent virtue and honor that underlie our social fabric, and the sterling integrity and trained industry drawn from farm and cottage life that contribute their fresh, healthy, moral influence to our centres of trade and commerce.

It is a false conclusion to assume that one lawful and useful employment is more honorable than another. Every kind of labor, even the hardest and most undesirable, has at one time or another been the stepping-stone to influence and universal homage.

We want physical labor lifted again to the rank it held in the beginning, when human existence was dependent upon "the sweat of the face" for its daily sustenance.

All cannot occupy advanced positions, neither may all be the world's masters and mistresses, but all may learn the art of serving well and intelligently, and the equality may be so

marked and palpable, that they who serve will stand on the same level with those that rule—the choice not being alone on the ground of influence or wealth, but from the necessity that exists in human society for one to represent many—the leader becoming the greater servant in that he serves all.

This is the prominent feature, and the great social lesson of the Christian polity. "Whosoever of you will be the chief," said Jesus, "shall be servant of all," and again: "even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

It is worthy of note that the purest patriots, the noblest statesmen, and the grandest Christians have been men of untiring industry. Association with the implements of toil and handicraft gives a rank subordinate only to that of the great Master Builder. Fortified in brain and muscle to develope what is latent in force, to recreate to nobler uses and adaptabilities the forms of matter with which man finds himself surrounded, he stands next only to God himself. Taking up the "*thought* of God," as one of the great minds of the day has said, "and working it into tangible benefit and blessing to the world, every stroke of the hammer, every turn of the wheel, every flame that streams from the furnace or the laboratory, if loyally and nobly used, add to the glory of Him who called matter into existence and endowed the human race with the mental discernment by which material things are made to minister to the highest earthly good of the creature." To bring about this harmonious union and co-operation of the mental and physical powers must be the future aim of the world's teachers.

Idleness, want, crime! What a trinity of evil, dragging its victims to the very gates of infamy and ruin! And how is its progress to be arrested, is the great question that should claim the earnest attention of every advocate of moral purity and social order. The guardians of the rights of the people must meet and grapple with this triple-headed giant that is now striking at the very vitals of society.

The main reliance in this conflict with crime and immorality will not be found in mental and physical education alone, great as is their influence when rightly directed. The one element above all others most essential to the subjugation and subordination of evil, is individual apprehension and recognition of the Divine Essence which, through conscience, enables the sentient being to perceive its duty towards God, as the highest object of adoration and towards all created beings who share with him the gift of life, whether, like himself, bearing the semblance of the Maker or standing lower and still lower in the order of existence.

This awakening or perception of the spiritual nature out of which is evolved all of love, tenderness and self-sacrifice comprehended in a "life hid with Christ in God," is the healthy normal condition of the human soul. No training, however excellent, that is devoid of this foundation can develop into full and complete manhood or womanhood. The rudiments of spirit-life must be conned with the first lessons of childhood. The world is not lacking in dogmatic theology, but it needs to be more fully instructed in the simple lessons of faith and obedience and in a constant recurrence to the witness for God in the inner consciousness that, whether accusing or excusing, never leaves the watchful soul in ignorance of the fiat of its Judge respecting the motives by which its actions are influenced. L. J. R.

[Since the above was furnished us, we have clipped the following from the *Northampton Journal*, which has so direct a bearing upon the question before us that we give it to our readers, with the hope that it may lead to similar practical efforts.—EDS.]

#### EDUCATING APPRENTICES.

R. Hoe & Co., inventors of the Hoe cylinder press, established a school for their apprentices more than a year ago. The course of study embraces grammar, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, reading, writing, drawing, composition, the ten science primers, and Overman's mechanics. The classes in the various branches recite once a week, the recitation being an hour in length. The lessons given are long, but the apprentices have ample time out of work-hours not only to prepare them but to reflect upon and study their practical applications. All the apprentices, numbering upward of a hundred, are compelled to go through this course of study, and as the term of apprenticeship ranges from five to seven years, they have time to become proficient in every branch taught, so that when their apprenticeship is over they have a thorough English and technical education so far as mechanics is concerned. Everything is furnished gratuitously, the best of instruction, text-books, and drawing materials. The benefits conferred upon the apprentices themselves and upon the community, by a school of this sort are inestimable. From the ranks of mechanics thus carefully educated must come skilled workmen, inventors, and those who shall make new and valuable applications to the practical economies of life, of principles already known. The scholars in this school are earnest and enthusiastic in their studies. The neatness and skill evidenced in their copy-books, their mechanical drawings, and the working out of their mathemat-

ical problems, are equally gratifying to their teachers and their employers.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### A SPIRITUAL ADMONITION.

"Woe to them that take counsel, but not of Me: that cover with a covering, but not of My Spirit, saith the Lord."

Whatever may have been our experience through the lapse of years which has rolled over us, or whatever the sources from which we have gained knowledge of the nature and uses of material things, we still need to retire to the council-chamber of the Most High, and ask aid of His holy Spirit to direct us in all our ways, lest we incur the woe alluded to in the above text.

The universe affords an endless variety of material upon which man may exercise his genius and convert the rude mass into appliances which advance his interests and add greatly to his comfort. By this means the rational faculties are strengthened and developed; but in order that the vast machinery thus evolved be regulated and every part kept in its proper place, the mind must be under the direction of the Divine Spirit; and from the neglect to seek this aid arise the commotions which are felt, not only in religious communities, but in the world at large. "O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." The Spirit is still offered, and if we will suffer it to cover us as a mantle, we shall find that it has lost none of its power. If that which is of the earth is yielded to its benign influence it will be moulded into the meekness and gentleness of the divine nature, and none will seek their own good only, but will act in accordance with the revelations of His will to whom we owe allegiance, and whose blessings can never be fully appreciated until we are daily guided by His holy Spirit.

Then quench it not, I beseech you, dear young people! Turn not aside from its convictions, for in attending to these consists your highest good. Obedience to them in childlike submission will insure an admission into the kingdom of Heaven, and you will, if required, be willing to appear as a fool for Christ's sake.

Despise not prophesying, but cherish the pure unfoldings of the Spirit of Truth. Let this pure emanation from God be your covering and you will have nothing to fear.

May the listless and indifferent remember that it is written, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man, seeing he also is flesh." If we reject this Spirit in its most powerful operations, turn a deaf ear to its admonitions and still go on in rebellion, then, though it still may speak, the sound will be less clear; though it may remain with us, it will be so



pressed down with the multiplicity of sensual pleasures that its pleadings will not be heard, and we shall be left to pursue whatever we have chosen.

"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer."  
"Seek the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and turn unto the Lord who will have mercy upon him, and to our God who will abundantly pardon."

SARAH HUNT.

Third month, 1875.

#### RICHARD BROTHERTON.

DIED—Dec. 29th, 1865, near Dover, in the township of Randolph, New Jersey, in the 79th year of his age, RICHARD BROTHERTON.

Mr. Brotherton was descended from the first settlers of Randolph, and was so well acquainted with the early history of his native town that he was commonly regarded as the town oracle.

In 1682 the great William Penn and his associates purchased East Jersey. Thirty-one years later, the first white man ever known to have made his way into this township purchased of the heirs of Wm. Penn a tract of land, a part of which was in 1774 purchased by Henry Brotherton, the grandfather of Richard; this property has ever since remained in the family. Richard Brotherton was accustomed to relate how his great-grandfather on his mother's side, Wm. Schooley, came from Schooley's Mountain and purchased Mill Brook, and started the first grist-mill ever known in this vicinity. He was a pioneer, and endured great hardships; once he was obliged to go thirty miles to buy corn of the Indians and to bring it home on his back, walking on the snow with snow-shoes. In 1740, known here as the hard winter, the snow was so deep that horses could not travel; and many cattle perished because it was impossible to get to them to feed them. A neighbor attempting to reach the next house, perished in the attempt, and in the spring was found dead near the gate. At the same time his wife perished alone in her own house.

The first settlers of this township were Quakers, and the first church was the Quaker Meeting-house, the frame of which was raised in 1748. In this house the distinguished Hartshorn Fitz Randolph, after whom the township is named, was accustomed to worship. But of all those who belonged to the Society of Friends and worshipped in this Quaker Meeting-house, no one was ever more esteemed for his kindness, his honesty, his consistency and his piety, than Richard Brotherton. And the respect which he com-

manded was not confined to the members of his own denomination.

His business (he was both a farmer and a butcher—sending his meat wagon for miles around) made him, in the course of years, familiar to all the inhabitants of the vicinity, though these people were divided on other subjects, they were united in their favorable opinion of his character. Mr. Brotherton possessed a kind heart, always in sympathy with the poor and afflicted. Often in driving his wagon, he has been known to go far out of his way to carry a piece of meat to a sick man or woman, when it was certain, from their circumstances, that he could never receive pay from them. He often received notes from those indebted to him, but never distressed any one for payment. On the contrary, he sometimes destroyed notes, lest, falling into other hands, the poor but worthy debtor might be involved in litigation, or be in some way distressed. This kind regard for the comfort of others was a life-long disposition, and continued with him to the last. On Christmas, the week of his death, when hardly able to speak, partly by signs and partly by words, he ordered a basket to be filled with provisions and sent to a destitute family with the kind assurance that he did not forget them.

A thrifty farmer, he always had plenty of grain; and yet, in seasons of scarcity, when the price was high, he has refused to sell, because he knew that his neighbors in the spring would want seed to sow their fields, and in the spring-time, when they came to him for this purpose, he let them have what they needed on the promise of being repaid from the next harvest.

He would at any time rather suffer wrong than do wrong. This generous trait of character developed itself in his sympathy for the colored man. The Quaker is by education opposed to slavery. He was so, also, by the instincts of his soul. It did not please him to hear men talk of not *giving* to the colored man his rights. He would say, why deprive any one, especially the weak and helpless, of that which belongs to him. He loved his country, but he felt slavery to be a crime and a blot on his country's character. Hence, when the fugitive from a government that would only recognize him as a chattel, on his way to a government that would recognize him as a man, stopped at his house, he did not betray him. He preferred even to suffer the penalty of the Fugitive Slave Law, sooner than see a human being in distress without a human sympathizer; and therefore, though a stranger, he took him in; hungry, he fed him; naked, he clothed him; and then, with kind words and a little ready cash, pointed him to

the North star and commended him to our Father in Heaven.

Though by education he was opposed to all war, yet from the beginning he took a lively interest in the war that has just closed. He did not fail to discern the hand of the Lord stretched out to punish and to purge the nation, and to let the oppressed go free. His conversation reminded one of the story of the good Quaker, who said to his clerk, "If thee wish to go to the war, thee can go, and thy salary will be continued and thy place kept for thee till thee return. But if thee do not wish to go, I have no further need of thy service."

Mr. Brotherton was a strictly honest man.

He was honest to a proverb—for the phrase was current, "As honest as Richard Brotherton." Once, while a director of the bank, a person in drawing his check was supposed by mistake to have been overpaid, but there was no proof. The other directors proposed to settle the case by putting the man under oath. But Mr. B. objected; saying, "If the man has received the money and will not own it, is it not probable that he will take a false oath, which would only increase his guilt without benefitting the bank? Better lose the money." And his counsel in this instance prevailed. Had he been sharper in trade, more severe with men, and more eager for gain, he might have died a richer man. But he strove to remember the interests of others, especially where his own interests were involved. He believed in goodness, and loved it for its own sake; and if in consequence the casket of the soul was less ornamented, yet the gem which it contained shone with a purer lustre. Nor did he ever regret it; for on reviewing his way of life, he said, "I know that my estate is less than most people suppose; and this is owing to the many losses I have met with through the leniency I have shown to others; for with all my imperfections I have not distressed any man for debt, nor indulged in a spirit of retaliation, but have aimed to do as I would be done by; nor could any amount of wealth now reconcile me to the idea of having pursued a different course." Earthly riches often perish in the getting; or if not then, they forsake us at death; but he that is rich toward God, has the good part which will never be taken away.

If there is one virtue in which the Quaker, who is true to his principles, is likely to excel, that virtue is patience, or the complete control of one's feelings. In this respect we never knew a man who equalled Mr. Brotherton. He was an exemplification of the words of the Saviour—"In your patience possess ye your souls." He was not a stoic, for the stoic

aimed to destroy all feeling. He aimed to control his feelings, and not to let them control his judgment. He was meek, and no amount of provocation disturbed his equanimity. He was gentle, for no one complained of provocation from him. He possessed "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." To his patience was added a spirit of resignation, and this resignation was subjected to a severe ordeal.

In the Summer of '64, a painful swelling under his chin, which had slowly developed itself, was pronounced by the physicians whom he consulted, to be an incurable cancer. His active life was at an end, and he considered his hours of enjoyment to be over, and the days which remained to be days of growing suffering, to terminate in death by starvation. Yet, in view of this gloomy prospect, he said, "the will of the Lord be done." And through all this period of suffering, which proved to be longer than any one anticipated, not a sign of impatience was shown, not a single murmur escaped his lips. He did not complain of his sufferings, nor of his nurse, nor of the doctor, nor of his lot in any respect. But patience and resignation enabled him to look at the things which are unseen; and this sight made his affliction seem light, while it was working for him the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

His mind was full of the goodness of God. In his youth he was feeble, and expected to die—but his days had been prolonged beyond the average period of human life. His life had been a peaceful and happy one; and now as it was coming to a close, he had the prospect, of a more glorious life in the future. Thus, when most men would have seen nothing but darkness, he saw only light; and where, to the natural eye, nothing was visible but the deepest gloom, he experienced the sweetest joy.

Mr. Brotherton was possessed of a good memory; or his habits of thinking were such that he remembered what he read or heard or saw. Fond of reading, he was more fond of reflection; so that important facts which came under his notice, were thoroughly considered and digested. When he was but a lad, Napoleon was holding at bay the armies of all Europe, or invading the territory of each kingdom on the continent, and the accounts which were published at the time were by him so carefully considered, that he was ever after able to describe the principal battles; with the chief actors, and to tell the numbers engaged and the numbers slain. The same remark is true respecting the leading events which took place during his lifetime, among the different nations, and especially in his own country;



and these events were not only remembered, but important principles were deduced from them, so that with him history was God in His providence interpreting the laws of His government as revealed in His word.

This habit of reflection which grew with his growth and strengthened with his years, and which was a part of his devotion, proved to be a source of sweet consolation to him in his sickness, for in his extreme bodily weakness he was able to concentrate his thoughts on God and kindred subjects.

One day he said to us, "I have had a most pleasant meditation; my soul is full of joy; my heart seems to be so sweetly drawn out in love to all mankind." He was much pleased to have his friends call in, especially when they entered into his spiritual state; and some went away bearing with them precious memories of that sick-room.

Thankful for the blessings of God's providence, thankful for the kind offices of those who waited on him, thankful for these friendly calls, and especially thankful for God's gracious presence, his heart at times overflowed with the joy of gratitude. And the pleasant thoughts which were in his mind by day, were in his head by night. Once at least he had a most delightful dream. It seemed that an angel had encamped about his bed, and by his presence and conversation refreshed his soul. When about to leave him, he said to the angel, "I cannot let thee go except thou bless me." "Wherein shall I bless thee?" He said, "Bless me not in my corn, or my wine, or my oil, but bless me in my devotion to the Lord." His joy on the following day could not have been much sweeter if he had indeed been blessed by some angelic visitor. But his most interesting experience occurred on this wise.

He was sitting in an upper room alone, when all was quiet around, and in the stillness favorable to that divine communion which he so much enjoyed, while devoutly exercised in spirit, there seemed to stand before him a visible presence, indescribable, but real, which coming near, spread over him a beautiful white robe; then an audible voice said, "the Lord Jehovah." This was followed by a state of mind so intensely delightful as to be beyond the power of language to describe, and this exquisite joy lasted for more than an hour.—It would seem indeed as if the angel of the Lord had granted his request, and blest him in his devotion. Thus he continued through his sickness. While the outward man was perishing, the inward man was renewed day by day, until he fell asleep.

The writer of this article is a Presbyterian, yet takes pleasure in paying this tribute to the memory of the good Quaker whom he has

known for more than a quarter of a century and only known to love.

Mr. Brotherton is the last of his generation. In early youth he went to the sanctuary of his fathers to worship; and since their departure has continued to go, though sometimes he has there worshipped alone. On the first day of the present year his remains were taken to this old Meeting-house, where a congregation larger than could get in had assembled, and there appropriate services were performed by members of the Society of Friends from abroad who had known him in health and visited him in sickness. His grave will add an attraction to the old grave-yard, and the fragrance of his memory will perfume the enclosure.

"None but the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

THE late Dr. Walker, in a dedication sermon at Leicester, Mass., in 1834, uttered the following:

"Faith, Regeneration, Atonement. I confess I love to speak of the spiritual life as passing through these great epochs, and of the epochs themselves under these Scriptural and time-hallowed names. . . . I must say too, that I am not entirely without hope that men may come at length to consider the great facts of a religious life, apart from all speculations growing out of them; and that they may come to something like an agreement in regard to these facts; and that every one's pretensions to the Christian character will be tried by the evidence he gives of really living a Christian life, without any regard to the notions he may entertain respecting the philosophy of its inward or outward manifestations. Could I contribute, however little, to bring about such a state of things, there is no earthly object for which I would make greater efforts or sacrifices."

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
LOCAL INFORMATION.

#### BLUE RIVER QUARTERLY MEETING.

Thinking our Friends in other parts of the country would like to hear of our getting along, I send a report of the doings of our Blue River Quarterly Meeting, held at Ber-jaminville, 27th of Second month, 1875. Select Meeting, the 26th.

There were about seventy persons from other Monthly Meetings in attendance; those from Highland Creek traveling three hundred miles; those from East Jordan, one hundred and twenty miles. Five of our brethren from Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting were acceptably with us. I am informed by one that attended the Select Meeting that they were favored with that Presence that is able

build up, and, under it, the meeting was drawn into close travail of spirit for the welfare of our Zion.

On the 27th inst., Friends were gathered, and the meeting soon settled into an impressive silence and a prayerful waiting for the Master of Assemblies to bless, break and hand forth to His chosen servants the bread of life, that the multitude might be fed. Some were given words of comfort for the afflicted, and encouragement to those who were almost ready to faint by the way. Others were called upon to sound the alarm in the ears of those who were traveling the dark and uncertain path, and to bow in the presence of the people, asking our Father in Heaven that He would pour out His Spirit upon us.

The examination into the state of our Society, as indicated by the answers to the queries, called forth much good counsel. As the business proceeded, the meeting was drawn into deep exercise for those who have deviated, many of whom, it was believed, would be gathered now with Friends had they been tenderly dealt with. Those who administer discipline were exhorted "to tarry at Jerusalem" until they be endued with power from on high, that they may become true fathers and mothers in the church.

The committee, to select a site and propose the size of a building necessary to accommodate the Yearly Meeting, reported that they have selected a lot at Clear Creek, Putnam county, Ill., and propose to build a house 48 by 70 feet, and 20 feet high, at a probable cost of \$3,500, which was united with, and committees appointed to raise the money and have the building erected, ready for the opening of our Yearly Meeting in Ninth month next. Samuel Walton reported that, he has received \$535.50 from Friends in New York; \$200 from a Friend in Milwaukee, and has information of \$300 from Baltimore, making \$1,035.50 for Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, Friends of Blue River Quarter hope there are Friends in the East that will be willing to aid us in raising our part of the necessary funds. Benjaminsville Monthly Meeting feel the burden to be heavy, as we have, within the last year and a half, raised about \$1,800 to build and furnish our own meeting-house.

On First-day morning, our meeting-house was crowded to its fullest capacity with an attentive audience. Much excellent advice was given, and all seemed to gather closer to the Divine Father. In the afternoon a meeting was held, by appointment of the Quarter, to the refreshment of many who were privileged to drink at the fountain of living waters.

WILLIAM L. DORLAND.

*Benjaminsville, Third month 3d, 1875.*

Joshua L. Mills was duly appointed Treasurer of Blue River Quarterly Meeting. All those who feel willing to assist in building the house, whether scattered members of our own Quarter or members of other Yearly Meetings, are hereby informed that their donations will be thankfully received.

Address, Joshua L. Mills, Mount Palatine, Putnam county, Ill.

#### WHITE WATER QUARTERLY MEETING,

A branch of Indiana Yearly Meeting, was held at Dublin, Wayne county, on Seventh-day, the 6th of Third month. It was attended about as well as usual for this season of the year. The quietness and solemnity of the meeting for worship indicated the earnestness of purpose for which Friends had assembled, and, we believe, the Father's love was felt to abound in the hearts of many present.

The business of the meeting was transacted in much unity and harmony. Near the close, a private letter was read from Henry Mills, a Friend residing in Kansas, stating that some seventy families in the township in which he resided were quite destitute, from the ravages of the grasshoppers, &c., and require prompt assistance, to which nearly all present responded by liberal donations, which were directed to be forwarded immediately for their relief. The meeting directed further soliciting among Friends who were not in attendance. First-day School Quarterly Conference convened in the afternoon, a number of Friends remaining at the meeting-house until it gathered. W.

#### BALTIMORE QUARTERLY MEETING,

Held in Baltimore, Third month 8th, 1875, was not as large as usual, owing to the inclemency of the weather. It was a season of divine favor. Several lively testimonies were borne, and the solemnity that overspread the meeting was precious and encouraging. The answers to the queries showed that there has been a marked improvement in the attendance of our religious meetings.

No ministers from other Quarterly Meetings were present.

Friends' meeting continues to be held in Friends' meeting-house, on I street, in the city of Washington, as formerly. The other branch of the Society of Friends meet with us in much unity of feeling. As our number is small, the company of Friends is highly appreciated; yet we would not forget the blessing attending the two or three. Many, who are fed, even to the loathing of the honeycomb, seem unmindful that, "as iron sharpen-



eth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." L.

#### THE FOUR-FOOTED GROOM.

Dr. Smith was a physician practising in Dublin, and not choosing to take a groom with him when he went his daily rounds to visit his patients, trained a large Newfoundland dog, between which and his horse there was a great affection, to take charge of him as he went from house to house. He seldom mounted his horse when on his rounds, but just gave a hint to the dog what next patient he was going to, and the dog brought him up as punctually as a human being could have done. Besides this he used to take him to water, and having to leap a stream in so doing, the two generally performed it together like a perfect bit of music.

One day, however, by some mischance the poor fellow lost the reins as they were about to take the leap. This would have looked like a sad blunder, had not the good horse, as if wishful to save the credit of the dog, turned back, after going a few paces on the other side of the stream, to give him the opportunity of regaining the reins. Thus the two came back in regular order, and nobody would have been the wiser had not some one seen the occurrence. — *Our Four-footed Friends.*

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 27, 1875.

"THE WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION."—This newly-formed organization "for the promotion of physiological and hygienic knowledge," of which Elizabeth W. Lippincott is the President, have instituted a Course of Lectures to Women, on Physiology and Hygiene, to be given at the Lecture-room of the Woman's Hospital, beginning on Seventh-day afternoon, Third month 27th, 1875, at 4 o'clock.

In recommending this movement to the favorable consideration of women, we cannot do better than call attention to the object which is aimed at in the effort just undertaken, which in the circular is stated to be "To afford instruction to women on physiological subjects, with especial reference to health. Those who were privileged to attend the lectures of the late Dr. Ann Preston have most grateful recollections of her teachings, and will be interested to learn that, in organ-

izing this course, the Association designs to extend the work so ably begun by her.

"They cordially invite all who are interested in the rearing of children, in the care of the sick, in the healthful regulation of families and the sanitary welfare of society, to become members of the Association. They desire especially to commend these lectures and the object of the Association to mothers and teachers, for the instruction of young girls in the duty and means of preserving health, upon which their future usefulness and happiness so largely depend.

"The annual fee for membership has been placed at one dollar, the member's ticket admitting to all lectures given by the Association during the year. Member's tickets may be obtained from either of the undersigned, officers of the Association: Mary Jeanes, No. 1023 Arch street; Charlotte L. Peirce, No. 1617 Green street; Sarah B. F. Greble, No. 128 South Nineteenth street; or at the Hospital, on the afternoon of the lecture.

"Tickets of admission to single lectures, to be procured at the door, twenty-five cents.

"Occasional lectures in the course will be devoted to subjects of general sanitary interest, to which gentlemen subscribers and donors will be admitted on special tickets."

#### DIED.

BEANS.—In Lower Makefield township, Bucks county, Pa., on the 24th of Second month, 1875, of paralysis, Ann, widow of the late Seneca Beans, in the 84th year of her age; a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting.

BRIGGS.—In Middletown, Bucks county, Pa., on the 5th of Third month, 1875, Mary R., wife of Samuel S. Briggs, in the 72d year of her age; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

LINTON.—In Newtown township, Bucks county, Pa., on the 11th of Third month, 1875, of paralysis, Jane S. Linton, widow of John Linton, aged 76 years and 7 months; a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting.

RUSHMORE.—On the 7th of Third month, 1875, Isaac Rushmore, in the 87th year of his age; a valued Friend and elder of Westbury Monthly Meeting.

PICKERING.—In Lower Makefield, Bucks county, Pa., on the 7th of Third month, 1875, of pneumonia, Mercy P., widow of the late Ellwood Pickering, aged nearly 62 years; a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting.

STARR.—At Richmond, Indiana, on the morning of Twelfth month 21st, George Vernon, aged nearly four years; and, on the morning of Twelfth month 22d, John Whittier, aged two years and four months, sons of Joseph W. and Eliza Starr.

WALTON.—At the residence of her brother, Joseph Walton, near Ercildoun, Chester county, on the 8th of Second month, 1875, Rachel Walton, in the 73d year of age; a member of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting.

REGESTER.—On the 24th of Ninth month, 1874, in the 97th year of her age, Elizabeth Regester, for many years an elder of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

Purity of heart and devotion to her Heavenly Father marked her character, and she filled the station of wife, mother and friend with untiring love. From childhood she was a diligent attender of religious meetings; and when the infirmities of age prevented her from meeting with her friends, she was accustomed to retire to her chamber and in silent devotion wait upon the Lord; or, when the weather permitted, she would often seek a secluded spot in the wood near by to perform this duty. She loved to hear the Scriptures read, and listened with great attention. She would often say, "What am I kept here for?" and, on being asked if she was ready and willing to go, replied, "Oh, yes; I believe I have but to wait patiently for the summons from works to rewards." She grew daily weaker, until she passed from earth to inherit a mansion prepared for the pure in heart. She manifested, to the last, her confidence in Him who doeth all things well, frequently remarking, "'Tis all for the best."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 40.

(Continued from page '60.)

FROM JERUSALEM TO SUEZ.

As we wait in the harbor of Port Said, we see the great stately ships come in from the sea, and prepare to glide softly along this new highway of the world towards the Indian seas and the isles of balm, while return ships, richly freighted with silks, and fruits, and wares from the Orient, pass out into the Mediterranean. The traffic which finds its way through this canal is, of course, continually increasing, and I find it stated that the number of merchant vessels that entered the harbor in 1871 was 1,275, and their tonnage 27,796. I have not the statistics of the later years, but am assured that the increase is very gratifying to the enterprising capitalists and engineers to whom mankind is indebted for this great work—the Suez Canal.

At 4 o'clock we are warned that the Uranos is nearly ready to sail, and so we go on shore, finding comfortable accommodation for the night at the Hotel du Louvre. Here we have a little imitation of the pleasures of Paris, and though the hotel might have been cleaner, we were made quite comfortable for the night, and in the morning were safely on board the little canal steamer at half past seven. There were only four first-class passengers—two American gentlemen and ourselves—and the cozy cabin was quite sufficient accommodation. To our great disappointment, the morning was so misty that nothing could be

seen one hundred yards distant. We must be patient, and wait the influence of the rising sun to dispel the fog; in the meantime we find much interest in examining several late numbers of the *Baltimore Sun*, which our American Consul at Port Said had handed to our fellow-travelers. From them we learn with surprise of the results of the late elections in our country, and of our President's rather tardy statement, that he had no aspirations for a third term of office. I read the compact little paper over and over again, so much more interesting does our native land seem to me just now than the land of Egypt in a fog.

The canal skirts the eastern side of the Lake Menzaleh for about 22 miles, having a width between the banks varying from 200 to 300 feet; where the slopes are great, it is as much as 340 feet, and it is about 72 feet wide at the bottom.

The English poet Marlowe, of the Elizabethan age, seems to have foretold or suggested this great enterprise—the Suez Canal. The hero of his tragedy of "Tamburlaine the Great," says:

"And here, not far from Alexandria, where the Terrene (Mediterranean) and the Red Sea meet, Being distant less than one hundred leagues, I mean to cut a channel to them both, That men might quickly sail to India."

The Pharaoh Canal mentioned by Herodotus, was only a fresh-water passage from the Nile to the Red Sea, and only suited for small boats. Says the historian: "It was 100 miles long, and about 9 feet deep, and occupied 100 years in its construction—120,000 Egyptians or slaves perishing in the labor." This great work was carried through in ten years, and with no greater mortality than would have occurred in the ordinary course of labor. The excavation was principally made by means of powerful machines, some of which we saw yet in operation, deepening the canal. We are told that the larger of these dredges and elevators cost as much as £40,000 each. Towards noon the sunbeams begin to penetrate the veil of mist, and we can see that we are entering a cutting of sand hills. The boat stops at station Kantara, and we go ashore to lunch at this settlement in the newly-moistened desert sand. The Nile waters have been working their wonders here on a small scale, and beds of vegetables and of flowers are growing luxuriantly by the wayside, though one would think the soil so purely sand that no amount of watering could fertilize it. But there seems to be a great life-giving quality in the Nile waters as well as in the sunshine of this land. Very soon we enter the irregular lake of Ballah; and after passing through this waste of waters



we pass through another cutting of pure sand, and reach the new town of Ismailia, situated on the northern bank of Lake Timsah, and named in honor of the present ruler of Egypt.

We are now midway between the two seas, and take leave of our boat to perform the rest of the journey by rail. One hour is at our disposal, during which we may look around this surprising new city of Ismailia, which has arisen amid the desert sands as if by the touch of the magician's wand. A broad avenue, shaded with trees, leads up from the landing place on the lake, and we engage the services of two porters, who, strangely enough, bear our packages to a custom-house, where they are again duly inspected; this seems very absurd, as they were passed at Port Said, and I thought I detected a shade of sadness in the countenances of the officials when we promptly and cheerfully surrendered our keys, and made no mention of "backsheesh." Listlessly they look in and then walk away, leaving us to lock and strap our own trunks again. They would much prefer to have a few piasters, but we take high moral ground, and insist on their doing their duty to the Khedive.

And now a war of donkey boys commences around us, and we are pressed, almost beyond freedom, by these enterprising little Arabs, to avail ourselves of their beasts. We do not want to ride, preferring a stroll around Ismailia; but I point out to the barbarians that every one of the army of donkeys they are trying to force upon us, or to force us upon, is dreadfully sore from the cruel usage he has received, and that Christian ladies could not ride them on any account. They laugh at the objection, very much surprised, evidently, that we care anything for the misery of the poor little donkeys—the veriest slaves of all man's dumb servitors—and at length consent to leave us to our own devices.

The well-made avenue up which we are walking to the railway station, divides the town into two parts. On the west are the station, the landing quays of the Fresh Water Canal, and large blocks of warehouses, with the Arab village beyond; while on the east are the houses and offices of the employés of the Canal Company, the shops, the palace of the Viceroy, the water-works, and the principal streets and squares. Walking down the Quai Mehémet Ali, we notice a sort of Swiss chalet, which, we are told, is the residence of the great engineer de Lesseps, and the first house constructed in Ismailia. It is a modest-looking dwelling, embowered in a luxuriant garden of tropical plants; and, as the gateway is hospitably open, we walk into the cool, shadowy place, and see what magic the life-giving waters of the Nile have wrought in the desert. There is gorgeous bloom all

around us, the fragrance being almost too powerful to be pleasant; and, as we loiter admiringly along, a pleasant voice from the veranda greets us, and a young Frenchwoman with all the grace and politeness of her nation, advances to meet us. M. de Lesseps is absent, she says, but we are very welcome to the grounds, and if he and his family were at home, he would be glad to see us. A servant is dipping water from a marble basin and giving the plants their evening drink and we express our admiration of their luxuriance. The young lady breaks us each a bouquet from a shrub that looks something like the ox-eye daisy grown into a tree fifteen feet high. It is Egyptian chamomile, delicately fragrant and very showy, with its starry, white rays and raised disk of yellow. Then she asks us if we would like to see the gazelles, and leads us to the enclosure, where the soft-eyed, fleet-footed little orientals are domesticated. They have lost all fear of mankind, and come willingly forward to receive our caresses—thus giving an illustration of the gentle humanity of the great man's household. We were also shown the fine Arab horses which are almost the only luxury in which the Chevalier de Lesseps indulges. But our hour at Ismailia is almost over, and we must return to the station, where we are soon ticketed for Suez.

It is about three hours' evening ride over the desert sands, with several stoppages, and we reach the southern terminus of the new line travel through Egypt. It is eight o'clock in the evening, and a dense crowd of Arab porters come screaming to the door of our "Harem carriage," as it is called, and try to get possession of us and our baggage; but we steadfastly decline till one appears who can speak English, and who can conduct us to the Suez Hotel, and our journey ends. Here is a great house of entertainment, and here we find ourselves received by Indian servants and are reminded by everything around us that we are far on the way to the great Indian empire of Britain. But we have planned to go no farther toward the sunrise land at present—this is the *ultima thule*.

S. R.

Suez, Twelfth month 8th, 1874.

FROM every sorrow you receive in a spirit of Christian resignation, from every pain you bear patiently, from every great trial you bravely meet, there silently passes to those about you strength, and comfort, and encouragement. Without saying a word, you are exhorting to faith, and patience, and trust; you are inspiring in others the Christian spirit and building them up in Christian life.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 38.

Our faithful teachers in South Carolina still keep in regular correspondence with us.

In a letter from *Anna M. Stanton*, bearing date in last month, she remarks: "These months slip by so quickly that the thirty days are gone before we think of it, and the time is much too short to accomplish all we wish to."

"Our school has been quite full for the last few weeks, though some have been kept away by unpleasant weather, of which we have had an unusual amount for this climate, especially of rain and wind, though not more than a day or two at a time of cold weather. The work in my department (the *industrial*), for last month, has principally been *practice*-work, cutting and making charts and different kinds of needle-work (here follow details of garments, baskets, mats, &c., made). One drawback to the *boys'* work, is the scarcity of material of which they make their baskets. The grass is very hard to get, as only certain localities produce it."

A more recent letter, giving an account of her department for *Second month*, mentions that they have *one day* in the week set apart for "cutting useful patterns," "*one day* for working button-holes," "*one day* for back-stitching" and "*two* for miscellaneous work, knitting," &c., &c. The items of work for the month number two hundred and three, in which are included "one hundred and sixty button-holes and fifteen yards of stitching by hand." While these details of our teacher may seem trifling to some, a little reflection will convince anyone that this kind of industrial instruction is of incalculable value to the recipients.

Number of pupils on the register for *Second month*, sixty, with an average attendance of fifty-four. Of this entire number, only seven are in the primer, whilst sixty are in arithmetic, twenty-six in geography, and the *whole number* are writing, forty in books and twenty on slates.

The following pleasant letter from *Cornelia Hancock* has just been received, which we give entire. It will be seen she still adheres to "*compulsory education*":

MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C., Second mo. 28, 1875.

J. M. ELLIS:

*Dear Friend*,—Thou hast heard from our school through the other teachers. We have a little progress to report in the opening of a school four miles from here, taught by a young man educated in Bristol, Rhode Island. He lives in our family and goes to and from school on horseback. His school has

been large, numbering over one hundred scholars. It is supported by the State. His salary (twenty-five dollars per month) he has only been able to draw once, on account of the contention between the School Commissioner *that was* and the Commissioner *that would be*. Both officers continue in office; one appointing one set, and the other, another set of trustees to act in the same parish, so thou canst imagine what a condition of things is the result.

We were very much afraid it might unsettle James Robbins' school, but he has reported to what he thought to be the best authority, and, so far, has remained unmolested.

In this village the state of things is still worse; both sets of trustees have elected a teacher, and two schools are to be started, one to satisfy each faction. Neither of them are needed; they being so poor in character, they never fit a single scholar for our school.

We cannot expect intelligent *action* from ignorant *actors*, and so we must be content until we can improve the rising generation. The "School Commissioner" last elected is a black man, consequently no white men will serve as trustees, hence the control lies in the colored population entirely.

There seems no particular discouragement to report, except the school is not as large as we would like.

The "Industrial Department" grows in efficiency. We had a pleasant visit from Bishop Campbell, a resident of Philadelphia, who expressed himself greatly pleased with the school, especially in seeing the boys working at their baskets. He appeared to be acquainted with prominent Friends of Philadelphia, and told the children of his escape from slavery in 1828. He preaches here to-night.

The letters, thou wilt observe, are written by the same scholars who wrote last year. It is one way we can convey to thee some idea of their improvement. As writing is a good way to test a scholar, thou wilt not be likely to form too good an opinion of them.

Our winter has been long and tedious. I have never experienced such continued unpleasant weather in the South. My health is not what I would desire, but, with the aid of a strong will, I keep about and go through with our regular routine of business. The other teachers are well. I hope, sometime, thou mayst come to visit us. Our pleasant season is near at hand and we are always glad to see our friends. I would be glad to hear that a law, compelling children to attend school, should be passed. That would be one step towards the improvement of the community. Children are so easily led; and if good influences are held over them until



their habits in life are formed, few, if any, would turn out badly. I hope there is no feeling in the minds of any of the contributors to discontinue this school, for although the State supports schools now, there is no reasonable hope they can have good ones for a long time to come, while they are presided over by such extremely ignorant trustees.

Sincerely thy friend,  
CORNELIA HANCOCK.

It will be seen from the following extract that our schools are *making* themselves respected and appreciated, even in the benighted communities in which some of them are located :

From "The News and Courier," Jan. 23d, 1875, Published at Charleston, S. C.

"The best school for colored children in the State is in Mount Pleasant. Able and competent lady teachers are in charge. Independent of the usual studies, the children are taught the use of the needle and the art of making fancy work from the leaf of the palmetto. The demand for this latter is far ahead of the manufacture. Some wealthy and influential members of the Hicksite Quakers, of Philadelphia, are the founders of this school. No discount for payment of teachers' salaries is exacted by these gentlemen."

It has been the annual custom of the pupils to address me, personally, by letter. I have recently received my package; ten from the *first and second* classes, each requiring the entire one side of a half-sheet of cap-paper; thirteen from the *third class*, not so lengthy; quite a number from the *fourth class*, of about six lines each, with ten from the *fifth class*, each bearing the invitation of "*come and see us*," evidently being about all they could accomplish, but equally acceptable to the recipient as the more lengthy ones.

The space they would occupy forbids the giving more than two of these welcome greetings. The first is from one of the girls, viz. :

MOUNT PLEASANT, Feb. 24th, 1875.

*Dear Friend*,—Our teacher wishes us to write to you and let you know how we are getting on. We had a very nice time at the New Year's tree this year, I got a book and picture and some magazines and candy. The school is getting on very nicely. The boys are learning how to make baskets out of grass, the girls how to make frames out of the leaf of the palmetto.

I am thirteen years of age; I was born on the night of the fire that burnt nearly all of Charleston. Most of the burnt district is built up again. We have had a very unpleasant winter, with rain nearly all the time,

but now we are having delightful spring like weather. The planters are now getting the ground ready to plant cotton, and in the Fall when the cotton is ripe and ready to pick in the fields look beautifully. I hope you and your family are enjoying good health. Now I must close. I remain

Your little friend, B. T.

The next following is from one of the boys viz. :

MOUNT PLEASANT, Feb., 23d, 1875.

"*My dear Friend*,—I am a fatherless boy. My mother is a widow but she is getting along very well now. She has four children. She had three girls and five boys, but all the girls and one boy are dead and only four boys are left. The oldest is about sixteen, the second is fourteen, the third is about twelve, and the last is ten years of age. The largest is working in a house, and the other three go to school. My father was sold away from mother during the war, and last July he came to Charleston with his fire company and someone told him that his family was at Mount Pleasant, and he came to Mount Pleasant and found his family. Mother was very glad to see him and he was very glad to see her. He met me on the wharf that night, but I did not know him, but he knew me. The reason why I did not know him was because when he was sold I was a little child about one year old. So he went back to Savannah and came back to Mount Pleasant to mother, and he stayed with mother about two years and then he died. The children were glad to see him. We did not expect that we would ever see him again. That very day I went to Charleston to the parade. It was the Fourth of July. I never came back till night. I was surprised to see him. But now he is dead and we are fatherless children. We are growing up to be men and then we can mind our mother, because when we were little I know she had to work hard to take care of us."

As quite a number of these pupils have been in attendance at these schools for two or three years, it is easy by comparison, to note the marked improvement in some, not only in the penmanship, but diction (notwithstanding the quaintness of expression sometimes retained), alike creditable to both teachers and pupils, as such advancement can only be attained by the continuous exertion and care of both.

Since last compilation for the *Intelligencer*, some little response has been made to our information, that funds are always acceptable.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 3d month, 1875.

NEVER do violence to your rational nature.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## CONCORD FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

This Meeting was held in West Chester, Pa., Third month 13th, 1875, with a number of interested Friends in attendance, though the inclemency of the weather prevented some from being present. It being the meeting previous to the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Association, the reports were mainly statistical. The aggregate number of pupils, children and adults, in the schools in this Quarter number 817; officers and teachers, 105. A large proportion of these children are not members of our Society. One instance was narrated of a mother, not a Friend, expressing herself as being thankful for this privilege for her child, adding, "It will be a lifelong benefit to her."

The remarks accompanying the statistics, though not so lengthy as usual, gave evidence of deep interest. Some feeling of discouragement was expressed as regards unfitness for teaching after a week of toil, and no time for preparation. This brought forth remarks that to the *interested* worker thoughts might come bubbling up when the thinker was at work behind the counter or the plough which, if allowed to fasten upon the mind, would not be lost when the school hour arrived. That incident of John Comly reading a verse from some loose leaves of a Bible, which he carried in his pocket, while resting his horses at the end of a furrow, and which he pondered as he again traversed the field, was given as illustrative of an awakened mind.

Great sympathy was felt and expressed for those schools whose workers are few and feel their unworthiness. The meeting was characterized by unity and a desire to aid each other.

Goshen, Chester and Darby reports spoke of fellow-workers being removed by death, which caused a tendering feeling to prevail. One report, especially, desired that humility should be cultivated, and that the *head* should not be allowed to take precedence of the *heart*. Two gave evidence of the examination of our discipline and a fuller appreciation of its value, and consciousness also of some defects, which can in time be remedied. As these points come more and more to our notice, they will be of value to our people, and the next generation of Friends cannot certainly plead ignorance on these subjects. The meeting adjourned to meet at Willistown, in Ninth month next. L. H. H.

It was a saying of Dr. Arnold that no student could continue long in a healthy religious state unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or by frequent intercourse with the poor and suffering.

## THE UNATTAINED.

BY H. WINSLOW.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,  
For the far off, unattained and dim,  
While the beautiful, around thee lying,  
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearning it would still;  
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world, through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—  
No fond voices answer to thine own;  
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the world's applauses,  
Not by works that give the world-renown,  
Nor by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,  
When all nature hails the lord of light,  
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,  
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may own the field and forest,  
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
But, with fervent love, if thou adorest,  
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,  
Sighing that they are not thine alone,  
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,  
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;  
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;  
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,  
Round her thirsting child she fondly flings.

## TRUTH ALWAYS SAFE.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

Men talk of "dangerous truths," as if 't could be  
That truth is ever dangerous or unsafe!  
'Tis only we and our imperfect ways  
That are at fault. Nettles touched timorously  
Sting to the quick; but grasp them with a will,  
And they are harmless as sweet beds of balm.  
And so with Truth; approach her with distrust  
Or fear, she stings us with her positive,  
Sharp weapons, and we cry out, "We are hurt!"  
But front her boldly and she harms us not;  
Nay, wrestle with her, hold her till the day  
Breaks, and the cry bursts from our desperate lips,  
"I will not let thee go except thou bless!"  
And we shall know her as she is, a sweet,  
Strong, helpful angel, sent to us of God,  
And blessing ere she goes.

Only half-truths  
Are dangerous; of them, my soul, beware!  
Look to it that they cheat thee not with shams,  
And flattering, specious forms of lower good,  
When the supremest good is in thy grasp,  
Or may be for the reaching after it.



For Friends' Intelligencer.  
THE IOWA METEOR.

The meteor that occasioned such a sensation as it passed over our State on the evening of the 12th of Second month, Prof. Leonard, of the Iowa University, reports to the *Des Moines State Register* that he has in his possession a portion of a fragment of it, which fell near the town of Homestead, one hundred miles northwest of this city.

"The fragment weighed seven pounds six ounces, was covered with a black coating on what had been the outer surface of the meteor, and a lighter coating on the side by which it had been joined to the main body. The meteor fell in a pasture-field, striking upon the frozen ground, and making a slight indentation, and bounded over thirty feet in a northeast direction, and settled upon the snow."

"The composition is apparently much like that of other stony aerolites that have heretofore been found in this country; it may be richer in iron than some of them. It has unmistakable marks of its celestial origin visible on its surface and internal structure. Had it been found in a quarry, amongst thousands of terrestrial rocks of the nearest allied species, there would have been no difficulty in determining its cosmic character."

The Professor comments further, but I felt that the foregoing would be of interest to the readers of the *Intelligencer* who give attention to scientific phenomena.

J. A. D.

*Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 3d mo. 10, 1875.*

#### JOHN BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

When I reached the building it was densely thronged. At least 15,000 persons were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the veteran, statesman and patriot. Several members of Parliament were on the platform, among whom was Professor Fawcett. The mayor, Mr. Chamberlane, presided. He is a young man, apparently not more than thirty years of age. In a few telling words he opened the meeting, which was then addressed by a master manufacturer and by a mechanic, who both in first-rate style submitted the resolution of welcome and continued confidence in their representatives. It was a wonderful sight when the vast multitude held up both hands in assent. Then, amid long-continued plaudits, Mr. Bright rose. He is somewhat under the average height, with broad shoulders, large, round head, with hair now silvered with years, and a countenance in which you are in doubt whether firmness or tenderness predominates. He arranged a few pages of notes on his hat, which stood on the table at his side, and then, with his left hand generally held

behind him and his right hand in gentle action, he spoke for upwards of an hour and a quarter, to an audience breathless with interest, except when bursting forth in manifestations of approval and delight. Mr. Bright speaks with great deliberation. There is no hesitation there is no hurry. He never pauses as if in difficulty to find his words, but he brings them out with thoughtful care, as if weighing well the meaning and force of each one before it is uttered. And he may well be deliberate, for at the table below him 150 reporters were seated, taking every syllable as it fell from his lips. Before the speech was finished the first part of it was already in type, and read by some of the audience. The telegraphic wires were flashing his sentences all over the world before he resumed his seat. I was told that the speech was telegraphed in less time than he took to deliver it. Mr. Bright's theme was the question of disestablishment. It was a sustained argument, illumined by his old flashes of humor and keen satire, illustrated by recent events, and combining strength of conviction and boldness of utterance with that courtesy to opponents and charity toward individuals for which he is so distinguished. Great vexation has been expressed by many of the papers at the course thus taken. Why did he not give his opinion of the present state of the Liberal party—tell us who should be the new leader and indicate what should be the course of immediate legislation? Why speak of a subject which is still in the distance, and why add to the disintegration of the Liberal party by urging a question on which Liberals are divided? It may be said in reply that Mr. Bright has always been in advance of the Liberal line. Every position which he has marked out on which he planted his flag has been marched up to and is now in the line of the army. Instead of employing this great occasion in discussing what has interest only for a few weeks, he did what he did years ago—he went far ahead, he discussed the great question of the future—he indicated that next grand movement of the nation which sooner or later must come. Mr. Bright's speech, instead of being forgotten with the events of the day, will be referred to during the long controversy which is now developing so rapidly. But, while distinctly avowing the policy of disestablishment, he admitted that it was not yet ripe for legislation and deprecated any sudden or violent change. All his old fire was developed in one passage of his speech, in which he exposed the poverty of thousands of the working clergy in comparison with the wealth and dignity of the privileged class, saying that, as a rule, preferment was to be obtained only by money or favor. Some

called out "No! No!" Whereupon the orator, lifted up his voice to its fullest compass and raising his arm exclaimed: "I am not pleading the cause of Nonconformists. I am the advocate of thousands of poor curates who to-morrow morning will echo what I am saying." There was no further interruption. It was worth a long journey only to see that multitude rise up and with waving hats and handkerchiefs testify their regard for the speaker and their approval of his sentiment.

The next morning I had the privilege of breakfasting with Mr. Bright, at the house of Mr. C. Sturge, a name so widely honored; and, with no appearance of fatigue from the effort of the night before, he delighted us during several hours with his conversation on many topics, including the American war and the present condition of the Southern States. I was interested to know that the yield of cotton during the last three years has exceeded that of any three years during slavery. All England rejoices, in spite of differing opinions, that John Bright bids fair to resume his place in Parliament and take his share in the public debates.—*Newman Hall in the Independent.*

#### HARVARD SCHOOL OF GEOLOGY.

This scientific school, a Penikese on land, will open at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., on the 1st of July next. The first camp will be formed in the gap, and other camps will be set up as the school moves through the region of the upper Cumberland. It is designed to furnish practical field lectures in this most interesting district, with illustrations drawn from the wild mountainous country over which the classes will travel. The lectures will be partly before the whole school and partly in small classes, or sections, that will, by the aid of pack mules, shelter tents, etc., explore the country in various directions. It is designed to cover a territory of about five thousand square miles by all the classes and during the nine weeks the school is in session. Professor N. S. Shaler will be at the head of the school, and he will be ably assisted by Professors Robert Peter and A. R. Crandall, of the Kentucky Geologic Survey, and Messrs. J. M. Talbutt, P. M. Moore and W. B. Page, also of the State Survey of Kentucky. Dr. Asa Gray, and Professors J. D. Whitney and Raphael Pumpelly, of Cambridge, will, in all probability, also attend as instructors. This school is designed for teachers and for no others. Only men of culture and standing will be taken, and students who think to make the school an occasion for a camping-out excursion will find no places in the camp. The number is limited to twenty-five, and the expense will be fifty dollars for the instruc-

tion and the use of the camp. Transportation will only be furnished from the nearest railroad station to the gap, and the expense of living in camp will be assessed upon each pupil. This expense will be merely nominal, and will not exceed a few dollars a week. Mr. J. R. Proctor, an ex-officer of artillery, will have charge of the camp. He is a man of experience in that section of the country, and will make life in the camp as agreeable and comfortable as is possible. No ladies will, on any account, be taken, though several have already applied. Persons wishing to enter their names must address Mr. F. W. Harris, at the President's office at the University, Cambridge.

The design of this most peculiar and interesting school is as unique as it is happy. The idea of studying the great stone picture book by camping and by walking over some of its most gigantic and remarkable pages is simply fascinating. No doubt the class will be filled up at once, and the fortunate ones admitted, if earnest students, will reap a rich reward. There will be rough life, miles of climbing and walking and camp life in every variety, but it will be for real students a most valuable experience. Professor Shaler's name at the head of the school will be ample guaranty of its success.—*Boston Transcript.*

#### HOW TO ESTIMATE THE VALUE OF A FARM.

The farmer lives in his own house. The use of the house, which he does not pay for, is as much a part of his income as the money which a salaried man pays for rent is of his, and should be counted as such in an estimate of the profit of the farm. All things produced on the farm and consumed on the farmer's table, including the vegetables from the garden, the eggs and milk used in cooking, are as much a part of his income as the money paid for such things out of his salary is of the salaried man. If the former gives his wife and children a pleasant ride to town, using his own horse and wagon, the value of their use is as the money the other man pays out of his salary for the carriage hire of his. The correct rule for estimating the income from a farm is substantially this: Give credit for every article produced, used or expended in any way whatever, no matter how small in value, as well as for the cash received for products sold, and for increase in the value of farm property, and charge against the farm for interest on capital invested, and for all expenditures. The farmer that will do this from year to year, will not so much feel like complaining of the unprofitableness of farming as compared with other pursuits. The fact is that not one in a hundred farmers take into



consideration the luxury and comforts of fresh eggs, butter, milk, fruits, etc., that they would have to pay high prices for if they lived in towns, or do without them.—*New England Homestead.*

### NOTICES.

Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at West Philadelphia Meeting-house, on the 30th of this month, at 7½ o'clock.

Western First-day School Union will convene at New Garden Meeting-house, on Seventh-day, the 3d of Fourth month, 1875, at 10 o'clock A. M.

THOS. F. SEAL, *Clerk.*

A lecture will be delivered at Friends' Meeting-house, in Twenty-seventh street, New York, on Second-day evening, 29th inst., under the auspices of "the Young Friends' Aid Association," by Aaron M. Powell. Subject: "George Fox." Friends are invited to attend; and an invitation is also extended to those not members of our religious Society, who would be interested in learning something of the life and character of its founder.

"The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" will hold its annual meeting at Race street Meeting-house, on Fourth month 17th, at 10 A. M. All are invited. The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day evening, 16th, at 7½ o'clock, and Seventh-day morning, at 8 o'clock.

### ITEMS.

THE breaking up of the ice in the Susquehanna and the Delaware rivers has been attended with disastrous results. In its notice of the Susquehanna, on the evening of the 16th inst., the *Public Ledger* states:

"The ice gorged above Wilkesbarre, and the back-water flooded Pittston. It rose two feet higher than in 1865, and reached West Pittston. The ice broke up with a terrible crash early on the following morning, and moved past Wilkesbarre. Another gorge was formed at the island, a mile below, and in ten minutes the river rose five feet, and continued rising until it reached twenty-five feet above low-water mark, and the ice touched the Kingston bridge. The ice cakes were four feet thick, and all communication with the opposite side of the river was stopped. Later in the morning, the river fell about a foot, and remained stationary during the day, the weather growing colder towards night and freezing the entire mass. A despatch from Scranton says many of the stores and the banks at Pittston were closed, owing to the stoppage of communication with the opposite side of the river. On each side of the river, for miles, is a solid wall of ice, and the river bed from Campbell's Ledge to Wilkesbarre, a distance of twelve miles, is 'a field of ice, studded with immense boulders.' The losses by the flood and by the obstruction of railroad travel are estimated at \$1,000,000."

Of the Delaware it says: "The catastrophe of the anticipated flood at Port Jervis occurred yesterday morning but the damage, though great, fortunately proved less than was apprehended. At six o'clock in the morning the people were warned by the sounding of a steam whistle, of the sweep of ice and water from above. At seven o'clock the water was rising rapidly, and King street was inundated.

At this time a large amount of nitro-glycerine was exploded in the gorge and did good service. The flood increased in force, and the people living on the "flats" fled before it in confusion. Soon after eight o'clock a large portion of the town was inundated about three hundred houses between the railway and the river being flooded, most of them to the second story. About twenty small houses and a number of shanties were demolished, but owing to the warning given there was no loss of life, except in the case of one man reported killed. At 8.40 the gorge broke the ice began to move down the river, and the inundation subsided, leaving ice piles along the bank thirty feet high, and many blocks estimated to weigh as much as thirty tons. The chief loss is by the destruction of bridges. Four of the five spans of the Delaware Railroad Bridge, three miles west of the city were carried down by the rush of ice and water and swept away the Barrett Bridge below. The debris of the two structures lodged upon Vannoy's island, and the suspension bridge was thus saved. The Delaware Railroad Bridge was finished in 1872 at a cost of \$100,000. The Barrett Bridge Company loses about \$15,000, and the losses in the town aggregate \$20,000."

The following is from the *New York Times* of the 20th inst.:

"The people of this place, and others in the vicinity, are aware of the fact that the flood of Wednesday was not the annual Spring flood, but an ice freshet of more than ordinary proportions. The high water of the season is yet to come. The condition of the river now is what it would have been if no ice had covered its surface—an ordinary rafting freshet. Along the Beaver Kill, the East Branch the West Branch, and all their feeders, the snow is still three feet deep. The ice in the Lackawanna River, the Wallenpaupack, the Neversink, and other tributaries of the Delaware, is still unbroken, but there can be no damage from it, as, in all probability, when it goes out it will be on high water. The ice is piled up on each side of the Delaware its entire length, in walls of an average height of twenty feet. At this place it is fifty feet high at some points. In nine cases out of ten the water that follows the breaking up of the ice will rise as high as the ice that is left along the banks. If that occurs this year—and twelve hours' warm rain with wind from the south will bring it about—the story of the highest water in the history of the Delaware will have to be written. The damage it will do may not be worth the mentioning, but there is deep apprehension still in the minds of the dwellers along the stream.

"The scene at this place remains unchanged. Men and women are still peering among the ice, trying to uncover at least something that belonged to their stock of household goods two days ago. The town is filled with strangers from all parts of the country, coming to visit the extraordinary scenes to be witnessed in the inundated districts. These scenes it will take many days of Spring sunshine, as well as hard labor, to materially efface. The thousands and thousands of tons of ice, covering a large part of the place, will not melt at the first warm day, and if the month of May passes and leaves heaps of it still intact, the fact will surprise no one.

"One hundred locomotives and over 800 men are rendered idle by the destruction of the Erie Railway bridge over the Delaware. The Erie Company have over 200 men at work day and night erecting a temporary bridge over the Delaware at Saw Mill Rift, three miles west of this place, which they expect to have completed inside of two weeks."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## A CRITICISM.

It has been truly said that the world still moves, but not *backward*; and the glorious result of this *forward* movement is a terrible shaking among the dead and dry bones of an antiquated and obsolete theology, and may be hailed as the propitious harbinger of an approaching resurrection of the churches to a renewed and more spiritual life in Christ.

The Rev. \*W. I. Packer writes, "The age is breaking up creeds; and as this will go on, we shall not be known, in twenty-five years, as we now are."

This is, indeed, an age redundant in new views and strange ideas; and many of us are so affected with *caecothes scribendi* to give them utterance, that we need frequent editorial scratching.

The sentiments of our excellent friend, Benjamin Hollowell, in relation to defensive war, individual and national, seem to surprise some persons, and induce them to censure him for expressing and you for publishing them. I am not of that number. If such are the honest convictions of his mind, let him honestly say so; that we who dissent from them may be incited to show forth to the world a higher and nobler testimony to

\* I only use this as a trade mark, to denote the profession.

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the peaceable principles of universal love, so earnestly inculcated, in precept and example, by the Christ in Jesus. Let us search our own premises as with a lighted candle, to know whether we really possess a true and abiding testimony against war under all circumstances, or whether, on trial, it might be found, as it has too often been with others making the same profession, that our sentiments, practically, are no better than his, only covered up and disguised by a traditional profession derived from our predecessors. How needful the caution, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

There are, perhaps, only two general means whereby the practice of war can be abolished.

1st. By the masses of the people becoming so thoroughly Christianized as to discover, as the early Christians did, and a few later ones have, that *Christians cannot fight*; or,

2d. By the same masses—rulers and subjects—learning from sad experience, that wars are not only always wrong, but always impolitic, always a losing game, even to the winner.

In the use of the first means, the last fifteen centuries seem to have made very little progress. Its time has not yet come.

Of the second, we can only be hopeful. So long as a high and honorable reward is bestowed on the most bloody achievements, the millennial terminus of war would seem to



be yet a great way off. But let us not despair. Auspicious signs loom up from the murky horizon, and shed their cheering rays over the gloomy forebodings of the future.

The same progressive civilization, which has already despoiled so many crowned heads of arbitrary and unlimited power, in relation to war, will continue more and more to wrest the war-making power from the hands of governors, and to place it in the hands of the governed, where it properly belongs, if it exists anywhere. Kings no longer make conquest and plunder pretexts for going to war; and men who would cheerfully defend their country and homes, are no longer willing to fight, merely to gratify the ambition or the avarice of their rulers. The time is not far distant when the people, those who have to *do the fighting*, will claim the right to judge when it is necessary and proper that they *should fight*.

It is here that our strongest hopes must centre. We must look for a fuller acknowledgment, a greater respect for the rights and reciprocal duties of men, both individually and in the great family of nations. We must learn to substitute reason and justice for the wild impulse of passion and a resort to physical force; to that exalted sense of moral rectitude, which requires that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

It is to these means that B. H. is looking for the final abolition of national warfare. They have already banished the trial by *battle* from the statute books and courts, nor do we now see fights, for the settlement of individual differences, except as a mark of rowdyism and drunkenness. It therefore seems to me, that his introduction of a brutal fisticuff between two Irish bullies, actuated by a tiger thirst for each other's blood, was in bad taste, and quite inappropriate. I think that it might have been dismissed with an editorial scratch.

The harmonious result of the arbitration of an exciting question by two strong military nations, has fully proved that national differences can be more cheaply and satisfactorily settled on a pacific basis, than by a resort to physical force. Thus affording encouragement to hope that other nations may be induced to follow the example so nobly set them by the United States and Great Britain.

B. H. says: "Deity acts, in human affairs, only through instrumental means." Applying this to the exercise of the right of self-defence, he adds, "It is vain to look to a special interposition of Providence for protection." This is harsh, grating language, to many ears, perhaps it is more so in the *words* than in their *signification*. The strong, well-trained

mind of one man may be able to subordinate a given event to the control of natural law established by the Creator for the government of His creation. Another, whose mind is less comprehensive and exact, would refer the same event to the working of a special Providence. Looking from different standpoints, and through different optics, they seem to differ widely; but their practical conclusions may be intrinsically the same.

It is probable that the published sentiments of B. H. do him injustice; whatever license they may seem to give to defensive war as a last resort, if I do not mistake the man, he is, theoretically and practically, a man of peace. Should a highwayman present a pistol to his breast and demand his purse, I do not believe that he would make physical resistance, but would probably do as our ancient friend Robert Barclay did, on a similar occasion. "With his usual calm self-possession, he looked the robber in the face, with a firm, but meek benignity, assured him that he was his and every man's friend; that he was willing and ready to relieve his wants, that he was free from the fear of death, through a divine hope of immortality, and therefore was not to be intimidated by a deadly weapon. He then appealed to him, whether he could have the heart to shed the blood of one who had no other feeling, or purpose, than to do him good? The robber was confounded, his eye melted, his brawny arm trembled, his pistol fell to his side, and he fled from the presence of the non-resisting hero, whom he could no longer confront."

Here is a case exactly in point. Benjamin Hallowell would no doubt refer this result to the supremacy of the law of right over wrong; of the soothing influence of unprotected innocence over the passions. Another would ascribe it to a special Providence. May I ask, where is the difference between them?

The same soothing influence can subdue the wild excitement of the insane. When the writer was about seven years old, he suffered a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and was for a time left without any muscular power. While in this condition and pillowed in an easy chair, a crazy man, who had eluded the vigilance of his family, was seen approaching the house, in a very excited and noisy condition. As he was known not to be mischievous, no alarm was excited. The door being open he walked directly in, without noticing any one till he came near my chair, when he suddenly stopped, became silent, and after standing for a few moments, he kneeled down, laid his hand on my knee, and offered up an eloquent and appropriate prayer for my restoration. This solemn act performed, he arose, walked quietly out of

the house, without speaking to any one, and went directly home, a distance of four miles, apparently a sane man.

Yours, respectfully,  
E. MICHENER.

Toughkenamon, 16th of Third mo., 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"MODERN CHRISTIANITY A CIVILIZED  
HEATHENISM."

The great popularity secured, a few years ago, by the innocent *brochure*, entitled "The Fight in Dame Europa's School," was sure to command attention to a second production from the same pen, even though the title of the book should make it clear that its author had abandoned politics for theology. It is, however, generally conceded, that the essay—the title of which is given above—is of decided ingenuity; and we refer to it here for reasons presently to appear. It has pleased the author to imagine a Hindoo, who has received an English education, and who is, by profession, a lawyer, as seated by the very comfortable fireside of a clergyman of the Church of England. The two are supposed to be alone, and to enter into a prolonged discussion, with the advantage as to intelligence on the side of the Hindoo, whose knowledge of the Christian system is, besides, quite as accurate as his acquaintance with Brahminism. The clergyman is always the defendant, and is not always very successful in his efforts to answer either the arguments or the captious suggestions with which his opponent wearies him. For many of the objections which this reformed Brahmin opposes to the creed of his host are, indeed, criticisms not of the system, but of special or imperfect interpretations of it. So much of the discussion as concerns questions of this sort was of easy construction, and is of little interest. There is, for example, no novelty in the objections to the doctrine of endless punishment, so variously repeated as to suggest that the safety of Christianity may be involved in the concession of that tenet. Nor, until we are quite sure that the chief purpose of Christ's coming was the introduction of a new system of morals, need we be anxious as to the results of a comparison of the precepts which He incidentally advanced with those of other teachers. The notable suggestion of the book is that, Christianity, rightly interpreted, may call for a certain aceticism on the part of its professional teachers which *Friends* have always encouraged, and with which the elements of our modern civilization would seem to be in strange contrast. Assuming that Christianity consists in imitating the outward life of Christ, and in obeying His injunctions as literally interpreted, it appears that in so

far as the Christian teacher of to-day is civilized he has become un-Christian. Not only must we count as unlawful the scientific spirit of which our civilization is so largely the result, but the accidents that "uphold a delicate life" (as Woolman has it) are also to be condemned. Indeed, as judged from the point of view assumed by the Hindoo, the Christian preacher is very persistently out of order. The concessions and compliments with which he tries to make life agreeable—his desire for physical comfort and that his friends may be comfortable—all regard for property even as a means for securing the various refinements which we value so highly—all these are said to require from our clerical friend the confession that he is strangely attempting to enjoy one very desirable sort of life while professionally recommending another. There is, however, nothing new in the substance of this objection. *Friends* have always insisted, with varying energy, that their teachers should attach little value to the temporal privileges our modern civilization extends to them; and we think they have recognized the possibility of every objection that is urged in the book before us. But it is the very general habit of our time to regard the life of Christ, and the lives of other reformers, as in certain regards exceptional. We have assumed that the concentration of power necessary to accomplish the work they have had to do has demanded of them various aceticisms not required of us; or we assert that it is impossible we should find in any record of life on Asiatic plains the details which could regulate existence in a modern city. After all, the novelty of the book seems to come mainly of the lively manner in which the surroundings of the old and the new Christian life are contrasted.

S. C. COLLINS.

THE COMMON LOT.

We are prone to imagine that our temptations are peculiar; that other hearts are free from secret burdens that oppress our energies, and cast a cloud upon our joy; that life has for others a freer movement and a less embarrassed way. But the more we know of what passes in the minds of others, the more our friends disclose to us their secret consciousness, the more do we learn that no man is peculiar in his moral experience—that beneath the smoothest surface of outward life lie deep cares of the heart; and that, if we fall under our burdens, we fall beneath the temptations that are common to man, the existence of which others as little suspect in us as we do in them. We have but the trials that are incident to humanity; there is nothing peculiar in our case; and we must take up our burdens in



faith of heart that, if we are earnest, and trifle not with temptation, God will support us, as, in the past fidelity of his Providence, he has supported others as heavily laden as ourselves.—*J. H. Thom.*

AN ANSWER.

The following is an answer to the question, "At what age do persons enjoy themselves most?" which was lately asked at a lyceum meeting. Reference is made to it in our "Scraps from Unpublished Letters." The age at which persons enjoy themselves most, must necessarily depend upon the character and the circumstances of their lives, and this question must therefore be answered with reference to general principles. My decision is given in favor of the Autumn of life, for if the hopes of Spring and the promises of Summer have been in some measure fulfilled, and the legitimate results of "temperate wishes and industrious hands" be ours, with physical powers measurably sustained, then, the additional advantages of intellectual, moral, social and religious experience must give to the Autumn of a well-spent life the preponderance in the scale of enjoyment. A memory stored "with thoughts of other men," a mind that has grown "familiar with its own," a heart rendered compassionate toward the erring, through the recollection of its own mistakes, and grateful for the goodness and mercy that have followed it through life, "from seeming evil still educing good," are surely advantages worthy to be weighed against the hopes and aspirations, and elasticity of youth. And, although we grant that

"Not a year but pilfers as it goes  
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,"

Yet—

"On the gradual sloping pathway  
Where the passing years decline,  
Gleams a golden love-light falling  
Far from upper heights divine;  
And the shadows from that brightness  
Wrap them softly in their fold,  
Who unto celestial whiteness  
Walk by way of growing old."

The poet Whittier says, in describing the Autumn of life:

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
The South wind softly sigh,  
And fair, calm days in golden haze  
Melt down the amber sky.

No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope and fear,  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track,  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back.

That care and trial seem at last,  
In memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of the strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the westwinds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"PREACHING."

My attention was called to a communication in *Friends' Intelligencer* in regard to preaching. While reading the article my mind was deeply impressed with the indispensable need of charity. I would like the writer of that communication to read the "thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians," and all of us to profit thereby. Brethren, be kind, loving and charitable one unto another. Oh! let us have the mind that was in the blessed Jesus, and then all jealousies and prejudices will be swallowed up in love divine, and we be enabled to go to a public friend who we conceive is not ministering under the anointing power of the great Master of assemblies, in the spirit of meekness, charity and gentleness, feeling our own shortcomings and frailties, and communing with him or her, as the case may be; perhaps we will find it is not the friend that is off the track, but ourselves. And now, a kind and loving word to the standard-bearers of the Society. Oh, dig deep, and sit low, and wait upon the Lord, that you may renew your strength! Mind your stepping-stones; fan no fire of your own kindling; but, dear, precious, exercised pilgrims, my heart goes out to you in the deep flowing of tender sympathy and love! Oh, abide in deep humility and patience under the hand of thy Heavenly Teacher and Guide, and as you wait thus, in true poverty of spirit, ability will be given to stand up in the assemblies of the people in the power of the Most High, and your hearers will be reached and tendered, truth shall reign over all, and your cup shall be overflowing filled with the fullness of divine life, light and consolation! Let those who have not had a gift of the ministry intrusted to them be very kind, loving and tender to those that have. Oh, friends, be not hasty in your judgment and censure upon your brethren and sisters in the ministry, but constantly bear them up

in your arms of faith and prayer! When we are all bound together in the ties of sweet charity and love, bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of the Lord, then, indeed, we shall realize the promise of God, as recorded in Isaiah li, "For the Lord will comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden; and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody," and we need not look back to the fathers and mothers, for our father will be our God. There are many now under the preparing hand of the Lord among the ranks of the young and rising generation, and I feel to say that the time is not far distant when standard bearers shall be raised from among these, who shall be as youthful Davids, not depending upon the armor which Saul offered, but going forth with the sling and smooth stone; not in words or arguments of their own, but in the name of the Lord; for none ever trusted in the Lord and were confounded.

In conclusion, dear friends, be faithful, and set such an example before those who are looking up to you, that it may not be asked of you, Where are those tender lambs that I committed to your care? When they are crying for bread do not give them a stone, but let your lives preach to them, as well as your words, "Follow me, as I follow Christ."

E. N.

Park Ridge, Ill., 2d mo. 28th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DEAR FRIEND,—The following extracts from the last letter received from our valued friend, Mary Pike, evince her sweet and lively state of mind and also her interest in the welfare of her friends and of the Society, although for a long time her feeble health had prevented her mingling with her friends for the purpose of taking "sweet counsel together." If given a place in the "*Intelligencer*" it may be grateful to her widely scattered friends to find such greenness and sweetness in old age.

M. S. L.

WEST PHILA., 11th Month, 22d, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—A proclamation has gone forth that to-day is to be a "day of thanksgiving." Many, very many blessings have been showered upon us that demand our gratitude; and much, very much has occurred to humble us. Thine of the 23d was gladly received after a long silence. Sympathy is a precious gift which may be cultivated and thus expand. Surely there is much that comes to our knowledge that loudly calls for it, and much, very much unseen by the outward eye,

and unheard by the outward ear that equally demands it! I crave for myself to be brought by Divine mercy to that low state of mind, where there is a true discernment of things.

We have not known about you for a long time, though feeling an interest in thy best welfare every way. The mention of thy late indisposition, and particularly thy deafness, produced a feeling of sympathy in my mind. I know it is a great privation of which those who have never experienced it cannot form any idea. I hope thy hearing will be restored. As we progress in the pathway of life we find that its pleasures one by one depart. When "rural sights and rural sounds" become dim, we have the unspeakable privilege of turning to that which is spiritual and invisible for consolation. What a valuable, precious gift is bestowed upon the true believer in the ever blessed truth, the "revelation of God to man!" A sure foundation to build our hopes upon! I have read many of the records of Friends in England that are very discouraging, still I hope a remnant, both there and here, will be preserved. Now, dear friend, let me very affectionately recommend thee to the one Great Physician of value, who can cure every malady. Accept our united love. As ever, thy interested friend, MARY PIKE.

#### A SUGGESTION.

[The following remarks accompanied the notice of the death of a Friend whose funeral occurred at the same hour of the usual mid-week meeting, in consequence of which both gatherings were smaller than they would otherwise have been. We invite attention to the suggestions contained in them, with the hope that they will meet with the consideration they merit.—EDS.]

The practice that some persons are falling into of fixing the hours for funerals at such time as will interfere with the regular hour for meetings for divine worship at the meetings where the deceased have been members, is one that should be guarded against as much as possible. In many instances, the members who are in the regular habit of attending their religious meetings are deprived of the opportunity of paying the last tribute of respect to their deceased neighbors, without neglecting their meetings, when, by a little care and thoughtfulness, the difficulty might be avoided.

If Friends were to adopt the practice of having the funerals of all their members to meet at the meeting-house, it is believed a great benefit would arise from it, as the solemnity of the occasion would be promoted by all the company being comfortably seated,



and if any verbal communication was made, all would be able to hear. Another advantage would be realized, in the country, by having their horses better provided for at the meeting-sheds, which, in inclement weather, is no small consideration.

I. E.

*Third month, 1875.*

#### TRUTH TELLING.

He has gone but a little way in this matter who supposes that it is an easy thing for a man to speak the truth, "the thing he troweth"; and that it is a casual function which may be fulfilled, at once, after any lapse of exercise. But, in the first place, the man who would speak the truth must know what he troweth. To do that he must have an uncorrupted judgment. But some people's judgments are so entirely gained over by vanity, selfishness, passion, or inflated prejudices, and fancies long indulged in; or they have the habit of looking at everything so carelessly, that they see nothing truly. Again, to speak truth, a man must not only have that martial courage which goes out with sound of drum and trumpet, to do and suffer great things, but that domestic courage which compels him to utter small-sounding truths in spite of present inconvenience and outraged sensitiveness or sensibility. Truth-telling, in its highest sense, requires a well-balanced mind. For instance, much exaggeration, perhaps the most, is occasioned by an impatient and easily-moved temperament, which longs to convey its own vivid impressions to other minds, and seeks by amplifying to gain the full measure of their sympathy. But a true man does not think what his hearers are feeling, but what he is saying.—*Arthur Helps.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### MARRIAGE AMONGST THE INDIANS.

It may be interesting to some of the readers of *Friends' Intelligencer* who are unacquainted with Indian life, to know something of their habits and mode of conducting the marriage rite. They seem never to have attached any sanctity to this relation, the husband feeling justified in deserting his wife upon the slightest provocation, whether real or imaginary, and seeking another whom he could very readily find, provided he had "ponies" enough to render an equivalent—the number depending upon the value placed by the parents upon their child.

In many instances girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age have, without notice, been taken from school, the price paid, and they, against their will, borne by their captors to some "tepee," where they are domiciled as the wife.

Usually, when a scholar is absent from school a search is instituted immediately, to learn the cause, and the fact above stated has frequently been the result of the investigation. In some instances the captors have been ready to give them up, provided they could get their property back again.

This seems to have been an established custom amongst the Indians, and like many others, will be hard to eradicate. For the past three or four years strong efforts have been made to bring about a different state of things, by convincing them that there is a better way of doing, and that they cannot hold their allotments in lands unless there is a change in this respect.

Several couples belonging to this Agency have been married by Friends' ceremony, four of them recently, belonging to the Wisconsin Indians. It must be acknowledged though, that the sight would be considered a singular one to those unaccustomed to their behavior. The manner of proceeding is to have an interpreter present, and after the ceremony has been repeated for them, to have it interpreted to them, they assenting. It is difficult to prevail upon them to wash and brush themselves up for the occasion, or to look upon it as any other than one of merriment, all laughing heartily when the words husband and wife are interpreted. The last couple married, however, were sober and well behaved, and they all seemed pleased to have the certificate with the signatures and green seal to display.

One bride walked away at the close of the ceremony, and seated herself on the floor by the stove. We had some difficulty in persuading her that such conduct was not in keeping with the occasion; and, finally, with the promise of a slice of cake, she arose from the floor and took her seat beside her husband. Congratulations were then offered and kind wishes expressed for their future welfare, after which the company quietly dispersed, and retired to their homes.

E.

*Winnebago Agency, Third mo., 1875.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

##### GREEN PLAIN MONTHLY MEETING.

This Meeting is composed of two small meetings, viz., Green Plain, held in a neighborhood of Friends, near to, and at equal distance from South Charleston and Selma, Clark county, Ohio, and Oakland indulged meeting, located about three miles from Cedarville. The Monthly Meeting is held here (at Oakland) the Fourth-day following each quarter, and at Green Plain the intervening months.

This Monthly Meeting was very small at

first, but, forty years ago, there commenced moving to the neighborhood a number of families, among them several ministers, and the little silent meeting grew so large that the log meeting-house was, on First-day, frequently filled. Things went on smoothly for a time, till, perhaps from over zeal on the one part, and a lack of genuine sympathy on the other, differences arose which resulted in a division, and Green Plain Meeting, as acknowledged by Indiana Yearly Meeting, was again very small. Yet there was life in that little band, and they faithfully met at the house of a Friend (the others having taken the meeting-house) until they could build, which was done in a short time. The Meeting has continued to grow or to decrease in proportion as Friends moved to and from the neighborhood, or were removed by death, or who, having grown into manhood or womanhood, lost interest in the Society, till now the Particular Meeting numbers about forty. There have been meetings laid down and the members attached to this, who, being remotely situated, are not included in this estimate. Though there seems to be an awakening among the members, it is feared that their advancement is retarded by, may I not say, an aversion that appears to exist with some, to any change or moving out of the beaten tracks of our predecessors. I have been a member of this Monthly Meeting for over forty years.

E. M. WARNER.

Selma, Ohio.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

.... Our dear — has finished her winter work, with the exception of two or three visits. I wish I could give thee, verbatim, the remarks she made on returning her minute last Fourth-day. After informing us that, in accomplishing the service for which she obtained a minute three months ago, her mind had settled into quiet peacefulness; and, aluding gratefully to those who had aided her in carrying it out, she said, in substance, that, in going from house to house, her mind had been clothed with a feeling of love, and a desire to enkindle the spark of Divine life in all. That her feelings had been peculiarly drawn to the young and younger portion of the Society, in whom she often found a tenderness of spirit which had strengthened and encouraged her. She concluded by saying to those of her elder friends, who were sometimes discouraged about the future of our Society, that she believed her message to them was, "Joseph is yet alive." The deep feeling

that pervaded the meeting did not need words to manifest it, though there was some appropriate expression. There have been upwards of three hundred and eighty visits paid, not including a number of our members (principally men in boarding-houses) who met, on several evenings by invitation, at —'s house.

To recur to what I said about the deep feeling not needing words. I sometimes fear that in the encouragement that is often given to *express* what we feel, we are in danger of forgetting that silence is sometimes more expressive than words. If we accustom ourselves to look for words on all occasions, we shall have no skill in interpreting silence. The speech that grows out of silence is generally wise speech; but not so when we speak for fear our silence will be misunderstood; lest some one will think we thought so and so.

Since becoming interested in these family visits of our friend, I have thought whether they are likely to be long continued among us. I believe they are less frequent than they used to be, and the labor attendant upon visiting our large and scattered membership in this city is every year increased. Will the time ever come, I wonder, when we shall find it advisable to break up into little communities, in which it will be possible to feel like one family, knowing each other, and sympathizing in each others' joys and sorrows? Religious family visits might then become an institution, if, indeed, their rarity may not be the reason that they peculiarly awaken religious thoughtfulness. There is a solemn gathered feeling on these occasions, not realized to the same extent, I think, in our public religious meetings, perhaps because the silence therein has become a *form*, and there is more to dissipate the thoughts.

I thought thou might be pleased to know my views in regard to the happiest period of life, and therefore have concluded to send thee the enclosed. Whittier's beautiful poem, from which I have quoted so largely, has suffered some culling and some transposition of verses, at my hands, as the occasion seemed in my judgment to require. But is it not a charming production? One of his very loveliest? To me it is one of those things that we grow toward, by contemplating it, as we do toward the teachings of the Master. For is it not a reproduction by means of the reflection of the light of Christ's image? Cowper says,

"The soul whose sight all quickening grace renews,  
Takes the resemblance of the good she views;  
As diamonds, stripped of their opaque disguise,  
Reflect the noon-day glories of the skies."

Thou and I are certainly congenial in our appreciation of Whittier.



It is sweet to know that thou art fulfilling thy mission with peace to thyself and benefit to others. The dear Father leads His children in very different paths in accordance with their various adaptations, and although, as Holland says, "The soul that throws itself wide open to all that is made for it, will find itself full," yet I think the shape as well as the amount of the contents will resemble the vessel, in its conformation. Trusting that His loving arm may continue to sustain perceptibly the spiritual nature that leans upon it through all the dispensations of life, I am lovingly thine.

The tendency to confine instruction in our First-day Schools to the *Bible* is a continual source of anxiety to me. It seems so much more important to teach the inspiration that is in the present—using the *Bible* merely to illustrate some point, or picking out the golden sentences from it.

I often read to my class about the circulation of the sap in plants, how it resembles our own circulation; about the brain and nerves of animals; the uses of water, &c., thus striving to impress upon their minds the wonders of God's power and goodness, and how every created thing is endowed with all the qualities necessary for the position it is to occupy. By thus turning their minds to the Book of Nature, I think I have made them feel a closer acquaintance with their Heavenly Father, because their eyes begin to trace Him everywhere.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 3, 1875.

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NOTICE.—We again ask our Western Friends to send us information in regard to the Kansas and Nebraska sufferers, and the amount of assistance that will be required to carry them through the present need. There are many Friends who have notified us of a willingness to contribute as soon as one or more responsible persons in the West are named to whom bank checks may be sent.

SOCIAL ADVANTAGES.—Those of us whose home is in the place of our nativity, who are surrounded by kindred and many friends, and to whom all the advantages of social life are accessible, cannot properly estimate the privations of the many who are strangers, either in a large city or perhaps in a country place, and who are consequently shut out from

social enjoyments which especially belong to the family circle. It may be well for those who are favorably situated in this respect to look around them with a willingness to share their advantages with the solitary, to whom a social evening, spent with congenial friends, is a rare pleasure. If our sympathetic concern is thus awakened, the formation of private reading circles opens a ready opportunity for its *manifestation*. These circles, gathered in our homes, are not unfrequently the means of introducing the lonely into other homes, and friendships thus formed are sometimes promotive of good, even beyond what may be derived from listening to instructive reading. They may also awaken in the young a taste for intellectual pursuits, which will draw them away from mere sordid pleasures or animal enjoyments, in which lie many a snare, so covertly hidden that the inexperienced are often entrapped before they perceive their danger. Perhaps our young men are more specially thus exposed, and surely it should not only be a pleasure, but may be acknowledged to be a Christian duty, owing at least to those who are of the same household of faith with ourselves, to offer them, so far as we can, a participation in some of the pleasures that belong to a home.

Social enjoyments often exert a preserving influence, by bringing different natures into pleasurable contact. Native asperities are softened; rough corners are smoothed; the temptations to seek after selfish indulgences are lessened, and we are made conscious that we are not to live for ourselves alone. If, then, it is in our power to open a way for any to partake of these enjoyments, and to derive these benefits, let us not fail in doing that little. Small though the work may be, and unimportant as it may appear to many, it may aid us to reach that condition to which the language will be addressed, "She hath done what she could."

PENAL DISCIPLINE.—Our attention has been called to this important subject by the reception of the Report of the Eastern State Penitentiary, which covers the statistics of the years 1873-4, and embraces what it terms the "Judicial Period," from 1829 to 1874,

the Inspectors during that time having been appointed by the Supreme Court.

By the new Constitution that power is transferred to the Governor, who has recently re-elected the former Board of this institution. We consider this a wise proceeding, as one of the evils of prison government, as practiced in many kindred institutions, is the frequent change of officials through political influence, "a crime," designated in the report of the E. S. P., "of greater magnitude in its effects upon society than many of those for which punishment by imprisonment is inflicted." The knowledge essential for the successful administration of penal discipline is not intuitive, but must be gained through a course of study and observation. It is a science which has not hitherto claimed unprejudiced investigation. The term "solitary confinement" has been at once repellant and delusive. This is manifested in the false notions which prevailed to a marvelous extent in regard to the treatment of the inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary, where the "individual treatment system" is more nearly carried out than in any other. The crowded condition of the prison renders it impossible to adhere to it in all cases, the number of prisoners exceeding the number of cells; but all departures from the "separate system" occasions regret to those who have the reformation of the convicts as well as the protection of society at heart. Some of the officers of this Penitentiary have been in its service from twelve to thirty-four years. The greatest number of prisoners at any one period during last year was 697, and the lowest 613. It is painful to observe that most of the commitments are of those under twenty-five years of age, and a number ranging from seventeen to twenty years.

Of the 278 prisoners received during the year, 259 were unapprenticed, which is attributed in great measure to the fact that the various "trades union" societies discourage the apprenticing of boys to any mechanical employment. Nearly all were unskilled in the use of tools and had to be instructed in some handicraft. "Some give evidence of a decided mechanical genius, and soon become proficient in their art, while others continue

to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the end of their time." The baneful effects of intemperance are grievously apparent. 217 of the whole number admitted in 1874, acknowledge they were addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. "Of those discharged, 142 received the benefit of the commutation law. One was pardoned by the President of the United States, and 37 by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

"Most of the offences committed were of a minor character and punished by a withholding of the usual privileges of evening light, books, etc., and a diet of bread and water. The dark cell is a *dernier* resort; 21 prisoners have been subjected to its punishment for grave offences. This, in a population of 896, is 2.34 per cent."

The elaborate statistics which the "Report" contains will interest those only who are conversant with, or especially interested in penal discipline; but the logical manner in which the subject of the Pennsylvania system is treated by the President of the Board of Inspectors, R. Vaux, renders it worthy the consideration of intelligent and benevolent minds. It is valuable as showing the modifications through which the system has passed from what was first called the "solitary system" to that which was correctly termed the "separate system," and now to the improved and modified form of the "individual system of convict discipline."

"The Inspectors regard their duty still to be, calmly to treat this important subject, so that in time the intelligence of the people will rise above any mere prejudice." During all these years of controversy and, indeed, hostility, they have been conscious that the system contained the elements of success and ultimate triumph, and have devoted themselves to perfecting its administration and the adoption of such reforms as would bring about these results. "The objections which it has to meet in this country arise chiefly from the delusion that demands a penitentiary discipline which makes a profit to the State." "Self-supporting is the test of prisons and penitentiaries, and those systems are regarded best which yield the largest pecuniary returns from convict labor. The progress of social science has



left the sordid and the selfish among the false doctrines of that material dispensation which idolizes gain and denies to man the inherent right, even in his convict condition, to every beneficial influence which Christianity or civilization has in its power to bestow."

"A comparison with any other system of convict treatment in which the profit made from convict labor is not the test, the 'separate system,' has for many years shown itself superior in all that relates to discipline, health, improvement in the physical and mental condition of convicts, their reformation, and the protecting of society against the organized crime-class, which is becoming so ungovernable."

It is asserted "that under this system the convict is better enabled to correct his life, change his habits, strengthen his resolves for amendment, is more directly and positively subjected to improving influences, more readily enabled to understand the object of his punishment and avail himself of its purposes, and more effectively protected against temptation on regaining his liberty, and secured against the force of contamination by intermingling with the crime-class in populations, than under any other now in operation, either in the United States or Europe."

#### MARRIED.

KESTER — RUDY.—At Race street Meeting-house, Philadelphia, on Third-day afternoon, Third month 23d, under the care of a Committee of Darby Monthly Meeting, of which the groom is a member, Townsend W., son of John and the late Ann J. Kester, and Catharine J., daughter of William P. and Caroline Rudy, all of Philadelphia.

#### DIED.

BURR.—On the evening of the 22d ult., at Germantown, Philadelphia, Mary F., daughter of David T. and the late Caroline F. Burr, in her 25th year.

Though prostrated in early womanhood by wasting disease, this beloved young Friend, in her departure, has not left her work unfinished. Giving herself to others in the sweet charity of self-sacrifice, her short life was marked by a faithfulness that is worthy of imitation. She was the light and joy of the home circle, from which her mother had been taken while the children were yet young.

She allowed no unnecessary obstacle to interfere with her duty to the Society of Friends, of which, from conviction, she became a consistent member, and, as long as she was able, filled her place at meeting on First-days and in the middle of the week. In Germantown First-day School she was an efficient worker, and in the organization of the sewing-school, took an active interest, attending as a teacher while she was able, and when confined to

the house, too weak to render other service, too comfort in basting work for the little, busy finger of the children.

To those who are seeking for highest good in works of mercy and consecration to a religious life the example of this young Friend will be a strength and encouragement.

HAVILAND.—At Poughkeepsie, New York, on the 13th of Third month, 1875, Susan A., widow of Willis Haviland, in the 81st year of her age; a respected member of Oswego Monthly Meeting. Her life was gentle, and her end was peace.

LIPPINCOTT.—Suddenly, at Westfield, N. J., on the 3d of Sixth month, 1874, Oliver P., son of Isaiah and Mary Ann Lippincott, in the 28th of his age.

LIPPINCOTT.—At his late residence, Westfield, N. J., on the 16th of Third month, 1875, after a lingering illness, Isaiah Lippincott, aged 61 years; member of Chester Monthly Meeting.

WAY.—On the evening of the 1st of Third month 1875, at her residence in Half Moon, Centre county Pa., Mary, widow of the late John Way, aged 7 years.

Her disease was a very suffering one, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation for about ten weeks, often evincing to those around her that she was looking forward to a higher life, when freed from the pains of the body.

She was a useful member of Centre Meeting, for nearly fifty years, and filled the station of Elder for many years. She was of a very energetic nature and manifested a lively interest in the First-day School, which she always attended when in health. In those places, as well as in the home circle, the vacancy will long be felt. One of her greatest pleasures was to entertain her friends, and from her door the poor went not empty away.

To her children is left the sweet assurance that she is now where she longed to be, in company with the loved ones of her family who have gone before.

Her remains were taken to the meeting-house of the 4th, where a large and impressive meeting was held.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 41.

(Continued from page 74.)

#### SUEZ AND CAIRO.

Morning rose pleasantly at Suez, on Twelfth month 8th, and we step out upon the elevated platform in front of the hotel to see the beauty of the dawning behind the mountains of Sinai. The Red Sea, or at least the extremity of the western arm thereof, lies before us—not any more red than the Black Sea is black. It is delicately blue, while the mountain ridge of yonder land in the background is tinged rosy purple by the rising day. Quiet contemplation is not allowed us, however. The Arab dragoman sees us, and comes running up to know what use we propose to make of a day at Suez. Will we take a boat and embark with him and three donkeys for a few miles sail over the sea and a one mile ride over the sands to the wells of Moses? or, he points to

the white tents of an encampment about a mile away to the northeast, which he says is for the Mecca pilgrims from Cairo, who are to arrive to-day, will we take donkeys and go to see them in state, and to see the Governor of Suez march out to meet them in all possible pomp? "The Caravan, by all means, O Dragoman! Get donkeys for us, and we will go immediately after breakfast." Breakfast is soon disposed of, and we hasten; but before we can get off, the report of a cannon announces the arrival of the pilgrims, and the golden opportunity to see the reception of the Faithful is lost forever! When we arrive on the ground, the whole company has dismounted, the camels and donkeys are resting on the friendly sands, the tents are pitched, the morning meal is being prepared, and many of the multitude are engaged in a sort of devotional dance to a rude, discordant chant. The Governor of Suez, in his gold-embroidered vestments, is on the ground, and our dragoman also points out the official whom he calls Pasha or Governor of the Caravan. This personage is clad in glittering array, and is attended with a retinue of servants, some of whom bear swords and some whips. He is rather a venerable-looking man, with a mild, benevolent countenance, and I ask our oracle what the business of the Governor of the Caravan may be. "He go along," says the oracle, "and he pay all the money; and if any man be bad he beat him." Such is the primitive simplicity of Arab ideas of government! As we walk round we find family groups of women, with their faces partially unveiled, and they salute us with great politeness as we pass. They are decently dressed, and evidently self-respecting people, certainly of a much higher class than we commonly meet with in Mohammedan lands. Here is an interesting picture. A rather handsome, intellectual-looking Egyptian, in clean white turban and blue robe, is seated on the ground surrounded by a ring of happy-looking little children, who look up smilingly as we approach. The father welcomes us in good English, and asks us if we are from London. We tell him we are from America; and then, since he understands our language, we try to express our great interest in seeing this caravan of pilgrims and our admiration of the little people about him. These are all his children, he tells us, proudly, and, pointing out a feeble old man near by, says, not less proudly, "This is my father." It is quite a privilege to get this glimpse of the brighter side of Mohammedan life, and to see that filial affection, fatherly pride and womanly gentleness and hospitality are to be found here amid the sands of Suez as well as in Christian and civilized lands.

We stand awhile to watch an Indian juggler perform some of his tricks; and then, picking our way among the tent pins and stooping under the ropes, we find ourselves just at the entrance of the Pasha's tent, and in the very presence of that magnate. He is sitting à la Turk on a divan at the end of the canvas saloon, and sees us as we are about to retreat. He rises politely and sends a servant to invite us to enter; so we accept the courtesy and approach the presence of the Commander of the Faithful, who receives us and shakes hands with great cordiality, inviting us to sit beside him on his divan. He speaks only Arabic, but our dragoman translates for us, and we answer his questionings and compliments through this dark medium. In front of us are two broad strips of Persian carpet, and on each side of these stand the servants of the Pasha with their eyes upon the master, ready to obey his every behest. Some are armed with mighty swords and some with whips scarcely less terrific, and are ready to execute the will of the Pasha and obey his nod. He asks us from what land we come and where we have been traveling, and is much interested to hear that we have made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and have visited the Sacred Rock in the Mosque of Omar. Have we come so far without any husbands? he inquires, and smiles at the affirmative reply, remarking, that he supposes we are sisters. "No; only friends," we tell him; and then invite him to make a visit to our country in 1876, when our nation will be just 100 years old. Our dragoman makes a slight mistake here, and informs the Pasha that we say our governor will then be one hundred years old. "Mashalla!" exclaims our host, incredulously, and we inquire, and find out the mistake, and correct it, when the Pasha nods, and says he would be glad to see our country. Then an attendant brings Turkish coffee in delicate little cups in silver holders, and we sip it after the approved method, and then rise to take our departure, with many thanks for our most kind reception. He thanks us for the visit, and sends a guard with us to show us the chief objects of the procession.

The journey to Mecca takes four or five months, and must be quite an important event in the simple lives of the followers of the prophet. From this point (Suez), after resting two days, they cross the northern part of the Sinai peninsula to El Akaba, at the end of the Eastern Gulf, and continue their march through Arabia to Mecca. Here there are various ceremonies to be performed. They walk at least seven times round the Káaba, or Temple of Mecca, kiss the black stone, take water from the holy well of Zemzem,



visit the hill of Zafa and the Omra, and then, 70,000 strong, proceed to the holy hill of Arafát. The pilgrims annually collected here from all the nations of Islam, are supposed to reach this number, and so needful is it that the concourse should not fall below 70,000, that angels are supposed to come down to supply any deficiency. Wonderful, indeed, are the superstitions of the Orientals!

We spent the afternoon of this eventful day wandering about the town of Suez and along the shore of the Red Sea. We gathered the tiny and perfect little spiral shells which we had seen made into necklaces in Jerusalem, and some pearly cones of great beauty and delicacy. The name "red," we are told, is not from any sea-weed, or coral, or color about the sea, or from the tints of the over-looking mountains, but it was probably the Greek literal translation of Edom, "red."

The chief historical interest of Suez is derived from its having been supposed to be the spot near which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea under the guidance of Moses and the host of Pharaoh was overwhelmed; but modern investigators have agreed to locate this place further north.

The next morning, the ninth of the month, is cloudy at the hour of dawning. The transit of Venus, so eagerly awaited for by astronomers, occurs at an early hour; but those observers who have chosen this place as a point of observation will be likely to have a grievous disappointment, though the air is clear and the sky very pure and blue through the breaking canopy of cloud.

At eight o'clock, we take our places in the car, and take a last look at the blue sea and at the rosy peaks of Sinai, with which we have such distant acquaintance. On the right, we get a grand view of the range of Gebel Attákah.

These heights, which form the northwestern barrier to the Red Sea, are of exceptional beauty and intensity of color, varying with every hour of the day, and with every change in the distribution of the clouds. One writer describes the heights as "black-violet," and, at times, the colors and shadows might be so named. Here is the most delightful of winters, a cool bracing air, a warm sunshine, the Nile waters and a rising vegetation of palms, bananas, accacias, and many graceful forms of plant life to which I cannot give a name, marking the course of the fresh-water canal. I specially admired a tall reed which was crowned with feathery bloom, scarcely less elegant than the plumes of the ostrich, and the low heath-like Tamarisk which crouched, tree-like, in the arid sands on the left of us. Our first station is Shaloof, where the line approaches very near the Suez Canal. This

is the point which students have conjectured to be the scene of the exodus of the children of Israel; the Red Sea having, at that remote time, probably extended northward to the Bitter Lakes.

As we wait here a few moments, the mind can recur to the drear early day, when the most afflicted race chose to dare the toil and suffering of the waterless, trackless desert sand rather than abide longer in the fertile land of the Pharaohs, under merciless oppressors. It was a wondrous act of faith!

Passing on from this point, we soon come in sight of the southern and smaller of the inland seas, called the Bitter Lakes. There we skirt the border of the Greater Basin, having the fresh-water canal always between the railway and the sea, and arrive near noon at station Serapeum. The French have given this name to the village on the canal from the circumstance of some ruins, supposed to have belonged to an old temple of Serapis having been found in the vicinity. Then onward we go again to the northward, and then to the eastward to Ismailia, where the train pauses a while, but we do not descend from the carriage, preferring to enjoy the curious motley scene at the depot from our elevation. In due time we are off again to the west, the fresh-water canal keeping us company, and reminding us that soon we will leave the desert and find the fertile banks of the eternal Nile.

We pause at Mahsamah station, and are informed that we are now in the very centre of the Land of Goshen (Gen. xlvii, 6) or Land of Rameses (Gen. xlvii, 11). In the neighborhood is a lake formerly filled with water during the high Nile, now utilized by the fresh-water canal. We stop an hour at Zagazig, and here we walk about a little, but fear to wander far from the station lest we should, by mischance, be cast away in a town which boasts no inn. We are now in the fertile Delta, and this place is the centre of the trade of the surrounding district. There are a few respectable-looking houses; but we were more interested in the humble mud huts down by the water side. We climb down the bank, walk into the open enclosure of one of the huts, and are admitted within the low door to the interior. A little fire of charcoal was burning in one corner of the room, which was not more than eight by ten feet in area, and about six feet high. There was no chimney and only a little opening in the wall, defended by a few sticks, to answer for a window; but the Egyptian, who showed us his house, evidently thought it good enough, for he did not hesitate to accept the inevitable backsheesh which we offered for the privilege of seeing.

Just after leaving Zagazig, the road runs

close to the ruins of the ancient town of Bubastis, said to have been one of the most ancient cities of Egypt. Herodotus describes it as standing higher than any other place in Egypt, and commends its temple to the goddess Bubastis as most pleasant to the eye, surrounded with canals of Nile water and shaded with trees. The gateway was sixty feet high, and was ornamented with beautiful figures nine feet in height, and great stately trees and sculptured figures adorned the temple itself, in which was the statue of the goddess Bubastis. But we see nought of this; it is a confused mass of ruins, though I doubt not we would find much of interest, if we could spend an hour or two here.

We are now in a fertile and wooded land, and many kinds of birds quite new to me are to be seen on the water side or upon the green fields. Here is a wide field of interest for the ornithologist, for it is stated that Egypt has some '250 kinds of birds, and all that I saw looked like new acquaintances. A handsome white bird, of the wader kind, I think, was very abundant, and is called by some the ibis. This is not its right name, however, it being the buff-backed heron (*Ardetta russata*). The fearlessness and the abundance of the birds were beyond anything I had ever observed elsewhere; but we had no opportunity to make observations of any value. The sun sinks lower and lower, and finally goes down in golden glory behind the feathery palms and delicate acacias, and the shades of night have fallen when we enter the city of Cairo. An omnibus at the station receives us, and we are speedily conveyed to Shepherd's Hotel. Here we find a large company of English and American travelers, many of whom we have met pleasantly before, and here we spend our first day in Cairo. At the recommendation of a friend, and also of the American consular agent, we moved on the next day to the Hotel d'Orient, which is quite as well situated, better furnished, cleaner, and blessed with a far better *cuisine*, for a considerable less price.

The city of Cairo was founded by the Moslem conquerors of Egypt, in the latter part of the tenth century, and the name is derived from Kaher, and signifies "victorious." It was the residence of the caliphs, and the capital of their dominions until the overthrow of the Mamelukes sovereignty by Sultan Selim, in 1517, when it became the capital of the Turkish province of Egypt. It was captured by the French in 1798, after the battle of the Pyramids, and remained three years in their possession, when it was again retaken by the Turks and English in 1801. In 1811 Mehemet Ali, by the destruction of the Mamelukes, attained almost absolute power in

Egypt, and made many improvements in his capital city. But the present Khedive, Ismail Pasha, is the author of most of the changes which have transformed Cairo into a semblance of a European capital.

The city has an oblong shape, and occupies an area of more than three square miles. It has been compared to a bird seated on a hill, the whole of which it covers with outspread wings; and the traveler who enters is astonished at the vast changes which are being wrought in this oriental city. Much is crude and ill-judged, we would think, and it seems strange recklessness for any government to continue expending vast sums in decorating and glorifying a capital city, while even the oppressive taxes under which the people groan cannot pay the interest on their present indebtedness. But the work of widening, paving and straightening the avenues; of repairing, renovating and rebuilding; of planting and watering, goes bravely on, and we are most unsympathetic guests if we do not grow into sympathy with these efforts to make of Cairo a place of artistic splendor like—and yet how unlike—Paris. Here, in the very midst of the city, is an artificial-looking garden, of the French style, with imposing gateways, broad open spaces, cool grottoes, springy seats of iron, lamps like great gorgeous tulips, close-clipped shrubbery, lakes and fountains. The intense sunshine of this semi-tropic, almost rainless land, makes incessant watering the rule, by means of which a semblance of green turf is produced, which is certainly grateful to the eye—a kind of pleasant surprise in this region; but whether the result is proportionate to the cost is a question we do not have to consider.

Europeans build great palm houses of glass, and furnish generous fires, to imitate the more generous warmth of Africa, and coax into development a few representatives of the stately race of Palma; but the Egyptian must smile at these heroic efforts, remembering the glory of the columnar trees, with feathery crowns of most graceful plumes, which wave against the pure skies of his native land, even as we smile to-day over this patient effort to emulate the velvety turf of our cool, showery meads. Here are pretty, light carriages of the Paris kind, which stand invitingly, awaiting occupants; but one feels little inclination to ride, seeing the sorrowful, miserable horses which are harnessed to them. Donkeys, too, ready caparisoned, are always ready; but they, too, bear the marks of merciless usage, and no thought of pity ever seems to enter the hearts of the swarthy little savages who are their taskmasters.

Perhaps the greatest point of interest to the traveler in Cairo is the Museum of Antiqui-



ties at Boolak. In company with two other Americans, we rode out to the plain, cheap structure on the banks of the Nile, which holds, it is asserted, the most valuable collection of Egyptian remains in the world. We enter a dusty garden inclosure, and pause to note the solid and simple sarcophagi of red granite, which stand thus in the outer courts. They are merely cubical boxes, of great weight, one of which bears on each of its four faces the words, in hieroglyphics, "The King's Son." They belong to the very ancient days—to the time of Cheops. These days, according to the interesting researches and discoveries of the indefatigable August Mariette, the French archæologist, whom Ismail Pasha has made "Mariette Bey," "Director of the Department for Preserving the Antiquities of Egypt," were the time of the greatest glory of Egyptian art.

We walk forward to the edge of the enclosure, and find ourselves on the high and crumbling bank of the Nile, looking towards the dim, distant plain of the Pyramids, and then turn and enter the building, and find ourselves among the coffins, sarcophagi and statues, which are inevitable in all museums of the remains of Egypt. Two remarkably life-like statues, of painted limestone, arrest the attention immediately on entering, and these, we learn, belong to the days of the oldest civilization of Egypt. There is dignity, power, aspiration, grace in these figures—how unlike the placid, not to say stupid, repose of the later days!

In the words of a recent traveler \* "They have no prescribed solemnity of expression, in closed lips, steadfast eyes, and hands resting flatly on the knees, as in the statues chiseled 2,000 years later. They beam with a frank, free, naive apprehension of Nature, and exhibit the activity of an art which is just about to overcome the last stubborn resistance of the material." One of the figures represents a priest, another a civil official, and the colors were of remarkable perfectness, looking, indeed, as if applied yesterday, instead of 6,000 years ago. We pause with curious interest to scan the weak, placed face of the Pharaoh of Red Sea memory, and then turn aside to the right hand, where is shown the noble Canopic stone, a limestone slab six feet high, on which, as on the Rosetta stone of Champollion, is beautifully engraved the same document in Greek, Hieroglyphic and Demotic characters, thus making another key with which to unlock Egyptian mysteries. Facing this, is a group in black granite, representing the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, who usurped the government of Egypt about

2,200 years B. C. and held rule near five centuries. The faces are of the Tartar type having long narrow eyes, prominent brows projecting cheek bones, large wide mouth and thick beards.

Among the multitude of statues and antiquities of various kinds, which are like those saw in the British Museum and in other national collections, we find a noble and most stately sitting statue in black granite, which is proved by the inscription on the base to be the royal builder of the second Pyramid of Geezeh. The face is majestic, intellectual, most kingly, and every part of the work is admirably executed, showing that Egyptian art at that remote period had reached a high degree of excellence.

Yet more striking in its vivid life-like character is the wooden statue belonging to the age of Cheops, which is called "the old village magistrate." The figure is about three feet eight inches in height, and is carved out of sycamore wood, which is not extremely hard with age. It represents a stout middle-aged man, holding in one hand a long staff, while the other, clenched, hangs at his side. The only garment is a cloth about the loins that falls to his knees. The face is most interesting, indicating benevolence, activity, cheerfulness and high intelligence. The lips seem to almost smile, and the eyes are wonderful imitations of nature. The lashes are thin rims of bronze, the white opaque quartz; the iris of rock crystal, and in the centre of each is set a small crystal with many faces, which from every side reflects a keen point of light like the human eye. It is an astonishing thought that this representation of a noble and gracious manhood, this masterpiece of art, is 6,000 years old.

There are other statues, very recently discovered, and, it is believed, of a still earlier origin, which represent a fine and noble race, far more energetic and aspiring than that which ruled in Egypt in the later ages of far antiquity. The marked change in expression is by some judicious writers believed to be due, in a great degree, to the despotic limitations of the religion of Egypt, which led to dead formalism, priestcraft, despotism and, of course, to the decadence of Art.

We turn away from the wonderful collection, feeling that many visits will be required to do it even scant justice. I cannot undertake to describe the large case of jewelry supposed to have been the ornaments of the mother of king Amosis, who overthrew the dynasty of the shepherd kings about 1700 B. C. nor of the many household articles, implements of trade, food, &c., which throw so much light upon the domestic life of the people.

\* Bayard Taylor.

ole who dwelt in the valley of the Nile from 1000 to 3000 B. C.

Another day in Cairo is devoted to a visit to the ruins of Heliopolis, to the Virgin's tree, and to the so-called tombs of the caliphs. We drive northward, along a very good road, in many places shaded by fine trees, for an hour and a half, passing encampments of troops, palaces of Egyptian magnates, and beautiful plantations, irrigated with Nile water, in which palms, vines, oranges and lemons are flourishing, and past the historic ground where Sultan Selim gained his decisive victory in 1517, which made Egypt a Turkish province, and where the French, under Kleber, overthrew the Turks in 1800. We reach the spot, and stand in the presence of a noble obelisk, of red granite, said to be the oldest in Egypt, the king whose name it bears having been the founder of the twelfth dynasty—perhaps 3000 B. C. The obelisk is buried near six feet in the rich alluvial soil, which is now clothed in a luxuriant crop of young clover. It rises 62 feet 4 inches above the present level, or 68 feet 2 inches above the pavement beneath, and has inscriptions on each of its four mighty faces, which bear record of its erection. Except this grand monumental stone, scarce anything remains of the famous and learned city of Heliopolis, the "House" or the "Abode of the Sun," where the father-in-law of Joseph performed priestly offices, and where Moses was educated, under royal auspices, in all the learning of the Egyptians. We do not care to clamber over the dreary pile of ruined walls over yonder, nor will we trample down the waving clover to reach the half arch in the other direction, which marks one of the ancient gateways. We may dream, if we will, of the far off day when the Grecian sages came to this city for instruction in the sciences, and gathered lore from the priests of Heliopolis, before the Grecian Ptolemies established a new seat of learning in Alexandria.

Returning, we pause a few minutes to see the sycamore-tree, beneath whose shadow the Holy Family, tradition says, reposed after the flight into Egypt. It is a mighty, old tree, gnarled, decayed, cut and defaced by egotists, but still manifesting much vital energy. I shall not speculate as to whether it is indeed 1,870 years old, yea or nay.

And now we direct our driver to take us forthwith to the Tombs of the Sultans, or, as they are more correctly called, the Tombs of the caliphs. He refuses positively, saying, the road is too heavy and his horses cannot draw the carriage through the sand. We insist and he protests, but I am astonished to find that, notwithstanding the most violent protestation, he does drive out into the desert toward the min-

arets and domes which mark the resting-place of royal dust. It is, indeed, a hard road for the carriage, and we willingly alight and walk through the heavy sand, rather than witness the distress of the poor horses. At our urgent pleading, the driver lays aside his terrible whip, and walks ahead leading the laboring steeds; and thus we reach the ruined city of tombs which the mediæval sultans built for their ashes. "They are not tombs at all, but mosques!" I think, but we enter the portals, and find the tombs within. They belong to the 15th century, and it is simply wonderful that such costly and stately memorial temples should have been suffered to sink to ruin in less than 400 years. The sands of the desert are all round them, and the ancient hills keep guard above them; but they are very surely sinking to ruin. Relic hunters take the very stones from the tessellated floors, and break off portions of the delicately-carved wood-work of the interior, and there seems to be no one to preserve these interesting historic buildings, which, ere long, will sink to earth, and be buried beneath the desert sands.

S. R.

*Cairo, Twelfth mo. 15th, 1874.*

#### INSPIRATION.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Life of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flowing in the prophet's word  
And the people's liberty!  
Never was to chosen race  
That unstinted tide confined;  
Thine is every time and place,  
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!  
Secret of the morning stars,  
Motion of the oldest hours,  
Pledge through elemental wars  
Of the coming spirit's powers!  
Rolling planet, flaming sun,  
Stand in nobler man complete;  
Prescient laws thine errands run,  
Frame the shrine for Godhead meet.  
Homeward led, the wondering eye  
Upward yearned in joy or awe,  
Found the love that waited nigh,  
Guidance of Thy guardian law.  
In the touch of earth it thrilled;  
Down from mystic skies it burned;  
Right obeyed and passion stilled  
Its eternal gladness earned.  
Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
Freshening time with truth and good,  
Consecrating art and song,  
Holy book and pilgrim track,  
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
From the sacred limits back,—  
Life of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flow still in the prophet's word  
And the people's liberty!



CREATE in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Ps. li, 10. A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. Ezek. xxxvi, 26.

If the heart of a nation could be made wise and right, its institutions and laws could not long remain radically wrong.

### NOTICES.

Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Green street Meeting-house, on the 6th of Fourth month, at 7½ o'clock.

#### PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next meeting will be held at Germantown Meeting-house, on Sixth-day evening, Fourth month 9th, at 8 o'clock. The several schools, &c., are desired to forward reports, with names of delegates, to Robert Tilney, 1016 Coates street, prior to 7th inst., so that they may be condensed for forwarding to the Annual Meeting of the Association.

An essay is expected on "What are the Objects Sought to be Attained by the Establishment of First-day Schools?"

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL, JR., *Clerk.*

#### FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

The closing meeting of the season will be held this (Seventh-day) evening, at 8 o'clock. Further revision of rules to be again considered.

ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk.*

#### FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated meeting at 820 Spruce street, on Fourth-day evening next, Fourth month 7th, at 8 o'clock. All interested are invited.

N. E. JANNEY, *Sec.*

WM. J. JENKS, *Pres.*

A regular meeting of the Bucks county First-day School Union will be held at Edgewood, Friends' school-house, on the 10th of Fourth month, at 10 A. M. Friends from a distance will take the 6.55 A. M. train from Kensington for Greensburg.

#### BURLINGTON FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

Will be held at the Mount, on Seventh-day, Fourth month, 10th, 1875, at 10 A. M. The Executive Committee of the same will meet at 9½ the same morning. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

MARY J. GARWOOD,

MARTHA C. DE COU,

*Clerks.*

### ITEMS.

WITHIN the past month severe storms have occurred in different parts of the United States. On the 14th of Third month, the town of Rienzi, Miss., was visited by a tornado, which lasted half an hour, and caused great destruction of life and property. Two churches were among the buildings destroyed, and a number of persons were severely injured. The loss of property in the town is estimated at

\$150,000. A severe storm of rain and hail swept over Corinth and its vicinity, in the same State, flooding the rivers and damaging railroads and telegraphs in all directions.

The New Orleans *Times* reports a tornado in Ouchita Valley, La., on the 19th: "At Smithland and Ray's Point, the loss of life and the destruction of property are very great. Smithland is leveled to the ground, and, at Ray's Point, the plantations, buildings, fences, horses, mules and cattle were scattered for miles. The track of the tornado was yards wide, and extended a distance of fifty miles."

The daily papers state that: "On the 20th, a destructive tornado swept over a part of Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, accompanied by rain and hail. Near Thomson, S. C., forty miles from Augusta, a large amount of property was destroyed and several persons killed. At Appling, in Columbia county, Ga., the destruction of property is reported to be great. Several persons are reported killed and many wounded. At Aikens, S. C., the Catholic church was completely demolished. At Camac, Ga., every house except one was destroyed."

"The tornado struck a train of cars, demolishing it completely and killing one man instantly. The trains coming to Augusta, except the Central, were delayed, but no serious damage was done to the railroads. The tornado caused fearful destruction along its track, demolishing houses, trees and fences, and killing persons and stock. Baptists were holding a meeting at Elam Church, near Camac, when the storm demolished it, killing three and wounding twenty-five persons. Residents and out-houses were demolished on many plantations."

"The tornado extended to Raleigh, N. C., where several persons were killed, many houses blown down, and the trees on a large area torn up by their roots. The value of the property destroyed will reach several hundred thousand dollars."

"Further accounts of the recent tornado in Georgia and South Carolina show that its path was from 200 to 1,600 yards wide, and that it traveled east, veering a little to the north. 'The cyclone was cylindrical in shape, and rotated with great velocity from north to south,' the front of the cloud being inky black and the rear 'illuminated by a bright light.' After devastating Camac the tornado divided, one part going east by north and crossing the Savannah river near Augusta. The whirlwind was preceded by a roar like that of heavy artillery, a distance, and its onset was accompanied by a crash, and a mingling of a hundred terrific sounds. All the buildings in its path were demolished, and huge oak-trees were snapped like twigs. In some instances trees were taken up by the whirlwind and carried three-quarters of a mile. Eight counties in Georgia and two in South Carolina suffered from the visitation."

"Reports of the destruction of life and property are fearful. The territory in the line of the tornado is a desolate waste. In addition to the loss of property already reported at Appling, the Methodist and Baptist Churches and the Academy are demolished. Reports of disasters are coming from Hepzibah, Richmond county, where the storm raged with terrific fury, destroying houses and fences and tearing up trees."

"There is a great distress in the devastated districts and urgent need for assistance. Contributions sent to the Mayor of Augusta will be distributed to the afflicted."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 10, 1875.

No. 7

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GENOA, PLATTE CO., NEB., Third mo. 25, 1875.

John Comly, Agent for Friends' Intelligencer:

DEAR FRIEND,—Just as I finished my communication of yesterday to thee, my wife handed me the *Intelligencer* of the 20th inst, and called my attention to your notice "to Friends here and elsewhere," on the subject upon which I had written thee. The weight which had pressed so heavily upon my mind for days was removed, and I went immediately to the nearest Friend's house and arranged for a meeting to-day at two o'clock P. M. We at once notified all the Friends near us, and they all met except one, who was absent from home, but he was represented by his wife. We had a very pleasant meeting and organized by the unanimous choice of the following Friends: Jacob Z. Shotwell, President; Jacob M. Troth, Secretary; William B. Coffin, Treasurer, who, in addition to discharging the duties of those offices, are likewise to be our distributing committee, and I was directed to inform thee what action we had taken. To enable us to put in our wheat crop, some of us will be under the necessity of purchasing seed at once, trusting to Friends to send the means to pay for it, in which we now have full faith.

As this is the only Friends' community within the limits of this State, a concern was

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felt for those of our friends who are scattered through it, many of whom most likely do not get the *Intelligencer*, will be in danger of being overlooked, and the question arose whether we had better look them up and provide for them, or leave that to you.

I have already made enquiry and ascertained the locality of quite a number, and, having considerable acquaintance in the State, will at once take steps to find them; and if Monthly Meetings having members in the State and not knowing their post-office address, will send their names. I think we can find them and ascertain their circumstances, and give relief, if so directed by you. If they know their address, they may send relief direct or through us, as they prefer.

The farmers have already commenced sowing wheat. Drafts on New York or Philadelphia, drawn to the order of the President or Treasurer, will be cashed in Columbus without discount, I think, as such drafts, sent me as President of the County Aid Society have been. Affectionately thy friend,

JACOB M. TROTH.

Pay to Jacob Z. Shotwell, President, or William B. Coffin, Treasurer Friends' Relief Committee. Direct to Genoa, Pawnee Agency, Nebraska.\*

\* We have forwarded to the above order the subscriptions sent to the office of the *Friends' Intelligencer*.—Eps.



COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA,  
Third month 22d, 1875.

*Editors of Friends' Intelligencer :*

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have often felt that it would be right, if not incumbent upon me, to send you a word of encouragement, as a slight return for the very many words of encouragement we receive in every number of your valuable paper. Especially has it been valuable to us under the very trying circumstances that we have been placed in, so correctly described by our friend and your correspondent, Stephen R. Hicks, in the *Intelligencer* of the 6th inst. I think I can understand how difficult it is for our highly-favored friends of the East, who have (through industry and economy, it may be) been enabled to provide the necessaries and comforts of life, to bring themselves fully into sympathy with those who have been rendered destitute of both by the ravages of the locusts; yet it is a matter of surprise, and I think I may say mortification, to me, that of all the large amount of donations sent into Nebraska by all the different Protestant denominations of Christians and their members, and others making no profession of religion, whether through your valuable paper, or in my connection with the State and Local Aid Societies, and as a member of the Relief Committee of the Grange, has a single instance of a contribution by our branch of the Society of Friends come to my knowledge, and only one instance of a member of it, who sent his donation to the Master of our State Grange for distribution, with the injunction that it be not confined to the members of the Grange, and was partly used in relieving the necessities of a Friend and his family, not members of the Grange. I obtained the name and address of this Friend; also inquired in regard to his circumstances, and will furnish any Friend or Friends the information I obtained, who desire it. I have furnished aid to other members of our Society from special donations sent me for distribution, but have not as yet relieved any of our members from donations I have received through the State Aid Society.

Several of our members have been under the necessity of leaving their homes and engaging to work for others by the day and month; one has worked a part of this winter for his board, and I have no doubt they prefer this course to asking relief of their friends, and yet, as a general thing, our members are in much better circumstances than many of their neighbors. Orthodox Friends have provided quite liberally for their members in Kansas, both through their Society organization, and by contribution by individual members; and several contributions from them have been received by me to be distributed both

through our Aid Society and independent of it, without regard to locality, where a case of suffering came to my knowledge, from which I gave relief to-day to a family of seven, entirely destitute of food, clothing, and bed clothing, excepting a little flour, borrowed of a neighbor. There is another family near me that has subsisted almost entirely this winter and spring so far on provisions furnished through our Aid Society.

As I have never seen an account in the *Intelligencer* of the *personal* appearance and habits of the insect that was so fearfully destructive to the crops in Kansas and Nebraska last year, and thinking it might be interesting to some of your readers, will send you a brief account in this letter.

From the information I have been able to gather in reference to them, I am satisfied they belong to one of the species of Locusts, *Edipoda migratoria*, so frequently spoken of in the Bible, and still are known, *not very favorably*, in Syria, Arabia and Persia.

They make a fearful noise in their flight, similar to the roaring of the sea in the distance; they come in clouds, like great clouds of smoke, for which we mistook them, supposing the prairies were on fire north of us, as the grass in many places was dry, owing to the great drought. They enter the houses, and not only devour the leaves of the trees, but, in some cases, the bark; a large number of fruit-trees were destroyed by them in Butler county, this State; they covered the houses, the trees, the ground. The corn was changed in a short time from green to brown. They answer the description given in Exodus x. 5, 6, very nearly; did not eat all the trees, as in that case, nor quite fill the houses; but our house was covered, and the color was changed by them from white to brown, and when we opened the door, to enter, many of them would enter with us; they did not then eat the wood work, but did the window curtains, but they do sometimes eat wood, leather, clothing, cotton and woolen. An Irishman living with me had his waistcoat eaten by them.

They fly to a great height, and take advantage of the wind. If they are moving south with a north wind, and the wind changes to the south, or *vice versa*, they will immediately come down like snow-flakes, and remain until the wind is favorable, when they will rise and move off again. It is on these occasions they are so exceedingly destructive.

They never fly at night, generally rise from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, if the wind is favorable, and sometimes continue to fly until near sunset.

Dr. Smith, in his "Dictionary of the Bible," gives an excellent woodcut of this locust (

some places translated grasshopper), which corresponds exactly with our Western grasshopper. On the outside of the thigh, extending from the connection with the body to the knee-joint, is a herring-bone figure of beautiful colors, which distinguishes them from every other species in this country, so far as I am acquainted, and identifies them with the locusts of Syria, Persia and Arabia.

They came whilst I was engaged in harvesting wheat, and there was quite a strife between us who should gather the most. They swarmed around us so thickly that it was with difficulty I could drive the harvester properly, and thousands of them were crushed in the machinery, clogging it so that we had to stop occasionally and clean them off of it.

I had ninety acres planted, fifty in wheat and forty in other crops; and, excepting a few early vegetables used in the family, I only saved one hundred and fifty-two bushels of wheat, which, at fifty cents per bushel, would come to seventy-six dollars, just the amount paid for seed-wheat and potatoes. This illustrates to what extent the crops in thirty-eight counties of this State were destroyed. Some fared better and some fared worse; and, now that spring has come, many of us have neither seed to plant nor means to purchase it.

I lived in Virginia during the war, from the beginning to the close, and in that part of it occupied by the contending armies, and I think I know something of it ravages, but saw nothing equal to the ravages of grasshoppers in this State the last year, so far as crops were concerned.

JACOB M. TROTH.

Genoa, Platte county, Nebraska.

P. S.—I think I should state further that I have never made any appeal to Friends or others, by letter or otherwise, though twice solicited by a Friend in New York city\* to let our wants be known; but at that time we were receiving sufficient contributions to meet the necessities of the people, and I supposed seed would be provided by our State and National legislators, but have been disappointed in this.

J. M. T.

MEN in general are neither very good nor very bad; they are simply mediocre. I have never examined even the best without discovering faults and frailties invisible at first. I have always in the end found among the worst, certain elements and holding points of honesty. There are two men in every man; it is childish to see only one; it is sad and unjust to look only at the other.—*De Tocqueville*.

\* Resides in Brooklyn; in business in New York city.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### FUNERALS.

I have thought much on this subject for years; and more recently, I have felt inclined to write out some of the ideas, and endeavor to spread them before Friends and others for consideration.

The very nature of the subject seems to admonish me, that there is need of caution in the treatment of it. But as I have no unkind feelings toward any, and no disposition to dictate or press my views upon others, I venture, with a hope, I shall not offend.

Not a day passes, perhaps, but some of us are called to attend the funeral of a relative or friend. Much of the time the weather is unsuitable for feeble and delicate persons, who may have been long confined to the house, to turn out in the ordinary way.

In cases of sickness, some members of the family are generally subjected to broken rest, anxiety, fatigue and exposure of different kinds, and very likely on the verge of an attack of illness, just at the time when the death of the invalid occurs; but in their distress, and amid the excitement of arrangements and preparations for the funeral, they may exert to keep about until that has taken place. With health thus impaired, is it prudent, is it *right*, to expose ourselves to a long walk or ride, in wind or storm, to the graveyard?

Probably most of us can recall instances of friends and acquaintances who, pursuing a course somewhat similar to this, have, on returning home, suffered protracted illness, which, perhaps, resulted in death. In view of all this, and more, are we not prepared to adopt something like the following, whereby the immediate family and near relatives may be relieved?

Arrangements having been made for the funeral, let us allow a sufficient length of time previous to the hour appointed to meet at the house, to give the family ample opportunity to take *final leave* of the corpse; then, intrusting it with the attendants, and before the people assemble, let us withdraw and retire to our chambers, or other suitable place, where we can be free from disturbance during the funeral hour; and when the time for departure arrives, let us quietly *remain within doors*, allowing the corpse to be taken from thence to the place of interment by the undertaker, accompanied by a few friends, who would be present to superintend and assist, if needful, at the burial. Perhaps the committee appointed in the different Monthly Meetings, to "attend at funerals and see that good order is observed," might feel this to be a part of their duties. In this separation and retirement we might feel measurably relieved from



the movement and stir, which, to a certain extent, seems unavoidable where there are large funeral gatherings.

Then, let us ask ourselves—"What is it that induces us to have such showy and expensive coffins or caskets?" Why provide such rich and costly material for grave-clothes? Why such profusion of flowers and other adornments? Do we fear that some of those present would not understand our having a neat and simple arrangement, and misconstrue *simplicity* and *enough* as *mean* and *grudging*?

With all the want and destitution around us, how can we reconcile this burying in the earth so much of value? If we are conscious of a proper love for the deceased and due respect for the living, need we be elaborate with the funeral equipments and arrangements, to give evidence of our appreciation of the departed?

There may be a laudable ambition to keep up appearances, but we may not all observe the proper limits. This, I think, applies to the rich as well as the poor.

This lavish expenditure of means is often observable about the coffin, etc., when the surroundings do not correspond therewith, or seem to warrant it. Think what months of toil, worry and strict economy, amounting even to *stint* in the necessary comforts of life, are to be endured, perhaps by a large family of dependent children, before the numerous bills are paid. And to add to the humiliation, how many of those bills *remain unpaid*.

The query is often present with me—Is there not something due from the wealthy, by way of *example*, to those of more limited means, and to such as are in "straightened circumstances?"

While this has appeared to me to be a worthy consideration in various matters connected with *family affairs*, it seems peculiarly appropriate in relation to *funeral occasions*. Although abundantly able to make a great display, and give a lavish entertainment, would it not be well for the rich to avoid all appearances of emulation, and for the sake of others (if from no other motive) "keep in true moderation and temperance on the account of marriages, burials, and other occasions."

Some of those in affluence have forgotten, perhaps, or never may have known the annoyance and trials attendant upon poverty; but surely they must be aware that it does not of necessity deprive the poor of a desire to imitate. Perhaps, upon the occasion of funerals, more than most others, the incentive to extravagance is greater.

(To be concluded.)

From the Christian Register.

#### REST.

"A rest remaineth for the people of God"; would we could say one abideth even occasionally for the world's people, who run blindly to and fro seeking they know not what, gaining only increased vexation and deeper sinking of the heart. To look into their faces is enough, corrugated with lines of care (not thought); to watch their hasty, irregular steps, head in advance of feet, the wish to arrive at the goal stronger than the power to reach it; enough to listen to their aimless, disjointed talk, rambling from one unsatisfactory topic to another, and to watch the futile attempt to attend to what others say, or take the slightest interest in anything that does not concern their tyrannizing selfishness.

These restless ones deserve our pity, because "the felicity of life is to be free from perturbations." They often have our companionship, for who is at all times at rest? By this I do not mean idle. And when I see the strong rejoicing in labor, I am ready to agree with the healthy, industrious man who was never so happy as when he had a little too much to do. But this man was calm in his activity, satisfied with his life-work, not striving for other, or more. It is not the full work, but the unwise work, the over-work, which deserves serious consideration.

At times it seems as if the world had gone mad on the subject of activity—at least the American world—and that to it much is sacrificed of the homely pleasure and family comfort prized by our ancestors.

The folded hands of contemplation are not always exchanged for the "helping hand" of benevolence or sympathy, but for the grasping hand of greed, or the busy hand of pleasure. Even the most ancient heavens are no longer desired as a haven of rest, but as a field of riper activity. But whatever we may be able to do out of the body, in it we must respect its limitations, and with all laudable desire not to rust out, not snap the vital cord too soon. Steady, boys! slow and sure! is a good maxim for more than childish ears. We shall accomplish more in the end by counting the cost in the beginning. The excellent advice of a physician to a patient accidentally lame, "Get your dictionary, and study the meaning of the word rest," is applicable to the majority in this restless period, which, whatever else it knows, does not know the almost obsolete word—rest.

Flying over the surface of the earth is exhilarating; bringing the uttermost parts together dispels prejudice, teaching that human nature at the antipodes is very much the same as ours; but who is not old-fogy enough at times

to cast an envious glance back on the enviable period when the cows grazed on Boston Common, with its wooden fence, when the "one-hoss shay" was in vogue, when hand-carts were drawn lightly by, when people sauntered (like the cows), the few shops held a few durable goods, and there was time to think, and know one's first cousins?

Well, times have changed; the delightful slow coach, with the leisure to enjoy field, flood and sky, has made way for the lightning steam-car, heralded by fiendish whistle, destroyer of innocent sleep, ruthless invader on shattered nerves! The steam-car is a symbol of the over-taxed human brain, allowing itself no rest from business or pleasure, neglecting method in labor, selection in reading, temperance in aspiration, patience with slow or passable attainment, seeming never to dream that one cannot always drive, but must sometimes coax his way through life.

Except in childhood, how rare to meet a tranquil face! so rare that one almost stops to do it obeisance, or involuntarily smiles a responsive smile. How rare to meet repose of manner, not the calmness of stagnation, but a certain balance of qualities which proves the soul has sounded the deeps of experience, and brought thence a composure the things of time cannot disturb. These lovely, restful ones are not of one pattern; but whether grave or gay, it is their tranquility which charms and lifts for the moment tired spirits to their sweet atmosphere. They help in little ways, by being patient listeners, small but agreeable talkers, wise advisers, sought nurses of the sick; in deep-rooted troubles and unmitigated woe theirs, under Providence, is the sacred confidence on which we lean, for we render to them "the love which teaches respect without reserve."

But we go away from these, and our "bustling passions" get the better of us, and, instead of spurring to evenly-sustained effort for the highest, goad us to vain striving for what, if obtained, will not give peace. Not that ambition is bad; only ambition badly directed. Skeptical as to radical change in the victims of unrest, may not experience help to put the next generation into a quieter groove? Only a foolish parent persists in following custom or obeying fashion in the fierce race for his child's happiness, if convinced that in this way it is unattainable. No, it is not by the advantages or accomplishments of the period that you insure for him true success, but by right views of life, and the determined purpose to live up to those views; "not by telling him that if he does right he will be happy, for that does not invariably follow, but that he must do right, because that is what he is put into the world

for."

It would be in vain to number the selfish, amiable, conscientious causes of unrest. We must be content with slow advance, even in building up the character on which depends spiritual repose. At times we are ready to exclaim with the Princess Irma, "I must have repose; I will." But that sweet guest of the soul is not taken by storm; she is slowly wooed, slowly won. "To have our will fall in with God's is all that gives the soul repose." All, and enough. This is God's world; let that be the final word. In His all Fatherly hands we will leave the weary people, "born fatigued"; leave their harassed children and fretting cares.

For ourselves, also denizens of the great kingdom of unrest, now sedulously concerned for worldly goods, again over-anxious for mental acquisition, and at times agonized for spiritual insight or the assurance of faith—for ourselves, let us bear in mind that "To have our will fall in with God's is all that gives the soul repose." Then there will be no lack of calm and happy faces, for then we can bear trial so bravely that few will suspect it, and we shall not detect the "weary protest," never so sad as in the voice of the young, but surely sad enough in the voice of the old. Then "our passionate cry for the rest which lies in the harmony of nature" will be answered, for our weakness will be clothed upon, and "peace, silent as dew, will distill on us from heaven." E. P. C.

#### VIRTUE IS ALL-EMBRACING.

The large variety of human duties, and their apparent disconnection with each other, each involving important results, and demanding vigorous effort, sometimes inclines us to the idea that moral culture must consist mainly in inculcating a succession of endeavors after various excellencies, and a continual shifting of the energies, now in one direction and now in another, to meet the multiform and heterogeneous claims made upon them. Thus a large proportion of our moral teaching consists in the utterance of precepts, in the exhortation to certain well-defined lines of action, and in the exhibition of models of well doing for practical imitation. Now, while we would yield to none in our estimation of active good deeds, we would yet insist that they by no means contain the whole of virtue, nor do they exhaust the moral life. They are like beautiful and refreshing fruits, which cannot be manufactured to order, but are the natural results of a healthy tree, full of vitality, with its roots deep in the ground, and its sap briskly circulating through the trunk and branches, and vitalizing every twig and leaf, while all



the influences of air, sunshine and rain combine with the gardener's spade and pruning-knife to develop their rich luxuriance.

Virtue is a *life*, not merely one of life's results. It animates the heart and inspires the soul with the love of goodness, as well as controls the words of the lips and the actions of the hands. We are too apt to confound *virtue* with *virtues*, whereas the former includes all the latter, with the spirit that gave them birth. Virtues are manifold and various; some may shine brightly while others are dim; but virtue is the central sun, whose light and warmth permeate the character, and whose rays penetrate into all our daily life.

Rules of conduct and moral precepts, be they ever so good and wise, are not of themselves sufficient for true moral culture. That must embrace the whole man, and develop in the right direction his secret desires and inmost dispositions, as well as his external conduct. Indeed, the good character of the latter can only be permanently established upon the former; if erected on any other foundation, the storms of life will surely destroy it. Man is composed of thought, feeling and will, and to attain a true manhood these must not only be fully and harmoniously developed, but they must tend in the same general direction. It is when they come into conflict, instead of working side by side, when they strike discordant notes, instead of harmonious chords, that error and sadness, misery and sin ensue. It is true they exist in very different proportions. Some men are eminently intellectual, others largely emotional, others decidedly practical. Whichever we are the most deficient in should be most assiduously cultivated; but they must correspond in aim, if either is to fulfill its purpose. The thought of feeling that does not incite to practical action fails of its end, and is weakened in itself, while the action not built upon intelligence or inspired by the heart is not part of ourselves, but only a mechanical imitation, which will soon drop from us and be lost.

If, then, we would correct a fault or cherish an excellence in a child, if we would attack a vice or subdue a crime, or establish a principle in society, we must go to the root of the matter; we must influence the thoughts by clearly exhibiting the nature and effects of the course we uphold or condemn; we must inspire the heart with a love for the true, the pure and the good; we must animate the desires and elevate the aims, and then the task of practical reform will be not only comparatively easy, but, when accomplished, will have a solidity and permanence that no other foundation can give. For this reason compulsion and restraint, though sometimes need-

ful, can never be depended on as a moral benefactor. At the best it can be but a temporary check. The child's hand held back from giving an angry blow, will strike as soon as the pressure is removed, unless some influence be exercised to subdue the anger itself; and the imprisoned criminal only waits for liberty to repeat his misdeeds, if no high principles of rectitude have been established and no pure desires have been awakened. Compulsory goodness is impossible, for the essence of an action is in its motive, and a noble motive can never be inspired by force or fear.

Let the motives we use to urge any one to a virtuous life be as pure and high as he is capable of appreciating. We seldom do human nature justice in this matter. We are too ready to take for granted that only low and inferior motives will succeed in inducing virtuous action, and too slow to rest our faith in the truest and the best. It is greatly a matter of habit. Those who have been accustomed for years to act from self-interest or fear, or the opinions of others, cannot at once and easily be made to see the beauty of goodness, or to feel the supreme love of truth and right. But the capacity is there, though undeveloped, and it should be the earnest endeavor of every true reformer to awaken the dormant faculties of the soul, and to touch the hidden but powerful springs of all noble and truly virtuous action. Especially in the education of youth should this be the chief means of influence. Mental and moral habits are largely formed by the motives presented to the child, and a fearful responsibility rests upon the parent or instructor who offers low and sordid motives for correct conduct, and is content to secure a certain line of action, without appealing to the reason to establish it, or to the heart to inspire it. We cannot estimate how often by such methods or want of method the moral sentiment is warped, and the whole character lowered. In self-culture, likewise, must the same principle be upheld. If we would know the character of our actions, let us trace them to their source, analyze their origin, and so approve or condemn them. If we purify the fountain, the stream will be pure, and if we train our thoughts to the earnest and independent search for truth, and our affections to the pure love of and aspiration after goodness, we have already vitalized our moral life, and prepared it to bring forth the richest fruits of virtuous action.—*Public Ledger*.

#### A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Said a mother to me one day: "When my children were young, I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them

myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to teach them, to read to them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their heart's best affections, that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the Gospel, my grown-up daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time to sit down now and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business wherever He has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—myself."

Ah, dear mothers! you have little children in your arms and about your knees, remember this—the best thing you can do for your children is to give them yourselves. There are countless calls upon your time and strength, heavy burdens of care and labor are laid upon you, perhaps, still I entreat you to put the claims of your little ones first of all. They have a right to your love and sympathy, your constant care and companionship. They instinctively run to you with all their little troubles and joys, unless by your careless indifference to little things which are nothing to you but everything to them, you drive them from you. You mean to do the very best you can for them. You mean they shall become Christians by-and-by. Look about you and see how many other mothers are weeping tears of bitterness and anguish, are besieging the throne of grace day and night for their grown-up, wayward unconverted children. Do you know why? Because they were too busy to attend to the little ones. Because the enemy had found plenty of time to sow tares in their young hearts, and they sprang up and were bearing bitter fruit before the mother had thought to sow the good seed.—A. W. Curtis

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

. . . . I do not feel old, I wonder if people often do? It is said the heart never grows old. Affection is perennial; at least it should be. Is it not incumbent upon us to keep our feelings fresh and warm, and not

suffer our interest in others to die out or to be absorbed in our own domestic concerns and family relationships? How unlovely is a crabbed old age! At the period of life when we should be all tenderness, having traveled far on our journey and known the difficulties of the way, how appropriate in us to have learned charity by the things we suffered, and be sought unto for our counsel and experience. I pity him who, having all life's rich experience, sits snarling and crusty by the wayside fearing lest the world will go on without him, pulling back those who have energy to go forward, mourning that the old forms are passing away, and unable to recognize the brightness of the coming future. How different is the picture when we contemplate a bright, cheerful, happy old age; one that realizes that as long as life continues, life's work must go on. The spirit may be more subdued and the labor less arduous, but skilled hands cannot be spared, though the back may not be equal to the heaviest burden. Occupying the advanced post, he is the first to catch the sunbeam, and is happiest when he can give the word of cheer or the hand of help to bring others up to that which he has attained. I am far from thinking that such an one should take the "Arm Chair," feeling that his days' work was ended.

Although I sent thee a letter this morning I must tell thee of a visit last evening, from —. Dear A— brought her, and introduced her. I had not seen her for six or seven years, and at first did not know her, but soon recognized the kindly heart and loving smile. Oh, how thankful I am for the sympathy and love of the pure and good! A precious boon sent by my Heavenly Father to cheer my pathway to His home in Heaven. They came from meeting a committee appointed by the Quarterly Meeting, and finding they would have a few moments to spare, availed themselves of the opportunity between five and six o'clock. . . . How great the privilege to be one of the band of workers in the field of the great Husbandman! And how these must love one another! Some one has truly said, "Under the training influence of the Spirit of Christ, the companionship of these men and women in works of benevolence introduces them to a friendship as nearly purified from earthly dross as anything we can attain in this world."

How I venerate and esteem them and shrink into nothingness in contemplation of my own inactive life. But I remember being once greatly cheered and consoled by the following extract from *Friends' Intelligencer*, met with more than a year ago. "We may, indeed, be thankful to God when He makes our training



consist of doing great and useful actions, and in bringing forth much fruit; but we are each of us doing our work as thoroughly and answering the end for which we were brought into the world if we are laid for years of our lives upon a bed of sickness incapable of any further action than that of glorifying God and perfecting our own souls, by *patient love*. Our great business and object is to do God's will, and so to be changed through His Spirit into His image that we may be found fitted to live with Him forever."

Now that a new Yearly Meeting is to be established in the West, it more especially becomes us to make an effort to hunt up the scattered sons and daughters, who have gone forth, *weak and feeble*, in many respects, and greatly needing the care of *Friends*.

They have not strength given them, in many instances, to express their wants, but we know that many would be glad of the crumbs that fall from the tables of the full fed of society.

One, to whom I send the *Intelligencer*, writes, "It is thankfully received. My husband reads it with interest, and is convinced of Friends' doctrines. We are forty miles from meeting but I feel it right to proclaim the truth, even in an indirect way, remembering that Paul testified to the believers in an unknown God, that He was to be *felt* after, if found."

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 10, 1875.

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THE attention of our readers is directed to the interesting and valuable information given in our leading article to-day, relative to the sufferers in the West.

**GAMBLING.**—This subject has latterly been brought before the American public in a manner that, to say the least, reflects upon the morals of the nation, and has made the occupant of one of its positions of trust and honor, a target for satire and jest in the columns of the newspapers.

The men who represent a country, either at home or abroad, ought to be reflectors of the moral character of its people. Judged by this, the standard with us, as exhibited in legislative assemblies and foreign embassies, is humiliatingly low.

Gambling seems to be a national vice; it permeates every stratum of society, and in

one form or another is often engrafted upon enterprises of the most useful and appropriate character.

Pandering to this weakness, and on the principle that "the end justifies the means," church organizations make use of it to increase the funds of missionary and benevolent undertakings. Prominent members, holding responsible positions among their brethren, and who scorn the gaming-table, lend encouragement thereto. Even entertainments, intended as social reunions, with no money interest at stake, are sometimes made to minister to this unwholesome propensity.

Some of the States of this Union, perhaps most of them, make the sale of lottery-tickets within their borders an offence against the law, with penalties attached; yet raffles are openly advertised, and many a poor man stakes his last quarter on a tempting turkey, which he hopes and believes will fall to his lot for a holiday dinner.

Nor need we judge hardly of these, seeing that those who should be their exemplars, and from whom the means of gratifying their desires have not been withheld, at annual fairs dispose of elegant articles of use and beauty in much the same manner.

All games of chance have a demoralizing effect. The man who, in a single turn of a wheel or a chance throw of the dice, sees a prospective fortune, no longer is satisfied with the slow accumulations of honest industry, though he knows that for every dollar he receives as a prize, twenty or more, perhaps, equally sanguine share-holders have drawn blanks.

Gaming fosters idleness, and leads to intrigue and falsehood. A system of fictitious values is set up, and inhumanity and cold indifference to the welfare of others become the rule of conduct. Lawful trade and business claim a fair return for value received; anything beyond this falls within the category of speculation or chance, and should merit condemnation as opposed to every precept of the Gospel of Christ.

There are stores in our midst that advertise to have but one price for articles of different values, and men and women, Friends as well as others, believe the silly, rather,

wicked, statement, and flatter themselves that when they have paid their dollar for the purchased article, they get many times its value in return, while on the very face of the bargain the stamp of the cheat may be seen.

Every such transaction, when viewed in the light of fair dealing, is a fraud upon the community and belongs in the catalogue with poker, raffles, pigeon-matches and lotteries, and it is the bounden duty of those whose theology stands on the highest of all grounds, "the doing of right for right's sake," to bring the full blaze of the perfect law of Christian rectitude to bear upon the vice in every form in which it flaunts its disguises.

We believe there is an awakening upon this subject, and that Christian people everywhere are beginning to see that it is contrary to the high moral standard set forth in the New Testament to take part in any game of chance with a view to being profited thereby; but we need to be more fully instructed as to what is legitimate business or trade, and how far speculations may be carried without a compromise of principle.

"THE Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery and for the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in Bondage, and for Improving the Condition of the African Race," will celebrate their Centennial Anniversary on the 14th day of April, 1875, by a reunion of the representatives of the cause in which they have been laboring, by meetings at Concert Hall at half-past two, and at Bethel Church at half-past seven o'clock P. M. of that day.

The object in view will be to present an authentic, impartial, and comprehensive record of their action, as well as a general history of the Anti-Slavery Cause.

The undersigned, the Committee of Arrangement, earnestly invite your attendance at and participation in these proceedings. Hoping to receive an early response of acceptance. We are respectfully yours, &c.,

DILLWYN PARRISH,

WILLIAM STILL,

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON,

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR.

HENRY M. LAING,

No. 700 Arch Street.

The Committee have secured Dr. Wm. Elder as historical orator, and Hon. Henry Wilson, John G. Whittier, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, W. Phillips, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Robert Purvis, Bishop Simpson and many others have been invited; some have already accepted.

This Society, of which Franklin was President, now devotes its funds to Freedmen's schools.

#### DIED.

WILLETS.—At his residence at Manbasset, Long Island, on the evening of the 10th ult., of pneumonia, after a short illness, Edmund Willets, in the 75th year of his age. He was a minister belonging to Westbury Monthly Meeting. Feeling for himself the necessity of living near the Fountain of Divine life he was deeply concerned to encourage all to faithfulness to manifested duty. He was, from early life, careful in the attendance of meetings, always encouraging his family in the performance of this reasonable duty. A loving husband, a tender father, a sympathizing friend, his loss will be deeply felt.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 42.

(Continued from page 95.)

#### IN CAIRO.

A memorial day of our visit to Cairo was that on which, in company with a party of seven other travelers, we rode to the Citadel, a fortress built by Saladin, in the 12th century, as a defence to Cairo. A good carriage way, rather steep in the latter part, leads us up to the heights, and we alight at the entrance and pass into the small walled town which overlooks and commands the city of Cairo. We are conducted to the spot where the massacre of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali took place, in 1811, and standing on the dilapidated wall down which Emin Bey spurred his horse and escaped, we had a noble morning view of the extensive city and its most ancient surroundings. There was no haze, and the pure, clear atmosphere gave wondrous definition. To the eastward, and towering above us, rise the Mokattam heights, barren and desolate, while far over to the westward the Lybian hills limit the vision. Solemn and always most impressive, on their elevation, stand the pyramids, blue with distance, telling, evermore, their wondrous story of mighty dynasties passed away; while the yellow sands of the desert which inclose on either hand the green valley of the gleaming, tortuous Nile, the wide city with its flat roofs, cupolas, minarets and palms, the long aque-



duct on its elevated archs, the slowly moving wind-mills—all making up a scene characteristic, and most interesting, and eminently fitted to awaken an enthusiasm in the mind of the beholder, to sail away up the mighty river and see the revelations which the dim south may unfold. Our position just at the point of the delta, and looking as far as Sakarah to the south, gives an excellent, general view of the vicinity, and we would fain linger, but the dragoman insists that we must move on and examine the various sights of the place. We are first taken to the new mosque of Mehemet Ali, which occupies the site of the old palace of Saladin that was pulled down in 1829. It consists of an open square, surrounded by columns with fancy capitals supporting round arches; all, except the outer walls, of oriental alabaster. There is great magnificence here, certainly; but the effects of time are already painfully visible in this recently erected temple. Through a door on the eastern side we enter the inner part of the mosque. Slippers are furnished, and we step into the vast building, which commemorates the powerful viceroy. The same material, semi-translucent alabaster, has been employed in constructing this beautiful house of prayer, and though it is much criticized by competent judges of architecture, I greatly admired the mighty and lofty dome, the shining and delicately adorned pillars, the thousand lamps, the broad open space where believers prostrate themselves, not on straw matting, but on rich carpets from the looms of Persia (?) and the absence of the tawdry and idolatrous ornamentation which deface so many of the famous temples of the Christian. An attendant opens a door on the right of the entrance and we are shown the rich tomb of Mehemet Ali, with raised words of gold from the Koran, embroidered on the velvet cover. His fez and his Persian shawl are placed upon a pillar at the farther end of the tomb, giving one the momentary impression that the undaunted Pasha is yet standing there with his back to his visitors. And now we are taken down a winding descent on the eastern side of the citadel to see the great well, 290 feet deep, the bottom of which is supposed to correspond with the level of the Nile. I do not know the area, but should think it at least twenty feet square and firmly walled, and away down in the depths is a pool of water with which a chain pump is connected. It is believed that the original well was hewn in the rock by the ancient Egyptians, and that Saladin discovered it, and had it cleared of sand, and utilized it for the benefit of the citadel though water is brought by the aqueduct direct from the Nile at old Cairo.

Having duly admired the mighty well, and ascended to the sunshine again, we are conducted to the mosque of Sultan Hassan immediately below the citadel. It is considered the finest of the mosques of Cairo, but I am too ignorant of the principles of architectural excellence to give it very enthusiastic admiration. Harriet Martineau, who visited it in other days, speaks of it as being, as, indeed, it is said, are all the Mohammedan temples, a refuge for the houseless poor; but I saw nothing of this except a few officious creature at the door-way who demanded backsheesh. To a merry little girl who brought me slippers, I gave a silver piece worth ten cents but a grey-haired Arab snatched it from her without scruple, thinking, I suppose, that little girls have no rights in this land. We walk across a marble court in the centre of which is a fountain where worshippers perform their ablutions before ascending to the roofed platform at the upper end, where prayer is wont to be made. This is the portico to the temple, which is entered by a magnificent bronze door-way. I have memories of great dome falling into dusty ruin, of the pulpit of the iman, and of the tomb of the founder; but everything looked neglected and desolate. They tell us that the blocks used in the erection of this mosque were brought from the Pyramids, which were despoiled to build this much less enduring though more beautiful pile.

Leaving the mosque of Sultan Hassan, we are driven to that of Sultan Kalaoon. It was founded by the prince, whose name it bears, 1227 A. D., and as, in his life, he pitied and succored the distressed, the sick and afflicted come here to pray and believe themselves benefitted. We noticed two pillars which seemed much soiled and stained as if some viscid substance had been applied to the surface. Our guide explains that if any one is sick, he brings a lemon and applies the cut surface to the pillar and eats the fruit and is healed. Two closely veiled Arab mothers, holding poor, sick infants in their arms, were sitting at the foot of the miracle-working columns, awaiting the healing influence for their darlings.

We walked into many other of the four hundred mosques of Cairo, some of which are old and decayed. Often the mosque consists of porticos, surrounding an open court paved with marble, in the centre of which is a washing fountain. That portion of the building which faces the direction of Mecca being the principal place of prayer, is the most spacious and is sometimes open, sometimes partitioned from the court. The walls of the mosque are whitewashed and mostly quite plain, or ornamented only with texts from the Koran, never

with representations of anything that has life. We were always courteously welcomed; and a quiet entrance never seemed to disturb the prayers of the devout. The Moslem says his daily prayers, either in his house, shop or in the mosque, according to his convenience, and the time required is only three or four minutes. The first posture is standing with the face towards Mecca; then he raises his open hands touching his ears with his thumbs and says, Alláhu Akbar (God is most great.) He next stands with his hands before him, the left within the right, and recites, with downcast eyes, the opening chapter of the Koran. Then he says, "God is most great," and inclines his body at right angles, saying, in this posture, "I extol the perfections of God the great," adding, "may God hear him who raiseth Him." He next raises his head and repeats, "God is most great," and drops gently on his knees, saying the same words, and placing his hands upon the ground a little before his knees, puts his nose and forehead to the ground between his hands, and says three times, "I extol the perfection of my Lord, the most High." He raises his head and then prostrates himself again, repeating the same words, and thus are completed the prayers of one "rek'ah" as it is called, and these are repeated four times with slight variation. The unity, greatness and perfection of God are the constant burden of his praise, and the continuous repetitions are regulated by counting a string of beads. There is nothing of the nature of worship offered to the Prophet, but they say, at their devotions, "I testify that there is no God but God; and that Mohamet is His servant and his apostle." The following salutation to the Prophet is chaunted from the gallery of the minaret before noon-day prayer on the sixth day of the week: "Blessing and peace be on thee, O thou of great dignity! O apostle of God! blessing and peace be on thee, to whom the Truth said, I am God! Blessing and peace be on thee, thou first of the creatures of God, and seal of the Apostles of God! From me be invoked peace on thee; on thee and on thy family and all thy companions!"

Sometimes in our walks in Cairo, we passed by the open door of a school, and had opportunities to see something of the methods of elementary instruction among the people. The school-room is scarcely at all elevated above the street, the broad entrance being open to every observer; and there are neither desks nor seats for the little Moslems. The master sits on a low divan or on the floor, and gives his whole attention to the work of teaching, committing the enforcement of order and of attention to a serious-looking little monitor, who watches the learners and keeps every one

to his task, having a bamboo rod by way of a scepter. As we pause at the entrance, the master welcomes us with a smiling salam, and goes on with his work quite unembarrassed. Each pupil is furnished with a piece of sheet-tin, on which the lesson he is learning is written with ink in large Arabic characters. These lessons did not appear to be the same in every case, but of this I could not be sure; and they all chaunted their task aloud, swinging their little bodies backward and forward. As we looked, one little fellow handed his tablet to the master, and, squatting down before him, recited his lesson in the same sing-song manner in which he had learned it. The teacher lays the tablet by with a word of approval, and another little fellow brings his, and goes through the same process. The fashion of rocking their bodies and heads incessantly backward and forward is thought to assist the memory, and the practice is observed by almost all persons in reciting the Koran.

The children are first taught the letters of the alphabet; next the vowel-points, and other syllabical signs, and the numerical value of each letter,—the Arabic letters being often used as numerals. As soon as they are able, they begin to learn the Koran, each portion being written successively on his tablet.

We are told that it is very seldom that the master of a school teaches writing; and few boys learn to write unless destined for some employment which absolutely requires that they should have this art, in which case they also learn arithmetic. Girls are seldom taught either to read or write, and not many of them even learn the prayers of their faith, though one case of provision being made for the instruction of the children, and perhaps the wives of a wealthy Pasha, came to our knowledge.

Opposite to us at the hotel table sat a French lady, who, finding that my friend conversed in her language, informed her that she had come to Egypt to teach the French language in the family of a rich Pasha. She was to receive five hundred francs a month, and have all her hotel, traveling and other expenses paid while she was in the Pasha's employ, and was to become one of the household, living the same secluded life as the other women. She expected to have many wearisome hours when not actively engaged in her work, and we advised her to write a history of her experience in the home of the Moslem. I think it might be very interesting, if faithfully and truthfully told.

To wander through the streets and bazaars of Cairo, not hastening, but pausing wherever inclination prompts, is more entertaining to us than ever was a picture book to the child. Here is unfolded the whole philosophy of human life, the Frank and the Moslem,



youth and age, veiled woman and turband man, the donkey with his dusky tyrant, and the gay horseman in the picturesque raiment of the Orient; the artizan, the scribe and the caterer, the render of fruits, and the dealer in costly shawls and rich jewels. As we stand before the counter of one of the open stalls, admiring the rich silks and embroideries of the orient, an unusual stir among the people and the cry "Gardá! Gardá!" calls the attention, and here two runners, with long rods held upright, and clad in very full white raiment come dashing through the crowd, to make way for the chariot of a magnate of some sort, which whirls rapidly past. Nobody is hurt, it seems; and nobody appears to have been scared but me, I was almost sure some one of the motley multitude would be crushed by the wheels of this Juggernaut. But the crowd closes again, and each atom of the motley mass of humanity assumes its normal position. The one-eyed beggar begs again, the book-binder fits the red morocco cover on the printed volume, the donkey bay assures you that his beast is "Yankee Doodle," the meditative Turk enjoys again his narguleh, the merchant presses his gay wares upon the buyers, the tailor stitches, the carpenter planes, and the traveler wanders on through the labyrinth.

S. R.

*Twelfth month 24th, 1874.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## GRECIAN CIVILIZATION.

## SYNOPSIS OF HISTORICAL LECTURES,

DELIVERED BY JOS. THOMAS, LL. D.

The first and second lectures of this course, at the Hall of the Mercantile Library, were on Grecian Civilization. Dr. Thomas said, "There is not a particle of evidence that any savage nation has ever developed civilization out of itself. The Aryans had the germs of civilization. The Chinese claim to have derived theirs from the West. A nation that has made important inventions has advanced in culture.

Egypt is unquestionably the oldest civilization; the next is China or Assyria; then India, Phœnicia, Greece. The Roman is an expansion of the Grecian.

When we come to examine Greece, the great proportion of learned men in comparison with the small number of persons that inhabited its territory attracts our notice. The area was less than the State of New York, yet, in two hundred and fifty years, it produced more great men and greater men than all Europe besides in one thousand years. The question is asked, Why were the Greeks so gifted? They believed in a universal harmonious developement of the whole being. Then

the national games had much to do with the culture. The scenery of Greece, for the combination of grandeur and beauty is unsurpassed by any country on the globe, and must have influenced the poetic fancy.

The Olympic games were celebrated once in four years, and were so named from Olympia, a locality in what is now known as the Morea. They consisted of throwing the discus, running, leaping, wrestling, and chariot races, and were peaceful. The chariot races were participated in by the wealthy only. The prizes at first, were of silver and gold, but were substituted by a chaplet of honours made of the wild olive. The prize at the Isthmian games was a chaplet of pine.

The age of Pericles, in the fifth century B. C., is famous for its philosophy, its science and its arts. Anaxagoras, the father of experimental science, was Pericles' tutor.

Socrates was Plato's teacher. He first taught men to *think*, using this term in its highest sense. Plato's grand idea was, "that the universe was the thought of God."

While investigating the laws of being, he was not content to be a philosopher only; he excelled in music, and nearly all the exercises then cultivated among the Greeks.

The Persian war contributed to the greatness of Greece. The Persians were a great people and highly civilized. They carried on commerce. This war was one of the most remarkable in all history: it led to the union of the Grecian States. It was about the time that Pericles was born. He was a great orator, a great statesman, and the greatest critic and patron of art that the world has ever seen. Phidias, the sculptor, was his friend.

Speaking further of the literary men of Greece, Dr. Thomas said that, "Socrates looked upon everything from the moral point of view. He was the first Quaker, in that he taught his disciples to wait, and not rashly offer sacrifices to the Heavenly Powers." Plato, he said, "very few modern philosophers had, in the general outline, just views of the Creator of the universe. Aristippus was not high, morally, but distinguished by his ready wit. Antisthenes was the founder of the cynics. Diogenes was his most distinguished disciple. Epicurus, though he originated nothing in science, was an amiable and eloquent man; his doctrines were extremely popular. He taught "that pleasure was the sole end of life," thus doing away with the idea of duty. Lucretius is considered his best exponent. Zeno was the founder of the stoics. Of ancient painters, the greatest was Apelles, though no paintings of his remain.

Though Phidias is commonly regarded

the greatest of Grecian sculptors, Praxiteles is supposed to have carried the art to a higher degree of refinement. The age of Pericles was comparatively an age of repose.

After the Persian war there was a feeling of brotherhood among the states. Thebes was the only exception to this.

Demosthenes was left an orphan. He had no sister. Their guardians dealing unfairly with them, he undertook to plead their own cause against them, and utterly failed; afterwards, by invincible energy and perseverance, he made himself the greatest orator that ever lived. It is related of him that when he determined to be an orator, he shaved off one side of his head that he might not be tempted to go into society. At about the age of twenty-seven he came before the people of Athens. The remaining portion of the second lecture was principally taken up with the history of Philip, King of Macedon, and his son and successor, Alexander the Great.

These notes are necessarily fragmentary, and convey but an imperfect idea of the subject of Grecian Civilization, so learnedly and interestingly presented by Dr. Thomas. R.

Under the oppressions of the Turkish government, continued for many centuries, this remarkable country became the prey of brigands and banditti, and travelling through its lovely valleys and among its decaying cities, was often attended with great personal risk. It is encouraging to know that the people are shaking off the lethargy of ages, as will be seen by the facts subjoined.—EDS.

#### "LIVING GREECE."

Some interesting statistics are published going to show that Greece has made very decided progress since the establishment of her independence. They are furnished by John M. Francis, editor of the *Troy Daily Times*, and late United States Minister to Greece. He says that the mercantile marine of Greece is larger than that of any other country in the world in proportion to the population, including 2170 vessels with a tonnage amounting to 431,054. The Hellenic Mining Company last year paid eight per cent. dividend, and is now erecting works for smelting the superior iron ore of the island of Seriphos. Cotton factories are also being built, and the cotton crop reaches six millions of pounds annually. There are eight silk factories whose annual product is \$750,000, a large proportion of which is exported. Agricultural schools and societies have been established, labor-saving implements employed and the latest methods of farming adopted. Education embraces

about three-fourths of the children. Universal suffrage is the law. Athens has 50,000 inhabitants, and compares in architecture favorably with any other city of its size in Europe; is again becoming a centre of science and literature; has a university thirty years old where twelve hundred students are educated gratuitously in law, theology, medicine, and philosophy; a library with two hundred thousand volumes; four banks, with a paid up capital of twelve hundred millions of dollars, and branches all over the kingdom. Piræus, near Athens, has over 12,000 people; Syra, the commercial port of the Cyclades, 25,000; Patras, the port of the Peloponnese, 30,000; Zante, chief port of the Ionian Isles, 20,000; Corfu, 20,000. A ship canal is projected across the Isthmus of Corinth. These facts indicate very clearly that Byron's reflections on the decay of Greece have become things of the past.

#### THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

One holy church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up;  
The pure in heart, her baptized ones,  
Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page;  
The feet on mercy's errands swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

O Living Church! thine errand speed;  
Fulfill thy task sublime;  
With bread of Life earth's hunger feed;  
Redeem the evil time!

#### AFTER THE STORM.

After the storm, a calm;  
After the bruise, a balm;  
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,  
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew;  
After the cloud, the blue;  
For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,  
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,  
Dawn is the child of night,  
And the rolling change of the busy world,  
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill,  
Many a cup doth fill,  
And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,  
Finds only the bitter still.



Truth seemeth oft to sleep,  
Blessing so slow to reap,  
Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,  
And the courage is hard to keep!

Nevertheless, I know  
Out of the dark must grow  
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,  
Since the heavens have willed it so.  
—Advance.

Good, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers of fruitful trees falling by the wayside, borne by some birds afar, haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain-side or to make glad some lone wilderness.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.  
BY THOMAS FOULKE.

One evening, during the past winter, as I sat reading the current literature and news of the day, my eye was arrested with a notice of a lecture to be delivered in the near future, on "Voyaging around the world," by one of our most prominent legal public men, to wit, David Dudley Field. He has recently made the circuit around the globe, and with some additional travel doubling distances in some instances, he estimates that he has travelled at least 40,000 miles. On hearing the lecture, which it was my privilege to do at the time indicated, it was found to be both intensely interesting and agreeably instructing; but of all the topics dwelt upon by him, my mind was most arrested and impressed with the following account of the settlement of international disputes without an appeal to arms.

The Japanese and Chinese nations were, not very long ago, embroiled in great difficulties with each other, which were likely to lead to war. Matters became worse and worse, until finally they actually began to make preparations for a conflict of arms! In this emergency international arbitration was proposed to them as a means of averting the dire calamities of war. The heads of the respective governments were brought together to ascertain if they could not agree to refer the matters in dispute to friendly arbitration; and the recent case of the settlement of the differences of the United States and Great Britain by international arbitration was referred to as an additional incentive for them to try to settle by peaceable means.

The authorities of each nation were thus brought together, and these several means, and all others which they could devise, were used as urging peaceable settlement, when at last they said each to the other "If it has come to this, if we must settle or go to war, we will settle;" and they did then and their settle

their differences, without even referring the case to any arbitrators whatever. Thus the principles of peace triumphed in those distant lands, and these so-called heathen nations have thus set a bright example to the other nations of the globe. This account seemed to me a matter of so much interest to Friends that I thought it right to apprise them of it. Our principles, the Heaven-born principles of peace, are spreading in the world. And the world is moving and coming to them. May the Highest hasten the day.

New York, Third mo. 24, 1875.

GIFTS may differ, but grace, as such, is the same in all God's people. Just as some pieces of money are of gold, some of silver, others of copper; but they all agree in bearing the king's image and inscription.—*The lady.*

#### "THE ONE MAN LEFT."

The following extract, from an account of the wreck of the *Giovanni*, is taken from the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* of Third mo. 9th, 1875:

"The carpenter and steward, hardly knowing what they were about, but realizing that the bombs of the wreckers failed in their mission to take a line out to them, and knowing that no boat could live a second, seized plank and leaped into the water. The rescuers believing that their only salvation would be through sticking to the vessel, finally took the rigging, and saw their shipmates tossed about in the seething sea. When part was in, the carpenter, benumbed with cold, was washed off the plank, and sunk in a moment out of sight.

"Minutes to the one man who was left seemed like hours. Now a sea lifted him high and then threw him into the trough of the wave. He would swim, shut out from all, going forward, and then receding, but all the time making slow progress to the breakers on the shore. He was kept in constant alarm; there was no question but what the plank would drift in, but the vital one was whether he would be able to stick to it till it should finally be dashed by the foaming water that so madly lashed the beach. He was described finally by those who were on the beach, and cheers of encouragement, blended with the angry voice of the elements; hopes and fears followed each other in quick succession, till his faculties seemed failing him. Then, when the tale of his sufferings and those of his shipmates seemed about to be sealed in the written book of the mighty deep, a huge roll placed him within reach of a man, who

ashed into the skirts of the surf, and pulled him, almost inanimate, upon the beach. Captain Warthen and his men, with all the tenderness and skill which their experience suggested, resuscitated him, and when the morning broke he could go in and out among them. All night the wreckers kept their vigils on the shore, hoping that each succeeding norther would bring with it a sign of abating winds with quieter sea; but the north-easter kept piping as furiously as ever, and seemed, as it howled through the bark's hamper, like a wild beast gratifying its fiendish propensity till it should decide to terminate the agony of its victim.

"Friday morning broke, but with no chance of succoring those remaining in the vessel. Six persons could be seen clinging to the foretopmast rigging, and the vessel was fast breaking up. The other eight persons had rendered their final account, and gone down into the sea. Nothing could be done for those who were left, and with a sense of terror that riveted all who beheld it to the spot whereon they stood, they saw the foretopmast reel and snap like an overstrained cord, and, with the other remaining spars, crash down upon what little was left of the hull of the Giovanni.

#### FROM PROFESSOR FISHER'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

"Religion is not to divorce itself from science, art, industry, from anything that promotes the real well-being of man upon earth; but religion is to leaven all with a higher consecration. This is the real creed of Protestantism. . . . It steers midway between the false extremes of license and asceticism. There are popular writers of the present day who openly contend for the absolute control of impulse, or for a surrender to nature, such as characterized the Greeks of old, but which brought ruin upon Greek civilization. They feel the error of asceticism so strongly as almost to loathe the Middle Ages." [In a foot note Professor Fisher specifies the writings of Taine.] "These writers strangely overlook the place of self-denial in a world where evil has so great a sway; and they strangely forget that the antique culture, with all its beautiful products, underwent a terrible shipwreck. The problem of the reconciliation of religion and culture, and of the harmonizing of the proper claims of this life and of the life to come, is one for the solution of which Protestantism has the key!"

ONE sign of the tendency of human nature to goodness, is that it grows good under a thousand bad influences.

#### For Friends' Intelligencer. REVIEW OF THE WEATHER. FOR THIRD MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	5	5
Rain all or nearly all day.....	3	0
Snow, including very light falls.....	8	8
Cloudy, without storms.....	4	7
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	11	11
Total.....	31	31

#### TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.

	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Third mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	41.27	35.77
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	66.00	64.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	29.00	15.00

RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	Inches.	Inches.
	1.59	3.43

DEATHS during the month, being for four current weeks for each year...	Numbr.	Numbr.
	1181	1584

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Third month for the past 86 years.....	39.11
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1871.....	48.70
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1843.....	30.00

#### COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1873 Ins.	1874 Ins.
Totals for three months.....	8.62	8.63

There is no disputing the fact that we have just passed through a very cold month, and yet many doubtless will be surprised, as we ourselves were, that a more startling record cannot be made. While the mean for the month was 3.34 degrees below the average of the means for the past eighty-six years, it yet exceeded the *minimum* for the same period (1843) 5.77 degrees. In addition to the record for 1843—the only instances where the mean temperature fell below that of the present year may be aggregated thus: There were three years descending to 35 degrees; four to 34 and one (1856) as low as 32.85 degrees.

Winter legacies of 1874-5 have truly "lingered in the lap of spring," as evidenced by the various accounts of gorges and floods that have been published.

On the first of the month the ice in the Schuylkill at the connecting Railroad Bridge was reported to be from 18 to 24 inches thick, and two feet at Fairmount dam. Huge blocks of ice, floated on to the track between the Falls and Schuyl Lane by the freshet, prevented the Ridge Avenue cars from running.

By the last of the month, however, a few warm days, with some rain, dispelled all fears of any further damage than what was reported last month.

On the 22d, graphic accounts were received from Columbia, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, etc., of the condition of things, and well-grounded apprehensions of immense damage.



As late as the 26th of the month it was stated, at "Lock Haven the great dam is covered with a solid sheeting of ice measuring, on the average, twenty-one inches in thickness. There is not a seam, break or crack in this congealed mass for a distance of four miles, excepting the channel now being cut by manual labor. Great icicles almost the size of saw-logs depend from the rocks in many places through which the roadway is cut for the passage of the cars."

On the 24th, at Wilkesbarre, "there are now three feet of snow among the hills, and the sleighing is as good as in midwinter. The little creeks and brooks are frozen almost solid. Above La Grange, where the river is narrow, boulders of ice weighing tons were left on the hill-sides forty feet above the bed of the stream, by the recent freshet."

On the 23d, a gentleman from Tamaqua informed us personally, that that day constituted the one hundred and tenth one of uninterrupted sleighing they had had, with every prospect of its continuing for weeks, as the day before (3d mo 22d) the mercury stood at eight degrees below zero!

At Williamsport the "great gorge" was reported to be about five miles long, "piled mountain high, and greater than anything ever known here before." One of the largest tributaries of the Susquehanna was said to "be frozen solid from shore to shore."

At Port Jervis, N. Y., the entire lower part of the place was flooded, and at King street "the water was four feet deep and running with great velocity."

At Port Deposit, "the water reached a height of three feet above the flood of 1873, and a few inches higher than the memorable flood of 1857." The gorge within a mile of that place formed a "compact and impenetrable mass, 15 to 20 feet deep."

At Trenton, N. J., the high water stopped all the mills, including the pumps by which the place is supplied with water.

#### THE DELAWARE RIVER.

It is gratifying, however, to be able to record that the ice in the Delaware, above Philadelphia, gradually passed away, doing, as far as we have ascertained, no damage of any importance.

It would take a volume to record all the "unprecedented," (?) occurrences and conditions of things at various points; enough, however, has been given to show that a *very unusual* winter and first spring month has really been experienced, and the compiler believed it right to give this much, for future reference, more than simply as information for the present, and which he has endeavored to do in a few words as possible. J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Fourth month 1, 1875.

#### NOTICES.

Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Girard Avenue Meeting-house, on the 13th of Fourth month, at 7½ o'clock.

Annual meeting of the "Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," will be held at Race Street, on Seventh-day, Fourth month 17th, at 10 A. M. All are invited. T.

"The Union of First-day School within the limits of Salem Quarterly Meeting of Friends," will hold its next meeting at Woodstown, N. J., on Seventh-day, Fourth month 10th, 1875, at 10 A. M.

REUBEN WOOLMAN, } Clerks.  
HANNAH ANN HAINES, }

As those who love each other, and need no private interpretation of godliness, we feel constrained to inform our friends that we meet again at Bethesda Mission School-house, Brandywine street, above Fifteenth, Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock A. M., Sixth-day the 16th of Fourth month next, if permitted.

ABRAHAM LAWTON

#### ITEMS.

PREPARATIONS for the new Swedish polar expedition are nearly completed.

An official decree has been promulgated prohibiting the importation into France of American potatoes, or of sacks or barrels previously used in packing them. The object is to prevent the introduction of the Colorado beetle.

A SERIES of resolutions recently reported to Rhode Island Medical Society, declared that schools should not maintain the same position more than half an hour at a time; that no child should be admitted to the public schools, as now conducted under seven years of age; that under twelve years of age, three hours a day, and for twelve years over, four hours a day is sufficiently long confinement to mental culture; that study out of school should not usually be permitted, and that all incentives to emulation should be used cautiously, especially with girls.

It is said that at the hospital at Hakodadi, Japan, there are twenty young men regularly entered as students of medicine. Daily lectures are given, and "bedside and other clinical demonstrations;" the curriculum being similar to that of medical schools. An illustrated medical journal, the Japanese language is also published every two months.

THE Maryland Institute Art-Night-schools in Baltimore have over 500 scholars. Thorough training is given in elementary drawing from the rough geometrical drawing, artistic and architectural drawing, and modeling in Clay.

PROFESSOR F. W. PUTNAM, the successor of Wyman, as curator of the Peabody Museum Archaeology and Ethnology, in a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History, reports the discovery of some very interesting relics in certain caves in Kentucky. The articles mentioned below were obtained from Salt Cave, which comprises an important series of subterranean passages not distant from the Mammoth Cave. Besides the remains of rude fire-places, containing traces of fires, bundles of faggots were seen, which may have been intended for fire-wood, or, perhaps, were made to serve as torches. In some side-passages, impressions were observed which have been made with human feet covered with a kind of semi-sadal, and in another place worn foot coverings of the same character were found. The latter are described as made of rush leaves, braided like the straw sandals of China, though of a different shape. A piece of bark-cloth more than a foot square, woven regularly and delicately, dyed with black stripes and darned in one corner, was also obtained, besides pieces of bark from which it was apparently manufactured, as well as arrow points and pieces of reed and twine, the latter knotted where short lengths had been tied together. It is thought that the relics are identical in age with the mummy which was discovered in that section some sixty years ago. —N. Y. Post.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 17, 1875.

No. 8

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

In that declaration of the Apostle Paul so often quoted, in which he taught that "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," he made a distinction between the requirements of the inner consciousness and the law that governs mankind, as bound together in families and states by common interest.

It is sometimes delivered from our galleries as the revealings of inspiration, that the latter law covers the whole ground of accountability; "that Jesus, in all His teachings, never gave forth any other; and that this saying of the Apo-tle has no meaning deeper than is found in the law of Moses."

The term "law" has a wide significance. As applied to material things, it keeps within prescribed limits every form in which matter is seen. The conditions established are fixed and unchangeable, and no division, however minute, can destroy them. All the processes of art are regulated by this certainty; and it is only as the ability to understand and utilize the properties of matter is acquired, that any measure of progress in the arts of civilized life is reached. This is the order which one of England's best poets described as "Heaven's first law," and which must be co-existent with matter.

The order thus observed in every form in

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which natural things exist, and the certainty of the laws which govern them, extends to every variety of animal existence; but man, by Divine favor, being endowed with a capacity to apprehend, and in a measure comprehend the Divine, receives with this endowment the ability to co-operate with that which creates and to conform his life to the attributes of God, as manifested in the harmony of His works.

That man, as he came fresh from the hand that fashioned him, to some extent understood the relation he sustained as the connecting link between the Creative Power and matter, is inferred from the earliest traditions of the race, which point to a degree of enlightenment lying beyond, that compares favorably with the attainments of later epochs.

That the intercourse between the soul of man and the great Source whence it emanated, has been maintained from a period too remote to be traced to its beginning, is evinced by constant allusions to a Divine relationship in nearly all ancient writings. Paul reminded the Athenians that certain of their poets had claimed that they (the Athenians) were the "offspring of God."

When Moses compiled the laws of the Hebrew nation, he gave them nothing new. The obligation to serve "The One God," at whose call their father Abraham left home and kindred, was a protest against the apo-



tasy of the world that had symbolized the Deity, under various forms, until His unity was lost amid the emblems that represented Him, and men bowed down and worshipped as God, the workmanship of the cunning artificer.

So, too, the laws that regulated their intercourse with one another, and bound them together in one polity, were but a compend of those natural laws upon the observance of which depends a nation's existence; their restraints fell upon every one, bearing alike upon each member of the community, and were as necessary to the development and perpetuity of the nation as were the food and shelter that sustained their natural lives.

The decalogue, foreshadowing, indeed, in its prohibition of covetous desires, the higher law of the Gospel, in its application, reaches no farther and claims no office beyond the regulation of the outward life.

And when Jesus summed it all up by saying to the young inquirer, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself; upon these two commandments hang the law and the Prophets," He but reiterated what these had been teaching in all the past ages. That more is required to satisfy the soul, is exemplified in the case alluded to. "All these commandments," said the young man, "I have kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?" *One thing thou lackest!* That one thing is the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel, represented as "the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ"—"that grace that bringeth salvation," which all the keeping of the law had failed to develop, for, while it pointed to a Majesty enthroned in the heavens, before whose invisible Presence every act must pass inspection, and to whom outward offering must be made for sins committed, Jesus taught, that the judgment seat had been set up in every intelligent soul, and that it is the God in man, that sits as a refiner and purifier. It was because a wrong and outrage might be inflicted upon this Divine Indwelling that Jesus said, "He who indulges in unholy thoughts hath committed sin already in his heart. This is the law of the spirit of life that sets free from the law of sin and death," over which sin hath no more power.

As before stated, this holy union and communion was not unknown to individuals before the time of Jesus, but in every system of laws that had been given forth as the regulator of life and morals it was unrecognized; many of the prophets and wise men of sacred and profane history bore testimony to it in a remarkable degree, yet the ability to preserve the soul of man in all purity and holiness, amid the strain and turmoil of every-day

life, and keep up the intercourse with the Divine Being was first exemplified in Him who stands pre-eminently, "the Son of God," to whom, by obedience, he became so united that he could say, "My Father who dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." R.

TOSSED to and fro in every direction is the heart of man, and on all sides does it seek a resting-place, but seeks in vain, until it returns to the bosom of its God.—*St. Bernard.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SANDY SPRING, MD., 4th mo. 3d, 1875.

*Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:*

DEAR FRIENDS,—I am very much gratified with the general import of Dr. Michener's communication, in your paper of Fourth month 3d, regarding it as a pattern of liberal and friendly criticism; and if he had only *continued*, through the entire article, of the number of those who do not "censure him [me] for expressing, and you for publishing" the facts, and my inferences, in regard to the difficulty that arose between two Irish gentlemen while going down the St. Lawrence River, I should not have thought anything further was necessary. I unite with his views as far as I understand them, and accept both his incidents of illustration as according with my "reflections" upon the subject.

My published sentiments do me no injustice, as Dr. Michener supposes probable, if only they are rightly understood, and fairly represented. Nor does he do me any more than justice in what he supposes would probably have been my course under the circumstances he relates of Robert Barclay; for I have passed through the same personal experiences, with a result precisely similar.

In the summer of 1864 a Confederate officer, accompanied by two soldiers, came galloping up in front of our house; and, finding my riding-horse hitched, they loosed her and took her off. Seeing they stopped at the barn, I ran there immediately, and got hold of her bridle-rein. The officer endeavored to get my hand loose, and jerked me about for some time. My wife and children, who were looking on, were greatly alarmed. He then presented a pistol to my breast, and said he would shoot me if I did not let go. I looked him firmly in the face, and told him I could not do it; the horse was mine; the Confederate soldiers had taken our three best horses the last year, and this was the only one I had left to ride, and I could not spare her. I was just as calm and collected during this scene as I am now while describing it.

After a little time, his countenance relaxed, and he let go the bridle-rein and went to look at the other horses, but found none to suit,



and soon after left. I did not regard this as a "special Providence" in my favor, and I should not have dared to presume to consider it in that light. Throughout the whole scene, my consciousness was all active, and I was closely observant of his countenance, and of the muscles of his finger that rested on the trigger, with the determined purpose, as I had told of the bridle-rein with my left hand, the first moment I perceived the least increase of tension in either, to use my right hand and arm to give such direction to the muzzle of the pistol that would cause the ball to pass by me, feeling under no obligation to remain stationary target for him to shoot at.

Before the officer left the premises, he came to me and offered an apology for his conduct, and shook hands with me at parting in a very friendly manner. He said to some persons in the village where he stopped, about a half mile distant, "That old Quaker gentleman was very determined, but I liked him for all."

Oh, yes! such men, soldiers though they be, have a higher respect and regard for a person who stands up firmly for his rights, because of its harmonizing with the *witness of justice and right* in their own breasts. This witness it is that renders Truth, Justice and Love invincible.

Now, as Doctor Michener seems to have failed to perceive the very beautiful and instructive lesson which, in my view, is contained in that incident, in regard to the two Irish gentlemen, as illustrative of the mode by which Deity instructs His rational creatures, which moral lesson, I know, was my only object in relating the facts, I feel it to be right to make a further explanation, and, with your permission, shall embrace the opportunity to express a little further such views as are my abiding convictions, for calm and candid examination and reflection.

To borrow a figure from my life-long avocation, I regard the human family as at a great training-school, at the head of which, as Teacher, Guide and Helper, is the All-Father, the alone source of good; and the different races of men, are as classes in the school, more or less advanced in proportion as they have availed themselves of the experiences, past and present, of themselves and others—all human knowledge being acquired by human experience, the capacity to perceive, receive, communicate and record this experience, being the free gift of the good Father.

There is, therefore, a continual general advancement, so that the races are, and always have been, improving since the creation of man; and they will continue to improve while humanity endures. In each class there will be one or more advanced scholars, whom the

Teacher invites to co-operate with Him in the great work of instruction; and these become ministers of His appointing, who have their gifts enlarged by service, and are lights to their race, and sometimes to the world.

Now, we are all sensible of possessing a freedom of choice. When a subject calls for action, we know that we have the power to act in *one* way, or to act in *another* way. Without this freedom it would be impossible for a rational being to be happy. He would be a mere machine, without responsibility, accountability, or enjoyment. The good Father has, therefore, conferred upon His creature man the marvelous privilege and power in the exercise of this freedom, to rebel against Himself, and against those laws which He formed for man's government and happiness. And the great Teacher is continually doing everything in His power, compatible with this freedom of choice, to get man, willingly and freely, to yield obedience to His government and be happy; so that, if laws of restraint, or constraint, could possibly effect this object, it would already have been done, the world over with all classes.

But, Deity is gradually working out the great problem of bringing an intelligent being to be willing to come under Divine government, to submit to His laws, to come into harmony with man's environments, internal and external, so to speak; and this He effects by that wise and unerring moral discipline which, *inevitably* connects, as all human experience testifies, *obedience with peace and harmony, and disobedience with misery and suffering.*

Hence it was that I wrote in your paper of First month 30, (No. 49, Vol. XXXI): "It is not by legislation, nor any external means, that war, intemperance or such like corruptions of human nature are to be healed; but by an action or power from within. Then, the spirit of man being purified and peaceful, man's spirit will co-operate with the Spirit of God in man, which is always striving to bring man into a closer union and oneness with God.

"The value of peace and harmony, when they proceed from the spirit of peace, or the Spirit of God in man, without which no peace can be permanent, cannot be computed, and therefore it is worthy of every effort, and of all needed sacrifice to obtain them. Virtue and intelligence are their true foundation.

"But, when the spirit of war, or the spirit of strife, contention and fight exists, a practical experience of the hurtful consequences to which this evil spirit leads, may be a means, in the Divine economy, of correcting and purifying the spirit, and teaching its possessor wisdom by what it causes him to suffer."



Then, after relating the facts in the case of the two Irish gentlemen, the degree to which they had beaten and bruised each other, so that they appeared as mere wrecks of the men they were a half hour before, and what their sufferings must have been. I added:

"But, the change in their outward appearance was not all. We were on board the steamer for two days after this occurrence, all the passengers mingling together; and there were not two more calm, polite, and gentle men on board than these two, and *they were particularly kind and respectful to each other*. They had evidently been benefited by what they had experienced, and learned wisdom by what they had suffered; so that, when the bitter spirit remains, such practical experience may be a means of pacifying and purifying it. 'Great and marvelous are thy works; just and true are thy ways!'"

Your sincere friend,

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

In our search after happiness we miss the good which is immediately before us, and direct our inquiries to that which either does not exist or is unattainable.—*Horace*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### "WOMEN'S MEETINGS."

Having noticed a communication over the signature of Geo. S. Truman in relation to Women's Meetings, and feeling an interest in the subject, believing it worthy of something more than a passing notice, I venture to give my views in relation thereto. It is one of the fundamental principles of our Society that there is no difference in the relation we bear to our Heavenly Father, whether male or female, each is alike accountable.

Now, admitting this to be the case, which I apprehend none will deny, what is the necessity for separating men and women in the business transactions of the Preparative, Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, which separation is attended with more or less inconvenience and confusion, while the object of each meeting is precisely the same?

We believe that meeting together in solemn silence for the worship of Almighty God is right and proper, and a means of growth in spiritual things, which tends to our peace.

It is necessary to have organizations for the establishment and continuance of such meetings, and to preserve their health and prosperity certain rules and regulations must be observed, consequently, it becomes necessary to have business meetings. And I believe it would be an improvement and a benefit to our Society for men and women to hold these meeting conjointly. When there is some important business to be attended to, a

committee of men and women is appointed; and if it is thought necessary in such cases, why not in the transaction of the general business?

Suppose it had been the practice since George Fox's time to do the business together, would any sane Friend advocate the separating of the sexes? I think not. It looks to me very much like that formality which Friends have endeavored to bear a testimony against.

There are many small meetings in this Yearly Meeting which can hardly hold business meetings in consequence of this separation. I am aware that many are afraid of stepping over the lines drawn by our worthy predecessors; but when these lines were drawn there may have been reasons that do not now exist. At any rate, it is for us to do our work in this day and age as seems to us right and for the best interest of our Society. I believe Friends are often backward and dilatory about expressing their views, therefore the real sense of the meeting is not always reached, and a loss is thereby sustained.

I do not feel afraid of an innovation if, after thorough investigation, a change seems to be an improvement.

If this subject should be agitated throughout our Yearly Meeting, I think very many would be opposed to the present arrangement.

S. N. SMITH.

Eureka, Sullivan Co., N. Y., 3d mo. 28th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### FUNERALS.

(Concluded from page 100.)

We are frequently invited, through the newspapers, to attend funerals, and notified that carriages will meet certain trains, time and place on the railroad designated. Although often very inconvenient and laborious for persons in the different neighborhoods to meet the trains some six to ten miles away yet they do it to accommodate friends. I have known instances where the company alighting from the cars was so great that the several vehicles in waiting were entirely inadequate to convey all.

I have become quite reconciled to the use of public newspapers as a means for giving the name, age, residence, &c., of the deceased and the time and place of the funeral. But I should omit the expression, "The relations and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral," &c., preferring to leave it optional with them whether to attend or not. If *invited*, they might feel it obligatory, and press through difficulties to be there, whereas, if simply *informed*, they might not.

Although I am in favor of small companies



at funerals, I would not be willing to suggest any improper means to prevent large gatherings on such occasions. If, by reason of relationship, personal friendship, or interest, they might wish to attend, it is a common privilege, and I would have none restrained.

Of latter years I have felt less inclined to attend funerals, even of particular friends, where I had reason to think there would be a large number of relatives and connections assembled at the house, and *their* privileges curtailed by the many who might meet there, to a number far exceeding the accommodations provided. And, too, I have been somewhat influenced by a care to avoid the exposures above alluded to.

Taking the last look at the remains of a friend is a very reasonable practice, and I would not like it interfered with, although I very seldom look at a corpse, greatly preferring to remember the countenance—as in life.

But I have observed what I think is a discourteous practice. When the time arrives for the corpse to be removed from the house, many persons leaving their seats and gathering about the entrance—apparently intent on hearing the “names called”—and watching for the mourners to pass. Perhaps this habit is thoughtlessly indulged, and that a simple mention of it may lead to improvement.

Personal attendance is perhaps generally accepted as evidence of respect for the deceased and sympathy for the bereaved. It may be so “generally,” but not always. In early life I have been in attendance at a funeral when not prompted by those feelings.

Fortunately our sympathies may go out towards the afflicted and the mourning ones, although far distant.

In numerous instances of latter times, on hearing of the death of a friend, I have sympathised with the bereaved; and sometimes when the hour appointed for the funeral has arrived, I have set down at my own home and mingled in feeling with the family and near relatives, as fully, perhaps, as if they and myself had met at the “house of mourning.” True, I may not have heard outward ministry, which is often very acceptable, when it furnishes evidence of right authority; but I am not of the number who think there should always be speaking at funerals.

It frequently happens that some of our “friendly people,” when they have funerals in their families, invite one or more of our ministers to attend. Previous to the invitation, he or she may have felt inclined as a neighbor or friend, to be there. But with a particular invitation accepted, and a tacit understanding that speaking will be expected

(a discourse at least), may there not be conflict and the instrument yield for his or her own gratification, or a desire to please others?

Without presuming to dictate, I want to say, it has long been with me a query as to the propriety of one person occupying almost the entire hour, in a lengthy, doctrinal discourse, to the exclusion, perhaps, of several others, who may feel moved to make a few pertinent remarks.

In giving notice at our meetings for worship, of funerals, would it not be consistent and becoming the occasion, to do it in the *early part* of the meeting, instead of *at the close*? I was present once where this was done, and, I thought, with propriety and good effect. And could we not use the phrase, friends are *informed* of, &c., instead of friends are *invited* to, &c.

I may be very much alone in my views on this subject, but having entertained them for a long time with satisfaction to my own mind, I feel rather more than a freedom in this connection to say, that when the time arrives for arrangements to be made for *my* funeral, I hope those of my family and friends, who may have charge of matters pertaining thereto, will be satisfied with observing the utmost simplicity throughout. I trust I need not go into particulars further than to suggest, a plain inexpensive coffin, chiefly closed, and a wooden receptacle or outside case.

That but little notice be given, excepting through one or more public papers, embracing necessary and desirable *information*, not *invitation*.

That, whether the funeral meets finally at the meeting-house, or at my residence, my family shall have the privilege of undisturbed retirement within doors for the time being, allowing the undertaker and a few of our friends to accompany the remains to the place of interment, which I hope will be the one most easy of access, wherein I have a right to be laid.

EMMOR COMLY.

Bristol, Third mo. 21, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

“OUR ISRAEL.”

These words in the last *Intelligencer*, and the remarks accompanying them, are so suggestive that I must ask your forbearance while I add some of my own thoughts. The letter of your European correspondent adds to the interest we all feel in that ancient and peculiar people—the Jews. And her allusion to their expectation of the coming of their *Messiah*, and to others, the Mohammedan and Christian alike, who still turn to the “outward and dim” for the appearance of Him whose “feet alone touched the earth at His first advent, as



it is called, and whose head is always in heaven" as J. Bancroft says, has not served to diminish the interest I have not tried to conceal in that strangely misunderstood doctrine of the "Second coming of the Lord."

When you can once make a man see (that is, evolve it from his own consciousness) that this coming is not a *visible appearance*, but a disclosure of new truth, you have reached a plane in his mind that will lead on to ever new truth, and so at last it is to him a truth, that "He is always coming," always will be coming. "In the clouds" they still watch for Him, and, true enough, "the clouds are the dust of his feet."

I have often thought I would like to ask an intelligent Jew who it was that built the "House of Israel." In the book of Ruth we read that "Leah and Rachel did build the house of Israel." It seems a great pity that the veil could not be lifted from the face of those who read, "Moses and the Prophet," still praying the Lord to build up the walls of Jerusalem and restore the kingdom to Israel, and yet refusing to obey.

"What mountains of delusion men have reared!  
How every age has hustled on to build  
Its shadowy mole and monumental dream."

And yet, unless the Lord builds the house, they labor in vain that build. But will not "positive science," as your European correspondent says, do for the Jew and for the Quaker, also, for that matter, what all other things and means have failed to do—for the Jew, whose strong belief "in the inviolable unity of God, the deepest lesson of His skies, that he has kept intact in its integrity" through all the centuries of the Christian Era, will not let unity assume new aspects? Surely his mind can be brought to grasp a scientific fact. The new *Church Independent*, too, announces "Christ the light within" to be the doctrine of the Lord. Once acknowledge that, and it follows, as surely as day succeeds night, that no other order of priesthood but that professed by Friends is possible. How ancient is the most advanced thought, "The first born of every creature." (Col. i and v.)

I am so much pleased with the book, "A Persuasive to Unity," which you sent me, that I shall no longer attempt to conceal the satisfaction I feel in contemplating the fact that another mind was impelled to republish "Barclay's Anarchy of the Ranters." It was in 1867 that I first read that work, and my mind was particularly interested in those passages concerning A National Ministry, the Second Coming, &c. For the first time I had begun to feel some curiosity in the controversy between different branches of the Society of Friends, though many years before I

had renounced the hope of an intelligent comprehension of the differences. It was in vain they cried Peace, or rather, Faith. I recognized the want of unity, but the "point of reconciliation" was not then presented to my vision. Such was the astonishing reticence of most of the people with whom I was acquainted, that I never knew, while they lived, what their views on immediate revelation and the resurrection were. Since I have myself arrived at definite conclusions or conviction on these points, I can no longer blame them for their silence. It was indeed a day of darkness and trial. Just at this time I met with a statement of the doctrines of the New Church (Swedenborgian). There was no much room for doubt after I read the fourth paragraph. The second coming is not a *visible appearance*, but simply a *new disclosure of truth*. I brought what little reason a woman has to bring to the study of these questions, and was able to say, after attending a course of New Church lectures in Poughkeepsie, in the winter of 1867-8, that the Society of Friends presented the *basis* of the one true, new and everlasting church; and furthermore, it was, in my estimation, the only one a woman could join and maintain her self-respect, for it *professed* to accord her "half of the Kingdom"

G. B. U.

Lawrence, Kansas.

THE only effectual way to maintain true inward peace is to fix our thoughts and aspirations wholly upon the requirements of God's law as embodying the highest good of which our nature is capable.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

MAGNOLIA, PUTNAM COUNTY, ILL.

We have already commenced making preparation for the building of the new Yearly Meeting-house. The material for the foundation is all on the ground, and operation will commence as soon as the weather permits.

The Building Committee are busy making out plans, specifications, &c., for its erection. When the time for the meeting in Ninth month arrives, we hope and expect to see many of our friends from the East among us.

W.

"PRAIRIE VIEW" FARM, GENOA, NEB.

I have been a constant reader of the *Intelligencer* for the last fourteen years—did not value it so much the first eight years as I have the last six that I have been separated from the body of the Society; and especially during the last two years has it been a source of comfort and strength to my wife and myself, and the only visible tie between us and our distant brethren.

During this time, we have not raised a crop of anything but wheat, and our trials and discouragements have been increased by the feeling that our Society so utterly neglects its isolated members, while we witness the Christian care bestowed by other denominations on their brethren scattered over the country. The fact of our being members, instead of sustaining us under these trials and difficulties, has made them harder to bear. I talked to C. G. freely last summer when he was here, and hoped he would call the attention of Friends to it; I do not mean to my individual case, but to the fact that Friends extend so little care to their isolated members. He seemed to see it just as I did.

The question may arise, why separate yourselves from Friends? I can only answer this question for myself: I came here under an apprehension of duty and an appointment of Friends, and have not yet seen my way clear to return. I have sometimes thought it was the design of our Heavenly Father to separate us from every earthly support, that we might feel how entirely dependent we are upon Him.

J. M. T.

THIRD MONTH 30th, 1875.

JOHN COMLY:

*Dear Friend,*—In the *Intelligencer* of the 20th, notice was given to Friends in Kansas and Nebraska, who had suffered from the ravages of the chintz-bugs and grasshopper, "if we would organize and appoint an agent to receive contributions, there would be a willingness to extend the needed relief." With humiliation, we acknowledge ourselves as being among that class who need the kindly aid proffered. In the year 1873, we were much injured by the chintz-bug. The end of the year left us with no surplus. The history of the summer of 1874 is too well known to need repetition. Our greatest need is the want of money to supply ourselves with provisions for our families and feed for our teams. We are disposed to use every laudable means to secure by honest toil a subsistence for ourselves, and no effort is being spared to prepare the soil for the reception of seed; and now, if our kind friends can lend us a helping hand in this time of our great need, we shall feel truly grateful for the favor; and should you assist us, the sooner we get it the better. Our little meeting here is composed of five families of Friends. The Friends here authorize Thomas E. Hogue, of Chanute, Neosho county, Kansas, to receive contributions.

Signed on behalf of the Friends here by  
BARCLAY MUNDY,  
WILLIAM G. SMITH,  
THOMAS E. HOGUE.

From the Chicago Alliance.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

The root which produces the beautiful and flourishing tree, with all its spreading branches, verdant leaves and refreshing fruit, that which gains for its sap, life, vigor and fruitfulness, is all unseen; and the further and the deeper the roots spread beneath, the more the tree expands above.

Christians, if you long to bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit, strike your roots deep and wide in private prayer. That faith and support, that strength and grace which you ask from God in secret, that it may be exercised in the hour of need, God will in that hour give it you before men.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I have had thee in mind so much lately, I will try to write thee, if only to assure thee of our loving remembrance. Thy letters have always been very precious to us. As we grow older, and into the experiences of our elders, we feel increasing appreciation and gratitude for a backward look and word of counsel from those in advance.

We have a nice little meeting here, though unorganized. It has been under consideration to have a Monthly Meeting ultimately established, as our members average about twenty-five or thirty; but all do not seem ready for it, feeling a little fear that we may possibly lose some of the life and preciousness of the spirit, by bringing it in bondage to the letter. Perhaps it will in time become an organized body. There would be some advantages, but no better meetings, I think. My husband is a deeply-interested worker, endeavoring to do his whole duty faithfully, and not go beyond. For my own part, I can only try not to be in the way. I do not seem to have a clear sight of Society matters and affairs, and can take but little part in them. To some, no doubt, this seems like indifference or lack of interest in the Truth, but perhaps the good Father, knowing my weakness and vacillating nature, does not require such work from me. I sometimes feel that if we get a little First-day school started in the spring, I may find something to do in it, and may thus be of some little use. In the meantime I am trying to be a good wife and mother, as well as neighbor and friend, to those who come across my path, but am often discouraged because of the little progress I make, and the feeble growth within my own heart, of the good seed. Surely it is my heart's desire to grow in grace as in years, and that the Truth may prosper.

I have for the last two or three years been



much exercised on the subject of *dress*, and of woman's unnecessary and undignified dependence on men for support. It has been a great struggle for me to make any change in my dress, because those most nearly connected with me least understood the feeling that prompted it. Probably neither thyself nor any one else who was not intimate with me, would notice that I dress plainly. But when I look at the expensive jewelry no longer taken out of its cases—when all laces, fringes and ruffles are done away with, I must think I am moving in the right direction. It is so hard to make people understand that one does not desire uniformity either in color or style of dress—only simplicity and consistency with our principles. And I do think the love of dress is a great foe to spiritual advancement. If we are continually planning and contriving how to get this new or pretty decoration, what style to have our clothes cut, &c., surely our hearts will be turned from more heavenly considerations.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 17, 1875.

There are some questions that have to be left to individual experience or conviction for their solution.

The excellency of our religious profession is in no particular more apparent than in the freedom of thought which it allows on subjects that are capable of varied interpretation.

Sometimes individual convictions are designed only for individual direction or instruction, and as such should be seriously pondered rather than made use of as public property.

It is not possible for every one to be impressed by any subject in exactly the same way; each sees that which the peculiar construction of his own mind presents to his understanding, and nothing more; and it is because of this fact that the promulgation of diverse views sometimes enables individuals to arrive at conclusions which may greatly modify previously-accepted opinions, and possibly lead in the end to their abandonment.

A comparison of views may sometimes be advantageous, but a care is needed in the examination of questions that have many sides, lest we use the liberty we enjoy to the wounding of another or cause any that are weak to stumble. The spirit that forbearth in love

should rule in every discussion that arises each being willing to grant to the other the same earnest desire for the advancement of Truth that is claimed for himself.

It is only as we dwell under this feeling that we are prepared to receive instruction or to impart of that which we have received to another.

**CORRECTION.**—In No. 5 of the *Intelligencer* of the present year, page 71, I observe it is stated that \$535.50 had been received from Friends in New York for Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, toward building a House for Illinois Yearly Meeting. This is a mistake. Those contributions were to help Friend of Prairie Grove Meeting no more than those of Blue River. ONE OF THE DONORS.

### MARRIED.

**BASSETT—THOMPSON.**—Third month 11th 1875, under the care of Salem Monthly Meeting, E. Smith Bassett, son of Edward H. and Hannah P. Bassett, to Annie E., daughter of Joshua and Mary J. Thompson, all of Salem, N. J.

### DIED.

**HOLLINGSWORTH.**—On the 23d of Second month 1875, at the residence of his daughter, Jane H. Meredith, near Oquawha, Illinois, Nathan Hollingsworth, aged 76 years.

He was a member of White Water Monthly Meeting, at Richmond, Ind., but since his change of residence from Centreville, Ind., he has been mostly removed from the pleasant companionship of Friends' society, except that of his own family. But he remained firm in the faith, and rejoiced in the blessed promises held out to the faithful.

He walked beside his companion for fifty-three years, and the tender affection in which they lived was beautiful to look upon. He was also a kind and loving parent. With mental faculties almost wholly unimpaired, he suddenly passed away without apparent suffering—simply went to sleep and waked no more on earth; thus verifying the beautiful words of Scripture, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

**LEWIS.**—In State Centre, Iowa, on the 19th of Second month, 1875, Jehu Lewis, aged 85 years.

**RICHARDSON.**—On the 16th of Fifth month 1874, in Attleboro', Bucks county, Pa., Joshua Richardson, aged 71 years; a member of Middle town Monthly Meeting.

**SHOTWELL.**—In Lee county, Ala., on the 26th of Twelfth month, 1874, Susan R. Shotwell, in the 68th year of her age; a member of the Society of Friends.

She was born in the State of New Jersey and removed with her father to the West more than thirty years ago. She lived in Indiana and Illinois until 1863. After this year she removed to Alabama. When about three years of age she had a violent attack of whooping cough, and had long been in feeble health; but though weak in body, her mind was stored with Christian grace.

Her benign example was felt by her relatives, and her bounties were freely bestowed upon the suffering and poor, so far as she had the power.

THOMAS.—Suddenly, on the 30th of Third mo., 1875, Elizabeth Thomas, in the 86th year of her age; a member of Cecil Monthly Meeting, Md.

KENT.—Suddenly, at her late residence, Penn's Grove, Chester county, Pa., on the morning of the 8th of Second month, 1875, Lydia M., wife of Joseph H. Kent, in the 41st year of her age; a member of Penn's Grove Monthly Meeting.

KENT.—On the morning of the 1st of Third month, 1875, George M., son of Joseph H. and the late Lydia M. Kent, aged three weeks and four days.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 43.

(Continued from page 108.)

*IN CAIRO.*

The old streets of Cairo wind in and out without any apparent order, very much, one writer says, "like mites march through a cheese." The "street" degenerates into a narrow lane, which not unfrequently ends abruptly in the cordial union of the houses on the opposite sides. But the vigorous hand of the Khedive is changing this intricate oriental city very rapidly into something quite commonplace and modern, and one curiously inquires if these varied and picturesque sons and daughters of Ishmael are also destined to don the prosaic garb and assume the manners of the European. Even little children address us in a few words of English, and a knowledge of the French and Italian languages is yet more common, and from this I infer that, in the future, their native Arabic will gradually sink out of use and become one of the dead languages of the earth. But much depends, in this land of despotic rule, on the views and wishes of the future rulers, and it will certainly require generations of progress, before this strangely degraded people will be prepared for enlightened self-government. The condition of women here, as in Syria, is terrible in the extreme. They are the mere slaves of their husbands, to whom they are married without any exercise of choice on their own part, and by whom they may be most cruelly treated or repudiated, without any hope of redress. Their only hope of comfort or of happiness is the chance of becoming wives of men in whom the Divinely-given law of righteousness has not been quite extinguished by superstition and bigotry and long oppression.

One of the curious and characteristic sights of Cairo is a bridal procession, accompanied, as we saw it, by the parade of a little boy about five years old, previously to his cir-

cumcision. It is headed by a party of musicians, the child and his attendants following immediately after. He is seated on a fine horse, gaily caparisoned, and is dressed with all possible richness. He wears a red cashmere turban, but in other respects is dressed like a girl, wearing female ornaments borrowed from a lady, which are too large for him. Then follows the bride's party, which consists of her married female relatives and friends walking in pairs, with the young maidens following after. The bride comes next, walking under a canopy of silk, open only in front, which is carried by four men by means of a pole at each corner. Of course, the bride is quite invisible to our eyes, but we can see that two or three other persons, her female relations, it is said, accompany her under the canopy.

The procession moves very slowly, pausing frequently, evidently for display, and we might easily follow it, but it is soon lost sight of amid the intricate streets. The bride is going to the house of a husband who has never seen her, and who is at liberty to reject her, if her beauty is not to his fancy, or if he finds her in any way repulsive to him. This would seem to be a necessary liberty, when marriages are thus entered into without any previous acquaintance; but it might seem reasonable to some minds that the bride should also have a chance to escape.

Our visits to the dancing and to the howling Dervishes were of some interest; but the performances of these fanatics have been very often described in full, and we found they had been correctly represented. The dancing Dervishes were slender, pale men, with every appearance of extreme asceticism; and I was far more interested in their whirling worship than in the barbaric rites of the howlers.

We were taken to their convent near the centre of the city, at 2 o'clock on the sixth day of the week, and were admitted to a mosque which contained a large circular enclosure for the devotees, while seats were furnished for the spectators, on the outside of the ring. The Dervishes, who wore long robes of colored cloth, confined at the waist, hooded cloaks and very tall cylindrical hats of felt, came slowly in with reverent tread and seated themselves on the matting of the floor, and seemed for a time to be absorbed in silent prayers. The sheik was seated on one side, apart from the rest, and was dignified above his brethren by a green turban which he wore round the lower part of his tall cap. Some performers in the gallery furnished a rude sort of music, and, after a time, the devotees rise, lay aside their cloaks and advance in turn to the sheik. Each bowing profoundly, with hands folded across his breast, and, kiss-



ing the hand of the chief, commences to whirl around, making a complete cone of his skirts, and gradually extending both arms, turning the palm of one hand up, the other down. They keep this movement for about a quarter of an hour, and then rest awhile, repeating the same exercise again and again for about an hour, and then gravely retire, leaving us to wonder why men should choose such strange ways of attesting their allegiance to God.

The howlers, whom we visited on another day, have their mosque a little outside of the city, and are a wild, motley looking company, varying widely in color and in costume, and only resembling each other in wearing their hair very long. They stood up in a ring, chanting the words "Lá iláha illa-lláh!" (There is no deity but God) over and over again, with a bowing motion of the body, continuing the exercise till it became painful to look at them. Gradually the long hair, reaching down nearly to the waist, becomes quite unloosed, and is thrown first backward and then forwards, giving an ugly and savage strangeness to the spectacle. The performance lasted about an hour, and then the Der-vishes donned their turbans and robes, kissed the hand of their sheik and dispersed.

Wonderful are the stories told of the fastings, vigils and other austerities of the Der-vishes; but I must say that there was nothing at all wonderful in either their dancing or whirling—it was only absurd.

Our drive out to the palace and garden of Shoobra, along a beautiful four-mile avenue, shaded by the sycamore and the accacia, past the houses and villas of the magnates of Egypt, deserves some slight mention. Polite servitors receive us at the gate and conduct us along a flower-bordered pathway between trees laden with ripened oranges and lemons to the great fountain. It consists of a mighty marble basin, containing water about four feet deep, and a marble balustrade surrounds it. We walked around under the covered corridor which encloses the fountain, and loitered in the kiosks projecting into the water, admiring the elaborate and elegant carvings with which Italian artists have adorned this charming pleasure-house of Mehemet Ali.

At each of the four corners of the building is a room fitted up in a style suited to the magnificence of princes; but all looks forsaken and a little out of repair. The fountain is silent and still as death; the seats in the kiosks are falling to ruins, and one wonders that such a tasteful and costly edifice should be so little prized by the present prince. It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and the ladies of the Viceroy's harem are expected to

come for a promenade. We wait and hope to see the wives of viceroyalty; but they come not to-day, and we return to the garden-walk again. The gardener approaches us with a bow and presents us each with a lovely bouquet of fragrant flowers, waiting to receive backsheesh in return, and our guide gathers and peels the excellent little madarin-oranges, and gives them to us to eat as long as we will accept. Then he holds out his hand with a persuasive smile for a franc, and bows a farewell.

Everything grows luxuriantly in these Nile-watered gardens, and the fragrance of the many flowers and of the ripened oranges is overpowering; and the liberality with which we are laden with trophies from fruit-tree and from the flowering boughs is astonishing, and, so far as I know, without precedent in royal pleasure grounds.

I have left but little space in which to make record of our visit to the pyramids and to their imposing and mysterious neighbor, the Sphynx, who sits evermore among the sands, bearing silent witness to the grandeur of the prehistoric ages. A very good road, a comfortable springy carriage, a pleasant company, a perfect day, breezy and cool, combine to make the visit a very easy matter. A fine bridge over the Nile and a Macadamized road, high enough to be out of the way of the inundation, give an excellent opportunity to observe the fair green valley, now rich with the promise of plentiful harvests, and, in an hour and a half, we have reached the yellow desert sands, which are drifted over the firm road, making sad work for the laboring steeds. A few minutes more and westland at the very foot of the great Pyramid of Geezeh. The brother pyramid has quite gone into eclipse, and we stand long in the presence of this hugest pile of masonry that man has ever created, and wonder at the strange ambition of the prince who thought it worth while to perpetuate his memory and protect his worn-out body by such Cyclopean work as this. The work remains to astonish mankind; but the royal egotist is forgotten, and his bones and regal ornaments are lost in the sands of the desert. The plateau of rock on which the Pyramids of Geezeh stand, is elevated about one hundred feet above the Nile valley, and is a sort of promontory in the Lybian chain of hills. There are three pyramids here of great size and several smaller ones, besides many ordinary tombs, marking this as a place of royal burial.

The morning is lovely, but there is a distant layer of mist along the horizon, which promises to limit the view, and we feel quite justified in declining to make the ascent of this most barren of all the hills, and I feel



likewise, excused from penetrating to the interior to see the sarcophagus, whence the occupant has vanished. The way is hard—has been often traversed—and we think it more interesting to talk with the merry-faced little Bedouins, who throng around us and try to sell a draught of Nile water from their porous bottles. One little chap has quite a stock of English words of which he makes comical use. We ask him if he speaks English, "Yes, yes!" he answers promptly. "Parlez vous Français?" "Oui, oui!" "Parlate Italiano?" "Si!" "Sprechen sie Deutsche?" "Ja, ja!" laughs the little son of the desert. He does not look more than six, and cannot be over ten years old, and has this hopeful beginning for his allotted life as an Arab of the desert. What might not education and judicious Christian training do for such minds as his, if once the blinding shackles of bigotry were broken!

These people are more interesting to me than the pyramids, gigantic as are the latter; but I ought to mention, in regard to the greatest of these edifices, that its base covered an area of 13 acres 1 rood 22 poles, and its perpendicular height was 480 feet 9 inches; thus exceeding in altitude the loftiest spires of the modern world. The great size of the blocks, and the perfection of the masonry have been often described, and, really, description has made them so familiar to us, there is nothing left to astonish.

After lunch, we are conducted into the solemn presence of the Sphynx, which reposes in an eternal calm of desert sand, about a quarter of a mile southeast of the great pyramid. The late researches of Mariette have proved this to be even more ancient than its neighbors, the pyramids; and being really a work of art, embodying in a most majestic style an antique ideal of beauty, power and regal dignity and calm, it is far more interesting than they. Shame to the Vandal warriors who have marred the mighty head—less kind were they than the desert dust which seeks evermore to shelter this relic of forgotten antiquity from defacement. It typifies royal power—the union of intellect with physical force.

The Greek dedicatory inscription on the buried fore-paws is thus translated by Dr. Young:

"Thy form stupendous, here the gods have placed,  
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land;  
And with this mighty work of art have graced  
A rocky isle, encumbered once with sand;  
And near the pyramids have bid thee stand:  
Not that fierce Sphynx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,

But great Latona's servant, mild and bland;  
Watching that prince beloved who fills the throne  
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own.

That heavenly monarch (who his foes defies),  
Like Vulcan, powerful (and, like Pallas, wise)." —*Arrian.*

We are next shown the sand-encumbered ruin, called the temple of the Sphynx, and examine with astonishment the mighty blocks of granite and of purest alabaster, of which its halls were builded—another amazing evidence of the culture of the far-away age of which they bear eloquent witness. The interest and desire to know more of Egypt's mysteries grows as we gaze, and we feel a decided inclination to join the Dahabeah party, which starts on Christmas day for the first cataract. The time required will be from thirty-five to sixty days, according to the favor of the winds; and we, the voyagers, may have whole days to sit still and read, or to write letters to the faithful friends who have given proofs of kind remembrance in these days of voluntary exile. The "Swallow" is ready to receive us, and bear us away on her pinions to the realm of mysteries.

England furnishes four and America five to this improvised company of nine who join hands, trustingly, for mutual help in an expedition up the Nile—of which, more anon.

S. R.

Cairo, Twelfth mo. 24th, 1874.

#### DR. THOMAS' HISTORICAL LECTURES.

##### THE PHOENECIAN RACE.

A colony from Tyre established themselves on the Northern coast of Africa, opposite to Sicily, and founded their most important city, Carthage, about 850 B. C. They were a remarkable people. Their skill in navigation surpassed nearly all other nations at that period; their vessels were said to have "whitened every sea."

The "Pillars of Hercules," or straits of Gibraltar, passed by the Phœnecians, were considered as the *ne plus ultra* before the discovery of America by Columbus; after the discovery they were called *plus ultra*.

The Phœnecians were skilled in the use of metals; they turned to Cornwall and made use of the tin found in its mines. They also established colonies in Ireland, and through this channel the Irish received their language. The Celts seem to be indebted to the Phœnecians for theirs, but this is only conjecture.

Under the direction of Egyptian kings, Carthage circumnavigated Africa. Agriculture was carried on to a considerable extent; they contrived to make their region the "Garden of the World." As no rain falls there in summer, they collected, in covered reservoirs, the rain falls of the latter part of winter and of spring, to water their gardens.

Notwithstanding they were an important nation of antiquity, they left no history, and



all we know of them is derived from their enemies, the Romans and Greeks. The government of Carthage was an oligarchy, like that of Venice. This despotic rule accounts for their little success in war, as the people never took any interest in public affairs.

Two hundred years B. C., the boundary of Italy on the north, was the Rubicon ("Little River"). To cross this river was considered an invasion of Roman territory. At this time the Romans possessed the whole peninsula south of this river to the very toe of the boot. Plunderers, called "Filibusters," left Italy for the possession of Messina, Sicily. Syracusans living there objected to this and sent to the Roman Senate for redress. The Senate as a body was composed of the most honorable men; there were, however, two, Appius Claudius and Caius Claudius, men distinguished for ability, but who had no feelings in common with the Roman sense of justice, and instead of avenging the wrongs of the Syracusans, made conquest of their territory; but the Carthagenians soon recovered their cities by their navigating power. The Romans said that to carry on successful war with these people, they must get possession of the sea. Fortunately for them a Carthaginian war vessel of the largest size was driven on the coast of Italy; the Romans employed men to make one hundred of these, and as they knew nothing of rowing they set vessels on shore and made men go through the motions. The Carthagenians were never able to defeat the Romans when there was the same amount of naval force, since all the oarsmen of Carthage were slaves, while every Roman knew he would share in the glory if they won.

After the Romans had lost on the sea, they determined to carry the war into Africa, driving the Carthagenians nearer home. When the Romans landed on the African shore, the Carthagenians were completely at a loss, as there was no fortress of any account except Carthage. They sent a letter to Regulus, a man of honorable faith and truthfulness (but who had no other very good points), to get terms of peace for Carthage. His answer drove Carthage to despair. He demanded that Carthage should be subject to Rome, and all her vessels be brought out at every beck and call of the Romans. "Make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy" should have been followed in this case.

They sent to Sparta for help. Xantippus came to their assistance. The Romans were overcome and Regulus taken prisoner. The war was continued. Hamilcar, a Carthaginian General, was in favor of peace. He determined to elevate Carthage by promoting the interest and dignity of the common people.

He was the father of Hannibal. When

Hannibal was nine years old, his father took him to the altar and made him swear eternal enmity to Rome. This, in our view, was not a worthy action. But Hamilcar felt that Rome had treated the Carthagenians in an illiberal and cruel manner, and that to raise Carthage he must put down Rome.

Hamilcar died 222 B. C., and was succeeded by his son-in-law; afterwards Hannibal came to the throne. He was actuated by high religious feeling, although his religion was false. He believed he was sent by the Gods of Carthage (every nation had presiding deities.) The account of Hannibal's crossing the alps, is one of the most remarkable in history. So complete were his triumphs that he might have put an end to the Roman Empire, but he chose not to do so then. According to the views of the ancients his career was grand. After various conquests, fortunes of war turned in favor of the Romans, and Hannibal, in despair, took poison, having said, "If I fall, I fall by no ignoble hands." R.

Some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light;  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.—*French.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OTOE AGENCY.

OTOE AGENCY, Third mo., 14th, 1875.

*Dear Friend,*—The few mild days we are now having indicate that the long severe winter through which we have passed on these open prairies will, in the usual changes of seasons, be followed by springtime and harvest, and reminds me that they whose labors keep pace with the rapid flight of time must be up and doing and not burden to-morrow with the work of to-day. I also desire that, with our many duties, the pleasant one of informing interested Friends in the East of our continued efforts in behalf of our poor Indians be not neglected, but we should rejoice if we could report a more rapid advancement in the way in which we believe it would be best for themselves and future generations to walk, for all we can accomplish seems so little compared with the work to be done.

Sibbilla and myself, with an Indian as driver and interpreter, have, during the last week, visited most of the camps scattered along the creeks, in ravines, from one to fifteen miles from the Agency, ministering to their necessities (particularly to the sick and aged) as far as lay in our power; found them mostly as comfortable as circumstances will permit, in their canvas tents, with very little sickness, though since I wrote thee last there have been a number of deaths among the little ones. My heart often aches for the fathers and mothers who fondly love their



children, but seemed so ignorant of what they require, that I believe, in many instances, they have passed away for want of proper treatment, or victims of their dreadful practice of bleeding.

Mingling with the families in every-day life in their wigwams affords the only opportunity of understanding their real situation and needs, and, by example as well as precept, endeavoring to lead them to a better life. The great obstacle that must in some way be overcome before the women will be housekeepers worthy of the name, and able to make homes what they should be, in tent or house, is *want of cleanliness*; my attention is constantly directed to this object, and we believe with some improvement; their daily demand for soap indicates a willingness to do more than they have means at present to accomplish.

There is much cause for encouragement in the sewing department: the interest awakened, when an opportunity was first offered for making neater clothing without cost to themselves, continues unabated. All the woolen goods and shirting so generously forwarded by your committee last fall have been converted into plain substantial clothing, except a little linsay which I have been holding in reserve, and the hickory contained in the last boxes received is half made up. My list shows that since Tenth month, 63 skirts, 45 shirts, 25 dresses, 29 pairs of pantaloons, two aprons apiece for the school girls (besides mending and patchwork) have been made entirely by Indian women and girls, all, except eight garments, were made in our presence and carefully inspected. All the small pieces of muslin and hickory of sufficient size left in cutting out are sewed up for covers for pillows. The pantaloons goods that were not needed for the school children were made up by their wives for a few of the men whom we considered most deserving. The satisfaction of seeing the change from flour-sack leggings to good warm pantaloons, amply repays for the trouble necessary in instructing them in such a new branch of business. The clothing contained in the two boxes received last month was truly an acceptable donation, for which we cannot express sufficient thanks. The part-worn clothing was distributed, and the new as far as we considered it actually needed. I think it was appreciated, and I will recall one instance. A gray haired woman came in one piercing cold day clad in cotton rags. I gave her some underclothing and a flannel skirt and sack, her thin old face brightened up with joy as she exclaimed, "Mene-wa-she-da!" (I will dance) and immediately put her saying into practice. Poor woman! she knew no other way of expressing her gratitude for the gift, as we could not un-

derstand the only language she could speak.

The cold weather is probably over, and we will soon pack away what woolen clothes we have and turn our attention to thinner apparel. First I mean to cut some aprons and bonnets of gingham to encourage a growing interest on the part of a few mothers to have some for the little girls, whose heads will be the better of some protection from the wind and sun. 1 piece of shirting, 2 of muslin, 2 of gingham, 1 of cottonade, and a few remnants of calico comprise our stock of unmade summer goods. With a knowledge of this, and the list sent last fall (which would not be materially changed if prepared), now thou canst have some idea of what we can use to best advantage. Of hickory, calico, and cottonade we could make up a large amount, and if it can be bought at as low a figure, bright colors are greatly preferred in prints. Should the school continue large as now, clothing for the children will be quite an item. We are trying to make their winter clothes last until warmer weather, but some are very shabby. Would like the girls to make their own dresses if material can be procured, as, besides experience in sewing, it would likely induce them to be more careful. Our stock of needles and sewing cotton is getting low. I bought a dozen spools of coarse cotton, as we had none suitable for making shirts; I also bought some cotton and helped the women make several comfortables, some of which were pieced up of part-worn calico, and were very much needed during the winter. If convenient, I should like to have some old muslin for dressing wounds.

Should there be a vacancy in the next box, a number of old newspapers would enable me to furnish patterns of the garments cut to women who in that way could learn to do for themselves. Truly thy friend,

E. M. KOSER.

The following letter was written to a member of the Penna. Abolition Society in this city, on the occasion of its then approaching Centennial Celebration:

AMESBURY, 24th Third month, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I regret more than I can express that I cannot be with thee and other dear old friends and coworkers in the cause of freedom on the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society.

For, indeed, it is an event of no ordinary significance, this centennial of the first society ever formed for the abolition of slavery.

It commemorates one of the great aggressive movements of Christian civilization against the still surviving barbarism of an age of brute force and selfishness.



What a history is connected with it! What a struggle between all that is best and all that is vilest in human nature has marked its progress! What faith, what courage, what noble aspirations, what generous self-sacrifice has it known. How many blessings from souls rescued from the intolerable hell of slavery have made the sleep of its members sweeter and compensated them for their lifelong labors!

Looking over its roll of membership, we find the names of men whose memory is precious—the elect and called of God to the noblest service—men every way worthy of a State whose foundations were laid in prayer, and to whose charter of rights and liberties the joint wisdom of Penn and Sydney contributed.

The Great Centennial of American Independence of the coming year will show that no State has a prouder record than Pennsylvania, but in all her rich inheritance of renown she has nothing better than her Abolition Society, the first of its kind in the world's history, numbering among its supporters such men as Franklin, Baldwin, Rush, Pemberton, Mifflin, Shipley, and thy own honored father.

The world, slowly emerging from the darkness of the Stone Age, still, doubtless, overestimates its warrior champions; but the time is not far distant, when justice will be done to the heroes of the bloodless victories of Christian civilization and progress.

Their armor rings on a fairer field  
Than Greek or Trojan ever trod;  
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,  
And the light above is the smile of God.

So far as the abolition of slavery is concerned, the work of the society is done. Mainly upon the colored people themselves now depends the question whether, by patient industry, sobriety and assiduous self-culture, they shall overcome the unchristian prejudice still existing against them, or by indolence, thriftlessness, and moral and physical degradation, they shall confirm and strengthen it.

But, there will still be, on the part of all who have sought their freedom, no lack of occasion for labor in their behalf, in accordance with the very spirit and letter of the constitution of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, which is pledged to "the relief of free negroes."

All that can be done consistent with the constitutional right of States, should be done for their protection by the General Government, and there is no philanthropic object at the present time more deserving of encouragement than that of the education of the children of freedmen.

In this point of view there is still work for the old parent society, and it has a legitimate

right to exist and continue its labors of love so long as there is prejudice to be overcome or ignorance to be enlightened.

Accept, dear friend, assurances of old-time love and respect from thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold.  
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,  
Ever the same long, weary tale is told,  
And to our lips is held the cup of strife;  
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,  
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void  
Which Dead Sea fruit long, long ago has coyed,  
Whose night with wild, tempestuous storms is rife;  
And yet—a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair  
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there,  
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,  
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife;  
And yet—a little patience strengthens life.

Is it, then, true, this tale of bitter grief,  
Of mortal anguish, finding no relief?  
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf;  
Three angels share the lot of human strife,  
Three angels glorify the path of life—

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way;  
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirits' stay;  
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,  
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal  
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

—*Frazer's Magazine.*

### THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,  
If we only would stop to take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it.  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are lifted.  
There was never a night without a day  
Nor an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jewelled crown  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate silver threads  
Of our curious lives asunder;  
And then heaven blame for the tangled ends,  
And sit to grieve and wonder.—*Ex. paper.*

From the Detroit Free Press.

"LITTLE DAN."

You see the people at the postoffice soon recognize faces and names, and after a man or woman has appeared at the general delivery window three or four times they are pretty well known. It is a real pleasure to hand out letters to some, while the clerks care little for the calls of others to get hold of their epistles.

One day, a year or two ago, a funny-looking little old woman, wearing faded garments, but having a tidy look and a motherly face, appeared at the window and asked for a letter. There was one for her, sent from a distant city, and any one could have told that an unlettered boy directed the envelope. There was a little "d" in "Detroit," with a big "T" to end the word, and it seemed wonderful that the letter ever reached its destination.

The old lady felt so good that, tears in her eyes and yet trying hard to smile, she put her head into the window and said:

"Thanks! It is from my boy Dan, and you don't know how much good it does me!"

The lady delivery clerk rose up to look after the old woman, and when a second letter came she was looking and watching for "mother" a whole day before the letter was passed out.

"It's from my little Dan again," cried the old woman, as she noticed the superscription. He's in Buffalo, learning a trade. He's only a bit of a boy, and there wasn't a show for him in Detroit, and besides, he was running out nights and going to the bad. I sent him away, and he's working hard and trying to be good. God bless my Dan! I'm a lone widow, with only him to love, and I hope he'll be good!"

"I hope so, too," added the clerk, and after that the two were friends. Sometimes the letters were far between, and when the old woman would worry over the delay, and the big tears would fall, the lady would almost shed tears with her. "Mother" would open her letters at the window, and if Dan was feeling brave-hearted and getting along well both would rejoice, while both would be anxious if he complained and was discouraged.

Almost every week for a year and a half the old lady received a letter, and just as regularly she came to post an answer. She wrote in a quaint old hand, but the boy could make out every word, and once, when he wrote that her writing was improving, she felt all the pride that a school-girl could have known. He improved as well. By and by he wrote "Detroit" plain and fair, and he took extra pains to commence his "Dear mother" with a grand flourish, and to add something extra after the words, "Your son Dan."

Those letters were food and drink to the old lady, and she seemed to actually grow younger. Little Dan had many friends in the postoffice, and had the mother been ill any carrier would have hunted till midnight to find her and hand her the looked-for letter. Three or four weeks ago when she opened her letter she went and smiled as over the first. Dan wrote that he was coming home for a week, and her heart was full. She said she'd have the cottage looking like new for him, and she'd be at the depot to welcome him first of all. Everybody felt glad with her, and the lady clerk was to go up some evening and have tea with her and see little Dan and praise and encourage him, for the more kind words a boy can have the better will he seek to do.

There was no letter the next Tuesday, but the two excused its absence by saying that Dan was getting ready to come home. That was early in February, and he was to come about the first of March. The next Tuesday there was a letter, but the handwriting was not little Dan's. It was a strange, business hand, and the clerk felt a chill go over her as she turned it over. It might be good news, but she feared not. "Mother" came in at the regular hour, and she turned pale as she took the envelope. Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and she had to wipe the mist out of her eyes before she could decipher a word. She hadn't read over four or five lines when she uttered a moan and sank right down, like one crushed by some awful weight. They lifted her up and took her home, the letter clasped in her stiff fingers; and, though she came out of the faint after a while, her heart was broken, and in a week she was in her grave.

Dan was dead! The letter said that he had been taken suddenly ill, and that nothing could save him. The blow was too heavy for one with her gray hairs and childish heart, and her little old cottage is without a tenant.

No more letters commencing "Dear Mother" came for the dead, and the trembling hands which used to linger fondly over the words, "My dear boy, Dan," are folded over a lifeless breast, there to rest till the angels unclasp them.

EXTRACT.

"LIFE is richly worth living, with its continual revelations of mighty woes yet infinite hope, and I take it to my breast. Amid these scenes of beauty, all that is little, foreign, unworthy vanishes like a dream. So shall it be some time amid the Everlasting Beauty, when true joy shall begin and never cease."

"I have been a chosen one; the lesson of



renunciation was early, fully taught, and the heart of stone quite broken through. The Great Spirit wished to leave me no refuge but itself. Convictions have been given, enough to guide me many years if I am steadfast. How deeply, how gratefully I feel this blessing, 'as the fabric of other's' hopes are shivering around me. Peace will not always flow thus softly in my life; but, Oh, our Father! how many hours has He consecrated to Himself! How often has the Spirit chosen the time, when no ray came from without, to descend upon the orphan life!"

"Beneath all pain inflicted by Nature, be not only serene, but more: let it avail thee in prayer. Perhaps at the moment of greatest suffering, a prayer, not for thy own escape, but for the enfranchisement of some being dear to thee, and the Sovereign Spirit will accept thy ransom."

"Strive, strive my soul to be innocent; yes! beneficent. Does any man wound thee, not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit. Then its work is done; it will never search thy whole nature again. Oh, love much, and be forgiven!—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli!*"

### NOTICES.

Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Race Street Meeting-house, on the 20th of Fourth month, at 7½ o'clock.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Merion, Pa., Fourth mo. 18th, 3 P. M. Trains leave Thirty-second and Market Street at 7.30 A. M. and 1 P. M. Stop at Elm Station, about half mile distant. Fare 18 cents.

Byberry, Pa., Fourth mo. 18th, 3 P. M.  
Roaring Creek, Pa., Fourth mo. 18th, 10 A. M.  
Catawissa, Pa., Fourth mo. 18th, 3 P. M.  
Cape May, N. J., Fourth mo. 18th, 3 P. M.  
Penn's Neck, N. J., Fourth mo. 25th, 3 P. M.  
Centredale, Pa., Fourth mo. 25th, 3 P. M.  
West Nottingham, Md., Fourth mo. 25th, 3 P. M.

Committee on Circular Meetings of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet Sixth-day afternoon, Fourth mo. 16th, at 4 o'clock, at Race Street

WM. EYRE, Clerk.

### ITEMS.

On the 7th inst, a fearful tornado swept through Edenburg, Illinois. A tornado also prevailed in the neighborhood of Little Rock, Ark.

At Schuyler, Nebraska, a tornado struck a bridge over the Platte river, lifted four spans, with the roof, from their places and dropped them in the river, leaving nothing but the piers. Several houses were blown down. The damage is estimated at \$20,000

A DISCOVERY of great interest to Egyptologists and antiquarians generally is reported from Port

Said. A learned archæologist in that place has just found a monumental stone to Thotmes III, under whose reign (1491 B. C.) the exodus of the Israelites is supposed to have taken place. The inscriptions already deciphered contain more than 400 geographical names, all recognizable, and for the most part belonging to Arabia, Armenia, Nubia and the coasts of the Mediterranean.

The only dangerous National Bank counterfeit of the denomination of \$5 in circulation are the Traders' National Bank, the First National Bank, the Third National Bank and the Merchants' National Bank, all of the city of Chicago. The work on each of these counterfeits is exceedingly well done. As all but eight thousand of the notes of the Traders' and the First National Banks of Chicago have been retired, the public are advised by the Treasury Department to refuse all \$5 notes of these banks.

WHERE TO PLANT TREES.—Plant them on every spot of ground that cannot be utilized for some productive purpose—in rocky or comparatively barren localities, along fence lines that are permanent, in wet places that are not to be drained, and which produce little forage. The planting of tree seeds, or transplanting of deciduous and evergreen trees in such situations about the farm, will not only add to the farm's valuation, but to its beauty and the comfort of animals, besides modifying the climate—diminishing the severity of the cold in winter and heat in summer.

A NEW marine aquarium on a large scale is about to be constructed in London. The aquarium proper is to be 600 feet long and 240 feet wide, the largest tank being capable of holding no less than 600 000 gallons of water.

ORIGIN OF RICE CULTURE IN AMERICA.—A Governor of South Carolina, it is related, had been in Madagascar, and seen the plant cultivated in its low swamps. He lived in Charleston, on the bay, and it struck him that a marshy spot in his garden might well serve for a plantation of rice. Just then (1694) a vessel put in from Madagascar in distress whose commander the Governor had formerly known. Her wants were liberally relieved, and in gratitude for the kindness he received, the master gave the Governor a bag of rice. It was sown, and produced abundantly. The soil proved singularly favorable for its culture. The marshes of Georgia and South Carolina were soon covered with rice plantations. A large part of the crop was exported to England. In 1724, 100,000 barrels were sent out from South Carolina alone. In 1761, the value of its rice crop was more than \$1,500,000. Its white population could not then have been more than forty-five thousand, and it is easy to conceive the tide of wealth that was distributed annually among its small band of planters. They built costly mansions on the coasts and bays, lived in fatal luxury, were noted for their wild excesses, and often fell speedy victims to the fevers of the malarious soil. Indigo, sugar, molasses, tar, pitch, and a great variety of valuable productions added to the wealth of the South. But cotton, which has grown through many vicissitudes to be the chief staple of British and American trade, was, at this period, only cultivated in small quantities for the use of the farmers. It was spun and woven into coarse cloths. But it was not until Whitney's invention, in 1793, that it could be readily prepared for commerce, and to the inventive genius of Connecticut the Southern States owe the larger part of their wealth and political importance.—From "*The First Century of the Republic*."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 24, 1875.

No. 9

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

## PLENARY INSPIRATION.

Our correspondent "R" sends us the following:

In the concluding portion of an article in the *Christian Register*, by N. S. Folsom, called "Views of Hebrew History," he vindicates the Divine Being from the charges of cruelty and favoritism which a literal acception of some of the historical portions of the Bible as plenary inspiration involves.

Intending no disparagement of the "Record" "in describing the moral aspects of certain portions of the Bible," he says, "Whoever reads thoughtfully will not fail to find what is said of Scripture in the Second Epistle to Timothy to be true even of these portions; that they are profitable for instruction, for self-scrutiny, for correction of faults, for training in righteousness. They furnish examples of that self-delusion under which men doing atrocious acts verily thought they had Divine direction and were doing God service. They show grand conceptions of the Divine will and character struggling through errors and superstitions in the same mind, until, in the great prophets of the eighth century and onward before Christ, truth breaks forth in relation to God and man like the sun out of dark clouds. The chief cause of regret is that in the light of those great prophets and in the hearing of the teachings of Jesus Christ, the greatest of them all, Christian teachers have taught both

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the divine sanction of the Israelitish atrocities and the plenary inspiration of the accounts of them."

Several instances are quoted from the Old Testament, in which "general directions are declared to have been given from Jehovah through Moses" to "utterly destroy the nations, nor show mercy to them;" and again, to Joshua, to utterly destroy Jericho and all that were in the city, with the edge of the sword; the same command was also given against Ai, in both which places many thousands of men, women and children, besides sheep and cattle, perished.

Passing over other accounts equally inconsistent with our ideas of the Divine Being, he cites the case of the slaughter of Saul's descendants. The picture is so vivid and the remonstrance of the human heart against the atrocity, as opposed to every conception of the attributes of God revealed to the inner consciousness of man, is so prompt and involuntary that the whole of it is here quoted. The writer says:

"A still more harrowing record is found in the twenty-first chapter of the second book of Samuel: "There was a famine in the days of David three years, year after year; and David inquired of the Lord, and the Lord answered: 'It is for Saul and his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites,'—a response, in all probability, through



'the prophet Gad, David's seer,' like a later one mention in the same book, xxiv: 11, 12. Whereupon the king asked the Gibeonites, 'Wherewith shall I make the atonement, that ye may bless the inheritance of the Lord?' They answered, 'Let seven of Saul's sons be delivered to us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul. And the king said' (perhaps, as Ewald suggests, and the account indicates, after vainly trying to get them to accept a compensation in money), 'I will give them.' Accordingly the two sons of Rizpah, Saul's favorite, and the five sons of Saul's oldest daughter, Merab ('Michal,' in the text, being their foster-mother after her sister's death), were delivered up, and gibbeted on crosses 'before the Lord'—here, again, occurring a forgetfulness or evasion of the Mosaic statute, and neither the prophet Gad nor the prophet Nathan remonstrating against the crime, but the Record expressly declaring the Divine sanction of it all. And Rizpah, spreading for herself her mourning robe of sackcloth on the rocky height of Gibeah, watched the dear bodies, scaring away from them the carrion-birds by day and the prowling jackals by night, all through the hot season, commencing with the early barley-harvest in April until the rainy season in October set in. Abiding there, without shelter, in her living exposure presenting so touching a spectacle, the Gibeonites themselves could no longer endure it, and they informed David, who ordered the remains of the victims to be gathered, along with those of Saul and Jonathan that had been suffered to lie in Jabesh-Gilead (beyond Jordan, not far from Mount Gilboa, where they fell), and they were buried—the latter in the sepulchre of their fathers, the former in some obscure place not mentioned. 'And after that,' so runs the Record, 'God was entreated for the land.' The real nature of the deed—how can it be defined otherwise than in Bryant's words?—

"Ye were foully murdered, by helpless sons,  
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones.  
Ye fell in your fresh and blooming prime,  
All innocent, for your father's crime.  
He sinned—but he paid the price of his guilt,  
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt;  
And the sceptre his children's hand should sway  
From his injured lineage passed away."

What follows is so in accordance with the views of Friends, that it is believed the readers of the *Intelligencer* will generally unite with it.

N. S. Folsom continues: "The advocates of plenary inspiration have adopted four ways of meeting these difficulties. One class of interpreters, including Dr. Cowles, pursues the policy of silence, and covers up the obnoxious features amid a profusion of ex-

planations of passages presenting no real difficulty. Another class, like Calvin, frankly acknowledges the difficulty, and bows in submission before 'the unfathomableness of God's counsels.' A third class, represented by one of the writers quoted in Lange, insists that 'accurately considered, the decision recorded by the Deuteronomists (xxiv, 16), "The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, neither the children for the fathers, but every man for his own sin," pertains to private rights, and has no application to the higher right of God; that 'the men and women and children and cattle were a propitiation to the Divine justice, in order that this might be glorified'—an explanation perhaps as rational as any that David or Joshua could find, but equivalent to asserting that God has rights for whose security He must violate the rights of His dependent creatures; that mankind are expected to glorify as just in God what in human transactions is infamously unjust! A fourth class, represented by Prof. H. L. Mansal, puts the matter in a shape slightly varying from the preceding, yet substantially the same, and holds that right in the mind of man is not the same with right in the mind of God. The first two methods are not even a feint of defence. The last two virtually deny that man is the image and glory of God, and cause worse than a divorce between God and man on the ground of utter antagonism in what is deepest and supreme in each—the idea of right.

"Bearing on this matter of Divine direction is a measure subsequent to the army regulation prohibiting appropriation of spoil. At all the sackings of cities after that of Jericho, the people were allowed to take the spoil for themselves. Why? Was it not because they began to chafe and grow discontented on account of being forbidden an indulgence allowed to soldiers of all other nations? It would thus seem a clear instance of Joshua's having acted in the matter, not from a direct command given by God himself, or by an angel of God, or by dreams and visions always infallible, but at times from inward impulse, or his best judgment, or prompted by declarations of 'seers' in the camp, the popular depositories of the divine oracles. It was a change, not in what Dr. Cowles often calls 'the divine policy,' but in the measures of the great Hebrew general.

"The method we have pursued in interpreting the Scriptures is directly authorized by the modes of speech in use to day among the oriental people descended equally with the Hebrews from Abraham, their language also being related to the Hebrew as a sister dialect, and their present customs those of an

cient Palestine. Says Sir Samuel Baker: "The conversation of the Arabs is in the exact style of the Old Testament. Should a famine afflict the country, 'The Lord called for a famine and it came.' If in a dream a particular course of action is suggested, 'God has *spoken* and directed.' And an Arab scribe narrating the event would say, 'God appeared to him in a dream and said.' With the Bible in one hand, and these unchanged tribes before the eyes, the veil of three thousand years is raised, and the living picture is a witness to the exactness of the historical description' (pp. 129, 130). This difference between oriental and occidental modes of thought and speech it is essential to consider in gathering the genuine import of the contents of the Bible.

"The theory, therefore, of plenary inspiration in the hands of its advocates is a *reductio ad absurdum*. The nature of the deeds and of the narratives of them must determine the nature of the inspiration; and in instances like those already specified the inspiration was not Divine, but human in some of the the worst phases of humanity. There is discoverable in the Record, as intimated at the commencement of the present article, the existence of palpable mistakes of the Divine will and character amid convictions of the enthroned supremacy of righteousness. There is the visible hastening way of sacrifice and burnt-offering toward their being annulled; there arises a vivid conception of them as valueless in the sight of God, except as tokens of a self-sacrificing spirit. From Abraham to Moses, from Moses to Samuel, and from Samuel to the Christ are these stages of progress clearly visible. To Abraham came the voice, 'I am the Almighty God; walk before Me and be thou perfect.' Moses heard with inward ear the same Great Being proclaiming Himself 'the Lord God, gracious and merciful'; had first the Decalogue printed on his own heart before he engraved it on the tablets of stone for the people, or placed the two great commandments in the books of the law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Samuel and David saw in personal matters the comparative superiority of obedience to sacrifice: the former proclaiming, 'Hath the Lord delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice'; and David, in his psalm of penitence, acknowledging, 'Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; the sacrifice of God is a contrite heart.' But all these believed in the efficacy of the public sacrifices to propitiate the Divine favor. David, toward the close of

his life, received the interpretation of the 'prophet Gad, his seer,' that a plague cutting down seventy thousand of his subjects was the punishment of his sin in taking a census of them, and building an altar at the direction of the same divine oracle, 'offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings'; and 'so the Lord was entreated for the land.' Not until more than two hundred years afterwards rang out in silver tones from the prophet Hosea, 'I desired mercy, and not sacrifice.' Not until four hundred years after Hosea's revelation came another voice of a nameless prophet, impersonating the ancient prophet Jonah, and in contrast with the Mosaic covenant which bound the people not to show mercy to their Gentile enemies, representing God as wishing to save Nineveh, 'that great city wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle.' And not until the Christ came was there one to voice the spirit of God and proclaim clearly, 'Love your enemies.'

"God has indeed spoken to man all through the ages, and is still speaking. His Spirit has been present in the chambers of human thought, and waked 'truths to perish never.' He still continues to make humanity His oracle, and the heart is conscious of His nearness. But all excepting one, namely, Jesus Christ, as tested in the ages hitherto, have spoken of God under limitations, at times occasioning error. Moreover, Jesus Himself is the Teacher of teachers, because He has spoken best and highest through His own Spirit and life. Those, too, are still the best teachers among men who best conceive that spirit and life, and stand with Him near to the Heavenly Father and in closest sympathy with man.

"There were types of Him before He came. The seven victims crucified on Gibeath of Saul, foreshadowed and anticipated the one on Calvary. They were in each case 'taken by wicked hands and slain.' In each case existed the monstrous notion of the Divine justice appeased by the death of the innocent for the guilty; in the one, Jehovah was entreated for the land; in the other, for the world. Better yet the parallel, that each still pleads with men, and will plead, until justice, and mercy, and the peace of God's eternal good-will shall everywhere prevail. There, too, in the person of one of the mothers of the crucified seven, in the watchful, faithful, self forgetful motherly love of RIZPAH, was manifested a pre-incarnation of the word in humanity more than a thousand years before it took place in the person of Jesus Christ.

"By the elimination of what is erroneous or transient in the Records, their essential in-



terest and instructiveness, their sublimity, and the beauty of holiness visible in them, are by no means lost. All that the mind verifies in them as truth remains forever. The contemplation of them, were it only as ideals of the past, in their simple, original form and costume, would be most suggestive, would furnish hints to higher truth and excellence—like the Apollo Belvedere, which the artist never moulded from real sight of the god. There, too, in the New Testament, stands that 'Name which is above every other name,' whether of men or angels; and in which believing, and walking with Him who bore it, in spirit and in life, we shall imbibe from Him

'The faith that looks through death,'

shall, at the close of life, be able to say with Him, in recognition of no dogma of pre-existence nor any other, '*And now, Father, glorify Thou me near to Thy own Self, with the glory which I had in Thy keeping [for me] before the world was.*'"

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
MINISTERIAL VISITS.

"This meeting desires that you whom the Lord hath gifted with a public testimony for His name and truth, will, in this day of liberty, be diligent to visit the heritage of God in their meetings, and especially those least frequented." P. E. 1695.

The above clause heads the article on Ministers in the first printed edition of the Discipline of London Yearly Meeting, issued in 1783.

As this was adopted in 1695 by the Yearly Meeting, so soon after George Fox's death, and whilst that meeting was composed of many of the fathers of our religious Society, it certainly should not be considered any new-fangled doctrine, or as deviating from the principles we profess, to revive and urge it now.

Was this advice more generally followed by our ministers as well as other concerned Friends, we would not be so likely to hear or read such censorious remarks as those of N. H., in the *Intelligencer* of First month 23d.

I presume Friends never had a testimony to silent meetings, but rather to wait in silence to enable "the people to renew their strength," and when the Spirit giveth utterance, then to deliver the message for their edification and encouragement.

This waiting might be a very short time, as it has been said that some of the early Friends (Wm. Penn, perhaps, for one) were known to commence preaching before they had reached their seats in the meeting house.

A ministering Friend has frequently remarked, and I believe it to be a truth, that

"the Society of Friends was never gathered around silent meetings." I apprehend, in the earlier days, there were few entirely silent ones; and, if we may judge from those attributed to Geo. Fox, Wm. Penn, and others of that day, as well as during the last century, the sermons delivered in many of them were not always short.

They believed, with Paul, that, whilst preaching was regarded by some as "foolishness," nevertheless "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe"; that this preaching should not be in man's wisdom, but in "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God," to "the perfecting of the saints," and "the edifying of the body of Christ," which is the Church.

These worthies did not absent themselves from meetings lest there should be too much preaching, neither were they fearful of the charge of "religious dissipation," but they "made religion the business of their lives," and, not being afraid of having too many meetings, were constantly holding them, in public as well as private.

In our day, as H. E. K. has well said, "the larger number of meetings" are held in silence. Now, I believe, were all of us faithful, instead of there being less speaking and fewer ministers, there would hardly be a meeting held without some one being called to speak to edification.

The concern of Lydia Ann Tomlinson (page 53 current volume) is worthy of the attention of our ministers and of members generally, for it is well known that in our cities and towns a larger number of ministering Friends are to be found than in the rural sections. Why is this? Are they so wedded to wealth and money-getting that these business centres become attractive in their eyes, and thus country meetings are weakened by their removal, and they themselves placed in the way of temptation?

The love of money is one of the greatest evils amongst us as a people. We see it constantly presenting itself in our meetings. There is nothing so unsettling as to mention a matter involving an expenditure of money, whereas, were we like that eminent philanthropist and Friend, Richard Reynolds, we would rather regard any talent we may have for accumulation as "one of the meanest of all talents," yet for this also we should feel accountable unto God, and, instead of hoarding our gains, seek to do all the good we can with what we have been blest to accumulate and thus render a good account of our stewardship.

This money loving, I have feared, has often interfered with the religious labors of some, and there are others who are held back in

their mission of love from a want of pecuniary means. These last should be aided by those having the ability. A Friend may be invited to go with another in his private carriage to a meeting, and it is not regarded as improper; then why should it be amiss to prompt another to attend a certain meeting, and at the same time hand the funds to pay his fare in a public conveyance?

Should there not be a willingness to go on such missions on the part of ministers and others, without waiting for a woe from the Almighty, as is said in the extract from J. Comly's Journal (see issue Third month 20): "A good servant is a willing servant, who stands ready to obey his master's will," not waiting "until he is driven to his work by the terror of the rod of displeasure, or the woe"?

There are worthy Friends who have evidently received a gift in the ministry, who, for want of more frequent commingling with their fellow-professors, are dwarfed, and their ministry is not efficient in winning souls to Christ. As a consequence of this seclusiveness, we hear, from those belonging to their particular meetings, fault-finding, criticising and carping at their ministerial labors, very much as in N. H.'s article, and thus their pathway is made a trying one; whereas, did they feel the same interest in other parts of our Society, or, feeling it, were they willing to manifest it by their presence at neighboring meetings, they would be welcomed by these and much better appreciated at home.

We are constantly hearing of the non-attendance of our smaller meetings, and of the discontinuance of others; whereas, I firmly believe, were our ministers to act up to the advice thus found in the London Discipline, there would be a renewal of life amongst us, and, instead of going down, new meetings would be built up.

Hoping that there may be an increased attention to these smaller as well as some of the larger branches of our Society, and, by more frequent commingling in meetings for worship, a brotherly love and interest in them may be manifested, I propose, if approved by the editors of the *Intelligencer*, to call attention to some of these, and the conveniences of reaching them.

J. M. T.

Philadelphia, Fourth mo., 1875.

#### TRUTH-TELLING.

He has gone but a little way in this matter who suppose that it is an easy thing for a man to speak the truth, "the thing he troweth"; and that it is a casual function which may be fulfilled, at once, after any lapse of exercise. But, in the first place, the man who would speak the truth must know what he troweth.

To do that he must have an uncorrupted judgment. But some people's judgments are so entirely gained over by vanity, selfishness, passion, or inflated prejudices, and fancies long indulged in; or they have the habit of looking at everything so carelessly, that they see nothing truly. Again, to speak truth, a man must not only have that martial courage which goes out with sound of drum and trumpet, to do and suffer great things, but that domestic courage which compels him to utter small-sounding truths in spite of present inconvenience and outraged sensitiveness or sensibility. Truth-telling, in its highest sense, requires a well-balanced mind. For instance, much exaggeration, perhaps the most, is occasioned by an impatient and easily-moved temperament, which longs to convey its own vivid impressions to other minds, and seeks by amplifying to gain the full measure of their sympathy. But a true man does not think what his hearers are feeling, but what he is saying.—*Arthur Helps*.

From The Village Record.

#### "HOW SHALL WE BEST BEAUTIFY OUR HOMES?"

REMARKS OFFERED AT THE KENNETT FARMERS' CLUB ON MARCH 6TH, IN RESPONSE TO THE ABOVE QUESTION.

This subject when proposed for discussion was distasteful to some of the brethren, one of them objecting, remarked, "We have had that subject before us often enough, I am tired of it." As the subject is legitimate to the object of this organization, and essential to the interests of all parties engaged in agriculture, ought we to become tired of it, or cease to agitate it occasionally, till we get our homes arranged in correspondence with a style of comfort and beauty required to form an attractive home? Beauty in a home, consists in the appropriate arrangement of the material at command, for the convenience and pleasure of those who are to enjoy it in their daily round of duty. Beauty may be developed in various channels. An air of beauty may be thrown about a pig-sty, considered in its appropriate use and location, though it would not be beautiful placed in a front yard. You might offer comfort to his honor Mr. Pig, and receive from him the grunt of satisfaction with his quarters, in an enclosure disgusting to most persons, when, by a different arrangement, without additional cost in cash or labor, the appropriate convenience would impart an air of beauty, not in the least discomfiting to piggy, and more satisfactory to his biped neighbors.

While there are those amongst us who dump their winter's coal in a heap before the sitting-room window, deposit their rails in the



front entrance to the house, place their apple bags for a few weeks' sojourn on the front porch, and practice other similar mistakes, there is yet something to be done towards toning the taste, even though you may fail in inspiring a love for the beautiful in those who thus practice.

We need no artificial decoration or costly statuary to make country homes attractive. A few natural growths, selected from the varied trees, shrubs and flowers, which are luxuriously scattered over the earth, form appropriate home decorations. Flowers are costly ornaments where labor is scarce, and the culture produces oppression. To those who have the taste, leisure and strength, at command, they are an inexhaustible source of pleasure, singly or in groups, with an eye to color and succession of bloom. They are inspiring to most persons, and impress us with a sense of refined beauty. Trees, flowering shrubs, and perennial flowers, with an underview of grass, make attractive enclosures about a home. These, selected with care and judiciously planted, require but little labor to keep them in order. Some top dress for the grass, compost on the flower roots, hostility to weeds, and attention to straggling and decayed limbs, repay the labor by their beauty, yield, comfort in shade, and protection from strong winds. The addition of flowers here and there greatly increases the charm.

Taste may be shown and convenience increased by the arrangement of out-houses, wood-piles, coal-bins, and other needed accommodations, placed in juxtaposition for advantage in their respective uses, concealing any ugliness which may intrude on the general good taste. A bushy evergreen may form a screen or a wandering vine conceal a deformity and afford a charm to the eye, and fruit for the table.

There are few places in the wide world that present so many attractive homes in the same amount of space as Chester county and Eastern Pennsylvania. Beauty is inspiring and the love of it contagious. If we can institute a taste, practical for those who have not the command of expensive ornaments, we shall witness still greater improvement. Most people desire to have their surroundings as nice as are their neighbors', if it does not incur expense.

There is a great change in the aspect of the country within half a century. Could a Rip Van Winkle rouse from a sleep of twenty years, he would not know the place of his nativity. The spirit of culture, and of appreciation of the beautiful, has aided this change. We owe much of this early development of taste in decorating our homes to three indi-

viduals. Their persevering and indefatigable labor produce gratifying results. John Bartram, a native of Darby, then Chester, now Delaware county, inherited a large tract of land, near Philadelphia. To the culture of his farm, he added a botanical garden, the first one planted on this continent; small in the beginning, it grew in importance for pleasure and profit. He built himself a house, surrounded it with trees, and beautified it with flowers. These he dedicated

"To God alone, Almighty Lord,  
The Holy One, by me adored."

He lived a peaceful, active life, accomplished much work of various kinds, and gained rich enjoyment till

"Fully ripe, like the ear of the reaper,  
He met the cold messenger's word,"

and left a legacy of rational employment to those who, prompted by his example of culture and taste, resolved to worship at the shrine of the beautiful.

Cotemporary with Bartram, Humphrey Marshall commenced a botanical garden on the Brandywine. Leaving the parental roof, to locate on a farm where Marshallton now stands, he carried his interest in plants with him, and in addition to the conduct of the farm established a botanical garden, and ornamented his grounds with choice trees and shrubs. Many of these are yet standing monuments of his interest and care. In horticulture, his cultivation of flowers was bestowed on the hardy specimens more than those which required hot-house accommodations. In the ripeness of age, after a well-spent life, he, too, passed to rest.

The junior in this trio was John Jackson. While yet in boy-life he planted a diminutive white pine (*Pinus strobus*), which, during its growth to a magnificent tree, towering high above its surroundings, gathered around it a varied family of trees, shrubs and flowers. John was a decided horticulturist, and self-taught botanist, who, in addition to a laborious farm life, found time to cultivate numerous specimens of plants, for pleasure and profit. Many of the Virginia thorn (*Crataegus cordata*) hedges of that day were cultivated by him from seed until they were prepared for planting in hedge. Ornamental trees, shrubs and orchard fruit were furnished from his nursery. When the necessities of life were supplied, and age tempered his desire for profit, he retired from farm duties and devoted himself to his garden. He was a cheering specimen of happy old age, as he walked among his flowers to the music of birds, now and then stooping to greet his favorites with some appropriate couplet, before the morning

sun had brushed the dew from their delicate leaves. Calmly he passed from earth, "in love and peace with all the world," as he expressed himself on his death-bed. Pierce's Park, which in the commencement was a collection of varied exotics, was planted in 1800. Many of these majestic old trees remain as monuments of the taste of the brothers who planted them, and a charm of interest and pleasure to those who are privileged to enjoy their solemn grandeur. Dr. Wm. Darlington performed a conspicuous part in promoting an interest in flowers, through his native county of Chester. His *Flora Cestrica*, replete with descriptions and history of our indigenous plants and trees, is a valuable aid for the student in botany. Joshua Hoopes was a dear old lover of trees and plants. His lectures on botany and his instructions to the young can be recalled by some of the old persons of the present time.

Dr. E. Michener, a devoted student of natural science, yet remains with us, a specimen of ripe old age, enriched by a love for the beautiful. His earnest work and interest in instructing others demands our respect. Many others in Chester county and its vicinity might be mentioned who appreciate this love for the beautiful, and are active in promoting its cultivation. Let us not be weary of well doing, nor tired of referring to a subject so replete with the essentials that endear home, and afford rational pleasure to those whose culture enables them to enjoy simple pleasures.

#### ELIZABETH RODMAN FISHER.

The news of the death\* of this excellent woman, beloved and honored wherever known, has carried grief into many a household. Endowed with fine powers of mind, with remarkable strength of character, and great kindness and generosity of heart, she devoted her gifts to the happiness and well-being of others; and her life has been a blessing to all around her. In proportion to the wide extent of her influence is the sorrow for her loss, which yet is tempered by the thought that she is at rest.

Many months ago she entered the valley of the shadow of death, with the full consciousness of whither her steps were leading. Day by day the destroying angel came nearer, bowed the vigorous form, robbed the helpful hand of its power, and by degrees narrowed the sphere of her influence to the chamber of sickness. With an unflinching faith, with a courage and patience that were sublime, she looked God's messenger in the face, fearing no evil, and making no murmur as the way

grew darker. And when the end came she yielded her spirit to Him who gave it with childlike confidence, and so passed through the grave and gate of death to her joyful resurrection.

She will be most missed in the beautiful ancestral home which she made the centre of a delightful hospitality, and of gentle charities; missed too in the social circle to which her intelligence and genial nature made her ever welcome. Still more will the absence of the kind face be felt by those "called to struggle through dark ways."

Those who have learned the lesson of her life of energetic well-doing, and of the pathetic beauty of her latter days, will derive from these memories an enduring consolation.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

#### CONVERSATION.

Among home amusements the best is the good old habit of conversation, the talking over the events of the day, in bright and quick play of wit and fancy, the story which brings the laugh, and the speaking the good and kind and true things, which all have in their hearts. It is not so much by dwelling upon what members of the family have in common, as bringing each to the other something interesting and amusing, that home life is to be made cheerful and joyous. Each one must do his part to make conversation genial and happy. We are too ready to converse with newspapers and books, to seek some companion at the store, hotel or club-room, and to forget that home is anything more than a place to sleep and eat in. The revival of conversation, the entertainment of one another, as a roomful of people will entertain themselves, is one secret of a happy home. Wherever it is wanting, disease has struck into the root of the tree; there is a want which is felt with increasing force as time goes on. Conversation in many cases is just what prevents many people from relapsing into utter selfishness at their firesides. This conversation should not simply occupy husband and wife and other older members of the family, but extend itself to the children. Parents should be careful to talk with them, to enter into their life, to share their trifles, to assist in their studies, to meet them in the thoughts and feelings of their childhood. It is a great step in education, when around the evening lamp are gathered the different members of a large family, sharing their occupations with one another, the older assisting the younger, each one contributing to the entertainment of the other, and all feeling that the evening has passed only too rapidly away. This is the truest and best amusement. It is the health education of great and noble character.

\* Elizabeth R. Fisher died at her home Wakefield, near Germantown, on the 6th of Second month, 1875.—EDS.



There is the freedom, the breadth, the joyousness of natural life. The time spent thus by parents, in the higher entertainment of their children, bears a harvest of eternal blessings, and winter evenings furnish just the time.—*Churchman.*

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

MILLVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The school we wish to re-establish is the old Greenwood Seminary, once a very flourishing school, got up principally by Friends. Our meeting having long felt the need of a school, we have, at last, concluded to try the experiment, and wish to get a good male teacher to start with. Our own pupils will average thirty or thirty-five; but we hope to make an average of fifty, and think we can, if we start with a good teacher. Our situation is free from the temptations surrounding many other schools.

The advertisement for a teacher that we have had in the *Intelligencer* for several weeks past has only been answered by females. We prefer a male teacher, and hope a suitable one will shortly apply.

THOMAS E. EVES.

### FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 24, 1875.

NOTICE.—We continue to receive communications concerning the Kansas and Nebraska sufferers. We would refer those who wish to contribute to these, to Nos. 7 and 8 of this paper, where the names of Friends authorized to receive subscriptions will be found. In addition to these, Samuel B. Walton, of West Liberty, Muscatine county, Iowa, and Jesse Holmes, of the same place, have expressed a willingness to receive and distribute any aid that may be forwarded to them.

WOMEN'S MEETINGS.—The question "whether the best interests of our Society will not be advanced by abolishing women's meetings as distinctive organizations," presented in an essay in No. 4 of the present Vol., has called forth further expression on the part of our correspondents. In our last issue we published the views of one of these, favoring the proposed change.

From a private letter, lately received, we take the following paragraphs, which offer the only objections to their abolishment that have come to hand. The writer says:

"Without any disposition improperly to criticise, I would simply ask whether thou dost not think, that when a Friend feels a concern to propose any change in the regulations of our meetings, or the order of the Society, he ought not to open his concern in meetings for business, in preference to publishing it in a public paper. Would not such a course have a greater tendency to maintain the unity of the body?"

"The suggestion in a previous number of this paper 'to abolish women's business meetings,' I think, is not an advance, but a retrograde movement; and, as far as I can judge, in relation to our (N. Y.) Yearly Meeting, would be very injurious. Much more could be said upon the subject, but I do not at present wish to enlarge."

We do not hold the views of our friend respecting the proper place for bringing an exercise before the body of the Society. The dissemination of diverse views through the columns of our paper, when the arguments presented are clothed in clear, forcible and kind language, can have no other than a beneficial tendency. The abrasion of thought against thought brings out the latent lustre that lies hidden within. Oftentimes we hold, as convictions, and cherish them, too, certain opinions that are simply traditional or the result of education. It is only as we carefully, thoughtfully, and, we may add, thoroughly, examine a question, that we are able to determine its value. If the point be one of vital interest to our own or the church's welfare, we should with greater accuracy weigh the testimony for and against. When we have thus proceeded, we are prepared intelligently to consider in our meetings for discipline the various propositions that are introduced therein. Sitting down in a waiting condition, craving the light of best Wisdom, to further illuminate the intelligent reason that has already given its verdict for or against the matter before the meeting—hearing and responding as the case may be—are we not more likely to reach such conclusions as are for the highest good of the whole body?

As regards the present question, we, who are members of large meetings where there are always a sufficient number present to conduct

separate business meetings, may not have given due consideration to the weakness of little gatherings in rural and village neighborhoods, nor properly reflected on the disadvantages they labor under to keep up their meetings for discipline.

In every religious organization there is the same tendency to leave the management of business matters in the hands of a few that we observe in our own; and, as there seems no help for it, is it not best for us to accept things that we cannot alter and make the most of what we have? There is a case in point that occurred in a branch of one of our city Monthly Meetings within the past week, and, we might add, is not infrequent among them. There were present at the meeting four men and seven women. There were no cases for the exercise of discipline to come before the meeting. The caretaker had failed to make a fire in the men's end of the house, and yet, because of the organic law of the Society, those four men felt required to retire from the comfortable room in which for one hour of gathered silence they had mingled in Christian fellowship with their sisters, and, in the discomfort of a cold apartment, with a number so insignificant that it added to the cheerlessness of the occasion, sacrifice on the altar of usage the comfort, and, we might add, the influence, that, had they remained and held a united preparative meeting, would have *increased* rather than lessened its interests.

Throughout the length and breadth of the Society of Friends there are very many meetings similarly circumstanced, and we believe that it is right to make inquiry on this subject; for we are convinced that altered conditions of Society make changes in discipline necessary. While Divine Truth (and all truth is divine) remains unchanged, the processes by which it reaches our understandings and becomes sealed as conviction, vary with the increasing light of a broadening culture, and the necessities it involves.

## DIED.

COX.—At Macedon, on the 24th of Third month, 1875, Thomas C. Cox, in the 49th year of his age; a member of Wapsinonoe Monthly Meeting, Iowa. There was an evidence afforded that he was prepared for the change. A meeting was held at Farm-

ington on the occasion of the funeral, and a feeling and instructive discourse was delivered.

CHANDLER.—At her residence, in Lloydsville, Belmont county, Ohio, on the 23d of Third month, 1875, Jane, widow of Swithin Chandler, in the 57th year of her age; a member of Plainfield Monthly Meeting.

LEE.—At his residence, near Somerton, Belmont county, Ohio, on the 25th of Third month, 1875, John E. Lee; a member and Elder of Still Water Monthly Meeting. His remains were interred in Friends' burying-ground at Quaker City.

NICHOLS.—At his residence, near Olatha, Johnson county, Kansas, on the 19th of Third month, 1875, Thomas T. Nichols, formerly of Belmont co., Ohio, in the 81st year of his age; a member of Plainfield Monthly Meeting. Of him it may truly be said, he was an honest man; his quiet, exemplary life giving this evidence.

PHILLIPS.—At his residence, Schomberg King, Ontario, on the 28th of 2d month, 1875, Isaac S. Phillips, aged 59 years. He was for several years an exemplary Elder of Yonge Street Monthly Meeting, of which he was a constant attender as well as an active member.

SMITH.—In Saratoga, N. Y., on the 28th of Third month, 1875, at the residence of her brother, Henry H. Mosher, Isabella M. Smith, in the 78th year of her age; a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting.

WILLIAMS.—At Waterford, Loudon county, Va., on the 12th inst., Mary E., wife of Wm. Williams, and daughter of the late Isaac and Susan Walker, aged 52 years.

TITUS.—At her residence, in Westbury, Long Island, on the 19th of First month, 1875, Zippora Titus, in the 89th year of her age.

Although not a member of the Society of Friends, she, through a long life, by her amiable and consistent deportment, gave evidence that she had been trained in the way she should go, and in old age did not depart from it. Soon after her birth her parents, by conviction of the rectitude of our principles, became our members and were concerned for the right training of their children. Thus their daughter, here alluded to, while strength of body permitted, was steady in the attendance of our meetings for worship twice in the week.

In plainness of dress and language, and kindness and moderation in all things, she gave evidence that she believed in and desired to support the testimonies Friends have borne to the world. For several years before her decease her strength of body and mind failed, but, through all, her patient resignation and the sweetness and cheerfulness of her spirit were manifest, strongly attaching in love those acquainted with her, especially the relatives with whom she resided.

COOK.—At the residence of Thomas Trago, Drumore, Lancaster county, Pa., on the 2d of Fourth month, Orpha Cook, aged 64 years; a member of West Grove Meeting, Chester county.

"EVERY rock in the desert, every boulder on the plain, every pebble by the brook-side, every grain of sand on the sea shore, is replete with lessons of wisdom to the mind that is fitted to receive and comprehend their sublime import."



For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 44.

(Continued from page 123.)

*OUR FIRST WEEK ON THE NILE.*

A Christmas eve gathering of our improvised party of ten, on board the Dahabeah Swallow, of which we are to make a floating hotel during our proposed visit to Upper Egypt, was a very appropriate beginning to life afloat. The streets of Cairo were lighted for the night, and the carriage-lamps were moving to and fro along the crowded thoroughfares, when, at six o'clock in the evening, we bade adieu to our hotel and were driven down to the shore of the Nile at Boulak. It is quite dark when the carriages stop on the bank, and we have only our lanterns to guide us to the boat, which does not seem to be just at hand. Our conductor sends us onward under the guidance of an Arab, who is supposed to know the way, and we stumble along a precipitous path for a considerable distance, only to be recalled in a few minutes, when we seat ourselves again in the carriages and are driven to another point on the river, where, at length, the Swallow's friendly lights are seen, and we are received on the cheerful little craft. We find a neat table spread in the saloon, and our cabins ready to receive us, and very soon are seated around the social board. We have four guests for the evening—a well-prepared, well-served dinner—and soon feel quite social together. I have heard of the arrogance of English travelers, but have never seen it illustrated, and certainly the present company are as kindly as one could wish, and our first evening passes pleasantly.

We have almost a full moon, and loiter an hour or two after dinner, on the upper deck, in conversation, before bidding adieu to the guests and retiring to rest. Very amusing were our discoveries of necessities not before thought of, and untiring the kindness and patience of our good dragoman, who does what he can and promises everything else. One finds she has not the linen sheets she expected, another finds no looking-glass, another has no drawers in her cabin, and yet another has no hooks on which to hang the various articles of attire that must go with us in all our wanderings; but sleep comes and rest, notwithstanding the unseasonable antics of lively rats in the various parts of the boat; and the Christmas morning rises tranquil, but misty. We spend the day anchored by the river side, while the faithful Abram, our dragoman, strives to make all things satisfactory to the company before starting on the voyage. The

day is warm, even sultry, and the task of writing a last letter during our day of waiting is quite work enough. Having had our winter during the summer in the high Engadine, it is just, perhaps, that we should have summer at Christmas on the Nile. The day wears on as we sit dreamily resting on the shadowed deck, admiring the fair and tranquil scene before us. Over yonder are the Mokattan Heights, and just in front, we can see the great dome and slender, spear-like minarets of the Mosque of Mehemit Ali, blue and mist-enshrouded, while the island of Rhoda, pointed out by Arab tradition as the place where the babe Moses was found in his perilous hiding-place by the tender-hearted daughter of Pharaoh, presents a most pleasing appearance in the nearer distance. Palaces rise from the river bank, and pleasure-grounds, once a favorite resort of the people of Cairo, are attractive in the distance; but the weather is too warm to make an excursion to the historic isle. At eventide our letters arrive; our principal wants, discovered at the eleventh hour, are supplied, and we lift anchor, set our sails, and float peacefully away, by moonlight, toward the land of mystery.

The morning finds us anchored in front of the site of ancient Memphis and the Pyramids of Sakkarah. Here we are to spend the day, and visit the interesting ruins. As soon as we have breakfasted, we go on shore, accept the services of the patient little donkeys that await us, and are on our way to the site of ancient Memphis. The little village of Bedreshayn is soon passed, and on we go under palm-trees, over fertile fields of tender green, and in a few minutes have reached the confused heaps of earth, which are all that remain of the glories of the city of which Strabo, a few years before the Christian era, says: "The city is large and populous, next to Alexandria in size, and, like it, filled with foreign residents. Before it are some lakes; but the palaces, situated once in an elevated spot, and reaching down to the lower part of the city, are now ruined and deserted." We also read that, twelve hundred years later, "The ruins of Memphis occupy a space half a day's journey every way;" and that "they still offer to the eyes of the spectator a collection of marvels which strike the mind with wonder, and which the most eloquent might in vain attempt to describe." But, as we see it now, with the deep deposit of Nile mud, we smile to think how the enthusiast must be confounded when he comes here to find some suggestion of the doings of a great people. Our dragoman, Abram the faithful, calls our attention to an irregular mass of dirty stone lying in a muddy pool. This, we found, is

supposed to be one of the statues mentioned by Herodotus and Diodorus as erected by "Sesostris," in front of the Temple of Pthah. These were from 45 to 50 feet high; but this is broken at the feet, and part of the cap is wanting, and, as it lies on its face in the pool, we can form no opinion of the appearance of this sculptured semblance of Rameses. Murray says: "The expression of the face, which is perfectly preserved, is very beautiful; and, by going down into the hollow, a good view may be obtained of the features, which are sharp cut and most delicately finished." But to day, the waters are around it, and we decline to dismount and go down into the mud to make investigations. This interesting stone was given by its discoverers, Caviglia and Sloane, to the British Museum, on condition of its being taken to England; but no attempt has ever been made to remove it. We are shown a few more relics which have been dug up, but they are strangely uninteresting, and we are quickly ready to ride on toward Sakkarah.

We have a good road, raised up sufficiently above the plain to escape the waters of the high Nile, and on we go merrily, under acacias and by groves of palms, and then through fields of clover and of beans. In some places the waters have only now evaporated sufficiently to admit the plough, and the dusky fellaheen are busy breaking up the black soil, preparatory to planting. In other spots, the waters yet remain, and several more weeks must elapse before the land can be sown. I was struck with the very clear definition of the line between the green valley of the Nile and the arid sand of the desert. It was like a sea beach on which the wave of fertility rolls higher or subsides, as the river god smiles more or less kindly on the subject, land. We have about ten minutes' ride up desert slopes, and then dismount in the presence of the entrance to the Apis Mausoleum. Osiris, or the Divine Spirit of Good, was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, under the form of Apis, the sacred bull of Memphis. "Apis," says Plutarch, "was a fair and beautiful image of the soul of Osiris." According to Herodotus, "Apis, also called Epaphus, is a young bull whose mother can have no other offspring, and who is reported by the Egyptians to conceive from lightning sent from heaven, and thus to produce the god Apis. He is known by certain marks: his hair is black; on his forehead is a white, triangular spot; on his back an eagle, and a beetle under his tongue; and the hair of his tail is double."

The consecrated bull was kept at Memphis, where his worship was specially observed. The soul of Osiris was supposed to have migrated into this animal, and was thus man-

ifested to man through successive ages. When the Apis died, certain priests, chosen for this duty, went in quest of another, who was known by the signs mentioned in the sacred books. But if the sacred animal lived more than twenty-five years he was drowned with great ceremony, his body embalmed, and he was honored with a grand funeral procession; and if he died a natural death, his obsequies were celebrated with yet greater magnificence. The burial-place has recently (1860-61) been discovered by Marriette, and we are now standing at the entrance. The sand has been cleared away from the opening of an arched gallery hewn in the rock, about twenty feet in height and breadth, and two thousand feet in length (besides a lateral gallery). We enter with lighted candles into this stupendous place of burial, and have not proceeded far when we find on either side the rock chambers in which the sacred bulls were buried. We look curiously down into the pits, but Abram warns us to be careful and not step too near, and the depth *would* make a fall dangerous. The mighty sarcophagi are of polished granite, and measure, on an average, thirteen feet in length by seven feet six inches in breadth, and eleven feet in height. The recesses are never opposite each other, though on both sides of the gallery. Into one of them are steps for the purpose of descending and examining the sarcophagus, which is sculptured with hieroglyphics. There are ladders placed, by means of which we may ascend to the top of the sarcophagus and see for ourselves that the receptacle is large enough to hold four or five persons sitting. The mummied occupants have all been removed, no vestiges whatever remaining when the gallery was opened by Marriette. We greatly admired the clearness of the hieroglyphic drawing, in which a very few lines are made to give a striking semblance of a bird, a fish, or a serpent; and the symbolic inscription was as clear and sharp as if written yesterday. The great sarcophagi are beautifully polished, and so massive that it must ever remain a wonder how human hands could bring them into this gallery and deposit them so accurately in their appointed places. When first opened, the walls of the vaults were covered with *stelæ*, or inscribed tablets, placed there by individuals who, on certain annual festivals, or on the occasion of the death and burial of an Apis, came to perform an act of worship at his temple and tomb. All of these votive tablets that were of any importance have been removed, and are in the Louvre at Paris; but some yet remain. After satisfying our curiosity in regard to the strange mausoleum of the sacred bulls, we are led out again into the daylight



and take a heavy walk through the sand to another revelation of late excavators,—the tomb of Tih, a priest, who lived at Memphis (3700 B. C., according to Marriette) under the fifth dynasty. The desert sands have buried the memorial temple up to its very top, but the indefatigable investigators have revealed the wondrous secrets which the envious sands are striving to hide, and we descend the sandy incline, I know not how many feet, and find the floor of the court of the temple and part of the walls and pillars, which are adorned with the finest carving illustrating the various scenes of domestic life, of husbandry, of funeral rites, of boats navigating the Nile, of tributaries bearing offerings, of workmen making pottery, and of the notable Tih himself, performing feats of sportsmanship. The scenes are full of life and spirit, and the coloring of many of the raised figures, though undoubtedly much injured by tourists, is yet very striking. We are told by Diodorus, that “the Egyptians call their houses host-tries, on account of the short period during which they inhabit them, but their tombs, they call eternal dwelling-places.” Accordingly the priest built this tomb during his lifetime; and depicted on its walls the happy scenes in which his life had been passed; but we find no symbolic representation of the eternal life of the soul on the walls of the chambers.

There are many other interesting tombs at this place; indeed, the whole surrounding desert is one vast sepulchre; but we have been shown the finest, and are now willing to return to our Dahabeah. Eleven pyramids, much degraded by the action of the atmosphere, and, perhaps, the attrition of the desert sands, stand on the Sakkarah plateau, one of which is supposed to belong to the first dynasty, and to be the most ancient monument in the world. Their form, and the rainless climate, without frost, give them a durability that none other of man's edifices can boast, and they have long outlasted the memory of the race who reared them among the shifting desert sands. These are of much interest to the archæologist, but we do not examine them very minutely, being content to believe as the wise men prescribe.

A soft breeze is blowing when we reach our little ship of the Nile, and we soon raise our pointed, insect-like wings and are wafted swiftly away up the great river, which flows rapidly northward with its muddy tribute to the Delta. We are dancing on merrily in our gay career when, with a sudden jar, we are brought to a stand still. The little ship has struck a sand bank which lay, unsuspected of the steersman, in the midst of the stream, and now, how shall we get off? The tall sails

are furl'd, and our men take great polls and push, and some of them leap out into the water which reaches not so far as their waists, and by means of a rope pull and pull, but the Swallow remains obstinately perched on the unfortunate bank while the favoring breeze blows vainly past her. But here comes another bird of passage like unto our own, but smaller and lighter, and she stretches a friendly hand, and our boatmen call on Allah and invoke the help of the Prophet, and off we go again up the river. The friendly Delta having done us so good a turn, indulges in some playful gibes and then sails onward, leaving us behind in the dying breeze.

The next morning we awake to find ourselves resting again by the bank, with the smart Delta just at hand, both becalmed. Our first Sabbath-day on the Nile, Twelfth month 27th, is, then, to be really and truly a day of rest not only for ourselves, but for the dusky boatmen who had to work so hard yesterday. On the bank is the little mud town of Kafr-el-Jyat, and we see the women, carrying huge water-jars, coming down to the river for water. It seems a favorable opportunity to interview these shy creatures, and we take a stroll along the river, so timing our movements as to meet them before their jars are filled. Seeing we are only sister women, they uncover their faces and receive us smilingly, evidently pleased to be noticed. They are good-looking, erect, and not unhappy in appearance this fine day, when even the solemn and silent land of Egypt looks joyous. We admire the gold and silver ornaments with which their necks and wrists are encircled. Then I try to lift one of the jars which is now filled with water, and find it very heavy, weighing more than a hundred pounds, I think. One of the women, a slender little creature, approached, laughing, and with the help of another, lightly raised it, and poised it on the round cushion on her head, drew her thin black robe about her face, and started off, erect and graceful, toward the village, beckoning us to follow. The whole party are soon ready, and one woman puts down a little child she has been carrying on her shoulder, fills her jar, and takes a little jar which holds about a quart, fills it and places it on the head of the tiny burden-bearer, who laughingly receives it on a little cushion of grass, and then the whole troop march homeward. Some of the gentlemen now appearing, they forget not to cover their faces as they walk up the slippery bank. They hardly touch the great jars at all after they are once placed on the head, and seem to carry them with entire ease. Their village is shaded with date-palms, and is fenced in by the strong mid-rib of the leaf, which

makes an efficient barrier. The little mud huts, scarcely better than holes in the earth, are their homes, and a rude mosque presides over the humble town. The first recorded king of Egypt, Menes, is said, by Herodotus, to have turned the Nile from its old course, under the Libyan hills, into a more western channel cut by him, thus making a large tract of dry land, on which he built the city of Memphis. At the point where the river was turned off he constructed dykes, to prevent its returning into its old channel and overwhelming the new city; and, though no trace of these dykes now remain, it is believed this point is the site of the great work.

In the afternoon a breeze springs up, and our sails are promptly spread, and onward we go again. But, how chill it is! Our warmest wraps are none too much as day declines, and a most brilliant sunset ends our first Sabbath-day on the Nile. The brightness of the stars on such an evening as this is the theme of much eloquence, and one is tempted to linger on the chill deck, and watch the familiar sentinels of night as they mount upward or decline from the celestial vault. The Great Dipper, with its pointer stars, is quite out of sight, but the lesser Bear is so clearly defined, and the polar star so intensely bright, that it needs no indicator. One of our fellow-travelers is so impressed with the diamond-like intensity of Sirius that he thinks it some southern luminary never seen in regions so far north as England, but we are not far enough south yet for the Southern Cross.

S. R.

*First month 3d, 1875.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 39.

The accounts of our schools in South Carolina for Third month continue to be of an encouraging character.

Sixty-two on the roll, with an average attendance of fifty-four; of these only four are over sixteen years of age—thirty-six write in copy-books and sixteen on slates.

One of the teachers remarks, "I think we can report progress during the past month. As yet we have had little or no falling off in numbers. The vegetable picking season is close upon us, and we are saving up our holidays until then, partially to favor the children and the school."

The teacher of the Industrial Department specifies *nine* garments made during the month, in which are included one each of coat, vest and pants, one hundred and fifty buttonholes worked, also knitting, hemming, back-stitching, &c., &c. The boys have made seventeen

baskets and eight mats. This teacher adds—"We are hindered much in the boys' work, on account of the scarcity of material."

J. M. E.

*Philadelphia, Fourth month, 1875.*

Reported for Friends' Intelligencer.

#### DR. THOMAS' HISTORICAL LECTURES.

##### EGYPT.

Dr. Thomas began by referring to the face of the country, of which he said, in substance: "Take it all in all, the most remarkable, geographically remarkable, portion of the earth's surface is that embraced in the northern part of Africa, and across the Isthmus of Suez in the adjacent parts of Asia. It is a continuous desert, interspersed with portions of surpassing fertility."

Of these, Egypt is a mere accident. According to an ancient Greek writer, "it is the gift of the Nile." Historically considered it is still more remarkable.

The civilization of Egypt is much older than any other; it was a dominating nation probably for three or four thousand years; chronology is uncertain. Among very ancient nations it was customary, when kings gave account of the genealogy of their ancestors, to insert only those who were most distinguished. Difficulties in fixing the dates of dynasties arise from various other causes. Manetho says there were, up to his time, three hundred and thirty kings; probably the average reign of these was from twenty to twenty-five years; there is reason to believe some of the dynasties were simultaneous.

There seems to be no twilight in Egyptian history; it is like the landscape of a tropical country after the rainy season. Beyond any controversy, Egypt is older by a thousand years than Assyria. There is no historical evidence that the first of the human race were in a savage state. The ancient Chinese historians speak of people coming to them from the west, and introducing new arts and inventions.

Among the three hundred and thirty monarchs who reigned, there was only one queen; in upper Egypt there were one or two Thinite dynasties, so named, from a city called This. Later, several dynasties took their rise from Memphis, situated not far from the site of modern Cairo.

The Nile branches off and forms a triangle or Delta, as it is called, from the Greek letter of that name.

The fourth dynasty is the first of which we have any accurate knowledge. Cheops, of this dynasty, was the builder of the great pyramid that bears his name. The building of pyramids was confined to a comparatively few



reigns. That of Cheops is the most wonderful, and the most massive structure in the world; it is higher than the Cathedral at Strasburg, and because of its solidity may probably last as long as the earth endures. It covers eleven acres of ground and is not quite as steep as an angle of forty-five degrees. The Egyptians seemed to build for eternity.

There were twenty-six dynasties up to the Persian conquest. Their works of art were designed with as much skill in the reign of Cheops as in a later day; afterwards a certain conventional style was adopted, to which all art must conform. There are two other pyramids besides that of Cheops that are built of stone; a great number are made of unburnt bricks.

The Egyptians did not understand the art of baking bricks; they mixed straw with the clay and dried them in the sun. The climate is so dry and free from frost, that structures built of these bricks last for ages.

The hieroglyphics afford some remarkable confirmations of Bible history. When Moses was commanded to go unto his people and say to them, "*I AM*" hath sent me, he used a name which all intelligent Egyptians understood, and applied to the supreme God.

The Sphinx is a colossal figure with the head of a man and the body of a lion, illustrating the combination of wisdom with strength. It is cut out of the solid rock, and is 190 feet in its whole length. It is conjectured to be older than the great pyramid. The fine sand of the desert blowing against it for thousands and thousands of years has much disfigured it.

Three hundred miles in a straight line south from Memphis, or 450 by the Nile, there is a receding of the hills which bound the Nile, leaving a space about ten miles across, here was Diospolis or Thebes. The most wonderful monuments on the face of the globe are among its ruins; of these, the obelisks, are, perhaps, the most remarkable.

A recent traveler says he examined an obelisk 90 feet high, cut out of a single stone, and covered with hieroglyphics so exquisite that they looked like a seal impression in the finest wax. Statues are found all over the country. Nearly all the monuments are covered with hieroglyphic characters.

A great affluence of light is thrown on Egyptian history by the discovery of the key to the translation of these characters, first made by Young and Champolion, through the inscriptions on the famous Rosetta Stone, and continued since with most wonderful success by other archæologists. Nothing seems more amazing than the reading of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the cuneiform characters of the Assyrians. Monoliths are numerous. The stone is syenitic granite, with feldspar

of a beautiful rose-color; nearly all the monuments are made of it.

Some think that the shepherd kings, who came in and ruled for a time, were Tartars; they were driven out. It is thought that Joseph lived during their reign.

The time of Thothmes III of the 18th dynasty, was the highest pinnacle of the nation's glory. No horses are seen in their works of art until his dynasty. Thothmes' father died when he was a child, and his sister was regent during his minority. She was exceedingly valiant, and made extended conquests. Her exploits, by her direction, were carved in solid stone. When her brother came to the throne he tried to obliterate them, but only partially succeeded.

In the nineteenth dynasty Rameses II ruled. He was a tyrant, and the most ambitious of all the kings. It was during his reign that the Israelites were so cruelly treated. The name Pharaoh was applied to all the Egyptian kings in the same way that we speak of the Czar as a Russian sovereign. The cruelty of the father was continued by his son and successor. The reign of this Pharaoh was very unfortunate, and the power of Egypt nearly annihilated.

The next in importance was Shisheck, who is mentioned in the Bible, and who conquered Rehoboam of Israel. Coming down nearer to the present time, the country was conquered by Cambyzes and annexed to the Persian empire. After the conquest of Alexander, Egypt had no power.

#### THINKING NO EVIL.

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

O God! whose thoughts are brightest light,  
Whose love runs always clear,  
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls  
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart  
With charity like thine,  
Till self shall be the only spot  
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls  
Round whom thine arms are drawn;  
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,  
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

When we ourselves least kindly are,  
We deem the world unkind;  
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,  
Only the poison find.

But they have caught the way of God  
To whom self lies displayed  
In such clear vision as to cast  
O'er other faults a shade.

All bitterness is from ourselves,  
All sweetness is from Thee;  
Dear God! forevermore be Thou  
Fountain and fire in me!

## BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

There is the ramble that we planned!  
 The showers descend again,  
 The weather-glass with ruthless hand,  
 Is pointing to "much rain."  
 We may not through the greenwood shade  
 Stray to the distant mill,  
 Nor gather wild-flowers in the glade,  
 Nor climb the breezy hill;  
 We may not gaze on winding streams  
 And rose-encircled sunnys;  
 But we may watch the sunny gleams  
 That come between the showers.

When first in life's dark days I strove  
 With gloomy ills to cope,  
 I never with too warm a love  
 Wooed the deceiver—Hope!  
 I knew that calm succeeds to strife,  
 So drooped not on my way;  
 I never thought to find in life  
 A long, bright holiday.  
 I did not talk of vanished dreams,  
 Chilled hearts, and wasted powers;  
 I watched to see the sunny gleams  
 Return between the showers.

They came: I knew that they must pass,  
 Yet learnt their loss to bear,  
 Nor murmur that the weather-glass  
 Stood not at "settled fair;"  
 And many on my road I passed  
 Who, trembling, looked around,  
 Spoke of the gathering clouds, then cast  
 Their eyes upon the ground.  
 To such the world a desert seems,  
 Where sorrow darkly lowers;  
 Would they could prize the sunny gleams  
 That come between the showers!

All may, in seasons of distress,  
 To some slight solace cling,  
 And feel how much of happiness  
 From little joys may spring.  
 Small gifts, if safely, duly stored,  
 May in the end present  
 Riches beyond the miser's hoard—  
 The riches of Content!  
 And still such boons to us are given,  
 In this fair world of ours,  
 While gleams of sunshine, sent from heaven,  
 Shine forth between the showers.

—*Christian Treasury.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING  
THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

The one hundredth anniversary of this society was celebrated in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 14th inst. The room was well filled, and the occasion one of peculiar interest, bringing together, from all parts of our common country, the friends of the cause, many of whom were old veterans, who had stood up for the slave when it was at the risk of life and property, and endured contumely and reproach for their love of justice and freedom.

At two o'clock the audience began to fill the Hall; in half an hour the exercises commenced. Henry Wilson, Vice-President of

the United States, presided over the meeting. Wm. H. Furness offered an impressive prayer, at the close of which the beautiful rendering of the "Lord's prayer," as it is called, touched many hearts. It was nearly in these words: "May Thy kingdom come, O God; the kingdom of Thy truth and justice, and Thy will be done on earth as it is done by the angels of Thy presence. Give us, this day, and at this hour, what is needful for our souls; and may we forgive, as we hope to be forgiven."

After the prayer Henry Wilson delivered an address, in which he said:

"The duty of presiding over the proceedings of this day has been assigned to me by the board of managers. Gratefully I accept this position, and at once enter upon the performance of its duties. To be chosen to preside over this centennial celebration of the anniversary of a society established for purposes such as those for which this society was established, and actuated by motives such as those which actuated this society—enrolling among its members names so illustrious, and accomplishing a work so grand—is to me one of the happiest and proudest events of my life. The organization of this society a century ago was indeed a great event, and its history is one of the purest, grandest and noblest of any organization in the history of the world. Its effect and influence in the early days of the Republic were acknowledged. Its labors at a later period—at the time when the cruel fugitive slave act was being executed in the country—were seen and felt; and the evidences of those labors were manifested in this city, in the counties around about you, and in the border counties of Pennsylvania. The country has never known more faithful men—and women, too—than have been connected with the Pennsylvania Abolition Society.

"The work for which this society was organized is not yet accomplished. The slave is free, but the system of slavery left behind it influences, and powers, and scars, which only the humanity, the Christianity of the American people can work away. Dr. Furness alluded to the falling of the chains from the limbs of the slave, and has prayed to God that the time might come when human passions and prejudices might so fall away. The thought is a beautiful one. Humane Christianity! It should be the vital, animating spirit of this nation to work away these prejudices, to lift up the poor and the lowly, and make the Republic that which in deed and in truth it ought to be—a Christian land, where every man is fully protected in his rights as a citizen."

Dr. William Elder next addressed the meeting, giving a historical summary of the



anti-slavery efforts from the earliest days of the society. Frederick Douglass followed, in his usual clear and forcible manner. After him, the name of Lucretia Mott was mentioned, at which the whole audience seemed inspired with reverence and respect. The most touching occurrence during the whole proceedings was witnessed when this venerable woman stood before that large audience, supported by Vice-President Wilson; and, in a voice that age has scarcely weakened, made herself heard all over the house. Charles C. Burleigh and Robert Purvis also made short addresses. Letters of regret from Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips and others were read.

The evening session was held in Bethel Meeting-house, on Sixth street below Pine. The audience was about equally divided between white and colored. One of the professors of Howard University, Washington, D. C., a colored man, made an address that demonstrated the capability of his race for the highest culture. Frances Harper and Abby K. Foster also spoke. The proceedings throughout were of a very interesting character, and the influence of the meeting will doubtless be for good.

### NOTICES.

Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Spruce Street Meeting-house, on the 27th of Fourth month, at 7½ o'clock.

The next lecture of Dr. J. Thomas' Historical course, will be given on Sixth-day Evening, Fourth month 23d, in the Hall of the Mercantile Library. Subject, "Luther and his age."

### INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day Fifth month 7th, at 3 P. M., at Race Street Monthly Meeting-room. The full attendance of the Committee particularly requested.  
JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

### FRIENDS' BOARDING HOUSE.

The annual meeting will be held at Race Street Monthly Meeting-room on Sixth-day, evening, Fourth month 30th, at 7½ o'clock. It is desired that all interested and Friends generally will attend.

### ITEMS.

A NATURALIZATION bill, which has passed the Canada House of Commons, entitles Germans naturalized in Canada, after a residence of five years, to all the privileges of British subjects.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT has been totally abolished in Switzerland. The new penal code of that republic may be briefly summarized:—Homicide, committed voluntarily, is to be qualified as murder, and punished with from ten to twenty years of solitary confinement. Premeditated murder is to be classified as assassination, punishment with solitary confinement for life. Murder by poisoning also with the same

punishment, whether death is occasioned at once or by a slow poison. If death does not result from the administration of poison, the punishment is to be from ten to twenty years, solitary confinement. For infanticide, the punishment is solitary confinement for not less than three nor more than five years.—*Exchange paper.*

It is announced that the Post-office Department has made arrangements to furnish to the public, at their face value, specimens of the postage stamps of all the issues since 1847, including the official stamps now used by the Executive departments. Circulars containing information as to the denominations and the prices of complete sets can be had on application to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. The department takes this method of supplying a constantly increasing demand for specimens by collectors of stamps, both in this country and abroad.

ON THE 10th inst., Paul Boynton crossed the English Channel, to within eight miles of Boulogne, in his life-saving dress. Distance, fifty-five miles, and time fifteen three-quarter hours. A London dispatch of the 11th says: Paul Boynton did not make the entire distance to Boulogne by swimming. He was taken on board the press steamer shortly after 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon, against his own wish within eight miles of the coast. The weather had become boisterous, night was closing in, and the pilot declined the responsibility of guiding him after dark. The sea was so rough that nearly all on board the steamer were sick. The *Observer* to-day says although the task was hardly accomplished, the success of the life-saving invention is conclusively established.

THE ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY, of Belgium, has arranged to have an international exhibition of life-saving machinery, and appliances for safety, ventilation and health, which will be held at Brussels in 1876. The machinery and apparatus to be exhibited are divided into nine classes, viz: for saving of life in case of fire; in case of shipwreck and drowning; in case of accidents from locomotive or roads and railways; in case of war; for health and sanitary measures; for health and ventilation in mines, factories and workshops; for household and private hygiene; for institutions, associations and societies organized for improving the condition of the working man; and for medicine, surgery and pharmacy in their relation to the above classes. A congress will be held in connection with the exhibition, and prizes awarded exhibitors.

THE USE of aniline colors for tinting candies, syrups, and the like, is condemned by the *Laboratory* on account of their liability to contain arsenic. In twenty-five samples of aniline red or fuchsine, lately analyzed by Dr. Springmühl, only one was found wholly free from this poison, some of the samples containing as much as 6½ per cent of arsenic. Cases of poisoning by these colors, as thus used, are numerous and well authenticated, and should warn consumers against brightly-colored syrups and confectionery.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE SUPERIORITY of the wood of the Florida cedar over all other kinds of cedar is well known, and the demand for it in Bavaria, where immense quantities of lead-pencils are made, has induced some manufacturers to take up the question of the acclimatization of the tree in that country. Seeds have been sown in the Royal Forest, and about 5,000 young plants have been grown on one private estate. The cultivation of the tree has been attempted, also, in other parts of Germany.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 1, 1875.

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## JOHN BARTRAM THE BOTANIST.

The annexed letter, from a "Russian gentleman" named IWAN ALEXIOWITZ, is descriptive of a visit to the Pennsylvania botanist, in the year 1749. Of the writer of the letter the editor has not been able to obtain any authentic information. By whomsoever written, the fidelity of the *portraiture* herein sketched, will not be questioned by any one having the slightest knowledge of the history, character and pursuits of John Bartram.

From Memorials of Bartram and Marshall Darlington.

Letter from MR. IWAN ALEXIOWITZ, a Russian gentleman, describing the visit he paid, at my request, to MR. JOHN BARTRAM, the celebrated Pennsylvania Botanist.

Examine this flourishing Province in whatever light you will, the eyes as well as the mind of a European traveler are equally delighted, because a diffusive happiness appears in every part—happiness which is established on the broadest basis. The wisdom of Lycurus and Solon never conferred on man one-half of the blessings and uninterrupted prosperity which the Pennsylvanian's now possess. The name of Penn, that simple but illustrious citizen, does more honor to the English nation than those of many of their kings.

In order to convince you that I have not bestowed undeserved praises in my former letters on this celebrated Government, and that either Nature or the climate seems to be more favorable here to the arts and sciences than to any other American province, let us together, agreeably to your desire, pay a visit to Mr. John Bartram, the first botanist in this new hemisphere, become such by a native impulse of disposition. It is to this simple man that America is indebted for several discoveries and the knowledge of many new plants. I had been greatly prepossessed in his favor by the extensive correspondence which I knew he held with the most eminent Scotch and French botanists. I knew, also, that he had been honored with that of Queen Ulrica, of Sweden.

His house is small, but decent; there was something peculiar in its first appearance which seemed to distinguish it from those of his neighbors. A small tower in the middle of it not only helped to strengthen it, but afforded convenient room for a staircase. Every disposition of the fields, fences and trees seemed to bear the marks of perfect order and regularity, which, in rural affairs, always indicate a prosperous industry.

I was received at the door by a woman, dressed extremely neat and simple, who, without courtesying or any other ceremonial, asked me, with an air of benignity, who I



wanted. I answered, "I should be glad to see Mr. Bartram." "If thou wilt step in, and take a chair, I will send for him." "No," I said, "I had rather have the pleasure of walking through his farm. I shall easily find him out with your directions." After a little time I perceived the Schuylkill winding through delightful meadows, and soon cast my eyes on a new-made bank, which seemed greatly to confine its stream. After having walked on its top a considerable way, I at last reached the place where ten men were at work. I asked if any of them could tell me where Mr. Bartram was. An elderly-looking man, with wide trousers and a large leather apron on, looking at me, said, "My name is Bartram. Dost thou want me?" "Sir, I am come on purpose to converse with you, if you can be spared from your labor." "Very easily," he answered; "I direct and advise more than I work." We walked towards the house, where he made me take a chair, while he went to put on clean clothes; after which he returned and sat down by me. "The fame of your knowledge," said I, "in American botany, and your well-know hospitality, have induced me to pay you a visit, which I hope you will not think troublesome. I should be glad to spend a few hours in your garden." "The greatest advantage," replied he, "which I receive from what thou callest my botanical farm, is the pleasure which it often procureth me in receiving the visits of friends and foreigners. But our jaunt into the garden must be postponed for the present, as the bell is ringing for dinner."

We entered a large hall, where there was a long table full of victuals; at the lowest part sat his negroes, his hired men were next, then the family and myself, and at the head the venerable father and his wife presided. Each reclined his head and said his prayers, divested of the tedious cant of some, and of the ostentatious style of others.

"After the luxuries of our cities," observed he, "this plain fare must appear to thee a severe fast." "By no means, Mr. Bartram; this honest country dinner convinces me that you receive me as a friend and an old acquaintance." "I am glad of it, for thou art heartily welcome. I never knew how to use ceremonies—they are insufficient proofs of sincerity. Our Society, besides, are utterly strangers to what the world calleth polite expressions. We treat others as we treat ourselves. I received yesterday a letter from Philadelphia, by which I understand thou art a Russian. What motives can possibly have induced thee to quit thy native country and to come so far in quest of knowledge or pleasure? Verily, it is a great compliment thou payest to this our young province, to

think that anything it exhibiteth may be worthy of thy attention."

"I have been most amply repaid for the trouble of the passage. I view the present Americans as the seed of future nations, which will replenish this boundless continent. The Russians may be in some respects compared to you—we, likewise, are a new people—new, I mean, in knowledge, arts and improvements. Who knows what revolutions Russia and America may one day bring about? We are, perhaps, nearer neighbors than we imagine. I view, with peculiar attention, all your towns, I examine their situation and the police, for which many are already famous. Though their foundations are now so recent and so well remembered, yet their origin will puzzle posterity as much as we are now puzzled to ascertain the beginning of those which time has in some measure destroyed. Your new buildings, your streets, put me in mind of those of the city of Pompeii, where I was a few years ago. I attentively examined everything there, particularly the foot-path which runs along the houses. They appeared to have been considerably worn by the great number of people which had once traveled over them. But now, how distant! Neither builders nor proprietors remain. Nothing is known!"

"Why, thee hast been a great traveler for a man of thy years." "Few years, sir, will enable anybody to journey over a great tract of country, but it requires a superior degree of knowledge to gather harvests as we go. Pray, Mr. Bartram, what banks are those which you are making; to what purpose is so much expense and so much labor bestowed?" "Friend Iwan, no branch of industry was ever more profitable to any country as well as to the proprietors. The Schuylkill, in its many windings, once covered a great extent of ground, though its waters were but shallow, even in our highest tides, and though some parts were always dry, yet the whole of this great tract presented to the eye nothing but a putrid, swampy soil, useless, either for the plough or for the scythe. The proprietors of these grounds are now incorporated; we yearly pay to the treasurer of the company a certain sum, which makes an aggregate superior to the casualties that generally happen, either by inundations or the musk-squash. It is owing to this happy contrivance that so many thousand acres of meadow have been rescued from the Schuylkill and Delaware, which now both enricheth and embellisheth so much of the neighborhood of our city. Our brethren of Salem, in New Jersey, have carried the art of banking to a still higher degree of perfection."

"It is really an admirable contrivance.

which greatly redounds to the honor of the parties concerned, and shows a spirit of discernment and perseverance which is highly praiseworthy. If the Virginians would imitate your example, the state of their husbandry would greatly improve. I have not heard of any such association in any other parts of the continent. Pennsylvania, hitherto, seems to reign the unrivalled queen of these fair provinces. Pray, sir, what expense are you at, ere these grounds be fit for the scythe?" "The expenses are very considerable, particularly when we have land, brooks, trees and brush to clear away; but such is the excellence of these bottoms, and the goodness of the grass for fattening of cattle, that the produce of three years pays all advances." "Happy the country where nature has bestowed such rich treasures—treasures superior to mines," I said. "If all this fair province is thus cultivated, no wonder it has acquired such reputation for the prosperity and the industry of its inhabitants."

By this time, the working part of the family had finished their dinner, and had retired with a decency and silence which pleased me much. Soon after, I heard, as I thought, a distant concert of instruments. "However simple and pastoral your fare was, Mr. Bartram, this is the dessert of a prince. Pray, what is this I hear?" "Thee must not be alarmed; it is of a piece with the rest of thy treatment, friend Iwan." Anxious I followed the sound; and, by ascending the staircase, found that it was the effect of wind through the strings of an Æolian harp, an instrument which I had never before seen. After dinner, we quaffed an honest bottle of Madeira wine, without the irksome labor of toasts, healths or sentiments, and then retired into his study. I was no sooner entered than I observed a coat of arms, in a gilt frame, with the name of John Bartram. The novelty of such a decoration in such a place, struck me. I could not avoid asking, "Does the Society of Friends take any pride in those armorial bearings, which sometimes serve as marks of distinction between families, and much oftener as food for pride and ostentation?" "Thee must know," said he, "that my father was a Frenchman.\* He brought this piece of painting over with him. I keep it as a piece of family furniture, and as a memorial of his removal hither."

From his study, we went into the garden,

which contained a great variety of curious plants and shrubs; some grew in a greenhouse, over the door of which was written these lines:

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks, through nature, up to nature's God."

He informed me that he had often followed General Bouquet to Pillsbury, with the view of herboring; that he made useful collections in Virginia, and that he had been employed by the King of England to visit the two Floridas.

Our walks and botanical observations engrossed so much of our time that the sun was almost down, ere I thought of returning to Philadelphia. I regretted that the day had been so short, as I had not spent so rational a one for a long time before. I wanted to stay, yet was doubtful whether it would not appear improper, being an utter stranger. Knowing, however, that I was visiting the least ceremonious people in the world, I bluntly informed him of the pleasure I had enjoyed, and with the desire I had of staying a few days with him. "Thou art as welcome as if I was thy father. Thou art no stranger. Thy desire of knowledge; thy being a foreigner, besides, entitleth thee to consider my house as thine own, as long as thee pleaseth. Use thy time with the most perfect freedom. I, too, shall do so myself." I thankfully accepted the kind invitation.

We went to view his favorite bank. Heshowed me the principles and method on which it was erected; and we walked over the grounds which had been already drained. The whole store of nature's kind luxuriance seemed to have been exhausted on these beautiful meadows. He made me count the amazing number of cattle and horses now feeding on solid bottoms, which but a few years before had been covered with water. Thence we rambled through his fields, where the rightangular fences, the heaps of pitched stones, the flourishing clover, announced the best husbandry, as well as the most assiduous attention. His cows were then returning home, deep-bellied, short-legged, having udders ready to burst, seeking, with seeming toil, to be delivered from the great exuberance they contained. He next showed me his orchard, formerly planted on a barren, sandy soil, but long since converted into one of the richest spots in that vicinage.

"This," said he, "is altogether the fruit of my own contrivance. I purchased, some years ago, the privilege of a small spring, about a mile and a half from hence, which, at a considerable expense, I have brought to this reservoir; therein I throw old lime, ashes, horse dung, &c., and twice a week I let

\* This is evidently a misapprehension on the part of the "Russian gentleman." John Bartram, no doubt, had reference to his *remoter* ancestors, the "Norman Frenchmen," who "came with William the Conqueror" and "settled in the north of England." See his letter to Archibald Bartram, anno 1761.



it run, thus impregnated. I regularly spread on this ground, in the fall, old hay, straw, and whatever damaged fodder I have about my barn. By these simple means, I mow, one year with another, fifty-three hundreds of excellent hay per acre, from a soil which scarcely produced 'five fingers' [*i. e.*, cinquefoil, or *Potentilla canadensis*, L.] some years before." "This is, sir, a miracle in husbandry. Happy the country which is cultivated by a society of men whose application and taste lead them to prosecute and accomplish useful works." "I am not the only person who do these things," he said. "Wherever water can be had, it is always turned to that important use. Wherever a farmer can water his meadows, the greatest crops of the best hay, and excellent after-grass, are the sure rewards of his labors. With the banks of my meadow-ditches, I have greatly enriched my upland fields; those which I intend to rest for a few years, I constantly sow with red clover, which is the greatest meliorator of our lands. For three years after, they yield abundant pasture. When I want to break up my clover fields, I give them a good coat of mud, which hath been exposed to the severities of three or four of our winters. This is the reason that I commonly reap from twenty-eight to thirty-six bushels of wheat an acre. My flax, oats and Indian corn I raise in the same proportion. Wouldst thee inform me whether the inhabitants of thy country follow the same methods of husbandry?" "No, sir; in the neighborhood of our towns there are indeed some intelligent farmers who prosecute their rural schemes with attention; but we should be too numerous, too happy, too powerful a people, if it were possible for the whole Russian Empire to be cultivated like the province of Pennsylvania. Our lands are so unequally divided, and so few of our farmers are possessors of the soil they till, that they cannot execute plans of husbandry with the same vigor as you do, who hold yours, as it were, from the Master of Nature, unencumbered and free." "O America!" exclaimed I, "thou knowest not, as yet, the whole extent of thy happiness. The foundation of thy civil polity must lead thee, in a few years, to a degree of population and power which Europe little thinks of." "Long before this happens," answered the good man, "we shall rest beneath the turf. It is vain for mortals to be presumptuous in their conjectures. Our country is, no doubt, the cradle of an extensive future population. The old world is growing weary of its inhabitants; they must come here to flee from the tyranny of the great. But doth thee not imagine that the great, in the course of years, will come over here also? for it is the misfortune of all

societies everywhere to hear of great men, great rulers and of great tyrants."

"My dear sir," I replied, "tyranny never can take a strong hold in this country; the land is too wisely distributed. It is poverty in Europe that makes slaves." "Friend Iwan, as I make no doubt thee understandeth the Latin tongue, read this kind epistle which the good *Queen* of Sweden, *Ulrica*, sent me a few years ago. Good woman! that she should think, in her palace at *Stockholm*, of poor John Bartram, on the banks of the Schuylkill, appeareth to me very strange."

(To be concluded.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### TO THE MINISTERS IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

I believe, dear friends, that it is in the spirit of love that I feel concerned to address you; and, in doing so, I desire "not to hurt the oil nor the wine" in any sincere traveler Zionward.

I apprehend it will be acknowledged by all within the pale of our religious Society, that a *living Gospel ministry* is a great blessing to the church, hence the importance that, before you attempt to minister in the assemblies of the people, you should carefully observe the injunction of the blessed Master to the disciples, "Tarry at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." You will then witness a qualification to minister availingly to those who hear, and without this qualification your offerings will not profit the people; nay, they will be as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

May it, then, be your concern, oftener than the returning morning, to humbly sit at the feet of your Divine Master, seeking to know His will concerning you, remembering that when He sends forth His servants on Gospel errands, He will go with them, and be unto them "mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance," and enable them to go down as into the very bottom of Jordan, and to bring up from thence "living stones of memorial," to the peace of their own minds, and to the praise of the blessed Head of the church.

Be not afraid, I beseech you, of sitting in silence in meetings, notwithstanding those present may be desirous of hearing preaching; for unless you are divinely commissioned to preach, Christ (in them) will not be raised. The apostle says: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith also is vain." Again, the Lord's prophet declared: "Behold! all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks, and walk in the light of your fire and in the sparks that ye have kindled, this shall ye have of My hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow."

Oh, that this may never be the experience of any upon whose head the "anointing oil" has been poured, and who may have furnished evidence of being commissioned to preach the everlasting Gospel!

May you, dear friends, often recur to the days of your espousals, keeping close to your Heavenly Guide; for your ministry will then have a baptising effect, and those who minister, and they who hear, will be edified together; and when it can be, consistent with the peace of your own minds, let your communications be as brief as may be, or, in other language, "let your words be few and savory." Thus will you experience preservation and a growth "in the ever-blessed Truth, and, by your dedication and attention to the Teacher "Who teaches as never man taught," you will become as "polished shafts," yea, "pillars in the Lord's house, that shall go no more out"; and there will be a putting of shoulder to shoulder in building up the waste places in our Zion, and in enabling her to shake herself from the dust of the earth, and again to put on her beautiful garments.

And now, in the feeling of love, I bid you farewell. C.

Fourth month 15th, 1875.

#### A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MARY F. BURR.

*Prepared for Germantown First-day School and Bible Class, and read at the meeting of the Philadelphia First-day School Association, Fourth mo. 17th, 1875.*

This dear "lamb of the fold" who was removed from our midst Third month 22d, 1875, was the daughter of David T., and the late Caroline E. Burr, of Germantown.

She was in her 25th year, and, though her life was short, her friends feel it has been such a bright example, it is but just to her to give a little sketch of it. She early evinced a strong conscientiousness and love for religion and good works.

Her mother being in delicate health, the care of a younger sister and brother commenced when she was but ten years old; and a few years later her mother was removed by death. Though bereft of the maternal care and counsel, Mary early developed those womanly feelings that enabled her to take the place of mother to the children and companion to her father and older brother. For them her untiring devotion and sacrificing love were manifested until the closing moments of her life, when she wanted her father to retire, that he might not see her suffering. She was at one time strongly urged to unite with a different church organization, but she did not feel that the form there observed gave her the soul-peace she found in the solemn quietness of Friends' meetings. She applied to

Green Street Monthly Meeting to become a member about four years ago, and was gladly welcomed as such; she had been a regular attendant for a long time before, and had taken a deep interest in the "Bible class." Afterward she felt called to take part in the First-day school, where she remained a faithful worker and beloved teacher, until her failing health would no longer permit her to attend. For two years she was an earnest assistant in the "Sewing School." Being very uncomplaining, her health was much impaired before her friends were aware of it. The same patient endurance characterized her whole illness; she was not known to utter a complaint in all the months she suffered, even though she became too weak to see any of her relatives and friends, except those who were privileged to wait upon her.

She was able to talk but little for a long time, but her remarks showed how entirely she had given up all worldly things, and that she was convinced of the shallowness of outward adornment and show.

She requested to be prepared for burial in simplicity, and said, "I love flowers, and you may put as many as you like in the room, but I do not want a *cross* or a *wreath* about me." These symbols bore no spiritual meaning to her. As in earthly life she had "let her light shine," so those who knew her best feel most assured that her spirit "shines steadily on, like a star," in that atmosphere of happiness which we are all hoping to enter when the Great Loving Shepherd shall call us home to lie down in His green pastures.

Fourth mo. 5th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE PERPETUATION OF OUR RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

Feeling a deep interest in the principles upon which the Society of Friends is founded, and an earnest desire that those principles may be maintained in their purity, and become so widespread in their influence for good, that the whole human family may ultimately be benefited thereby, I am led with great hesitation, knowing my inability to properly handle the subject, to inquire whether our Society fulfills its whole duty in the necessary effort to maintain and promulgate them.

When I speak of principles, I mean principles, and not the forms of our Society. I mean brotherly love, kindness, charity, mercy, truth, justice, and, above all, that great truth which guarantees these qualities to every human soul, that *God is the teacher of His people Himself*.

We have, by the personal experiences of many, proved that these glorious principles are



*eternal*—therefore, that they existed before there were sects, or, forms or books of any kind—and believing this, are we not remiss, if we do not use every effort, not only to retain our members within the Society, but to so impress upon the minds of all we meet, by the purity of our lives, and the beauty of the principles by which we are actuated, that they may also become members with us?

I have now arrived at the concern which has been on my mind for a long time, and which is the immediate cause of this article. "How is our Society as an organization to be maintained and perpetuated?"

Those who have conducted the affairs of the Society are growing old—are passing and must pass away. In our Monthly Meetings most of the business is done by those who are far advanced in life; in a very short time, these will be no longer with us.

It therefore necessarily follows that, unless the young members take an active interest in its condition and welfare, the organization cannot be continued. How, then, are we to induce the young people to take sufficient interest to attend our business meetings, and become active workers in the affairs of the Church?

Now, I speak from personal knowledge, when I say, that Friends have no idea how many young men of this city *do* feel an interest, and earnestly desire an opportunity to mingle with them in the business meetings, and would gladly take a portion of the labor on their shoulders; but they *cannot do so while these meetings are held in the day time*, and at a time of day which is most inconvenient.

Friends of middle and advanced age, who have accumulated sufficient means to give them leisure, and others who may be in business of their own, where they can arrange their affairs to suit, tell us that if we really felt the true desire to attend the business meetings, the way would open to us.

Now, Friends, that is a mistake—the way may have opened to you, when you were young—when nearly all young Friends were employed by members of our own Society, and the employers desired that all should attend their meetings; but the world has turned round several thousand times since then, and the position of the present generation of young men, members with us, is totally different.

Take the membership of the Monthly Meetings of Philadelphia. How many of the young men are in business for themselves, or employed by Friends? How many are employees of persons of various other denominations?

Now, while the latter *might* obtain permission to attend meetings in the middle of the

week, their employers, while they gave their consent, would be very much inconvenienced, being at a time of day when they could least be spared, and would have no *sympathy* with us, because they, knowing that *all* other religious societies have their meetings for business in the evening, would think that ours could be done as well at that time. And why *cannot* ours be held in the evening as well as others? I have heard only *one* objection that could be of any weight, and that is that the aged, and the women Friends, could not attend at that time.

I think that any one who has been at the meetings for worship, held on Third-day evenings the past winter, will agree with me, that even that one objection need not prevent.

This concern has rested with me for several years, and I have endeavored to give expression to it, so as to be understood.

I would have preferred to do so in the Monthly Meeting, but being one of those employees who has asked permission to attend, and the consent withheld, I commit it to the *Intelligencer* with the hope that some who may have felt as I, will agitate the subject, so that whatever may come of it, the *result* will be to the benefit and welfare of the Society of Friends.

H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### BUSINESS MEETINGS.

I was much pleased with the communication on the subject of "Women's Meetings," in the *Intelligencer* of Fourth month 17th. It is a word fitly spoken, and I trust it will meet with proper consideration. I was impressed with the argument that, "if it had always been our practice to hold our business meetings together, no sane Friend would now advocate a separation." The conditions of society are constantly changing and improving, and there no longer exists any satisfactory reason for this separation of the sexes in business meetings. To the outside public it must seem very inconsistent that a Society so prominent for its advocacy of equal rights and the coeducation of the sexes, should draw the line of separation so strongly in this one particular. The argument of the defenders of this custom is, that it does allow women to have equal rights. But is this really so? In looking over our Discipline, I find only two or three unimportant subjects on which women act without reference to the men; such as relieving the poor, appointing representatives, etc.

Would there be any impropriety in doing this in open meetings? On the most delicate subject of all—"Offenders of their own sex," after dealing with them, the women have to report to the men's meeting, and *that* becomes

the final court of appeal! I really cannot see the great "privilege" of women holding their meetings separate, while there is certainly much loss of power and life on both sides by division of numerical strength. In whatever matters men and women act unitedly, their interest and usefulness are increased. We read that from the second to the sixteenth century Mohammedans surpassed Christians in the pursuit and attainment of knowledge, for the reason that the Christians were afraid of new ideas conflicting with the authority of the Fathers. I feel apprehensive that the Society of Friends are in similar danger now of standing still. There is a fear of doing away with rules laid down by the founders of our Society, the necessity for which no longer exists, and which were certainly never intended by them to be unchangeable laws. One of the most profound thinkers of the present day says: "Our opinions on every subject are continually liable to modification, from the irresistible advance of human knowledge and the progressive development of man."

C. S. W.

Bristol, Fourth month 20th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## LOCAL INFORMATION.

JERSEYVILLE, ILL., Fourth month 9th.

We have had a cold, dry winter, with more snow than usual lying on the ground. Wells and streams are very low. The wheat crop around here will be light, so much of it is winter-killed. The grass looks green, and the oats are coming up.

There are a very few Friends here, and nearly all belong to the other branch of our Society. I have been living in this section twenty-six years. Two years ago I attended Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. It was good to be there. It had been twenty-one years since I was at a Friends' meeting. I have often wanted to have some of our ministers come this way. There has never been a Friend to preach in Jerseyville. There is a meeting at Bloomington, but that is a great way off.

M. A. ARMSTRONG.

NEW SHARON, IOWA, Fourth month 13th.

After the Committee had mailed what information they thought sufficient in regard to our Western sufferers, I received the *Intelligencer* of Fourth month 10th, containing the information given by Jacob M. Troth, in regard to the Nebraska needs. We are in communication with nearly every county in Kansas; have sent to that State from this place three car loads of provisions, besides numerous packages and several hundred dollars in money.

The Legislature of Kansas adjourned with-

out rendering any relief. They did pass a bill allowing counties and townships to issue bonds to purchase seed. Then, after they adjourned, the bill was pronounced illegal, and, consequently, the banks will not negotiate the bonds. It is feared we shall have to help them another year, in consequence of their not getting seed.

Famine actually exists in some parts of that State. Friends of both branches of the Society thought it best to have bank checks forwarded here to myself, or either of the others of the Committee, as we would be likely to know the general wants better than persons in any one locality in Kansas.

Respectfully thy friend,

BORDEN STANTON.

Reference: Joseph A. Dugdale, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Isaac Darlington, West Chester, Pa.; Elwood B. Conrad, Salem, N. J.

## GREEN STREET PREPARATIVE MEETING.

The last Preparative Meeting of Friends, held at Green street, was an unusually interesting occasion.

Being the established time for answering all the Queries, a number of them elicited considerable comment. The *seventh* claimed especial attention. The extravagance of the times was referred to, and while it was admitted that *very few* members of our Society, as compared with the whole number engaged in active business, "*failed*" in these business enterprises, and were thus unable to pay their debts; yet, the painful situation of many who had lived in apparent affluence, upon the removal of the head of the family by death, and the penniless condition of the survivors, induced by the extravagance previously indulged in, were forcibly brought into view. These remarks furnished food for serious reflection.

One Friend referred to the want of moderation on the occasion of funerals, and feared this was on the increase—instancing the expensive caskets, great profusion of flowers, etc.

Allusion was also made by another to the hearses now so generally used at our funerals. The speaker referred to that owned by the Society in this city as being objectionable to Friends generally; with this feeling he had no controversy. But he called attention to the ornamentation of those first referred to. He had seen the remains of plain, consistent, aged Friends borne to our ground at Fair Hill in hearses with inside trappings; and, in some instances, these black hangings even interspersed with white, in accordance with the modern insignia of mourning.

The survivors were not charged with ordering, or even desiring this arrangement; doubtless, in many instances, were not cognizant of it



it. These were seasons of affliction, during which it was difficult for the mourners to collect their thoughts; but to be consistent with our testimony to plainness and moderation, it should be made the positive *duty of our undertakers* to see that these superfluous curtains, which could be of no possible use inside of a glass enclosure, were removed before these hearses were used at any of our funerals.

The difficulties attendant on the carrying out of our testimonies on this delicate subject were referred to and admitted; but, it was thought, a freedom of individual expression, in all kindness (and nothing but kindness was manifested during its examination), would do much to produce the desired result.

The above is a very imperfect sketch of the exercises of the meeting. It is now recalled that one Friend alluded to the custom which was on the increase amongst us, more particularly with women, of adopting a *black costume* after the death of a near relative, not, possibly, a *decided* suit of mourning, as the world has it, but in very close proximity or conformity to it.

The writer is in accord with all these exercises, and has, as occasion offered, frequently expressed, both in public and private, his concern on these points. His only object in preparing this article is to awaken Friends to renewed care in the maintenance of these testimonies; and he ardently hopes some good may arise from the agitation of these subjects.

It may be well to add, that this concern arose before the article in the *Intelligencer* of the 17th inst., on "Funerals," was published; they could not have been induced by a perusal thereof. Each was independent of the other.

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Fourth month 1875.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 1, 1875.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The near approach of the time for holding our Yearly Meeting offers suitable opportunity for suggestions and reflections pertinent to the occasion. This Yearly Meeting is one of the largest body of Friends that meets on this continent—the women's branch being probably the largest religious organization of women in the world. The subject of a division of the meeting has been agitated for some time past, and essays and communications have appeared in our columns favoring such a movement. There is no doubt that

the usefulness and prosperity of the meeting would be greatly increased by a wise rearrangement of the Quarterly Meetings that compose it into two or more Yearly Meetings. It is a matter that requires clear and cool deliberation, and cannot be accomplished without the exercise of much forbearance and Christian charity.

It is well for the Quarterly Meetings to turn their attention to this matter, as the crowded condition of women's meeting and the difficulty of hearing distinctly what is transpiring at the extremity of the house, from the unavoidable stir and commotion around the doors, are serious hindrances to the quiet order in our gatherings that is so essential to the proper exercise of disciplinary powers, and the waiting for Divine guidance in our deliberations.

Important questions will be brought up from some of the constituent meetings, and doubtless there will be much said for and against these; but, if there is an earnest, prayerful desire for a moving forward, as Best Wisdom points the way, all that may be said will only lead to a clearer and fuller understanding of the subjects, and those who take part in the deliberations will be better able to come to a judgment.

While, in our anxiety to see some special object that is dear to ourselves favorably considered, we are, at times, in much danger of forestalling the design and intent of our exercise by unduly pressing it upon the attention of the meeting; this course has hindered rather than hastened the accomplishment of many wise and useful measures.

Remembering the everlasting patience of Him to whom we owe allegiance, let us seek to be clothed with a spirit, that, doing with our might whatever is found to be required, can yet, in the plenitude of a faith that must ultimately triumph, bide the time, in the full assurance that, when we have performed our little part, our Great Judge will accept the service, be it ever so humble, and release us from further obligation.

In the meeting so soon to be held, women, for the first time, will take their place in the Representative Committee. Other Yearly Meetings have been for some years repre

ented by both men and women. We regard his movement as necessary to the proper administration of the affairs of both branches, and there appears to have been nothing in the Discipline to prevent their appointment.

The consideration of the changes in the Book of Discipline necessary to place women's meeting on the same footing as men's, will also claim the time and attention of the approaching meeting, and it is well for women to give the subject serious thought, that, when the final judgment is called for, they may have an intelligent understanding of it, and be competent to give expression thereto.

There is one caution that we feel at liberty to offer. Let those who speak to the business endeavor to be brief and to the point. In so large a body there are many exercised minds, and if those who are accustomed to speak frequently, consume an undue portion of the time, the meeting is thereby deprived of exercises that ought to be laid before it, and suffers loss in consequence.

**ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.**—We see no reason to change the opinion expressed in a former number, that discussion in our paper for and against the doctrine of Eternal Punishment is not likely to be profitable. As regards the effect of the doctrine on conduct, the fear of eternal punishment may have the effect of deterring some from the commission of sin; and, if these cannot appreciate any higher motive, we may leave them to the lower one, for it is a low motive, and could not be sincerely urged by one who had full faith in the omnipotence and beauty of Goodness and Love.

Most of the reasoning in support of this doctrine is drawn from the immutability of the Divine laws. As regards their operation in this life, we can speak confidently, from experience and observation, and we have reason to believe, too, that in their very nature they are immutable. But in regard to their administration in a state of being entirely different from the present, we can only speculate, the conclusions we come to being determined by our different mental characteristics. We know that the consequences resulting from a violation of the Divine laws for the government of our physical nature are irretrievable;

that no amount of repentance and amendment can fully restore the vital energy that has been impaired by sin. But we know that repentance and amendment can restore the soul to the Divine favor, causing it to endure with meekness the suffering it has brought upon itself, and vindicating the Divine mercy, in that suffering has brought amendment.

One of our esteemed correspondents, writing on this subject, cites the parable of the "rich man and Lazarus" as confirmatory of the doctrine of Eternal Punishment; but we would remind him, that any argument drawn from Eastern figures of speech addressed to the understanding of Jews, would equally establish the idea that the happiness of heaven is to "lie in Abraham's bosom," and that future punishment is corporeal. The latter part of that parable would seem to be a strong presumption *against* the doctrine in question. The rich man, after imploring some relief from the tortures he was suffering, and finding that none could be obtained, that the gulf was impassable, then requests that Lazarus may be sent to some of his near kindred to warn them "lest they too come into this place of torment."

Can we conceive that He who warms the hearts of His devoted children with a desire to fan the least spark of Divine life in their fellow beings into a flame, would condemn to eternal torment one who could so far forget his own sufferings as to beseech that his brethren might be spared them.

One of our correspondents, who has conscientiously adopted the belief that all punishment inflicted by our Heavenly Father, whether in this world or the next, must be reformatory and not vindictive,

"That nothing can be good in Him,  
That evil is in me,"

would be glad to use our pages in advocacy of his views; but, as we have said, it is at least doubtful whether the controversy would be profitable. Perhaps some of our readers have thought we should not have published the first article on this subject; we are inclined to that thought ourselves. Speculations in regard to the nature of the unknown world may be innocently indulged in by individuals if they tend to comfort, or as incentives to goodness; such, for instance, is the hope of a reunion



with the dear ones who have left us; but they are scarcely matters for argument. In the obscurity in which that world is left, we may well fall back upon implicit faith, with the query, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

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MARRIED.

DUTTON—VANNES.—At the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends' ceremony, Sarah Dutton, daughter of William C. and Elizabeth S. Dutton, to John G. Vanness, son of James H. and Lemira Vanness, all of the town of Waterloo, Seneca county, New York.

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DIED.

ADAMS.—On the 3d of Fourth month, 1875, in DeRuyter, Madison county, New York, Ann G., widow of David Adams, in the 81st year of her age; a member and Elder of DeRuyter Monthly Meeting.

WRIGHT.—On the 26th of Third month, 1875, in DeRuyter, Madison county New York, Samuel Wright in the 72d year of his age; also a member of DeRuyter Monthly Meeting.

The death of these two prominent members will be severely felt by this Monthly Meeting.

WILLIAMS.—On the 31st of Third month, 1875, Elizabeth Williams, widow of Anthony Williams, in the 83d year of her age; for many years a worthy Elder of Abington Monthly Meeting. Her example will live in the hearts of her children and others that have been reared under her care, and these will call her blessed.

SEAMAN.—At Jerusalem, Long Island, on the 2d of Fourth month, 1875, Ardon Seaman, in the 80th year of his age; an approved minister for many years.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 45.

(Continued from page 141.)

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OUR FIRST WEEK ON THE NILE.

The morning of the 28th rises bright and breezy, and we sail onward swiftly, about 7 o'clock meeting and saluting the Cook steamer on her way downward to Cairo. And now, with alternate breeze and calm, the day wears on, till at length we find ourselves grounded again on a sand-bank. Then is aroused the wrath of our captain, the Reis Mohammed, and he proceeds to rebuke the recreant steersman. "Reis Said! I have no pleasure in my existence! You are thinking too much of your wife and your children, and you think not of steering the boat. You see that boat before us—it is a mere shell; where it goes we cannot go. By getting on the sand-banks we get not up the river. Now, will you give up thinking of your wife and steer the boat well? if not, I will do it myself!" And Mohammed seizes the helm. Said, much grieved

with the rebuke, accedes to the wishes of his chief; agrees to give up contemplating the joys of his domestic life, and to be more mindful of his present duties; so they have coffee together, and the men pole and push, calling on Allah and the Prophet, and we are off again. We read, talk, write, sketch, and the time is not heavy on our hands. The day dies away, and night cometh again.

The next morning finds us utterly becalmed—not a ripple on the face of the broad river. Our picturesque, white-turbaned, blue-gowned crew leap out on the low shore, and drag us slowly onward so long as the bank accommodates them with a tow-path. But now we come to a low place from which the annual inundation has not subsided, and here we must await a breeze till we can pass the bay and find a tow-path beyond. So we make very slight progress, indeed, and our gentlemen take the opportunity to go on shore and try what spoil they can win from the feathered creatures which have their habitation here. Our men pole the sluggish boat along at a very slow pace, and we wait patiently, content to dream away the silent, sunshiny day. At 4 o'clock P. M. we anchor near Benisooéf, a large and important town 73 miles from Cairo, having a population of 5,000. We land, and some of the company take a walk toward Benisooéf, while two of us turn aside to visit the little mud village just at hand. It is a town of considerable size, and shows evidence of having suffered severely from the late inundation, very many of the houses being in a ruinous condition. The people are sitting around idly among their palm-trees, and some come forward to meet us in a very friendly manner. Two women salute us first, and point out the Sheik, who is just now engaged in his prayers under yonder palm-tree. They are gentle, harmless-looking creatures, and try to give us information, but we have no common ground of language. Soon, a fine-looking boy, with clean white turban and white gown, comes shyly up and tries to attract our attention, but without any rudeness. The Sheik, having finished his devotions, comes, too, and we are the center of a circle who are much interested in us. They want to see our watches, and the Sheik seems to wish to buy my friend's, offering us the white-turbaned, handsome boy in payment. He would like to go with us, he makes us understand; but our watches will be more needful to us than the handsome Omar, and we decline the splendid barter. Then we walk into the little streets of the town, and the Sheik and some other of the principal men accompany us like a body-guard. The people receive us with all courtesy, and not a word is said about backsheesh, and we are amazed to

and everybody quite at leisure to see company. But here is an exceptional case. Two women are busy grinding maize in a hand-mill, and they pause in their work at our approach, and they look up, smiling, one of them taking hold of my dress and kissing it. The mill is only two smooth, circular disks of stone, in the upper one of which a wooden handle is fixed by means of which it is revolved. The lower one is about twelve inches broader, and has a deep groove around the edge which receives the flour. The grain is fed into the mill by the hand, through a hole in the center of the upper stone; and the work went on. These two slender, oldish-looking women, who are working the mill, then, are the only workers in this populous village. The men and boys are wandering around in absolute idleness, the work of sowing and planting being over for the present, but we were amazed to find no appeal made for blacksheep as we turned to leave them—only friendly salam.

Returning to the boat, which still lies as if floated to the bank, the dusky people of the land gather on the shore and offer to sell us stalks of sugar-cane, and strive in many ways to attract friendly notice. A juggler shows us his two pet snakes, and, at a signal from one of our number, comes on board, and seating himself on the deck performs some of his various tricks of magic, inexplicable, but common. As he returns his implements to their bags he cautions us against ascribing iraculous powers to him. "God is most great!" he says. "What He does is real; but only *seem* to do these things. Yes; God is most great!" And the conjurer with his obedient snakes depart, and night comes again—calm and all-glorious. I shall retain pleasant memories of merry and earnest converse around our evening dinner-table, where we compare views and impressions, pleased to find points of agreement, interested and instructed by our friendly differences. The merry anecdote is ever and anon the precursor of some more weighty theme. We discuss our favorites in literature and in science, and then we unconsciously drift into ponderous social and political problems—into questions of Church and State, and then have a friendly tourney over the institutions of our respective lands. But the tranquil spirit of this most ancient land is upon the champions who smile to see themselves o'erthrown:

"And then they turn to dearer matters,  
Dear to the heart that is dear to God;  
How best to help the slender store,  
How mend the dwellings of the poor;  
How gain in life, as life advances,  
Valor and charity more and more."

Books are invaluable during these tranquil,

leisurely days, and we have quite a store among us. The ponderous and useful "Murray" is our trusted guide; and now that we have time to read we learn to appreciate the close-printed pages; and "Lane's Modern Egyptians" interprets much that is around us, and gives a more intelligent interest in the mud villages and their inhabitants. "Wilkinson" gives us a learned and elaborate account of the ancient people, whose enduring monuments enrich this land.

The Saracenic legends of the "Arabian Nights" have a flavor here which I have never observed in the less congenial air of our own land, while "Marriette's Manual" in French, gives us the story of the latest revelations of the archaeologists. The wanderer loves to dream as we move silently southward, between smooth levels decked with the pillared palms and the rich acacias, amid the golden glories of the evening, and under the star-gemmed dome of night, of the goodly time, "the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." Besides these books we have quite a variety of general literature—the late numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the sermons of Dean Stanley during his oriental tour with the Prince of Wales, and the various guide-books we have gathered during our wanderings—so that a system of friendly interchange insures us a plentiful supply of reading matter.

The gentlemen take advantage of all our enforced rests, and make excursions from the boat with their guns to the palm and acacia groves, and to the marshes. They bring home from time to time the feathered spoil to improve and vary our cuisine; and besides the ducks, turtle-doves, hoopoes and sand-pipers, the solemn countenances of two little owls, and the fiercer visages of sundry hawks have proved the skill of the sportsmen. Sometimes, on the sandy marge of the river, we can see great flocks of pelicans, flamingoes, and other water-fowl of gay and varied plumage. I am amazed at the deliberative calmness of some of these large birds. As we float very slowly by a flock of pelicans, their immovable attitude suggests a burial place, and that these are the monuments of the Egyptian dead beside their beloved river. I think they do not move so much as a feather for half an hour, and then a steamer passing near the centre of the river startles them and they rise into the air, fly around a few moments and then alight again on the sands and assume once more their monumental attitudes.

As the last day of the year 1874 declines, we near the village of Bibbeh, a rising town and railway station on the site of an ancient settlement. Sweet odors from fields of blossomed beans come wafted to us on the evening breeze, and we sit on the deck till the day



is quite gone, thinking of dear friends far away who are enjoying New Year's eve in a very different fashion. An unforeseen sand-bank in the midst of the Nile arrests our progress, and we come to rest for the night. We have our old neighbor, the Delta, anchored on the eastern bank, and we illuminate our boat with colored lanterns and place candles in the windows of all our cabins and exchange merry salutations with our fellow-voyagers of the Nile before retiring to spend in dreamland the last hours of the departing year.

The "Happy New Year" salutation is exchanged with joyous cordiality the next morning, for a rising breeze fills our lofty sails and we dance merrily over the waters. Our cook has exerted every energy and every cunning device to make the table attractive, and wonderful is the saccharine edifice of brown conglomerate that adorns the center of the board. A broad cylindrical base supports two harp-like curves, placed at right angles, and upon their point of junction is placed a coinal structure which bears on its skyward summit a crowned angel, and upon either hand of the angelic princess is mounted a little flag—the stripes and stars on the left and the British colors on the right. The whole surface is adorned with delicate French sugar plums, and the lofty pile looks much too fine to be eaten.

Our exhilarating north wind lasts through the whole day and we make good progress, flying past villages, ruined fortifications, and long-deserted towns. Towards evening we pass the table mountain of Gibel Sheykh Embarak, which approaches very close to the east bank, and reach the large town of Maghagha, one of the most important sugar-factory stations of the Khedive. The river is very rapid and our boatmen have to leap out on the broken, irregular bank and draw with all their force to assist our boat to stem the current. The north wind yet fills the sails and, after the bend of the stream is passed, we are again moving triumphantly onward. This concludes the seventh day of our voyage and we have not accomplished one third the distance to the first cataract; but the time does not pass wearily. Perhaps I should make mention of the creaking of the rudder, and the midnight ravages of a rat who has taken passage with us, and who is making a series of domiciliary visits to the most nervous of the voyagers, slighting the easy sleepers. I like rather to dwell on the flowery side.

Another traveler thus truthfully describes Egypt as revealed during the Nile voyage: "From Cairo upwards, Egypt is now a broad, now a narrow green valley of the desert, surrounded by barren red-grey chains of hills, which sometimes terminate in sharp cliffs run-

ning to the river; this valley is covered with fertile but prosaic fields of corn, sugar-cane, vegetables and cotton, in which, under the shadow of palm groves, sycamores, and small plantations of acacias, are grey villages, and here and there small towns of the same color adorned with white minarets and countless houses of beys and pashas. Now and then we see the imposing tomb of a Moslem saint. Here a herd of black goats, brown sheep, grey buffaloes; there a train of camels, a dromedary-rider, a creaking irrigating machine, veiled women, with antique jars on their heads, going down to the stream; naked children, and barking dogs; flocks of geese, ibisses (which are herons) and pelicans on the river; wild pigeons numerous as gnats, flying over the village. In town and village, no end of offal, rubbish, and ruin, and that is all."

No, it is not all; for we must acknowledge the perfection of the weather; the serene sky with all possible varieties of tender and glorious tints, reflecting their glory in the valley of the river; the repose and serene cheerfulness of this life, without care; the utter rest from the toils of travel; and the constant revelations of kindness, good-humor and forbearance which every hour unfolds, as our little company, who have met in this small inn upon the waters, come to know each other better.

S. R.

First month 3d, 1875.

#### NON-MEMBERS IN BUSINESS MEETINGS.

For a number of years past, the attendance of our meetings for discipline by persons not in membership with us, has been a source of considerable dissatisfaction and annoyance to some of our members.

In conversation I learn that this practice has so increased of latter time that it has become quite burdensome to many Friends, particularly at the time of holding our Yearly Meetings where there are generally a number in attendance (especially in women's meetings) who are not members with us, sometimes crowding in, to the inconvenience, if not exclusion of members.

Surely we all recognize their right to meet with us at our public meetings for worship and are glad to have it so; but, suppose our doors were open to all who might feel curiosity or inclination to see and know how "the Friends" conduct their Yearly Meeting, what might we not expect?

Some of these non-members are represented as behaving with propriety; a few may really feel interested to see Friends together, and hear the expression of exercises, but why this interest so much more apparent in the Yearly Meetings than in the smaller meetings at home? There may be circumstances con-

ected with the attendance of *Quarterly* or *Monthly Meetings*, in country places, in which the occasional presence of a person not a member would seem almost unavoidable, and might be reconciled; but, as a regular practice, how can non-members consent to present themselves at our meetings for business, and remain unmoved by the pointed remarks of some of the members who feel this to be a very decided innovation and intrusion?

The foregoing has been written with reference to adults and young persons, not including *little children*, not members, who are in attendance with their parents.

EMMOR COMLY.

Bristol, Fourth month 13th, 1875.

WE are here for nobler purposes than to waste the fleeting moments of our lives in lamentations and wailings over troubles which, perhaps, only regard our personal ease and prosperity. Make me an outcast, a beggar; place me a bare-footed pilgrim on the top of the Alps or the Pyrenees; and I should have wherewithal to sustain the spirit within me, in the reflection that all this was but as for a moment, and that a period would come when wrong, and injury, and trouble should be no more. Are we to be so utterly enlaved by habit and association that we shall spend our lives in anxiety and bitter care, only that we may find a covering for our bodies or the means of assuaging hunger? For what else is an anxiety after the world? —*Kirke White.*

#### A WANDERING EPISTLE.

A letter was lately received by a citizenne of Massachusetts, which had made a remarkable journey. "It was written by an American in Paris, and forwarded by bankers to St. Helena, addressed to the captain of an American vessel. Arriving at St. Helena after the departure of the vessel for Boston, it was sent on there by the consignee at St. Helena. There it laid the usual time, was advertized, and, being uncalled for, was sent to the dead-letter office. From there it was returned to the bankers in Paris, they having affixed their office stamp to the letter when first mailed. The bankers having the Boston address of the writer, erased the original superscription, and started it back again to the writer at Boston. Meanwhile, the writer had removed to the suburbs, and the carrier, in delivering the letter as addressed, learned the whereabouts of the writer, and forwarded the now much-defaced missive to its destination, where it finally arrived eight months after its subscribed date, having in the meantime traversed a distance of seventeen thousand miles, and received the impression of some twenty-

two different post-office stamps. Perhaps the most interesting point in the matter is that the letter was written by a young lady to her wandering sweetheart, and when it was brought to her, she was sitting at the fireside enjoying with him the comforts of married life."

#### LETTER AND SPIRIT.

Most persons can recall the sensation experienced by glancing into a volume written in an unfamiliar language. The type may be good and the letters perfect, but no meaning is conveyed, no thought excited; as far as we are concerned they are dead letters, forms without spirit. Some time ago, in one of the western counties of our State, we met with a boy who had been taught to write, and had filled a copy-book with sentences written in a neat and legible manner. On examination, however, it was found that he had never learned to read manuscript, and so mechanically had he been taught that none of the words he had labored so industriously to copy conveyed a single intelligent idea to his mind. He had perceived and obeyed the letter, but had never fathomed the spirit.

Something of this mechanical and automatic character clings to most of us in the various phases of our existence. We are so well pleased with having fulfilled the letter of life that we too often let its spirit escape us. Every occupation may be pursued in two ways. It may be learned and practiced mechanically, according to fixed regulations, on which alone the mind dwells. Or, on the other hand, its true and final purpose may so fill the thoughts that we gladly welcome all the necessary labor as steps by which to accomplish the end. The mechanic who plods in one beaten path, caring little as to the result of his work, and looking forward only to his weekly stipend, knows nothing of the joy and enthusiasm that inspired Longfellow's ship-builder, who pondered how

"All the labor might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought."

The lawyer, who is not imbued with the spirit of justice; the physician, who does not prize the physical well-being of the community; the merchant, who is not animated by the soul of enterprise and industry; the teacher, who is satisfied to instruct without developing, and the student, who is content to learn without inquiring, are all forming on the page of time dead letters, devoid of spirit, and which they care not to decipher.

Not only every pursuit in life, but every virtue has also its letter and its spirit. What is veracity without the truthful heart? We may deceive while uttering the most rigidly



accurate statement; we may break faith without swerving an inch from a written agreement; we may, like Macbeth's witches

"Keep the word of promise to the ear,  
And break it to the hope;"

but the spirit of truth cares comparatively little for its technical language; it is so replete with transparent sincerity that its natural and involuntary outbreathings are even those of candor and fidelity. It loves truth so much that whatever militates against it, even in the most secret thought, is abhorrent. So the justice that only cares to avoid legal penalties, or public disfavor, is that of the letter, and has no life in itself. Remove the disgrace, and such justice melts into oppression and fraud. The *spirit* of justice, on the other hand, will not tolerate the presence of selfish and impure motives, it banishes all *desire* to overreach, and makes equity not only the law of the life, but the impulse of the heart.

In the same way, the various relations of life may be fulfilled according to their spirit or their letter. There may be obsequiousness without respect, punctiliousness without esteem, social amenities without friendship, embraces without love. There may be ghosts of departed affections, dead forms that keep their shape, but have no vital spark, and can communicate none. When, however, the *spirit* of friendship and of love enters, then all is warmth, life, motion and joy. The service then rendered is quickened and ennobled by the motives which prompt it. The words of good-will, the tokens of friendship, and the endearments of love have then a ring of truth and honesty that none can mistake, and a vital glow is infused into society which warms and animates the whole fabric.

One marked distinction between the spirit and the letter is, that the one has the element of growth, while the other is stationary. He who only aims at fulfilling the letter of life is well content with his success. His outward life is all that he strives to regulate, and that he rather endeavors to smooth than to elevate. If others reproach him not, neither does his own conscience. If his labor is of average quality and brings him in an income, he troubles himself not to improve it. If his motives are unsuspected, he does not pause to analyze them. He measures himself by the popular standard, and cares not to cherish a higher ideal of his own. The man or woman who lives in the *spirit* of virtue is of a very different type. Such a one dwells not in self-content, but in aspiration. He is not satisfied simply to meet public and social requirements, but strives after a nobler life. He judges himself more strictly than any one

else can judge him. While others look only on his conduct, he sifts his motives. He honors his daily labor by putting into it his best energies, and considers increased excellence to be his truest success. Which life shall we lead—the formal, cold, stagnant one of the letter, or the vital, growing and inspiring one of the spirit?—*Philadelphia Ledger*

#### DREAM-LIFE.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

Let me lie still—lie still and dream again,  
And bind the severed links of the golden chain  
That glimmered through my morning sleep, but  
snapped

When at my door you tapped.

"Breakfast—and half-past eight"? What's that to me?

What's daylight? What are muffins, toast and tea  
"Market," and "raining hard," and "bills to pay,  
I think I heard you say.

Ah, yes; this is no dream. I must suppose  
There are such things. This is a world of prose  
But I was far away. How real it seemed,  
And yet I only dreamed.

I was a welcome and a happy guest  
In a brave palace. Upward from the west  
Long shadows of the lingering afternoon  
In a long day of June

Lay on a lawn. The palace windows burned  
In the red sunset, as I downward turned—  
A group of youths and maidens at my side—  
Down to a river wide,

Upon whose waves the western skies lay red.  
A barge awaited us; and overhead  
Streamed rosy wreaths of cloud. We sped along  
With joyous talk and song

Away, away—into a land of light,  
Where it was neither morn, nor noon, nor night,  
But dream-light only; and a city stood  
Beyond a tropic wood.

And in the pathway to that happy place  
All was incessant change of time and space,  
With sudden sweet surprises, as we went  
In measureless content.

And friends—the absent and the dead—were there  
And some we never saw, yet seemed to wear  
The mingled traits of those we used to know,  
Went passing to and fro

Through festive halls, through gardens strange and  
rare;

And all were young, and all were happy there.  
How could you wake me from a dream of bliss  
To such a place as this?

'Twas hard to leave that life for one so mean,  
For prose, and duty, and the old routine  
Of work. Yet, now that I am up and dressed,  
I know that this is best.

The lordly soul is master of its own.  
The fair insanities of dreams have flown.  
They were but moonlight flashes—broken gleams  
Along its flowing streams.

Another light rebukes the tinsel dress  
Of drifting fancies wild and rudderless;  
Nor can the night's dull jesters now impose  
In Reason's borrowed clothes.

And as I plod along, I know that life  
Is but the stuff from which with toil and strife  
We weave our robe of thought and creed—and tinge  
With dreams its outer fringe.

Work—work while daylight lasts; and let the night  
Spin her thin webs of visionary light—  
The rainbow hues that span the cataract  
Of life and living fact.

#### TRUST.

Consider, were it filial in a child  
To speak in this wise: "Father, though I know  
How strong your love is, having proved it so,  
Since my first breath was drawn; and though you've  
piled  
Your stores with anxious care, that has beguiled  
You oft of rest, that thus you might bestow  
Blessings upon me when your head lies low,  
Yet in my heart are doubts unreconciled.  
To-morrow, when I hunger, can I be  
Sure that for bread you will not give a clod,  
Letting me starve the while you hold in fee  
(O'erlooking lesser needs) the acres broad  
Won for me through your ceaseless toil?"  
Yet *we*, in just such fashion, dare to doubt of God!  
—*Transcript.*

#### JUSTICE TO THE RED MAN.

One of the most hopeful acts of legislation that has been yet consummated by Congress, in the substantial and permanent interest of the American Indians, is the act enabling them to enter public lands under the Homestead laws. This was incorporated in the Deficiency Bill, by the late Congress, and has now become a law. By its provisions, any Indian born in the United States, who is the head of a family, or has arrived at the age of twenty-one, and who has abandoned, or may hereafter abandon, his tribal relations, shall be entitled to all the benefits of the act of 1862, to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain. It is stipulated, however, that the title to lands acquired by an Indian under the act, shall not be subject to alienation or incumbrance, either by the decree of a court or voluntary conveyance, for a period of five years from the date of the patent. The effect of this provision will be to keep the Indian out of the clutches of speculators during the early years of his transition, and to save him from the temptation of parting with his lands for rum, or for a petty cash offer. The act further provides, most wisely, as an inducement to Indians to acquire homesteads and abandon their tribal relations, that they shall be entitled to the distributive share of all annuities, tribal funds, lands and other property, the same as though they had maintained their tribal relations;

and it declares that any transfer, alienation or incumbrance of any of their interests growing out of their former tribal relations, shall be void.—N. Y. *Christian Intelligencer.*

#### WILLIAM PENN'S GRAVE.

Penn died on the 30th of July, 1718, and his body was laid in the peaceful rural burial ground of Jordans, near Uxbridge, in a grave next to that of his beloved Gulielma, the wife of his youth. Thither had preceded him, many years before, his dear friends Isaac and Mary Penington, who rest close beside him. And but a few feet distant repose the remains of his excellent son Springett, and of his quaint but faithful friend Thomas Ellwood, the amanuensis of Milton. These graves render Jordans a sort of classic ground, not merely to the Friends, but to others. Many an American visitor to Great Britain finds his way to that sequestered spot, to muse over the green and simple mound beneath which moulders the dust of one who has exercised a truly mighty and abiding influence on the character and destinies of the United States. Thither, too, once a year, usually in the first week in June, amid the flush and brightness of the opening summer, the Friends of London and the Home Counties betake themselves, as on a pilgrimage, to hold a solemn gathering for worship in the ancient meeting-house which overlooks the green and silent burial ground. On these occasions, alone of all the year, the place assumes a lively aspect. After the service the visitors dine together in groups about the grounds, and welcome the chance stranger to partake of the good things brought in their baskets and hampers. The afternoon is spent in walks and rides to other places of interest in the neighborhood, associated with Penn, Ellwood or Milton. A sociable tea follows; and when the sun has set, and the moon shines upon the white headstones of the clustered graves, all is again as still and silent as it is wont to be.—*Sunday at Home.*

"How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; not only in the visible actions and show, but in the heart and thought; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no roots! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just in the other way! How often do we try and persevere in trying to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond—just like children who plant blossoms, without any roots, in the ground, to make a pretty show for the hour! We find faults in our lives, and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and



we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of a heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce."

OUR principles are the spring of our actions; our actions the springs of our happiness or misery. Too much care, therefore cannot be taken in forming our principles.

## NOTICES.

### COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION.

The Yearly Meeting's Committee on the subject of Education will meet on Third-day, Fifth month 11th, at 8 A. M., at Race Street Monthly Meeting-room.  
WM. WADE GRISCOM, *Clerk*.

### INDIAN COMMITTEE.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day Fifth month 7th, at 3 P. M., at Race Street Monthly Meeting-room. The full attendance of the Committee particularly requested.  
JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

Dr. J. Thomas' Lecture on "Voltaire," will be delivered in the Hall of the Mercantile Library, on Sixth-day evening, Fifth mo. 7th, 1875.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

5th mo. 2d, Penn's Grove, 3 P. M.  
" " Haverford, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" " Providence, Montg'ry co., Pa., 10 A. M.  
" " Norristown, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" " Chichester, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" 16th, Radnor, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" " Warminster, Pa., 3 P. M.  
" 23d, Penn's Neck, N. J., 10 A. M.  
" " Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.  
" 30th, Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.  
6th mo. 13th, Marlboro', Pa., 3 P. M.  
7th mo. 11th, Fallowfield, Pa., 3 P. M.

Childrens' Meeting at Race street, Fifth mo. 9th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

## ITEMS.

THE bill to incorporate societies in the State of New York for the prevention of cruelty to children was passed at Albany on the 7th inst.

NEARLY all the professors in the Madrid University have signed a protest against the reactionary educational measures of the Spanish Government.

MEXICAN PLANTERS have decided to export 150,000 arrobas of sugar to the United States and to Hamburg, for the purpose of making its quality known abroad and increasing its value, as well as that of their plantations.

THE Japanese government has created at Yeddo a superior school for young girls, daughters of State functionaries; two Dutch ladies direct the establishment, which receives pupils from the age of seven to twenty, and in certain cases to twenty-three.

JOHN HARPER, senior member of the firm of Harper Brothers, died on the 22d ult., in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was one of the four brothers James, John, Joseph Wesley and Fletcher, who founded the great publishing house that bears their name. He was born at Newtown L. I., in

1797, and at the age of sixteen years came to New York and was apprenticed to the printing business. After his apprenticeship had been finished, in company with his brother James he started a printing office of his own. In 1825, the two younger brothers were admitted in partnership, and by their combined industry and sagacity they established the present mammoth house.

A DANGEROUS counterfeit of the five-dollar note of the First National Bank of Paxton, Ill., has been received at the Redemption Agency in Washington. It is evidently altered from the plate on which the counterfeit fives on the Traders' National Bank of Chicago were printed, the same plate having been previously altered to the First, Third, and Merchants' National Banks of Chicago.

THE Zoological garden in Fairmount Park was opened to the public on the 1st of Seventh month 1874. It now contains a collection of the value of \$43,000; it has expended on permanent improvements and in the purchase of animals, \$143,000; its receipts from all sources have been \$175,000; and in the eight months of its existence it has been visited by 227,000 people. These results are truly wonderful, and make us proud of the awakening spirit of old Philadelphia.

THE Moody and Sankey revival in Great Britain has caused the erection of buildings in all the principal cities and towns for Young Men's Christian Associations. In the city of Dundee, \$25,000 in gold, in Edinburgh, \$35,000, and in Manchester, \$140,000, have already been paid in for these purposes, and in many other towns lesser sums.

A TELEGRAM from London states that the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Line has chartered the White Star Line steamers, *Belgic*, *Celtic* and *Oceanic*, for service between San Francisco and China and Japan. The *Oceanic* has already sailed for Hong-Kong, by way of the Suez Canal. No vessel of her size has ever passed through the canal.

THE Berlin Academy of Sciences has voted money for the purpose of maintaining in that city a certain number of scientific men, whose only occupation will be the investigation of science, and who will have no other duties to attend to, such as teaching, lecturing and the like. Prof. Kirchhoff has received and accepted a "call" from the Academy.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE steamship *Nova Scotia*, which arrived at Baltimore on the 21st ult., reports that at 8 A. M. on the 14th of Fourth month, in latitude 42° 20' longitude 49° 10', an immense icefield was met in the Atlantic. The steamship skirted its edge for five hours, and altered her course to escape it. From the mast-heads, as far as the eye could reach with the aid of glasses, an unbroken stretch of ice was to be seen, extending for many miles. There were in it many small icebergs, and a number of vessels, some of them long distances from the outer edges, and seeming to have been caught there a long while before. There was a ship, two barks, a brig and other vessels, so far in that they could not be made out. This ice had come down from the Arctic region, and the imprisoned vessels had doubtless come many miles with it, and will not be liberated until the warm waters of the Gulf Stream melts them out. The steamship also reports that eight American fishing schooners had been forced to seek refuge in the Harbor of Halifax, where they were driven by the heavy fields of floating Arctic ice.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 8, 1875.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

From Memorials of Bartram and Marshall Darlington.

JOHN BARTRAM THE BOTANIST.

"Letter from MR. IWAN ALEXIOWITZ, a Russian gentleman, describing the visit he paid, at my request, to MR. JOHN BARTRAM, the celebrated Pennsylvania Botanist."

(Concluded from page 148.)

"Not in the least, dear sir; you are the first man whose name, as a botanist, hath done honor to America; it is very natural at the same time to imagine that so extensive a continent must contain many curious plants and trees; is it then surprising to see a princess, fond of useful knowledge, descend sometimes from the throne to walk in the gardens of Linnæus?"

"'Tis to the directions of that learned man," said Mr. Bartram, "that I am indebted for the method which has led me to the knowledge I now possess; the science of botany is so diffusive, that a proper thread is absolutely wanted to conduct the beginner."

"Pray, Mr. Bartram, when did you imbibe the first wish to cultivate the science of botany? Were you regularly bred to it in Philadelphia?"

"I have never received any other education than barely reading and writing; this small farm was all the patrimony my father left me; certain debts, and the want of meadows, kept me rather low in the begin-

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ning of my life. My wife brought me nothing in money, all her riches consisted in her good temper and great knowledge of housewifery. I scarcely know how to trace my steps in the botanical career; they appear to me, now, like unto a dream; but thee mayest rely on what I shall relate, though I know that some of our friends have laughed at it."

"I am not one of those people, Mr. Bartram, who aim at finding out the ridiculous, in what is sincerely and honestly averred."

"Well, then, I'll tell thee. One day I was very busy in holding my plough (for thee seest I am but a ploughman), and being weary, I ran under the shade of a tree to repose myself. I cast my eyes on a daisy; I plucked it mechanically, and viewed it with more curiosity than common country farmers are wont to do, and observed therein very many distinct parts, some perpendicular, some horizontal. What a shame, said my mind, or something that inspired my mind, that thee shouldst have employed so many years in tilling the earth, and destroying so many flowers and plants, without being acquainted with their structures and their uses! This seeming inspiration suddenly awakened my curiosity, for these were not thoughts to which I had been accustomed. I returned to my team, but this new desire did not quit my mind; I mentioned it to my wife, who greatly discouraged me from prosecuting my new scheme,



as she called it. I was not opulent enough, she said, to dedicate much of my time to studies and labors which might rob me of that portion of it which is the only wealth of the American farmer. However, her prudent caution did not discourage me; I thought about it continually—at supper, in bed, and wherever I went. At last, I could not resist the impulse; for on the fourth day of the following week I hired a man to plough for me, and went to Philadelphia. Though I knew not what book to call for. I ingenuously told the bookseller my errand, who provided me with such as he thought best, and a Latin grammar beside. Next I applied to a neighboring schoolmaster, who, in three months taught me Latin enough to understand Linnæus which I purchased afterward. Then I began to botanize all over my farm. In a little time I became acquainted with every vegetable that grew in my neighborhood; and next ventured into Maryland, living among the Friends. In proportion as I thought myself more learned, I proceeded farther, and by a steady application of several years, I have acquired a pretty general knowledge of every plant and tree to be found on our continent. In process of time, I was applied to from the old countries, whither I send every year, many collections. Being now made easy in my circumstances, I have ceased to labor, and am never so happy as when I see and converse with my friends. If, among the many plants or shrubs I am acquainted with, there are any thee wantest to send to thy native country, I will cheerfully procure them, and give thee, moreover, whatever directions thee mayest want.” Thus I passed several days, in ease, improvement and pleasure.

I observed in all the operations of his farm as well as in the mutual correspondence between the master and the inferior members of his family, the greatest ease and decorum; not a word like command seemed to exceed the tone of a simple wish. The very negroes themselves, appeared to partake of such a decency of behaviour, and modesty of countenance, as I had never before observed.

“By what means,” said I, “Mr. Bartram, do you rule your slaves so well, that they seem to do their work with all the cheerfulness of white men?”

“Though our erroneous prejudices and opinions once induced us to look upon them as fit only for slavery—though ancient custom had very unfortunately taught us to keep them in bondage—yet, of late, in consequence of the remonstrances of several Friends, and of the good books they have published on that subject, our Society treats them very differently. With us they are now free. I

give those whom thee didst see at my table eighteen pounds a year, with victuals and clothes and all other privileges which white men enjoy. Our Society treats them now as the companions of our labors; and by this management, as well as by means of the education we have given them, they are in general become a new set of beings. Those whom I admit to my table I have found to be good, trusty, moral men. When they do not what we think they should do, we dismiss them, which is all the punishment we inflict; other societies of Christians keep them still as slaves, without teaching them any kind of religious principles. What motive, beside fear, can they have to behave well? In the first settlement of this province, we employed them as slaves, I acknowledge; but when we found that good example, gentle admonition, and religious principles could lead them to subordination and sobriety, we relinquished a method so contrary to the profession of Christianity. We gave them freedom, and yet few have quitted their ancient masters.

... I taught mine to read and to write, they love God, and fear His judgments. The oldest person among them transacts my business in Philadelphia, with a punctuality from which he has never deviated. They constantly attend our meetings; they participate in health and sickness, in infancy and old age, in the advantages our Society affords. Such are the means we have made use of to relieve them from that bondage and ignorance in which they were kept before. These, perhaps, hast been surprised to see them at my table; but by elevating them to the rank of freemen, they necessarily acquire that emulation, without which we ourselves should fall into debasement and profligate ways.”

“Mr. Bartram, this is the most philosophical treatment of negroes that I have heard of. Happy would it be for America, would other denominations of Christians imbibe the same principles, and follow the same admirable rules. A great number of men would be relieved from those cruel shackles under which they now groan, and under this impression, I cannot endure to spend more time in the southern provinces. The method with which they are treated there—the meanness of their food—the severity of their tasks, are spectacles I have not patience to behold.”

“I am glad to see that thee hast so much compassion. Are there any slaves in thy country?”

“Yes, unfortunately; but they are more properly civil than domestic slaves; they are attached to the soil on which they live, it is the remains of ancient barbarous customs established in the days of the greatest ignorance and savageness of manners! and pre-



served, notwithstanding the repeated tears of humanity—the loud calls of policy—and the commands of religion. The pride of great men, with the avarice of landholders, makes them look on this class as necessary tools of husbandry; as if freemen could not cultivate the ground!”

“And is it really so, friend Iwan? To be poor, to be wretched, to be a slave, is hard indeed: existence is not worth enjoying on those terms. I am afraid thy country can never flourish under such impolitic government.”

“I am very much of your opinion, Mr. Bartram, though I am in hopes that the present reign, illustrious by so many acts of the soundest policy, will not expire without this salutary—this necessary emancipation, which would fill the Russian Empire with tears of gratitude.”

“How long hast thee been in this country?”

“Four years, sir.”

“Why, thee speakest English almost like a native. What a toil a traveller must undergo, to learn various languages—to divest himself of his native prejudices—and to accommodate himself to the customs of all those among whom he chooseth to reside.”

Thus I spent my time with this enlightened botanist—this worthy citizen—who united all the simplicity of rustic manners to the most useful learning. Various and extensive were the conversations that filled the measure of my visit. I accompanied him to his fields—to his barn—to his bank—to his garden—to his study—and at last to the meeting of the Society, on the Sunday following. It was at the town of Chester, whither the whole family went in two wagons; Mr. Bartram and I on horseback. When I entered the house where the Friends were assembled,—who might be about two hundred, men and women,—the involuntary impulse of ancient custom made me pull off my hat; but soon recovering myself, I sat with it on, at the end of a bench. The meeting-house was a square building, devoid of any ornament whatever. The whiteness of the walls, the convenience of seats, that of a large stove, which in cold weather keeps the whole house warm, were the only essential things which I observed.

Neither pulpit nor desk, fount nor altar, tabernacle nor organ, were there to be seen; it is merely a spacious room, in which these good people meet every Sunday. A profound silence ensued, which lasted about half an hour; every one had his head reclined, and seemed absorbed in profound meditation,—when a female Friend arose, and declared, with a most engaging modesty, that the Spirit moved her to entertain them on the subject

she had chosen. She treated it with great propriety, as a moral, useful discourse, and delivered it without theological parade, or the ostentation of learning. Either she must have been a great adept in public speaking, or had studiously prepared herself; a circumstance that cannot well be supposed, as it is a point, in their profession, to utter nothing but what arises from spontaneous impulse; or else the Great Spirit of the world—the patronage and influence of which they all came to invoke—must have inspired her with the soundest morality. Her discourse lasted three-quarters of an hour. I did not observe one single face turned toward her; never before had I seen a congregation listening with so much attention to a public oration. I observed neither contortions of body, nor any kind of affectation in her face, style or manner of utterance; everything was natural, and therefore pleasing, and, shall I tell you more? She was very handsome, although upward of forty. As soon as she had finished, every one seemed to return to their former meditation for about a quarter of an hour, when they rose up by common consent, and, after some general conversation, departed.

How simple their precepts! how unadorned their religious system! how few the ceremonies through which they pass during the course of their lives! At their deaths they are interred by the fraternity, without pomp, without prayers,—thinking it then too late to alter the course of God's eternal decrees; and, as you well know, without either monument or tomb-stone. Thus, after having lived under the mildest government, after having been guided by the mildest doctrine, they die just as peaceably as those who, being educated in more pompous religions, pass through a variety of sacraments, subscribe to complicated creeds, and enjoy the benefits of a church establishment.

These good people flatter themselves with following the doctrines of Jesus Christ, in that simplicity with which they were delivered. A happier system could not have been devised for the use of mankind. It appears to be entirely free from those ornaments and political additions which each country and each government hath fashioned after its own manner. At the door of this meeting-house I had been invited to spend some days at the houses of some respectable farmers in the neighborhood. The reception I met with everywhere, insensibly led me to spend two months among these good people; and I must say, they were the golden days of my riper years. I never shall forget the gratitude I owe them for the innumerable kindnesses they heaped on me: it was to the letter you gave me, that I am indebted for the extensive acquaintance I now have



throughout Pennsylvania. I must defer thanking you as I ought, until I see you again. Before that time comes, I may, perhaps, entertain you with more curious anecdotes than this letter affords. Farewell.

IWAN ALEXIOWITZ.

#### ON PREACHING.

There appears to be two somewhat variant modes of preparation for the ministry—two methods of preaching, if I may so express it.

The first and most common method is, for a young man to choose the ministry as a profession, much as he would any mechanical employment; and then to enter a theological seminary, there to learn the art and mystery of preaching. After this apprenticeship, he is expected to come forth qualified and prepared to receive an ordination, and license to preach the Gospel. This is the *clerical method*.

On the contrary, Friends have ever acknowledged and professed to follow the teachings of the blessed Jesus and His chosen disciples in relation to the ministry.

"That they should not depart from Jerusalem (the place of waiting), but wait for the promise of the Father." "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power." "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of the Father which speaketh in you." "But after the Holy Ghost is come upon you, ye shall receive power; and shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Thence the injunction of Peter, in his general epistle, "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracle of God. If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth; that God in all things may be glorified." This is the *Gospel method*.

Under the *Gospel method*, where the Spirit of the Father speaks to the audience in and through the instrumentality of the preacher, the heavenly message must be adapted to the time and place and the persons to whom it is delivered. For, as the Evangelist Matthew declares, "He whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God." There can be no higher ministry than this. If our ministers do sometimes fail to reach this degree of excellence, their failure does not invalidate the principle or exonerate others from their responsible duties.

The clerical method does not necessarily contain the inherent element of success—the Spirit of the Father—and may therefore fail of its highest aim and purpose; yet it affords an admirable opportunity for moral and religious training, when properly applied.

But I would not set bounds to the operations of the Spirit; It worketh where it listeth, and I have no doubt that there are many true Gospel ministers, according to their measure of grace, who had their education and training in a theological seminary, according to the clerical method, but who, on trial have found it not sufficient for the service, and who have sought for and obtained aid from the Spirit, in accordance with the *Gospel method*.

The following extracts from Professor Hall's "Lectures to the Divinity Students of Yale College" contain instruction by which we may profit; yet "the law (all human institutions and devices), having the *shadow* of good things to come, and not the very *image* of the things, can never make the comers thereunto perfect."

When we feel called upon to cast a mantle of charity over an aberrant brother, it is time for us to consider our own standing with renewed care; peradventure the aberration may be found on our part.

Dr. Hall asks: "What may we expect in a good sermon?" and then proceeds to give its characteristics.

"First. It is requisite that the sermon be true. Nor is it enough that it be true, as a piece of human thought; it is to be true as on Divine authority.

"If the preacher says, 'I think,' his hearers must set about considering who he is; for as he is so is his thought. But when he declares 'the Lord says,' it is a different matter—he is out of the question, and the hearer has to do with the Lord. Preaching, to be effectual, must draw the attention of the audience away from the messenger, and fix it upon the message.

"Second. It must be appropriate truth, having the right relation to the condition and circumstances of the people." How admirably does the guidance of the Holy Spirit qualify and enable the preacher to fulfill this important characteristic of a good sermon. Without this, all other requisites must fail of their proper effects.

"Third. It must be truth, taught for the purpose of truth, not to beat down an ecclesiastical (rival), or magnify one's self. The first place where the words of the Lord are to make impression is on the preacher's own mind. Then he impresses the hearers.

"Fourth. The sermon should sustain the attention. Profit ends with commencing weariness. When the cup is filled it will overflow and the stream will be wasted." E. M.

ONLY in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience, we become divine.

## LETTER FROM JESSE KERSEY.

During the interval that passed after this event (*a change in business*), and before I became engaged in business again, to my mind, I was subject to many discouragements. During this period, also, a visit was paid to my family by a company of Friends who were out on that service. They were Friends that I respected. My situation at that time was unusually gloomy; and the communications of those Friends were singularly calculated to increase my discouragements. On parting with them, I felt much sunk and ready to conclude that some unhappy mistake had been made on my part, and, therefore, I should find no further way to open for my comfort or success in the world. Under these impressions, and the pressure of my temporal difficulties, my faith in the special providence of the Almighty became, in some measure, weakened. Hence arose a general consideration of the doctrine of Divine revelation to man. I saw that with this doctrine was connected a belief in His particular providence; that is, that every revelation which had been claimed, either by Jews or Christians, must be associated with a belief in such a providence.

From those reflections and considerations, my ideas became so mixed and perplexed that I began to doubt whether there was any degree of certainty to be obtained. If, said I, there is no special or particular providence, then there can be no revelation; and, if no revelation, there can be no certainty; and, if no certainty, there can be no accountability; and, therefore, the whole state of man must be generally misunderstood. To talk about *certainty*, as resulting from our natural powers only, or to suppose they were capable of arriving at it, argues decided ignorance of our capacities. This was evident to me from a full conviction that the organs of intelligence to the natural man were the five senses. I knew that each of these might be deceived, and, therefore, that they could not be the instruments of correct intelligence to the understanding. I considered, too, that unless revelation was believed in, all the ideas that were excited by the operation of the natural senses could never prove the doctrine either of eternal existence, or the immortality of man. But all these perplexities of thought happily subsided, and my mind became settled in a full and satisfactory belief, that *there could be no effect without a cause*; and that *every effect must agree with its own particular cause*. All ideas, therefore, that were excited must agree with their exciting causes; those that were natural, with natural causes; and those that were spiritual, with spiritual causes. The idea, therefore, that "God is a Spirit" must

have had a supernatural origin; and, consequently, that, at some period, there must have been a revelation of this idea. My faith in communications of a spiritual and supernatural kind was now renewed, and I could find in myself particular impressions and feelings, which I was satisfied were not the result of natural causes. By these, I was much more powerfully convinced of the truth of revelation than by any reasoning upon the subject. Having been favored to rise above those doubts and fears, which had almost destroyed my confidence in the particular Providence of the Almighty, my heart became enlarged, as at other times, in love to all mankind, and melted into tenderness, under a sense of the love of God. New prospects of journeys and engagements, for the promotion of righteousness, were also opened before me.

JESSE KERSEY.

"SEE that little child, at his mother's side, engrossed in his picture-book or his toys. He surely is not thinking of his mother. Yet, does a stranger enter? He seeks her arms. Or does she rise to leave the room? At once disturbed and uneasy, he follows her, or stays impatient for her return, thus showing, that deep beneath his occupation for the moment lay the restful, gladdening thought of her protecting, loving presence, ready at any instant to find shape and voice. Such is the consciousness of the present God, which we may carry with us in our busiest hours,—real and inseparable when latent, distinct and imperative in every moment of need; our sufficient safeguard and refuge in every peril."

—A. P. Peabody.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## KANSAS SUFFERERS FROM GRASSHOPPERS.

By a notice, published in the *Intelligencer*, No. 7, page 97, it appears that Jacob Z. Shotwell is designated to whom contributions may be sent to relieve Friends who are suffering from the grasshopper ravages in Nebraska. In the letter furnishing the above information, signed Jacob M. Troth, is the query whether Shotwell, Troth, Coffin and their associates shall look up and send relief to the suffering Friends throughout that State, or whether that should be left to their Eastern Friends? I am willing to take the liberty to say that we at this remote distance cannot possibly attend to those isolated Friends who are scattered over the State, and therefore that department of the business could be more appropriately attended to out there by the association named.

But the more especial purpose of this article is to inquire of our Kansas Friends, or of



those who may see this article, respecting the condition and locality of Kansas sufferers, whether there are many in a condition of destitution, in what part of the State they are located, and to whom contributions may be forwarded—(I refer now to those who are supposed to be living remotely).

In the *Intelligencer* of Fourth month 17th, page 119, there is a letter signed by Barclay Mundy and others, designating Thomas E. Hogue to whom contributions may be sent for the relief of Kansas Friends; but that letter simply says: "Our little meeting here is composed of five families of Friends;" but whether there are any other Friends in Kansas that are necessitous, or where they are located, or how relief can reach them, or whether they expect to be the medium by which contributions for relief can be forwarded for remote and isolated Friends in Kansas, is not stated. It seems hardly likely that the five families comprise all of our Friends in that State, and yet the tenor of the letter alluded to gives no intimation to the contrary. If the Friends in Kansas, or one of those who signed the letter to John Comly, will have an article published in the *Intelligencer*, giving the desired information, it will enable their Eastern Friends to judge more intelligently respecting their condition, and would doubtless facilitate contributions.

And, moreover, if there are other Friends in Kansas who are not represented by Thos. E. Hogue and his associates, and who have suffered from the same cause, if they will address a letter to John Comly, No. 706 Arch street, for publication in the *Intelligencer*, designating some person to whom money assistance should be forwarded, they will likely receive some assistance.

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, Queens co., L. I., N. Y., 4th mo., 1875.

P. S.—Friends all through the country are in the dark as regards the distinction between Kansas and Nebraska Friends. Shotwell and Hogue, the two Agents named, live a great distance apart. Shotwell represents Nebraska Friends and Hogue represents Kansas Friends.

#### RAILROAD MISSION.

Accompanied by a friend we went, one Sabbath afternoon not long ago, to visit the Railroad Mission.

The School was organized about six years ago in a railroad car—whence the name of the present flourishing Mission. We were informed that the number of scholars enrolled was 600, the average attendance being 400.

Passing through the entrance hall and down a flight of steps, we were ushered to a seat on one side of a large, well filled room.

Small class-rooms, three or four in number, are separated from the main room by glass doors.

The main room is not very well lighted, depending on a large sky-light in the center and small, dim windows around the sides of the room, and we found the atmosphere very close as well.

Soon after we entered, the lessons for the session began, and the constant buzz of conversation told how interested the scholars were in their classes. Here, a young man is instructing a class of boys aged about fifteen, and evidently has not left boyhood so far behind him that he does not know how to sympathize with his pupils. There, a number of little girls,

"Some in rags, and some in jags,  
And some in velvet gowns;"

albeit, old, cast-off ones, are listening intently to a bit of home experience from the lips of a gentle, refined-looking young girl. In one corner an elderly lady holds the attention of some little boys, and a difficult task she finds it, I am afraid, while off to one side a middle-aged man is teaching a class of colored women of various ages.

We sit with eyes and ears open, looking at and listening to the different classes, and thinking how many generous hearts there are that get little credit for their goodness, because they beat under fashionable vestments.

Presently, the superintendent asks if we would like to visit the infant class, and, assenting, we follow him up two or three flights of stairs, which we think the "infants" must find very tiresome, and enter a small, well-lighted room, where two young women and a young man are employed in teaching small children. And here they are—German, Irish, Anglo-African and American, sitting peaceably side by side in a way very gratifying to an endorser of universal equality.

It is hard for the little heads to keep turned straightforward and for the little feet to stand quietly on the floor, and the hands frequently stray from their proper position into mischief; but the head teacher seems to have pretty good control of them in the main. They were asked several questions in the history of Samuel, Samson, Moses, etc., and answered in concert, readily. Then they sang, and, after that, filed out two-by-two, and so homeward, if some of them had homes, which, from appearances, one feels inclined to doubt.

Probably, this hour, on Sabbath afternoon is the bright spot of the week to many of them, and worthy of support as such, independent of results.

Down stairs again, we listen to the closing hymns, sung with a hearty good-will by all,

after which the school closes with a benediction from the superintendent, and a pleasant "good-night" from the assistant-superintendent at the door. M.

*Chicago, Fourth mo. 24th, 1875.*

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

From the extracts of Kansas Yearly Meeting (Orthodox), a Friend sends us the following information:

All their Monthly Meetings are required to send up an account of how many of their members use tobacco, and, also, how many of their members have left off the use of this pernicious weed during the last year. Can we not profit by their example?

#### SEVILLE CIRCULAR MEETING.

Having frequently noticed accounts of the proceedings of different meetings, and, as I have been recurring to the Circular Meeting Committee's visit to Seville (Cape May co.), my mind was drawn to speak of it, through this medium, that Friends may not be unmindful of the little bands here and there in isolated places.

We arrived at the home of our kind, aged Friend, Deborah Baner, about 6 o'clock on Seventh-day evening, welcomed by her and her son and daughter, who live with her. They are debarred, by situation, from much of the company of Friends; yet, that mother is alive to all that interests our Society, and desirous that the testimony of Truth might be supported in its primitive purity and brightness.

On First day morning we had a meeting in her house. A number of neighbors came in and sat with us, when the loving presence of the Father, and that cementing influence that recognizes all to be the children of the one Great Parent was felt to unite the assembly.

In the afternoon, attended the meeting at Seville, where we found great openness to receive Friends. The Methodists adjourned their meeting for the occasion, and the house was filled to overflowing, many having to go away.

It was evident they knew but little about silent meetings. Our friend J. P. — spoke of silent worship, calling them away from the shadow to the substance: the worship and the prayer which God accepts must be of the Holy Spirit.

Desires were expressed that Friends would not forget them, after the aged Friend alluded to should be gathered to her long home. Though there are but few who claim the name of Friend, and no regular meeting is held there; yet it is evident there is a seeking to

become acquainted with our principles, and a love for them. L. Z.

The last, for this season, of the Third day Evening Meetings was held on the 27th ult., at Spruce street Meeting-house. There was a fair attendance, mostly of young persons, and the meeting was felt to be a favored one. Much expression was given as to the advantage that these meetings have been, and the good to our Society that must result from such frequent comminglings. Hope was expressed that they might be renewed in the fall. The earnest words of one whose voice is seldom heard in our public gatherings, was a fitting close to this interesting occasion. Each one must have gone away, feeling that life and death have indeed a deeper significance than is recognized in the busy turmoil of the bustling world. There is comfort in the remembrance that "the peace that passeth understanding" is vouchsafed to all who, through perfect love, have cast out fear, and who, in seasons of deep proving, are enabled to say: "He doeth all things well." R.

#### WESTERN QUARTERLY MEETING.

BIRD-IN-HAND, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

This meeting was held on the 20th ult., at London Grove, Chester county, Pa. The meeting-house is a large, plain stone structure, situated on a beautiful hill, with old forest trees scattered around and near the building. Some of the Friends who occupy the gallery are very old, and have to be assisted to their seats. These must soon be gathered to their fathers. The query arose, who will follow in their footsteps and take their places in Society?

After a time of silent waiting, E. Plummer, of Bucks Quarter, offered fervent supplication, that we might all be brought into obedience to the principle of Light and Life within the soul. A deep solemnity was spread over the meeting, under which Wm. M. Way, of Little Britain, arose, expressing the desire that each one might be gathered into that state where effectual prayer is wont to be made. Referring to the Queries to be answered, with fervent appeals, he exhorted those present to wait for the Holy Spirit in their hearts, querying, "How many, like Paul, had been met by the way" by this Divine Monitor?

Elizabeth Plummer followed with earnest thankfulness, that testimony had been borne to the efficacy of prayer.

After an impressive silence, the partitions were closed, and the business of the Quarterly Meeting entered upon. On the woman's branch, much interesting advice, respecting the several Queries, was handed forth. The



answers were mainly hopeful. The young were exhorted to be careful in the attendance of meetings, and not to neglect the smaller ones. It was felt to be a sorrowful thing that Friends should not be able to report a full measure of love and unity among them; that the word "generally" ought not to be found in the answer to the second Query. Faithfulness in the reports that are sent up to the Yearly Meeting was urged, that, in considering the state of Society, its true condition in the smaller meetings may be known.

The answers to the fourth Query elicited much expression. The manufacture and use of wine and cider was a subject of much feeling exhortation and caution, and the use of all stimulants, as medicine, was felt to require much watchfulness.

A proposition from Kennett Monthly Meeting, for changes in the Book of Discipline, was brought up, and, after some consideration, laid over until next Quarterly Meeting.

E. LAMBORN.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 8, 1875.

"ON PREACHING."—In the advocacy of those principles professed by Friends as a Society, and which are justly dear to us from a conviction of their truth, we should be careful to do no injustice to other religious bodies who do not hold these principles as clearly and prominently as ourselves. We gain nothing in the advocacy of truth by want of candor. In the sharp contrast which our correspondent E. M. draws between what he styles the Gospel and the Clerical method of preparation for the ministry, he has overlooked the fact, that, in all religious societies where an education for that purpose is deemed necessary, a preliminary "inward call to that holy office" is understood to be indispensable on the part of those who apply for a theological training. That the system is liable to great abuse, and that it furnishes temptations to deviate from the simple Gospel method will not be denied; but, so long as this profession of an "inward call" is required, we must not judge the system *solely* by its abuses. In England, and perhaps in other countries, where a certain religion is established by law, these abuses have in some cases degraded the "ministry" to a mere matter of bargain and sale. But in this country, we think, no theo-

logical seminary would receive a young man as a student who *professed* that he chose the ministry "much as he would any mechanical employment."

We believe the views of Friends on this subject may be fully defended by sound reason, by fact, and by Scripture authority, without drawing unfair contrasts; and while admitting, too, that inspiration is a free gift, and not withheld because of erroneous systems and customs. The limitation of the public exercise of the ministry to one sex, the necessity for prolonged study, leading to an exclusion from the ordinary healthful avocations of life, thus "setting apart" the individual as an object of undue reverence on account of his position, are, it seems to us, evils inherent in the system; and yet less attention is generally given to these considerations than to some of the abuses that have grown out of it. We believe the subject would not suffer if treated philosophically. It has generally been treated traditionally and Scripturally.

PHILADELPHIA, 4th mo. 28, 1875.

To the Editors of *Friends' Intelligencer*:

I hereby acknowledge subscriptions, amounting to \$75.50, handed to me for Barclay Jones, of Monroe, Nebraska, which I to-day sent to him by draft. Since mailing it I have received another small subscription, to which I will be glad to add any other sums that Friends may feel disposed to contribute to this unfortunate Friend.

Very respectfully,

S. RAYMOND ROBERTS,  
No. 421 N. Sixth street, Philada.

ERRATA.—On the first line of first column of No. 8, read "John" instead of "Paul." In the same essay, the quotation marks in the latter part, by a change in the phraseology of the manuscript, were rendered unnecessary.

### DIED.

BLACKBURN.—At his residence, near Winfield, Henry county, Iowa, on the 23d of Third month, 1875, after a short illness, Albert A. Blackburn, son of Robert and Susanna S. Blackburn, in the thirty-first year of his age; a member of Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting.

GAIGE.—At Quakerstreet, on the 24th of Fourth month, 1875, Isaac Gaige, in the seventy-fifth year of his age; a member of Duaneburgh Monthly Meeting, New York.

GARRIGUES.—On the morning of the 12th of Fourth month, 1875, Mary Ann Garrigues; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

**POUND.**—In Odell, Livingston county, Ill., on Third month 26th, 1875, of pneumonia, Rebecca L., wife of Benjamin F. Pound, in the sixty-seventh year of her age; member of Farmington Monthly and Galen Preparative Meeting.

Purity of heart and devotion to her Heavenly Father marked her character. During her illness, which was of short duration, she manifested her confidence in Him who doeth all things well.

**REYNOLDS.**—In Chatham, at the residence of her son George M. Reynolds, on the 15th of Fourth month, 1875, Matilda, wife of the late Wm. T. Reynolds, aged seventy-eight years; a member of Chatham Monthly Meeting.

**HALLOWELL.**—On the 1st instant, after a protracted illness that was borne with a meekness, quietness and patience which it was instructive to witness, Margaret E., wife of Benjamin Hallowell in the 77th year of her age; for many years a valued elder of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting, Md.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 46.

(Continued from page 156.)

ONWARD TO THEBES.

A series of more or less dismal experiences during the second week of our trip must be recorded, if my chronicle is to be a faithful history of a voyage up the Nile. The New Year's day breeze died quite away and one day of painful poling, pushing and tracking followed, but so rapid and powerful is the current that our progress was very inconsiderable, and we spent the second Sabbath day in helpless, inglorious inaction, anchored to the muddy bank of the river. A powerful west-wind from the desert commences to blow in the early part of the day, but our captain does not dare to unfurl the sails to take advantage of it, for fear of capsizing the little ship; so we close every door and window and wait till the chill sand blast spends its fury. The subtle dust of the endless ages of Egypt sifts through every crack and crevice and covers our beds and every article of furniture, and the chill blast of the desert comes with it, and we shudder and fold all our wraps around us, hoping that the wind will not blow forever. At eventide the calm comes, and now we hope to go onward, but the morrow is again unfortunate, the wind is against us, and it is only by very slow degrees, by hard labor of the crew who patiently drag the heavy dahabeah against wind and wave that we move at all; and, to add to the difficulty of the situation, the incompetent steersman, ever and anon, lands us on a lurking sand-bank.

We make only five miles progress in three days, the weather is dismally cold and lowering, and we have no fire and no extra blankets to comfort ourselves withal. But new

sorrows await the morrow. Down comes a rain upon us, leaking through the roof of the saloon and some of the cabins, driving in at the windows, chilling and benumbing the crew, who have only a canvass shelter, and distressing our anxious dragoman beyond measure, who wishes to make the whole household comfortable. All day the chill driving rain continues at brief intervals, and we remain anchored in sad inactivity to a little island. The clouds lift and the rain ceases at eventide, and we walk out on the little islet to make observations.

It has no habitations, being quite covered by the high Nile, though the river is now some twelve feet below it. It is planted with tobacco, wheat and melons, and we gather the tamarisk shrub from the sands, a little silene with woolly leaf from among the wheat, a wonderfully large-flowered mustard (the *Sinapis juncea*), and a variegated blossoming bean. Besides these we find a triangular rush, with a conspicuous bloom, which I have never seen before. The brown starry heads with their yellow anthers give it a very distinct individuality, but I cannot name it at present. Another walk along the shore near here reveals the familiar rose geranium, growing profusely in the rich Nile mud. It is possible that it may have escaped from cultivation, but for aught I know, this is its native land. The *Mimosa Nilotica* or *sont*, as it is called, is now in bloom, and has, on some of its branches, ripened jointed legumes, which contain the polished brown seed with its delicate border of white.

This tree is very common in Egypt, and the groves of it have a peculiar beauty and rich fragrance. The pennate leaf is small and very sensitive, and the sharp thorns seem to keep guard over the shrinking little sisters, and the bloom is most peculiar, a little soft, orange-colored ball of fragrance.

The clover of the cultivated fields is now perfecting its fruit in some places, and we were amazed one morning to see a little Arab girl walking among the ripened heads, and apparently picking and eating them. So we walked up to the grazing child to find exactly what she was feeding upon, and discovered that she was plucking the long pods and opening them to get the bean-like seeds which were in a soft condition. I ate some too and found them sweet and pleasant to the taste, and large enough (one-eighth of an inch in length) to repay a hungry little maid for the fatigue of gathering them. The plant is eight to ten inches in height and the bloom is white, much resembling our own white clover, but the legume is four or five inches long and curved like a sickle thus distinguishing it most emphatically from all other clovers I ever saw.



Several cold days with a perverse south-wind follow our unexpected rain storm, and we are forced to lie idly by the bank of the river, or make a slow and most painful progress by poling and by tracking. The sorrowful chaunt of the patient crew as they toil all day at the rope, becomes wearisome in the extreme, and some of us begin to fear that this notion of navigating the Nile in a dahabeah is all a mistake. Several of our number have taken heavy colds with sore throat, and as we supposed we were going into a region of perennial summer, we are not provided with remedies. Then again we have no thermometer by which to justify our complaints—though I think no thermometer can give an idea of the miserable chilliness that pervades our fireless little boat. Let no one of those who may chance to read my words, ever attempt the Nile voyage without taking a supply of the very warmest clothing, lap rugs and even furs if they have them at hand. It must be remembered that the voyager is quite out of the reach of medical aid and of apothecaries, and that serious illness and death are not unusual on these voyages. One evening our attention was called to a dahabeah anchored near us for the night, which we supposed might have on board the astronomers who had been observing the transit of Venus from the heights of Upper Egypt, inasmuch as she was towed by a steamer.

So a deputation from our boat made a visit to our neighbors and discovered that they were a family party of Americans from western New York, who were returning from the first cataract. They told us that only a few days after starting from Cairo, the only gentleman of the party was attacked by fever, probably contracted in Italy, which they vainly endeavored to arrest by homeopathic remedies.

The services of a German physician were obtained near Thebes, but the patient grew much worse and became violently delirious, so that the party decided to return without finishing their proposed trip to the second cataract, and were being towed down the river with all possible speed to Cairo. The patient was still delirious though better, and they were hoping for his recovery, but were most anxious to escape from this "God-forsaken country" as they called it. I inquired of our dragoman if such weather as we have experienced during the past week is without precedent in his experience. He replied that it is exceptionally cold, but that last year they had a worse rain-storm with hail further up the river, and that both the crew and the passengers suffered much.

On the night of the eighth, the much desired north wind came whistling along, and

our glad sailors spread the canvass to the breeze, and the little boat became a thing of life once more.

The morning of the ninth finds us anchored at Minieh, on the west bank, a large and important town, capital of the province of the same name. We have now traveled 160 miles, in a little less than sixteen days, and have passed over nearly two degrees of latitude; and, in these days of steamers and locomotives, this seems to be very deliberate traveling. The friendly wind is so precious that we grudge the needful delay here, while our officials renew our stock of fruits and of fowls. But all possible dispatch is used, and a little after noon off we go again with joyous speed.

The few hours' pause at Minieh gives opportunity for a walk through the bazaars, and around the town; but there is not much to fix this Nile city in the memory. It is a great seat of sugar manufacture, and during the cane-harvest, when the mills are in full activity, the town is said to be very animated, but to-day it is dull and sleepy enough. The people sit on the ground, huddled in their cloaks; for the day is cold and the north wind pierces everywhere. Idleness and squalid poverty make this place dreary, as most other towns in oriental lands; but its appearance from the river is quite handsome, and some of the inhabitants are said to be wealthy.

In the afternoon we sail swiftly by Beni Hassan, with its terraces and its tombs, and do not stop to visit them, as we had intended. A rich palm grove, on the east bank, conceals from our view the ruins of the ancient city of Antinoöpolis. It was built by the Emperor Adrian, who called it after his favorite Antinoüs. An oracle declared that the happiness of Adrian could only be secured by the sacrifice of that which was most dear to him, when the amiable and beautiful Antinoüs, who had accompanied his monarch to Egypt, drowned himself in the Nile to procure the favor of the gods for Adrian. In commemoration of this supreme act of love, the Emperor founded this city near the spot, and instituted games and sacrifices in the honor of Antinoüs.

It is said that enough could be seen of its remains, at the beginning of the present century, to show that it was a large and important city, filled with public buildings, worthy of the magnificence and the taste of the founder; but the ruins have been largely used as material for modern buildings, and are now very scanty.

The next day, the tenth, is our third Sabbath on the Nile, and is so beautiful and prosperous as almost to efface the memory of the last chill and stormy one. We pass an in-



interesting range of limestone hills, the Gebel Aboufayda, rising perpendicular on the east of the river in some places to a height of 500 or 600 feet, I should think. They extend ten or twelve miles, and give one of the best opportunities I have ever seen to study the characteristics of the limestone layers of the earth's crust. We sail pretty close to the cliffs, and note the many recesses which are, we are told, the resorts of cormorants and wild ducks, and the caverns and mud-banks, just at the water's edge, once the favorite resort of crocodiles. We look earnestly for the saurians, but none appear to pay their respects to admiring visitors.

High up the cliffs are numerous caverns, hewn by human hands, which may have been places of sepulchre, or, perhaps, the lonely, desolate dwelling-places of Christian hermits, who fled in sorrow and despair from the world of mankind, in the dark days of the decline of Rome. Here Athanasius found refuge during his repeated exiles from Alexandria, and here persecutors and tyrants would hardly care to follow the poor recluses. "They sunk," says Gibbon, "under the painful weight of crosses and chains, and their emaciated limbs were confined by collars, bracelets, gauntlets and greaves of massy and rigid iron; they often usurped the den of some wild beast whom they affected to resemble; they buried themselves in some gloomy cavern, which art or nature had scooped out of the rock, and the marble quarries of Thebais are still inscribed with the monuments of their penance." "This," according to Lord Lindsay, "he says generally of the Anchorets; but the description is peculiarly appropriate to those of Lycopolis (so called from the Egyptian wolf-worship) who ejected the mummies of wolves to make living mummies of themselves." Some of the rock-hewn grottoes are now homes of Arab families, who seem to be cultivating the little, narrow strip of soil which has crumbled down from the cliffs, and has received muddy tribute from the Nile.

We fly merrily past the sad old tombs and cells, past palm groves and picturesque towns, never pausing for the crocodile-mummy pits; and, as the wind continued, we reached, at early morning, the town of El Hamra, the port of Asyoot. This important capital is a city of perhaps 25,000 inhabitants, about one thousand of whom are Christians. Our dragoon and conductor have business to attend to here, and make an early morning visit to the city for letters and a telegram; but we do not accompany them.

The minarets and domes of Asyoot are visible in the distance, and they, with the graceful palms with which they are intermingled, make a charming picture.

Our conductor, on his return, told us a sad story of the dark ways of the oppressor. A large conscription had just been made for the Egyptian army, and some of the poor fellows had escaped. The rulers immediately seized their wives, parents or children as hostages for the return of the deserters; and heart-rending was the weeping and lamentation of the remaining conscripts, the hostages and of the desolated ones left behind. The soldiers had iron collars on their necks, and were chained together in gangs, as if they were the vilest criminals, and, I believe, they have every reason to dread the service of the Khedive, as they would the most terrible slavery.

We met, a few days ago, boat loads of Nubians who had been collected from their villages for the slave-markets of Cairo, and their fate is probably no worse than that of the poor conscripts, who go to-day to do the work of the despot. When will the good days come, when the nations of the earth will learn war no more?

And now we set sail again, and, as we speed southward, have an excellent view of the many entrances to the tombs and grottoes of Lycopolis. The tombs are arranged in successive tiers at different elevations, and were, in later ages, the refuge of the recluse and the persecuted Christians. It is related by Gibbon, that the Roman Emperor Theodosius, being desirous to discover the will of heaven, and not having the oracles of Delphi and Dodona, consulted an Egyptian priest who was believed to possess the gift of miracles and the knowledge of futurity.

In the neighborhood of the city of Lycopolis and on a lofty mountain, the "holy John" had built himself a cell, in which he had dwelt above fifty years without ever opening the door—without seeing the face of woman, and without tasting any food that had been prepared by fire or any human art. "The eunuch of Theodosius approached the window with respectful steps, proposed his questions concerning the event of the civil war, and soon returned with a favorable oracle, which animated the courage of the emperor by the assurance of victory."

The scenery has now become more varied and beautiful, and the pure sky, the balmy air, the glad sunshine, the sparkling, rushing waters, inspire us with a feeling of thorough joyousness. We speculate upon the future and anticipate the great enjoyment that awaits us in a very few more days, when we shall have arrived at our destination, and shall stand face to face with the mysterious and wondrous relics of far antiquity. "Our dark days are over at last!" we say, little knowing the dark cloud, far more terrible than any



frowning of the elements, that is about to turn joy to sorrow. We had just risen from lunch, and were in our state-rooms, when a sudden splash in the water and a cry of alarm disturbs the noon-day quiet of the dahabeah. I look out of the window and see in the water behind two heads, as I think. The one nearest is raised up bravely and the strong arms are striking out for the shore, and I think and say confidently, "He will be saved!" We are soon all gathered on the upper deck, and the boat has been launched to row back with the current for the swimmer. "Who is it?" I ask of our Italian waiter, Moses. "Abram!" he replies, his eyes fixed on the distant waters. And now, with a cry of sorrow and streaming tears, "He has gone down! Abram! Abram!" And now all the gentlemen and most of the crew, the boat by this time being moored to the shore, run back along the bank with shawls and various restoratives, in the hope that even yet his body may be found and, perhaps, his life saved. But all in vain—our poor dragoman is gone indeed. His active, earnest endeavors to make every one of the company comfortable during the cold and stormy season we have passed through, and his unvarying kindness, good humor and attention, had won the regard and respect of all the party, and some were already meditating giving him very complimentary letters of approval to assist him in making future engagements. But poor Vincent Abram can know nothing more, either of praise or blame, from his fellow-men. His father is dragoman for a party just behind us, and his boat, the Delta, soon comes sailing past. It is hailed, and the drowning of Vincent is announced to the poor old man.

I will not attempt to give any idea of the father's sorrow, and of the grief of the Arab captain and boatman, to whom he had greatly endeared himself by his considerate kindness of bearing. Our conductor and the other gentlemen use every effort to help and comfort the stricken father, and give him all possible facilities in telegraphing to Cairo and making arrangements for searching for the body. It seems strange that the life of a strong swimmer should be lost on a bright day at noontide, with so many persons looking on and anxiously endeavoring to help. But a strong wind was sending us forward at the rate of seven miles an hour, and the current was sweeping backward at least three miles an hour, so that we rapidly separated from the swimmer before the sailors could drop the sails and check the dahabeah. Then, too, there was some little delay in launching the boat, owing, doubtless, to the nervous haste of the sailors, and the surface of the river was roughened into billows, mak-

ing observation difficult, and baffling the efforts of poor Abram, who was encumbered with heavy boots and all his clothing. It was a comfort to find that there was but one man lost, the other head being only Abram's turban that was swept off his head soon after he fell into the water. S. R.

*First month 18th, 1875.*

#### PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The Yearly Meeting of the Philadelphia First-day School Association was held in the Race Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia, on Seventh-day, the 17th instant. The attendance was quite large. The meeting was one of quiet earnestness and attention, and was characterized by a general participation by all present. Joseph M. Truman, Jr., and Anna Caley were the Clerks of the meeting. The session was opened by calling the roll of the delegates appointed by the different unions, eighty-five of whom were found to be present, leaving but a small number who were unable to attend. The Clerks proceeded with the reading of the reports of the various unions, which, with the comments upon them, consumed the greater portion of the morning session.

The report of the Philadelphia Union, embracing its various schools, was first read, and showed a very favorable and flourishing condition throughout.

Concord Union was somewhat lengthily reported, attesting a flourishing condition of the schools. The Darby report contained a beautiful tribute to the memory of the late Susan Hibberd. Prof. James Rhoads referred to the subject of question-books for the First-day schools, a mention of the want of which was made in the Concord report. He advocated the questions least formal as productive of the most good. Question-books are of use in certain directions; but he would caution teachers against an implicit reliance on them. A mere conning of the answers of questions by children was a learning of words rather than a knowledge of the meaning. He advocated a system of general interrogation, illustrating it by taking a paragraph of Scripture from which a number of questions could be asked. A number of Friends coincided with the Professor's views on this subject.

The report of the Haddonfield Union was then read, and although sickness and severe weather had somewhat diminished the attendance upon the schools, the interest was still maintained. The report of the Burlington Union was of an encouraging nature. Several of the schools had been largely increased. In several schools recitations by the scholars were a source of great interest.



Elizabeth Paxson said in several schools of this union the *Scattered Seeds* and *Children's Friend* were highly appreciated, and were a means of obtaining scholars. She advocated a free purchase of these papers, and a distribution of them to schools unable to procure them.

After considerable discussion and business of minor import, the meeting adjourned until two o'clock.

A collation was spread in one of the adjacent rooms to the meeting, of which a large number partook. The first business of the afternoon session was the reading of the report of Bucks Union, which met with general approval. Joseph Powell, in speaking of the fact that in some schools aged Friends did not generally participate, thought too much stress was placed upon their absence.

The report of the Western Union, which was next read, was, in most respects, encouraging, although several schools were very meagrely reported. In the report reference was made to the great want of suitable library books and the difficulty in selecting them. It also suggested that the catalogue of books compiled for the Unitarians of New England might be of help to Friends in selecting libraries, as there was less objectionable in this than in any other class of books.

A report was read from Abington Quarter, where no union has yet been formed. It contained a lament of the lack of competent and intelligent teachers. Samuel Swain, in referring to this want, said there was no clearly-defined course for teachers to pursue. We have not the literature to inform teachers that which they should teach. He knew of no book the Association had published since its organization which in any way defined the belief of Friends, or indicated in any particular the duties of an instructor in the First-day schools. Other sects had these works, and Friends should also possess them. Works of this kind would be infinitely better than publishing the proceedings of our conference, which children do not read. It would tell the public what we teach, and wherein we differ from other sects. We must have libraries. It should be our aim to get books that are not intricate, that are not catechisms, or theologies. Every year we hear the lament of contracted and improper literature. In view of meeting the general requirements of literature in the First-day schools, he offered a proposition stipulating certain premiums to be paid for works to be used as library and question books, embodying the belief of Friends, and for the instruction of teachers. This measure called forth a lengthy discussion. Some thought it was best to have the money on hand before anything was offered;

others that such works were unnecessary, and advocated the study of the Discipline, and altogether the proposition met with an unfavorable reception in the meeting. To obviate the difficulties in the way of the measure, the Clerk submitted it in the following form, which was assented to after considerable deliberation: "The propriety of offering premiums for the writing of books adapted to our wants is referred to the Executive Committee for consideration and action, if way opens for doing so." Several reports of individual schools were read by the Clerk, among which was one from the Mission School for the colored people at Wilmington. Owing to many adverse circumstances the school had not been altogether prosperous during the winter. By an accident to the Superintendent, rendering attendance impossible, the school had been closed for a number of weeks, and many of the scholars had gone elsewhere. The report, however, assured that much good had been done, and that the avenues for the usefulness of the school in the future have been much enlarged.

Reports from several Sewing Schools and Dorcas Societies were read and much favorable comment made on this laudable endeavor to instruct and assist the needy. Reference was also made to the satisfactory experience of the Bible-class at Germantown.

From Salem Union a report was read, which contained cheering remarks and an earnest injunction for zeal in the work. Gratification was expressed with all these reports. It was thought there was much to encourage those working in the cause. The formation of unions was urged, as in them was strength. The Executive Committee then made its report at length. The Literature, Library and Treasurer's reports were received and accepted, the latter showing a balance in the treasury of \$142 58. The delegates unanimously reported the names of Joseph M. Truman, Jr., as Clerk; Anna Caley, Assistant Clerk, and Frederick Fairlamb, Treasurer, who were confirmed by the meeting. Epistles to the First-day School Associations of New York, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois were read and approved. The session of the Association was closed by the reading of a beautiful and expressive tribute to the memory of the late Mary F. Burr, of Germantown meeting.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the way-side often bring forth an abundant harvest. You might so spend your summer among the peo-



ple, that they and their descendants should be better and happier, through time and eternity, for your works and your example.

Republished by request.

# THOUGHTS IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

BY HANNAH MORE.

And here we come and sit, time after time,  
And call it social worship. Is it thus?  
O Thou! whose searching, all-pervading eye  
Scans every secret movement of the heart,  
And sees us as we are. Why mourns my soul  
On these occasions? Why so dead and cold  
My best affections? I have found Thee oft  
In my more secret seasons—in the fields  
And in my chamber; even in the stir  
Of outward occupations has my mind  
Been drawn to Thee, and found Thy presence sweet.  
But here I seek in vain, and rarely find  
Thy ancient promise to the few that wait  
In singleness upon Thee reach to us.  
Most sweet it is to feel the unity  
Of soul-cementing love gathering in one,  
Flowing from heart to heart, and, like a cloud  
Of mingled incense, rising to the throne  
Of love itself. Then much of heaven is felt  
By minds drawn thitherward, and closely linked  
In the celestial union: 'tis in this  
Sweet element alone that we can live  
To any purpose, or expect our minds  
Clothed with that covering which alone prepares  
For social worship. Therefore mourns my soul  
In secret, and, like one amidst the vast  
And widely-peopled earth, would seek to hide  
Myself and sorrows from the motley crowd  
Of human observation. But O Thou!  
Whose bowels of compassion never fail  
Towards the creatures fashioned by Thy hand,  
Reanimate the dead, and give to those  
Who never felt Thy presence in their souls,  
Nor saw Thy beauty, both to see and feel  
That Thou art lovely and Thy presence life!  
Restore the wanderer and support the weak  
With Thy sustaining arm, for strength is Thine!  
And oh! preserve this tempest-beaten bark  
From sinking in the wave, whose swelling surge  
Threatens to overwhelm. Forsake her not,  
But be her pilot, for if a ray  
From Thy all-cheering presence light her course,  
She rides the storm secure, and in due time  
Will reach her destined port, and be at peace.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## DR. THOMAS' HISTORICAL LECTURES.

MOHAMMED.

Dr. Thomas began by saying:

At the time of which I now speak, idolatry of the most depraved nature prevailed in Arabia. Tradition tells us that they had a fountain, which was considered very sacred, called "Zemzem." This is supposed to be the same that "Hagar" found in the wilderness. The Arabs make long pilgrimages to this spring, and have a city there, of considerable importance, called Mecca. This country is one of immense area, much larger than one would suppose from looking at a map of the "World," and in reality about as large as the half of Europe.

The Arabs have given themselves the honored name of unconquered and unconquerable. The former is true enough, while the latter remains yet to be proved. At one time their power extended all over the southern part of "Asia" and the northern countries of "Africa." Their armies crossed the straits of Gibraltar, and invaded the greater part of Spain. At this time they were farther advanced in the arts than the "Greeks." The extreme southern part of Arabia is a very sterile tract of country; not a blade of grass or any vegetation whatever is to be found; what little rain they have falls in early spring. For keeping water through the remainder of the year they have large reservoirs or cisterns, the largest of which is 150 feet across by 50 feet deep. All around on the inside are steps down to the water's edge. This tank is hewn out of the solid rock, and bears signs of skillful workmanship.

Mohammed was born in the year A. D. 571; some say two years later. The Arabs reckoned by lunar months—thirteen of theirs equal to twelve of ours. His family was one of the first in Arabia; not great on account of its wealth, but because it was in a direct descent from the sovereignty, the pride of birth being much more elevating than that of wealth.

Mohammed is misrepresented as an impostor; there is not the slightest proof that such was the case. His father died when he was quite an infant, his mother when he was six years old. His grandfather lived to the good old age of 110 years.

At forty years of age he began to preach the plan of salvation as he understood it. He adored one God, and Him alone he worshipped. He spurned the idolatry of his country with the greatest contempt. At first Mohammed was looked upon as an impostor, and no one seemed to pay any attention to him; but he soon collected a few followers, mostly among the poorer class. One great encouragement for him was that his wife was the first one who believed on him.

When it was perceived that he was stirring up the people, the authorities persecuted his disciples, on account of which he sent them to Abyssinia. About this time he lost his wife, and also his uncle, who had hitherto shielded him from any danger, though he did not believe on him himself. After his uncle's death a conspiracy was formed against him; forty men were to thrust their swords into him at once, so that he might not know what particular one had killed him.

Being informed of this, and having received a timely invitation to go to Medina, he, in company with his cousin, set out for said place, going in the opposite direction to

prevent suspicion. On being pursued they sought protection in a cave called "Thor"; and here tradition again says that, immediately after entering this cave, a spider spun her web over the mouth of it, and when his pursuers came up they said he could not have gone in or the web would have been broken, and so they passed on. Mohammed is said to have had frequent epileptic fits, which seem to have been inherited from his mother. During these seasons of unconsciousness he saw visions of angels, who came and encouraged him in his work, and pointed out the right course for him to pursue. One drop of blood shed in a good cause was, in his sight, worth more than months of fasting.

He decided, therefore, now that he had been raised to power and distinction, to wage war with his heathen brethren. Accordingly he raised an army, and attacked a caravan which was returning from Syria. For some time the enemy had the advantage. When this was perceived by Mohammed, he leaped from his chariot, and threw dust into the air, saying, "Let it blind their eyes!" which so terrified the enemy that they fled in confusion, "Ala ocba!" being their war-cry, meaning God is greatest. Mohammed died in the year A. D. 632. When he perceived his end drawing near, he asked all his friends who were near him if he owed any man anything, at which a man stepped forward, saying he owed him a small pittance, amounting to about twenty-five cents. He felt quite humiliated at first, but paid him, with the remark, "It is better to be in disgrace here than hereafter." Amongst his last words were "No man can enter the Kingdom of Heaven except by the mercy of God—not even 'myself.'"

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good. —Pope.

INTRODUCE changes in your readings and studies. Who reads but little at a time, retains that little the better.

CONTENT is the tranquility of the heart; prayer is its aliment. It is satisfied under every dispensation of Providence, and takes thankfully its allotted portion; never inquiring whether a little more would not be a little better; knowing that if God had so judged, it would have been as easy for Him to have given the more as the less. That is not true content which does not enjoy, as the gift of Infinite Wisdom, what it has; nor is that true patience which does not suffer meekly the loss of what it had, because it is not His will that it should have it longer.—Hannah Moore.

For Friends' Intelligencer,  
REVIEW OF THE WEATHER.  
FOR FOURTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours .....	10	8
Rain all or nearly all day .....	4	0
Snow, including very light falls .....	3	0
Cloudy, without storms .....	9	5
Clear, as ordinarily accepted .....	4	11
Total .....	30	30
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.		
	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Fourth mo., per Penna. Hospital .....	44.89	47.76
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital .....	66.00	74.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital .....	24.50	22.00
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital .....		
	Inches.	Inches.
	7.50	1.36
DEATHS during the month, being for four current weeks for each year....		
	Numbr.	Numbr.
	1385	1448
Average of the mean temperature of Fourth month for the past 86 years .....		
		Deg.
		50.24
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1871 .....		58.15
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1794 and 1798 .....		44.00
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
	1874 Inches	1875 Inches.
Totals for each year thus far .....	16.12	9.99

The very small quantity of rain which has fallen thus far in 1875 in comparison with last year, cannot but elicit attention.

The temperature, it will be seen, exceeds that for the same period, although about 2½ degrees below the average for the past thirty-six years. We have carefully examined the records for that long space of time, and can find but thirteen instances of the mean having been less than the present year, and even some of these only dropping the decimals. For the present month,

IN PHILADELPHIA,

we drop everything of inclement weather in the early part of the month, and commence with

4th mo. 13th—Snow almost the whole day, mingled with hail and rain, the first-named melting almost as fast as it fell.

17th—Very cold; thermometer 34 degrees at 8 A. M.; ice a sixteenth of an inch thick.

18th—Still very cold; plenty of ice nearly a quarter of an inch thick with snow-squalls, one or two lasting about half an hour.

19th—Down to 22! Ice almost half an inch thick. Heavy snow-squall.

21st—Yesterday mild and pleasant, but this morning down to 30 degrees at 8 A. M.

24th—A little more snow.

1874.—By way of refreshing the memories of our friends as well as our own, we would like to quote from our diary of last year, but want of room forbids. If such of our readers as may have preserved



our review will refer to notes made on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 25th, 29th and 30th, they will find that the characteristics of Fourth month, 1874, were very much like those of 1875. We content ourselves with making but one extract: "Fourth month 25th, 1874. *Snow-storms appear to have extended over a large surface of country.*"

It may be well to add that, in the *North American and United States Gazette* of the 6th inst. may be found a very extensive schedule of the Fourth month for many years past, too lengthy for insertion here. In compiling which we carefully examined "Peirce's Statistics," commencing with 1790 and noted every year where *frost, ice or snow* was recorded, down to 1834, inclusive.

We then took our own diary, commencing with 1835, and gave a short note on every Fourth month down to the present year, inclusive. The curious in such matters would do well to get a copy.

J. M. E.

PHILADELPHIA, *Fifth mo.* 3, 1875.

"WHATEVER chance may lay upon us, let us bear it with courage and firmness." As we cannot control the vicissitudes of fortune, let us make sure of a relief and an asylum in our own fortitude and equanimity.—*Terence.*

WHAT GOD effects through the powers with which He has endowed man is no less His work than the heavens and the earth are.—*A. P. Peabody.*

## NOTICES.

Dr. J. Thomas' Lecture on "Napoleon I." will be delivered in the Hall of the Mercantile Library, on Sixth-day evening, *Fifth mo.* 14th, 1875, at 8 o'clock.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

5th mo. 16th, Radnor, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " " Warrminster, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " 23d, Penn's Neck, N. J., 10 A. M.  
 " " Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.  
 " 30th, Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.  
 6th mo. 13th, Marlboro', Pa., 3 P. M.  
 7th mo. 11th, Fallowfield, Pa., 3 P. M.

Children's Meeting at Race street, First-day, Fifth month 9th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE will meet in the School Lecture Room on Fourth-day morning, 12th inst., at 8 o'clock.

ANNA COMLY, *Clerk.*

PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION meets on Sixth-Day evening at 8 o'clock. Essay: "Are First-day Schools calculated to increase the membership of the Society of Friends?" will be read and considered.

BENJ. HALLOWELL, JR., *Clerk.*

IT HAS BEEN concluded to hold a meeting for worship at Girard avenue next First-day evening, at 7½ o'clock.

INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION—The Central Committee will make its annual report at a meeting to be held at Race street on Third-day evening, Fifth month 11th, at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

MARY JEANES, *Clerk.*

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION Meeting on Fourth day evening, and probably Fifth-day evening, 12th and 13th inst., at 8 o'clock.

ANNUAL MEETING of Friends' Book Association Second-day evening, Fifth month 10th, at 8 o'clock

L. J. ROBERTS, *Secretary.*

NOTICE.—The next meeting of Nottingham Quarterly Meeting First-day School Association, will be held at Little Britain Meeting-house, on Seventh day, Fifth month 22d, 1875, at 10 o'clock.

THOMAS P. KING, } *Clerks.*  
 MARY F. BROWN, }

## ITEMS.

A BILL has been passed in the New York Legislature to prevent the mutilation of shade trees.

THE abundance and cheapness of jute have given it a decided industrial importance, and its employment in the manufacture of textile products is constantly increasing, particularly in some European countries. Carpets and rugs of great beauty and softness are now manufactured almost entirely of this fibre. It is also used to form the warps of cheap broadcloths, and is mixed to some extent with silk. The chief seat of the manufacture of jute into finished goods is Dundee, Scotland, tens of thousands of tons being annually consumed there in this way.—*Northampton Journal.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, of London, gives an interesting account of the force exerted by the mycelium of the mushroom in making its way through apparently impenetrable materials. He says: "I observed a few days ago in our mushroom-house, with considerable interest, and may say with surprise, the penetrating power of mushroom spaw. One side of the bed is of brick four and a half inches thick, firmly set in hard lime so close in the texture that it is impossible to introduce the point of a nail without considerable force. Nevertheless, the mycelium found admission and produced mushrooms of a considerable size on the other side. The wall in several places contained porous bricks, and there, too, the mycelium found its way through."—*Journ. of Chem.*

ACCORDING to the *Mining and Scientific Press*, several vessels laden with coal for California were destroyed by fire last year. The cause was undoubtedly spontaneous combustion, heat being generated by the pressure and friction in the hold of the vessel. The "fire-damp," which escapes from coal mines arises from slow decomposition of the coal at a temperature but little above that of the atmosphere.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE MENNONITE IMMIGRATION from Russia still continues, and nearly 1,000 families of this people are expected to soon arrive in Canada. They will settle in Manitoba. There are already about 6,000 of these people, or 1,200 families, in the United States. Of these, 230 families have settled in Manitoba, 200 in Dakota Territory, 15 in Minnesota, 80 in Nebraska, 315 in Kansas and 60 in other States. The remaining 300 families have arrived recently, and their destination is unknown. The Kansas Mennonites have bought 150,000 acres of land, upon which they will settle in the spring. A meeting of delegates from those now here is to be held at Elkhart, Indiana, next month, to make arrangements for the immigration of the present year.—*Public Ledger.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 15, 1875.

No. 12

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SINGLE NUMBERS SIX CENTS.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
WILLIAM DORSEY.

Our beloved friend William Dorsey, who was removed from the trials of time to the rewards of eternity on the Twelfth-day of the Tenth month, 1874, left in possession of his family a journal comprising about nine years of his life, and extending to within a few days of his death. Some of his personal friends, who valued his religious services and cherish a high regard for his memory, have requested that appropriate selections from his journal may be made and offered for publication in *Friends' Intelligencer*.

Believing that his Christian faith, edifying ministry and pure life, have left a lasting impression on many minds, I am led to conclude that the sentiments expressed in his writings will afford instruction and enjoyment to the large circle of friends who mourn his departure.

S. M. JANNEY.

JOURNEY TO OHIO.

In the year 1865, William Dorsey attended Ohio Yearly Meeting, and there joined his valued friends Ann A. Townsend, Phebe W. Foulke and Daniel Foulke, in a concern to visit and appoint meetings within its limits. His memorandums during most of this journey are very brief, and not until they reached Zanesville did he record his religious exercises

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with sufficient fullness for insertion here. They arrived at Zanesville on Seventh-day, and, through the kindness of Hugh J. Jewett, who resided there, a meeting was appointed for them, to be held on First-day afternoon in the Second street Methodist Meeting-house.

In the forenoon, W. Dorsey, accompanied by D. Foulke, visited the Infirmary or Poor-house, and the inmates being assembled in a large room, they held a meeting which is described as follows:

"After a season of silence, and the removal of one poor lunatic, who commenced singing a hymn that had a beginning, but which appeared to have no end, I addressed them. I endeavored to show them the consolations of religion—that it was the mission of our dear Lord Jesus Christ to preach the Gospel to the poor, to comfort them that mourn, to bind up the broken hearted and them that are bruised. That while they were greatly afflicted in various ways, it was a blessing that they were so well provided for; and that their mission was to bear their lot with resignation.

"The religion of Christ, as they sought it through prayer, would bring them the compensation of faith, which would enable them to bear their trials, and, although they would have no treasures upon earth, they might lay up treasure in heaven; that when their hour came—the hour of death to them—they would leave all care and sorrow, and be taken where



the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

"When the meeting was over they pressed around me to grasp my hand, desiring I would come again to see them. One nice old colored woman, the only one there, said she had 'prayed to the Lord to send some one, and now He had done so. She felt it all within her.'

"I left them, feeling, as I always do on such occasions, deeply humbled, and deeply instructed. They preach to me loudly and enduringly I trust.

"In the afternoon we kept our engagement punctually at the Second street Methodist Church in Zanesville. We found a large assemblage of the citizens, the house being well filled with an intelligent audience.

"After a season of silence, Ann A. Townsend arose and was much favored in showing the ground of our testimony to the equality of the sexes in the Divine sight in a religious point of view, and against the exclusiveness of the pulpit as practiced generally by the Christian sects which deny to women the right to preach the gospel of God's salvation. Paul was quoted and justified from any such selfish and unrighteous design, as he acknowledged, in his message of love to his co-laborers amongst the godly women, his indebtedness to them for their service in the gospel. The practical nature of religion as taught by Friends was also enlarged upon.

"After she had taken her seat I found my way open to exemplify the true character of Christ's disciples, showing the contrast between those who cry Lord, Lord, and do not the things which He saith, and those who show their faith in Christ by obeying His holy precepts, and daily seeking to follow His footsteps in their walk through life.

"It was shown that the ordinance of baptism with water was designed to signify that its recipient had already experienced the baptism of 'Fire and the Holy Spirit'—it was a mere outward emblem of the inward and spiritual cleansing.

"So, also, with the ordinance of bread and wine; none should be allowed to partake, save only as the emblem that their spiritual life was fed and nourished by Christ, the Bread of life, in His revelation to the soul; and should any partake of this whilst pride, hatred, envy, malice and the love of the world abounded in their hearts they subjected themselves to condemnation.

"I endeavored also to show, that no mere assent of the mind to any theory of religion, or dogma, or creed, however correct, could bring the heart of man under subjection to the power of Christ in the soul, without which our religion is vain. That men and women for centuries had filled the world with their

angry contentions about religion clearly demonstrating, by their corrupt and wicked practices, that He in whose name they perpetrated their enormities had no part in their religion, and that all such must come under the judgment of 'Depart from me, I never knew you.'

"It was shown that pure religion was a powerful operating principle, bringing the whole nature of man under the cross of Christ; and when this was the case, it would be known by its fruits of love and mercy to all. The object of its possessor would be to lay up treasure in heaven rather than upon earth.

"Should all Christians, agreeing on the necessity of a personal experience of Christ's reign in the soul, when they come together, leave all points of difference of opinions and centre upon this fundamental need, they would, if sincere, find themselves filled with the love of God; and, being thus drawn together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, they would find no time to enter into controversy about dogmas, much less to quarrel about them.

"We had, I think, a memorable meeting, one not to be forgotten by us, and, I humbly trust, by many present, who were strangers to us and whom we may never meet again."

From Zanesville they went in a small steamboat down the Muskingum river to Malta, and thence over a very hilly road to Westland meeting-house.

"There was quite a full house, and an exceedingly interesting and interested audience. The road to the meeting was worse than any we had traveled. Mothers came on horseback, with infants in their arms, glad of an opportunity to hear the Gospel preached. I doubt not many of them will remember Ann's affectionate interest in their behalf, and the searching testimony to purity of life, and the unselfish nature of the Christian's work."

At New Brighton, Pa., the following entry was made in the journal:

"There, for the first time in my experience, I felt it right to appoint a meeting for First-day afternoon, after attending Friends' meeting in the morning. My kind host, Thornton Walton, took the matter in hand, and it was soon arranged to hold it in the Methodist meeting-house, at 3 o'clock P. M. It was a great weight upon my mind, and occasioned deep exercise of spirit. I sought secretly the place of prayer, and endeavored to cast my care upon my Heavenly Father, and, blessed forever be His holy name, I was sustained in my poverty and weakness.

"The morning meeting was a season of refreshment.

"The afternoon meeting was largely attended; and I was led to explain the nature



of the simple faith held by us, as essential to the true Christian character—the great doctrine of the inward light, the spirituality of vital religion and its practical character—requiring, on the part of its professors, a positive submission to the power of Christ in the soul, we being only entitled to be called by His name in proportion as we approached, through obedience to His teachings, the standard He asserted.

“When the meeting was over, I felt my burden had indeed fallen from my shoulders, and I was made to rejoice in secret and return thanks to God for His renewed mercies.

“This visit to Ohio Yearly Meeting and the meetings composing it, was undertaken under a feeling that it was my duty. After coming to this conclusion, I suffered many fears and doubts as to my physical and spiritual condition being fitted for the task, and right gladly at times would I have given it up could I have been certain that it would have been approved in the Divine sight for me to do so. I am satisfied that I caused myself unnecessary suffering by my want of faith; and now, in taking a retrospect of all the circumstances connected with it, I see my errors and can praise my God for His paternal mercy over me, His poor, frail, dependent child.

“I leave this simple record of His great goodness and all-sufficiency in any emergency, perhaps, to cheer some poor, desponding one on the pilgrimage of life; or, it may be, to recall to my own mind the folly of doubting, when the command is quietly to walk in the paths of lowliness and humility, patiently to await the commands of the Master, seeking not great things, but the things that accompany salvation.”

(To be continued.)

It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult paths in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in this world but self.

#### ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

BY JESSE KERSEY.

On recurring to the feelings which I have often had by hearing the divinity of Christ spoken of, it has at length seemed to me that it would be right to put some of my thoughts on this subject upon paper. I shall therefore complete this design in as plain a manner as I am capable of.

In the first place, I shall state that I cannot credit any doctrine that implies a plurality of gods, and therefore I am persuaded that throughout the Scriptures wherever a Divine influence or operation is spoken of, it

must always relate to the great All-powerful, All wise first Cause. And He is unlimited in His nature, and must be in all things, so all the effects produced either in the mental or physical world are effects produced by the one Eternal great first Cause. Hence I conclude, that when Paul speaks of the Son of God, and declares Him to be the Wisdom and Power of God, the same by which the worlds were made, he means neither more nor less than this: that the Wisdom and Power of God, when they become active, as must have been the case in the formation and production of this visible creation, they must be viewed as effects of God, and in that sense they proceed from Him, and hence he calls the Wisdom and Power of God the Son. In the same sense I can only understand the Evangelist John, where he has said, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God; all things were made by Him,” &c. That is agreeing with Paul, “In the beginning was the Wisdom and Power of God, and the Wisdom and Power was with God, and was God. All things were made by this Wisdom and Power.” This Wisdom and Power is then the beginning of the creation of God, and in that sense alone being an effect of God, is the Son.

Now, in whatever way the Great first Cause may manifest Himself, that manifestation is an effect of God, and therefore the Son. Every manifestation which it has pleased God to make of Himself is an effect of God. Such was the case when His Wisdom and Power appeared in the person of the man Jesus. His body was not the divinity, for it was a finite body; it was capable of animal life and death. It was the Wisdom and the Power that was manifest through that body that was the true divinity.

Now, as God is one Eternal, all-wise, undivided and unchangeable Being, so God was manifest in the flesh, and He is manifest in the flesh in all His saints. They are one as God is one, and while they remain in God they must be one and undivided. The great clamor that has been raised in the Society about denying the divinity of Christ, and which made its appearance in England in the treatment of Hannah Barnard, is much of it the fruit of the same spirit that appeared in the defence of the absurd doctrine of the Trinity; and this doctrine of three distinct divisions of the great First Cause has always been the cause of producing absurd opinions and divisions among men from its commencement. Among the professed Jews they had nothing like it; nor does it appear from anything said by Jesus Himself that He wished for any such divided views to be entertained. I and my Father, says He, are one. Now



let the manifestations or operations of the Eternal be when they may, or what they may, they are from Himself, and therefore they are and can be but one. All the notions that are held about Father, Son and Holy Ghost, appear therefore without any rational foundation. The fact is, God is one and undivided; and if, when we speak of an operation of God upon the soul of man, we were governed by this undivided view of the Divine nature, there would be less mystery in the doctrines delivered than is now the case. In the formation of man he is acknowledged to be the work of God, and in His government and perfect regulation it is an effect that must result from the influence of the one Eternal Spirit of God. If then, in the ministry of the Gospel, it were the practice to show that in all cases where transgression takes place, it is the one Eternal Spirit that is opposed by our evil acts, and that to this pure and perfect principle we must be united before we can be happy, the nature of man's redemption and salvation would be better understood than is the case under the generally-received opinions.

It is evident from some of the productions of latter time that the Society of Friends, who came out from under the dominion of formal professors of religion, and manifested that they had been visited and enlightened by the one Great and good God, and therefore attained to the possession of clear spiritual views of the nature of the Christian religion and the spirituality of its character, have returned to the beggarly elements, and really seem determined again to renew those formal bonds from which we had been in some measure made free. We have the evidence of this from the material or corporeal ideas they seem now to entertain of the Saviour of men. Holding up to one another the material blood that was shed on Calvary's mount, and thereby justifying the Jews in the murder of the man Jesus—for the Divinity they could not slay. Our friends in the beginning had some just conception of the one only wise God our Saviour, and could by no means agree to a plurality of gods; and if the Society would follow the leadings of this pure fountain of perfection, their understandings would become clear in the things of God. They would clearly discover that the whole work of religion was spiritual and not carnal.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
BUSINESS MEETINGS.

I have been much interested in the rather one-sided expression of views on the subject of business meetings in connection with women Friends. I presume most of us will admit, at least so far as the Discipline of

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is concerned, that due respect is not paid to the rights of its female members in relation to an equal participation with men Friends in the transaction of business. The necessity for a revision of Discipline in that respect is becoming increasingly evident.

The question now presents itself, Would the best interests of Society, and especially of women Friends be promoted by holding our business meetings together? Would not so assembling rather have an injurious effect upon them by preventing a free expression of sentiment?

In the Monthly Meeting of which I am a member, we have occasionally met in conference with our women Friends on subjects of interest, and the result has been, with one or two individual exceptions, that they had nothing to say. Such, I believe, would be the case if we met with them in the capacity of a Monthly Meeting, and that, *practically*, through undue diffidence, they would be deprived of the scanty rights which they now possess. I presume that, in this respect, our Monthly Meeting does not occupy an exceptional position to others, but that such would be the case in all our larger meetings, including both our Quarterly and Yearly Meetings.

I can readily conceive, in a very small meeting, reduced probably to three or four of each sex, that the question might arise, whether the business organization should be given up, or whether, believing that in union there is strength, men and women might not profitably meet in joint session? This question may be safely left to each meeting to decide for itself, as in my view, nothing exists in our Discipline to preclude men and women Friends from so convening to transact the business of a Preparative or Monthly Meeting.

G.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
"WOMEN'S MEETINGS."

Having read with interest the article on "Women's Meetings," I have felt impelled to add a word of testimony in favor of the thought suggested by Geo. S. Truman.

The subject is one which is not only engaging the thoughts of many of the young, but also of the older members of our Society. They believe that the time has come, when the partitions should be taken out and the business transacted in one body. That there is, in some places, a loss by the present arrangement, is manifest, from the fact that, in some meetings, it is customary when a Friend is speaking on the other side of the partition, for the business in the women's meeting to cease until the communication is

finished. How much more satisfactory, when anything is said touching upon the Queries or any other subject of interest, that the whole meeting should have the benefit of it, rather than that one should stop its business for the time, and then only half hear and understand what is being said. This is only one of many inconveniences that arise in some meetings from the present division.

If in the First-day school-work, men and women were to be divided, and each to hold a session separately, we can imagine what a loss would be sustained; and there would soon follow, either a dead formality, or the extinguishment of the work, for the life and interest now given to it, in many places by only a few, would, if divided, be lost. Not only would this change be gladly received by many, but the privilege should be extended to such as desire to do so, to seat themselves together in families. Our meetings would be more valuable to many parents and children if they could seat themselves together, and be brought into that closer bond of religious love and sympathy, which is so desirable in the home, and which should be cherished in our religious meetings. There is a growing feeling in this direction; one meeting within the limits of New York Yearly Meeting having adopted this practice for the past two years.

That the change first alluded to would promote the attendance of young Friends at meetings for discipline, there is no doubt; they need to be fed with the manna of to-day, and not with that of two hundred years ago, and some of the *forms* that, from change of circumstances, have become unsuited to the minds of to-day, should be let go, rather than to lose the growth and life we so much stand in need of at the present time.

I am glad an expression has been made on this subject, and trust there will be more; and that from it the truth may be gleaned and garnered up. GEO. T. POWELL.

*Ghent, New York, Fourth mo. 25th.*

#### DECEASE OF JAMES WHITAKER.

James Whitaker died in Philadelphia, on April 5th, in the ninety-fourth year of his age. He was born February 19th, 1782, in East Coventry, Chester county, and was descended in the paternal line from a noted Saxon family of England, and in the direct maternal line from Abraham op der Graeff, one of the thirteen original settlers of Germantown in 1683, and one of the four Germans who signed the historic first protest against slavery. Seventy years ago Mr. Whitaker went to Philadelphia and commenced the manufacture of nails. In 1815 he and his brother Joseph leased a rolling mill at the

Falls of Schuylkill, and, in 1820, another near Wilmington, Delaware, and Gibraltar Forge, in the neighborhood of Reading. In 1826 he bought an interest in the Cumberland Iron and Nail Works, at Bridgeton, New Jersey, and, in 1827, an interest in the Iron Works at Phoenixville, Pa. He moved to the latter place, and remained there for several years, as the managing partner of the firm of Reeves & Whitaker, now the Phoenix Iron Company.

In 1836 he removed to Reading, and for ten years was an active business man there. In 1846 he returned to Philadelphia, withdrawing to some extent from active business life. A pioneer in the iron trade, his associates one after another passed away, until he alone remained as the solitary representative of an era now being rapidly enveloped in oblivion. For many years he has been, without doubt, the oldest of the iron-masters of Pennsylvania. Endowed with mental and physical vigor, and possessing unusual energy and force of character, he was well fitted to fight the battles of life with success. His reputation for integrity was without smirch or stain. In 1814, when the British threatened an attack upon Philadelphia, he joined a military company, and assisted in throwing up intrenchments at Marcus Hook. Later in life he became a member of the Society of Friends, and was connected with the Green street Meeting. His descendants number fifteen children, sixty-one grandchildren, seventeen great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.—*Village Record.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN AURORA BOREALIS.

TOUGHKENAMON, Fifth month 4th, 1875.

Last evening clouds began to gather in the southwest, portending rain, and at night-fall had obscured the whole heavens. Before nine o'clock a muffled light indicated an aurora borealis behind the clouds, and which was speedily revealed by the production of a beautiful electrical phenomenon. From a point in the northeast heavens, and at some thirty degrees of elevation, there arose three diverging streaks of very dark clouds, reaching beyond the zenith, the interspaces and on either side being quite luminous with white light. The whole was not inaptly comparable to a huge turkey's foot. In a few moments it began to fade away, and soon disappeared; and the cloud lifting its northern border, revealed a belt of auroral light extending around the horizon from the east to the west. It commenced raining at an early hour this morning.

This curious and interesting appearance was, no doubt, part and parcel of the auroral



phenomenon. As the cloud obviously rested in the lower region of our atmosphere, it might seem that the electrical current, which has been supposed to produce the aurora, was in the same region.

Akin to this, when the atmosphere is heavily loaded with condensed vapor previous to rain, we not unfrequently see the haze collected in bands, connecting two opposite points or poles in the horizon, like so many lines of longitude on a globe. These bands may be few or many, and more or less perfectly formed. Sometimes they cover the whole visible arch of the heavens. The poles of this arrangement, if I am not mistaken, are generally found in the northeast and southwest portions of the horizon. The observations of half a century have led me to consider this condition as one of our most trustworthy signs of approaching rain. It, too, is probably produced by auroral electricity, without evolving auroral light.

E. MICHENER.

In our weakness we cry out to the Lord to remember us, but really he always remembers us. It is we that forget Him. May we strive to remember Him better and obey His commands by kindly remembrances of one another and of all who need our sympathy and help.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

#### PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING.

The attendance of this meeting, held on the 4th inst., was not large, owing probably to the unfavorable weather.

Thomas Foulke, of New York, and Elizabeth Matthews, of Baltimore, were present. The invitation, "Come (look) unto Me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth," was dwelt upon, and the fullness of the call—embracing every condition—reaching out to the transgressor farthest off from the path of virtue with offers of the great salvation, was livingly portrayed. All present were exhorted to accept the Divine mercy and forgiveness, and make God their refuge and trust in every condition and situation of life. Several ministers of our own Quarterly Meeting also spoke, expressing the satisfaction felt in mingling with Friends in religious gatherings. The first meeting though long was not wearisome, the several speakers having been favored to give forth their exercises in great unity and gospel love.

The amount of business before the Quarterly Meeting was large. The answers to the Queries in men's meeting were summarized with little comment, except what grew out of the attendance of meetings and the maintenance of love

and unity. In the women's branch there was more expression, especially in regard to plainness and simplicity. It was held forth, that a seeking after Christ with an earnest desire to be clothed upon by His spirit, would alone lead away from the love of the vain and frivolous fashions and displays that so absorb the minds of very many among us. It was believed that the older members have a duty to perform in this matter, and that by seeking to guide our young women in the path of obedience to the Divine requiring, and by individual counsel and encouragement, helping to strengthen the desires for good that are struggling in the minds of many of the dear young sisters, much effectual benefit would result to these and through them to the whole Society. The answers all showed an increase in earnestness, and a revival of interest in the testimonies of truth as held by us.

Joint reports on the appointment of members of the Representative Committee, and the committee to have charge of Circular Meetings were read and united with. To the former, the name of a woman was for the first time added. The committee is as follows:

J. M. Ogden, John Saunders, J. C. Turnpenny, Susan M. Parrish. In men's meeting a committee was appointed to meet a committee of the Yearly Meeting in the case of appeal.

The noticeable feature of the Quarterly Meeting was the absence from the minister's gallery of the vigor and strength of early middle life; with scarcely an exception, all who occupied those seats were considerably past half a century, and many were wearing the crown of three score and ten. Where are they who are to put on the whole armor and come up to the service as these have done? This is the question that most concerns the perpetuity of our religious organization. May we all unite in the prayer that the Lord of the vineyard will send forth other laborers into His vineyard, that there may be no lack.

The interest in the meeting was maintained throughout, very few leaving the house before it concluded. R.

#### CALN QUARTERLY MEETING.

BIRD-IN-HAND, Lancaster county, Pa.

Caln Quarterly Meeting was held at old Sadsbury, Lancaster county, Pa., on the 22d ult.

The silence in which the meeting gathered was broken by a friend, who called upon us to cast aside our doubts and come into that living faith through which alone we can hear the call—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

A beautiful illustration of the parable of the sheep and goats was presented, and the necessity urged of going prepared for the final



judgment. Friends were warned to be careful how they disturbed the landmarks of the fathers—those glorious principles for which they were willing to suffer, and by which Wm. Penn was enabled to subdue the untamed passions of the natives of the forest, to make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and to establish that civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy.

Encouragement was held forth to read the Scriptures, not to cavil in the wisdom of human understanding, but in the spirit of Divine Love. In the stillness of all flesh, we learn the blessed truth that it is only through Christ our Lord that we are saved. Though the Scriptures of Truth have been given us for our instruction in righteousness, yet the Hindoo, who never saw the records has, within himself, that which teaches the way of life. Several ministers participated in these exercises, which were felt to be profitable to the assembly.

The partitions were closed and the business of the Quarterly Meeting entered upon. In the women's branch, after an impressive silence, the Representatives were called, and the meeting proceeded to answer the Queries. Some of the answers were weak, especially those relating to the attendance of meetings, but they generally showed a good degree of correspondence with the Queries.

The joint committee appointed at the last meeting, to bring forward the names of suitable Friends to serve on the Representative Committee, offered the requisite number, who were united with, and they appointed to the service.

Testimony was borne to the necessity of our being faithful workers in the vineyard of the Lord, and we were exhorted to call upon "His name" who is always ready to help those who put their trust in Him.

Welcome was extended to the strangers present, and the hope expressed that all might be strengthened and encouraged in the work of the Lord.

ELIZABETH LAMBORN.

#### THE COMMON LOT.

We are prone to imagine that our temptations are peculiar; that other hearts are free from secret burdens that oppress our energies, and cast a cloud upon our joy; that life has for others a freer movement and a less embarrassed way. But the more we know of what passes in the minds of others, the more our friends disclose to us their secret consciousness, the more do we learn that no man is peculiar in his moral experience—that beneath the smoothest surface of outward life lie deep cares of the heart, and that, if we fall under our burdens, we fall beneath the temptations that are common to man, the exist-

ence of which others as little suspect in us as we do in them. We have but the trials that are incident to humanity; there is nothing peculiar in our case; and we must take up our burden in faith of heart, that, if we are earnest, and trifle not with temptation, God will support us, as, in the past fidelity of His Providence, He has supported others as heavily laden as ourselves.—*J. H. Thom.*

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I believe thou dost not need a *tangible* evidence that thou art very dear to me; yet, as we cannot see each other, I want to say that love has been welling up in my heart from the pure fountain, and flowing toward thee many times during our separation.

It is a comfort, however, to know that there is a love which cannot be diminished by any outward circumstances. Indeed, my mind has paid thee many visits, and to have thee thus brought near has been very precious to me.

We now have my grandchildren making us a visit from their colleges. Both of them seem satisfied with their positions, but it is quite a trial to me to have them so far away, and not among Friends.

I am not sectarian in the true sense of the word, but I have full faith in our simple view of Christianity; and while I hope that all sincere minds, wherever gathered, or wherever scattered, will find rest and peace, I do long for the young of *our fold*, that they may give the good seed *room to grow*, and that parents may not allow it to be choked by any hostile element; and I therefore desire that all our Society hedges of defence may be kept around them, so that their pristine innocency and purity may remain unsullied.

I wish I had yesterday summoned resolution enough to say I was going, and had done so. I have felt to-day it would have been the right thing to do, and the right time. I know I lose what would be of benefit to me oftentimes by not overcoming little things and simply doing what I feel is right. I sometimes think others will think I ought to do thus or so, and I hesitate, when I find the trouble is always with myself. If I only quietly do as I feel, all would be right. Thus, I have felt to-day, as though I had lost something by not being with you, and I want thee to know how I am feeling.

In reply to thy question this morning, whether I feel stronger for my visit, I answer, yes; and truly it is so. I have been in the way of much good, and I hope sincerely my heart has measurably been in a prepared



state to receive the good seed that has been dropped by loving, earnest laborers, with whom it has been my privilege to mingle. A more earnest, fervent desire has arisen, that I might live closer to the Fountain of Divine life, and receive that living water which can alone satisfy and refresh the weary, thirsty soul.

I share thy feeling very fully in regard to the new evening meetings. I was not able to go to the last one, and I expect often to be missing, nevertheless, the cause is dear to me, and I feel that should these opportunities be diverted from their legitimate object, the effect will be serious. Instead of our young people being drawn nearer to the principle, which underlies our profession, their attention will be directed to outward teachers who can minister to their literary and intellectual tastes.

On First-day last I met with the few Friends gathered here—so few in comparison with years ago. The quiet of the meeting was especially sweet, and, as a friend remarked, it had seemed to her that we had been favored to mingle in spirit, and to unitedly offer the worship that is acceptable to the Father, in silent reverence. It was to me a favored season in that there was to be felt a living desire for the bread of life, and that this was satisfied by the secret ministrations of good rather than through the spoken word, though I felt that —'s testimony was as a seal from the King's hand.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 15, 1875.

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PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The meeting of Ministers and Elders was held as usual on Seventh-day. On First-day our meeting-houses in Philadelphia, including Germantown, were well filled. The children's meeting, held at Race street in the afternoon, was an occasion of unusual interest. Ten schools were represented and took part in the exercises, which consisted of recitations in concert from the individual schools, beginning and closing with selections, in which all participated. Appropriate and brief addresses were made. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Good order prevailed, and all seemed deeply interested.

On Second-day morning, at the usual hour, the General Meeting convened. In the men's branch, all the Representatives, except twelve,

answered to their names; in the women's, all excepting eleven; for the absence of most of these sufficient reasons were assigned. The opening exercises in both meetings were impressive. Feeling allusion was made to the seats rendered vacant by death. The query arose, What is there to hinder our being baptized into that spirit of prayer whereby we might yield unreserved obedience to the Divine requiremgs?

Minutes for Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings were read, viz., for Elizabeth M. Matthews, a minister, and her companion, E. Ellen Riley, from Baltimore Monthly Meeting, the former endorsed by Baltimore Quarter; for Mary T. Frost, an Elder from Rochester Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; for John and Sarah B. Searing, a Minister and an Elder of Scipio Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; for Benjamin and Caroline Renouf, a Minister and an Elder from Rochester Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; for Wm. M. Way, Minister, and his companion, Levi K. Brown, an Elder, from Little Britain Monthly Meeting, Pa. Besides these, John and Mary Needles, of Baltimore; John D. Wright and Thomas Foulke, of New York, without minutes, were acceptably in attendance.

In the men's branch, the Epistles were next taken up, viz., from New York, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana and Genesee. In these, the subjects of temperance and arbitration were referred to as having interestingly claimed the attention of the different meetings. All were clear in respect to the fourth Query. The use of tobacco was also strongly discouraged. Baltimore and Indiana made mention of the new Yearly Meeting of Illinois. A Committee to prepare answers to the Epistles was appointed.

In the women's branch, the minutes for Friends in attendance were also read. The subject of individual influence was dwelt upon by a Friend and the language of a brother, who visited our Women's Yearly Meeting last year, was revived: "What a Power is here!" All were exhorted to consider "how great beyond all calculation, individual influence is; each one, young and old, can have an influence for good—for the right! Every one may exert this in her family and neigh-

borhood. The young should think seriously which way their course tends, and on which side is their influence; whether it is for virtue and holiness, or on the side of weakness and failure. None can shift the obligation on the shoulders of another. We may plead that our influence is small, that the one talent cannot do much. Not so; there is power in every one, even the least. May we all remember these things in our conversation and our intercourse with one another, and with those of other denominations, who are ready to see our imperfections; and let us not be unmindful of the results of individual influence."

Greetings were extended to the strangers in attendance. The prayer went forth that we might not be moved by impulse, but be able to weigh our words. There are silent workers, and as we grow stronger, there will not be need for so much vocal expression; let all keep on the watch.

A Friend, in allusion to the influence of women, said: "Jesus Christ commissioned a woman to go forth and call the people to come to Him. It is a great thing to call upon others to come to Christ. There is a work for each; each must come home to this Power in the soul."

Caution was extended that we have the fear of God before us, that we may be preserved for the honor of the blessed Truth. The importance of the business which brings us together, and how it embraces the various duties of life, was the subject of very practical remarks.

The names of the Representative Committee were read. So far as reported, women have been named on this Committee. Much satisfaction was expressed with the advance thus made, some of the aged rejoicing that they have lived to see so much accomplished.

The proposition sent up from Philadelphia Quarter for such changes in the Discipline as will give women the same voice as men, in all the business meetings was introduced, considered, and the appointment of a committee on the subject united with, and the action reported to men's branch. The proposition was referred to a joint committee of

four men and four women from each Quarter, except in Caln Quarter and Fishing Creek Half Year Meeting, where two women from each were considered sufficient.

The Epistles from Baltimore, New York, Ohio, Genesee and Indiana, were read in women's branch. All these were expressive of the state of Society in the several Yearly Meetings. Testimonies were borne to the importance of a free gospel ministry, the abolition of the death penalty, against the use of intoxicating drinks and tobacco, and to the advantage of First-day schools among us; also, to an increasing interest in favor of arbitration in settling national difficulties.

The same Clerks were reappointed in both branches. The men entered upon the Queries.

The answers to the first Query were read, and called forth much expression, being felt to be low in some of the reports, as several meetings had not been held, on account of inclement weather—in the Southern Quarter especially. Many of these meetings are very small and composed mainly of aged members. It was felt that they needed the sympathy of their brethren.

Committees were appointed to examine and audit the Treasurer's accounts, to prepare Epistles to the several Yearly Meetings with which we correspond, and to assist the Clerks in gathering the exercises of the meeting.

This synopsis of the Proceedings of the Yearly Meeting up to the close of Second-day, gives but a brief and, it may be, somewhat imperfect summary of the deeply interesting exercises. The meeting is fully up to the average in the attendance and in the interest manifested.

In the evening the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of Friends' Book Association was held.

The report of the Board of Directors and the statement of the Treasurer were read. In these the condition of the concern was fairly represented, and the favorable and unfavorable circumstances noticed. It was stated that, in consideration of the depressed state of all kinds of business, the store had been as successful as could be expected. No report of its financial exhibit could be made



until the end of the fiscal year. The Treasurer's report shows a balance of over \$1200 in his hands.

An election for a new Board of Directors resulted in the reappointment of the old members. An alteration in the By-laws, changing the meetings of the Board to once in three months, was proposed and united with. Catalogues of the list of Friends' publications and miscellaneous literature on sale at the store, 706 Arch street, have been prepared and distributed.

#### MARRIED.

COMLY—BUCKMAN.—At Bristol, Pa., on Third-day, the 4th of Fifth month, 1875, with the approbation of Bristol Monthly Meeting, John Comly to Rebecca T., daughter of Joshua V. Buckman.

#### DIED.

TYSON.—On the 30th of Fourth month, 1875, of paralysis, Susan G., wife of Comly Tyson, in the 38th year of her age; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

GARRIGUES.—On the 12th of Fourth month, 1875, Mary Ann Garrigues; a member of Green street Monthly Meeting.

BROWN.—On the 13th of Third month, 1875, Eunice Brown, aged 86 years; formerly a member of Queensbury Monthly Meeting.

She was careful to do right, believing she could be injured only by her own wrong-doing. No one acquainted with her could doubt of her receiving the reward of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

COOPER.—On the 25th of Second month, 1875, in Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa., John Cooper, in his 79th year.

MOORE.—At his residence, Quakertown, Pa., on the 30th of Fourth month, 1875, Richard Moore, aged 81 years; an Elder of Richland Monthly Meeting.

PHILLIPS.—At her residence, Trenton, N. J., on the 9th of Second month, 1875, Susannah S., widow of Philip S. Phillips; a member of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting.

SHEPPARD.—On the 5th of Third month, 1875, in Brant, Erie county, N. Y., of erysipelas, Barnabas Sheppard, aged 72 years; a member of Saratoga Monthly Meeting.

WALTERS.—In Chicago, on the 5th of Fourth month, 1875, after a lingering illness, Eliza, widow of George L. Walters, of Dutchess county, N. Y., in the 75th year of her age. Being fully prepared, with her lamp brightly burning, she gently passed away as one falling into a sweet sleep.

WINDER.—In Germantown, Philadelphia, on the 23d of Fourth month, 1875, Rebecca, wife of John Winder, aged 82 years. Being a devoted wife and an excellent neighbor, her vacant place will be deeply felt.

TRUE religion is a life unfolded from within, not something forced on us from abroad.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 47.

(Continued from page 172.)

#### ONWARD TO THEBES.

We are now (First month 11th) without a dragoman, and without a good interpreter to communicate between the conductor and passengers, and the servants and crew; but two of the servants know a little English, as well as French and Arabic, and most of the passengers speak French, and the Arab reis (captain) is a grave and thoughtful man whom we all feel willing to trust. A telegraph station is within half an hour's ride, and the conductor loses no time in sending an urgent message to Cairo, but the conscription is actively at work in the towns, the people are in a state of excitement, sorrow and dread, and the telegraph is crowded with the messages of the emissaries of the Viceroy, so that two days elapse before we get an answer to the message. The reis, too, is afraid to proceed, for he says he will be held responsible for Abram's death on his return to Cairo. Accordingly the passengers prepare a written statement exonerating him from all blame, which a deputation presents to Omar Pasha, who has been up to the second cataract and is now superintending the conscription on his return and is in a steamer lying near at hand. The great man promises to send his secretary to take the testimony of the servants and crew, and then give Reis Mohammed a certificate which will protect him and his sailors from punishment. A sufficient sum of money is also raised to enable Abram's father to make such search for the body as he thinks proper, but we did not learn that the body was found. On the morning of the 13th, the Pasha's secretary and servant visit the dahabeah and take testimony of the captain and crew, examining them separately, also taking the signed certificate of the passengers. This, these officials assure us, will be quite sufficient to protect these poor men from unjust punishment. And now we are about to set sail, having had a delay of two days, when three Egyptian gentlemen came on board to make us a visit. They are in European dress, and one of them announces himself to us as a Copt, who has been instructed by Protestant missionaries, and who is laboring among the people of the neighboring village Nighalah, having a large school of Egyptian children whom he is endeavoring to instruct in the principles of Christian civilization. We regret exceedingly that we did not hear of this school yesterday, when we had so good an



opportunity to visit it, but it is too late now, and we can only say farewell to the swarthy teacher, whose slender form, large, black eyes, and diminutive stature remind one of the delineations of the ancient Egyptians to be seen on the walls of ruined tombs and temples.

At the last moment a Syrian dragoman, armed to the teeth, and gaily robed in the picturesque vestments of the Orient, presents himself and asks to be taken on the dahabeah as far as Luxor, offering to render any service in his power in compensation. Rather hesitatingly, he is allowed to come on board, and then our great lofty sails are unfurled and off we go once more. The new comer has abundant testimonials as to character and competence, and seems likely to prove a valuable addition to our corps of servants. The river flows yet more swiftly, the banks are more richly green, the near hills imposing and precipitous, the air is purer and more bracing, and the sun beams down most graciously; all things combining to efface the sad cloud which has fallen upon us. I thought the evening of this day one of the most beautiful I ever beheld; the coloring of the water, the green marge, the sun-set sky, glorious with every precious tint on which the eye loves to dwell, the crescent moon in the mid-heaven, and the beaming constellations.

"Those hieroglyphics, elder than the Nile," detain us on the deck till the suggestive dinner-bell calls the family together in the saloon below.

We have been greatly interested in noticing the manners and customs of our aged Reis Mohammed and his crew of Arabs and Nubians. The reis (captain) is a kindly man and has a very fatherly manner in commanding his men; always pleasant and courteous with them, and yet obtaining from them the most exact and prompt obedience. The labors of the sailors are, at times, very severe, and, perhaps, the most dreaded of all their tasks is, disengaging the dahabeah from the sand-banks, on which she has often been landed. When poling will not answer, the crew row out with the anchor and lodge it some distance ahead of the boat, and then by means of the rope slowly draw the dahabeah towards it; but the severest work is lifting the heavy boat by main force off the obstruction. Throwing off their upper garments they jump into the cold river and apply their backs to the task of lifting, and then with groans and cries for help to Alla and the Prophet, they strain and lift until the vessel "swims" again, when the wind fills the sails and the chilled-exhausted men may rest. It is noticeable that even when chattering with cold after protracted labor like this on a chilly night, some of them refuse the prof-

fered glass of brandy which one of the pitying gentlemen has offered. Their religious faith forbids any such indulgence, no matter how great the need, and they are most faithful in observing such light as they have.

One of the greatest troubles of the reis was the dreamy incompetence of Said, the stately, handsome steersman. After a night of especial trouble, Mohammed took advantage of a calm Sabbath day to call a kind of court-martial for the trial of Said. Several dahabeahs were in the neighborhood, and the captains and some of the older dragomen were called together to hear and judge the case. On first assembling, the captains offered two prayers that all things might be done aright; after which they had coffee and pipes. Then they spoke of the weather, and asked each other if they had received any money or presents, and if each was getting on well and making progress; which subject introduced Said's case. Reis Mohammed stated he could not exist for the steersman who kept running the boat on sand-banks, and that he would have Said steer no longer, or other sailors would laugh at him; besides his crew were angry with being compelled to plunge into the water to lift the boat from the sand-banks. He was sagely advised to be patient; but he stated that he had sworn by Allah and by Mohammed, by kissing the bread and the salt, that Said should steer no more, and that before he should, he (the reis) would stay in the cold, without sleep, and steer himself. The captains asked him how he had procured the services of Said, when Mohammed replied, he had himself selected him. The grave case was then referred to the oldest dragoman for decision. He advised that Said be reduced to a common seaman till the dahabeah reached the farthest point south, and that he should be allowed to steer again on the return voyage; Haleel, one of the crew, taking his place at the helm. The extra pay of the steersman, £2, might be divided between them. Then, on arriving at Cairo, Said would not be disgraced and the captain would not be laughed at. The captains all answered, "It is well; you have spoken our minds." Then they had pipes and coffee, and the weighty matter was settled to the sorrow of Said, who was henceforth degraded. His cheerful submission was beyond all praise, and no sailor worked more willingly and more bravely at the tow-rope, or in the herculean lifts needful to extricate us in our future straits.

On the morning of the 14th we reached the town of Soohag, the capital of the province of Girgeh. Here we paused to make some purchases for the boat, and while our conductor was attending to our necessities, we



wandered around the town, visiting the bazaar, where a meager array of merchandise was displayed, and finding our way to an interesting Coptic church, where the black-turbaned brethren welcomed us cordially to their sanctuary. The floor was covered with clean mats, and only one seat was provided, an arm chair at the upper end of the room, into which we were allowed to enter. This compartment is appropriated to the priests who read the lessons, &c.; to the boys who serve as acolytes and singers, and to the chief members of the congregation. This is separated from the compartment next before it by a partition of wooden lattice-work, where the women worship quite concealed from the view of the men. It reminded me of the ladies' gallery in the British House of Commons. Upon the walls are suspended ridiculous pictures of various reputed saints, particularly of St. George and the Dragon, who, be it known, is accounted the patron saint of Christian Egypt. A curtain, with a large cross embroidered upon it, conceals the door which leads to the "heykel" or chancel, which contains the altar.

It was a matter of real regret to us that we did not have an interpreter with us, through whom we could converse with these lineal descendants of the great people who have left an enduring record in the stupendous ruins of Egypt.

They generally wear black turbans, and have large, elongated, black eyes, slightly inclining from the nose upwards. The nose is straight, rounded at the end and wide, and the lips thick, but well formed and expressive, and the hair and beard black and curly. Their forms are slender, and their manners courtly and graceful.

Every year many of the Christian Copts of Egypt embrace the faith of El-Islam, and their number is now, according to Lane, not more than 150,000, and is steadily decreasing. Their liturgy and several of their religious books are written in the ancient Coptic language; but it is understood by very few persons, the Arabic being adopted in its stead. Their faith is that of the sect called Eutychians, whose creed was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, in the reign of the Emperor Marcian; and there is an implacable enmity between them and the Greek Church, by which they were greatly persecuted before the Arabs became their masters.

And now, we set sail again at mid day, and are wafted swiftly northward by a strong wind. Palm-groves, villages and fertile fields pass swiftly by in an unending panorama. Just at sunset we pass the town of Mensheehyah, which is situated among extensive mounds, evidently the remains of a ruined

city of some extent. It is supposed to occupy the site of Ptolemais Hermii, which Strabo mentions as the largest town in the Thebaid. A striking feature of this, as well as of most other villages and towns in Upper Egypt, is the construction of square pigeon towers, with the walls slightly inclined inwards (like many of the ancient Egyptian buildings), or of the form of a sugar-loaf, upon the roofs of the houses. In the construction of these bird-houses, they use crude brick, pottery and mud. The earthen pots used are of an oval form, with a wide mouth, which is placed outwards, and with a small hole at the other end. Of course, in all rational housekeeping, each pair of pigeons occupies a separate pot. I should think that, generally, the number of pigeons far exceeds the human inhabitants of a village of the Thebaid.

The primitive and simple irrigating machine, called a "shadoof," is now of very frequent occurrence. It consists of two posts or pillars of wood, about five feet in height and less than three feet apart, with a horizontal bar extending from top to top, to which is suspended a slender lever, formed of a branch of a tree, having at one end a weight chiefly composed of mud, and at the other, suspended to two long palm-sticks, a vessel in the form of a bowl, by means of which the water is thrown up to the height of about eight feet, into a trough. Four or five of these shadoofs are required, when the river is low, to raise the water to the level of the fields. For facility of irrigation, the land is divided into small squares, by ridges of earth, or into furrows.

Girgeh, formerly the capital of the province of the same name, was passed at ten o'clock in the evening, and we could see, by the bright moonlight, its perilous position with the great rushing river undermining its foundations. It was formerly a quarter of a mile or more from the river; but, now, a portion of it has been already washed away by the stream. It is a town of Christian origin, and named Girgeh in honor of St. George the patron saint of Egyptian Christians.

The next day (the 15th) was bright and prosperous, with favoring winds, and is memorable as being the first on which we had a good, near view of the dôm palm. This tree is very different in appearance from the elegant date palm, which is the special glory of Egypt. The lower part of the stem is single and it invariably divides at a certain height into two, each of these being again bifurcated. The repeated divisions of the stem give the tree a dome-like form, and the head is covered with large fan-shaped leaves, at the base of which the fruit grows. I hope to examine it more carefully soon.

Kasr es Syâd, or "the Sportsman's Man



sion," is passed near ten o'clock. It is only an assemblage of mounds that do not look very edifying by the pure moonlight.

The morrow (the 16th) is memorable as the day on which we entered into a milder climate than we had known during the past two weeks. The softer air and the genial sunshine were most acceptable; but the brisk north wind which had chilled us had also greatly promoted our onward progress, and now it hardly fills the great sail, and the crew, to-day, have to track the heavy boat past Denderah, the famed seat of the ancient worship of Aphrodite. We do not pause, however, promising ourselves the pleasure of a visit returning.

The next morning rises mild and very bright, and we hold our fourth Sabbath-day on the Nile. The river is mirror-clear, the winds quite hushed and our sails furled. We take so fine a chance for a morning walk, and gather clusters of the beautiful and delicate tamarisk-shrub in bud, in full flower, in fruit, and other portions on which the little green pods have burst, giving forth to the world countless multitudes of infinitesimally small, tufted seeds, ready to fly hither and thither on the wings of the wind. The whole stem seems clothed with cotton-wool. Soon a friendly north wind rises and our hopes of progress rise too. Our stately, temporary dragoman tells us that, if it continues all day, we shall reach Thebes this evening, and to-morrow we may commence to explore the glories of Luxor.

To-day is the commencement of the 'Eed ed Daheeyer, ("festival of the sacrifice.") It is the Mohammedan commemoration of the sacrifice of Abraham, when he offered a ram in lieu of Isaac; though, it is said, the Moslems believe Ishmael to have been the son offered. The festival continues three days, and the first is that on which the Mecca pilgrims perform their sacrifice; a victim being slain by all who can afford to purchase one. Our crew slaughtered a sheep, not as a sacrifice to Alla, but for their own refreshment, and have the welcome addition of mutton to their simple fare of bread and lentils. They are very happy to-day, and are full of smiling compliments and merriment.

But, at two o'clock, the wind dies away, and our hopes of reaching Thebes to-day are quite blasted. The sunset hour finds us opposite the town of Negádeh, noted for its gardens and sugar-cane, and for its Coptic and Catholic convents. Our dahabeah has paused on the east bank, and Negádeh is on the west; so part of us prefer to enjoy the splendid sunset-view from the deck, while a boat-load accompany the conductor to the town. According to Murray, we have here one of the most lovely and picturesque views on the

Nile, and we are very fortunate to see it at this supremely golden hour. The palm-decked town presents a pleasant appearance, every house being crowned with a high pigeon-tower, and their battlemented appearance is very remarkable. As the day dies away, our friends return in high glee, boasting of the rich results of their visit. They say that the town is very clean, and that at the entrance of the principal street sat six grave elders, who seemed glad to see them, and welcomed the visitors politely to the town. Then they visited a garden of flowers and of vegetables, and were laden with cucumbers, tomatoes and squashes for our table, while rich clusters of lemon blossoms gave fragrant evidence of the hospitality of the Negádeh. The tones of a church-bell are borne to us on the still air, bearing witness to the Christian worship which is here provided with a safe home in the land of the Moslems.

An evening breeze springs up and bears us onward in the night; so that the morning of the 18th finds us only about five miles from Thebes. It is calm again till about ten o'clock, when the breeze rises once more, and we arrive at Luxor near twelve. We have now reached the most important stage of the Nile-voyage, having traveled 450 miles in twenty-five days; thus averaging eighteen miles a day.

We get glimpses of obelisks, mighty colossi and temples before landing, a suggestion and promise of greater things yet to be revealed. The Temple of Luxor is very imposing in its massive, solid strength, which has resisted the vicissitudes of the long ages; but one feels disappointed to find modern buildings of a very inferior character obstructing the river-view of the stupendous columns. The new and old are mingled here more incongruously than was ever "new wine in old bottles." And so we step on shore and commence the examination of what remains of "populous No." S. R.

First mo. 18th, 1875.

#### PEACE AMONG NATIONS.

In an article on "Peace Among Nations," the *Traveler* says:

"M. Auguste Couvreur, of Brussels, editor of the *Indépendance Belge*, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, moved the proposition in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, and advocated it in a very earnest and able speech. In opening his address, he said: 'If I were to justify my motion before a popular assembly, I would say I desire to arouse in my auditors a sense of the horrors of war and a love of peace. I would say to them, that Europe



has at this moment more than six millions of men—the very *élite* of the young and the able-bodied men—actually under arms, trained for slaughter; and that to support this armed host, in a time of peace, costs more than seven *milliards* per annum. I would show that in the last quarter of a century, since the *coup d'état*, 1851, the debt of Europe has increased nearly eighteen *milliards*, sixteen *milliards* of which have been absorbed in war or upon armaments! Finally, I would invoke as consequences fatal and necessary, of this state of things, the pauperism and the wicked sentiments which war engenders, consequences so easy to vanquish if the civilized peoples would turn to use the resources rendered unproductive by the armed peace, and would consecrate to schools, to the administration of justice, the construction of highways, to internal security and prosperity, the *milliards* to-day necessary to protect them against the aggression of neighbors with whom they pretend to maintain the most friendly relations.'

"In the course of his speech, he compliments our country for initiating a movement for the elaboration of international law and the establishment of a tribunal to which may be referred such questions as may arise between nations."

From the London Athenæum.

#### LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand  
There sat a pilgrim band,  
Telling the losses their lives had known,  
While evening waned away  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,  
Of a fair freighted ship,  
With all his household to the deep gone down.  
But one had wilder woe,  
For a fair face long ago,  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were some who mourned their youth  
With a most loving truth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever green,  
And one upon the West,  
Turned an eye that would not rest,  
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
Some of proud honors told,  
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;  
And one of a green grave,  
Beside a foreign wave,  
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,  
There spake among them one,  
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,  
"Sad losses have ye met,  
But mine is heavier yet,  
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,  
"For the living and the dead,  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea,  
But however it came to thee—  
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

#### THY WILL BE DONE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not. All the way  
Is night. With Thee alone is day.  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm—one prayer we lift—  
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
But who are we to make complaint,  
Or dare to plead in times like these,  
The weakness of our love or ease?  
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less;  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee;  
Thy will be done!

Though dim, as yet, in tint and line,  
We trace thy picture's wise design,  
And thank thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice—  
Thy will be done!

And if in our unworthiness  
Thy sacrificial wine we press;  
If from thy ordeal's heated bars,  
Our feet are seamed with heated scars,  
Thy will be done!

If for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power;  
And, blessed by thee, our present pain  
Be liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done!

Strike—thou, the Master, we thy keys—  
The anthem of the destinies,  
The minor of the loftier strain;  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain—  
Thy will be done!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### A REMINISCENCE.

Having read with interest the communication of E. M. Warner, in the *Intelligencer* of the 3d ult., and admired the kind and charitable spirit which characterized it, a feeling of solemnity covered my mind, as I too recurred to the scenes of "forty years ago."

Of the twelve men and women who at that time occupied the gallery in the log meeting-house (Green Plain), five of whom were acknowledged ministers, all except two have passed over the river; of these, one is now bowed under the weight of eighty-seven winters.

The following incident in connection with that period is brought vividly before my mind. On the 17th of Tenth month, 1835, Hannah P. Wilson, a gifted minister, informed me she

had been baptized into sympathy with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, Mass., and had seen him in the hands of a mob, and about to suffer martyrdom. At that period of time there was great excitement in various parts of our country, which effected both the religious and political world.

Wm. L. Garrison was editor of the *Liberator*, a paper devoted to the cause of universal emancipation, its motto: "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind." The facilities then for postal communication, as well as travel, were in marked contrast to the present. In due time, however, the *Liberator* came, freighted with the tidings of a great mob in the city of the Puritans, caused by the attempt to break up a women's anti-slavery meeting, and that, in the excitement of the occasion, Wm. L. Garrison, then a young man, was seized by the mob, a halter put about his neck, and he led through the streets.

"Many gentlemen of property and standing" were participants in this disgraceful transaction. The young man was rescued and his useful life preserved, and he has been permitted to see the accomplishment of that for which he so labored and suffered.

Like some of the accounts of the "impressions" of David Sands, Thomas Scattergood, Priscilla Cadwallader and the late E. Newport, this reminiscence belongs to the same class of spiritual phenomena, and as it has been revived my spirit has felt humbled in view of the power and goodness of God.

J. A. DUGDALE.

*Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Fourth month 10th, 1875.*

#### THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

##### THE WORK OF THE WRECKERS ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY.

There are thirty-nine life-saving stations from Sandy Hook to Cape May, comprising District No. 4. Each district is in charge of a superintendent; all are under the supervision of a captain in the Revenue Marine Service, and the entire service is in the hands of the Revenue Marine Bureau. The stations are each in charge of a keeper selected by the superintendent, who is held accountable for the property placed in his charge and the management of the apparatus. Six surfmen are attached to each station, who are elected by the keeper from the ablest wreckers and fishermen along the coast.

They live in the station-house from December 1st to April 1st, and are subject to call at any time during the rest of the year. The beach is patrolled every night its entire length, the watch from each station going half-way in both directions to the next station, thus making one continuous patrol. The houses are placed as close to the shore as is

safe, and are furnished with the most efficient apparatus for saving life, principal among which are the life-boat, life-car, mortar and balls, hawser, lines, tackles, signal-lanterns, Coston lights, life-preservers, &c. The kitchen is furnished with cooking-stove, table, stools, tinware and dishes, and the bedroom with mattresses and blankets.

On these tempestuous nights, when the "northeaster" howls along the coast like a blast from Labrador, the greatest vigilance is necessary, for it is then when there is likely to be sore need of the services of the wrecker. The latter draws on his rubber clothing and starts out on his patrol, lantern in hand, the driving sleet and sand making it impossible to look in the direction of the wind. He pushes on, guarding his eyes with the visor of his cap, and peering here and there into the darkness. His route is dangerous, for the treacherous surf has worn gullies and formed deep quicksands in unexpected places, into which he is liable to plunge at any step.

When he hears the sound of a vessel pounding on the beach, and the flapping and snapping of her sails, so soon as he can make out her outlines he instantly burns a red light, as a signal that it is seen. The surfman makes all haste to the station and reports to the keeper, who summons all hands. The life-car and mortar are loaded upon the wagon with hawser and lines and all that is needed, and the laborious task of hauling through the gullies and sand in the face of the storm is begun. Reaching the scene of the wreck the keeper, with the aid of his night glass, does his utmost to ascertain the position of the stranded vessel, and he selects a spot in which to place the mortar. It is a bad time now to give orders, for the roar of the ocean and storm drowns the strongest voices, and a man can split his throat without being heard six feet away. All, however, know their part, and there is little necessity for issuing commands. Rubber blankets are held by several of the men, while the charge of powder and the ball, five and three-quarter inches in diameter, are carefully put in place. The line is skillfully coiled to prevent its becoming entangled, and the end is fastened to the ball by a spiral wire. The mortar is ranged and elevated, careful regard being had to the force and direction of the wind. A white light is burned to warn those on the vessel of what is coming, and the match is applied. Then there is a heavy boom from the mortar, a ringing screech from the line, as it is drawn out with great velocity through the air and drops across the ship. The waiting seamen, by the aid of this line, draw off a second one of large size, and by means of the second pull off the hawser, which is made fast to the ship.



The sand-anchor is firmly imbedded in the beach and a powerful tackle is secured to it, by which the hawser is drawn as tight as the rolling of the vessel will permit. The life-car is suspended beneath, and drawn out to the ship by the second line and hauled back to shore by a rope attached for that purpose, which process is continued until all are landed. The car is boat-shaped and made of iron, fitted with a tight cover, which can be secured by fastening both outside and within, and it will accommodate six men, although more may be crowded in. Only a few minutes are required to make a "passage." As the air speedily becomes vitiated and unable to support life, quick work is necessary. After the passengers are landed they are taken to the station and made as comfortable as possible.

During the past year forty-eight vessels, valued with their cargoes at \$2,331,606, and having on board 1166 persons, were driven on our shores, and 303 persons were rescued by the Life-Saving Service last year.—*Phila. Inquirer*.

### NOTICES.

Dr. J. Thomas' Lecture on "Napoleon III and His Age," will be delivered in the Hall of the Mercantile Library, on Sixth-day evening, Fifth month 21st, 1875, at 8 o'clock.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

5th mo. 16th, Radnor, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " " Warminster, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " 23d, Penn's Neck, N. J., 10 A. M.  
 " " Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.  
 " 30th, Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.  
 6th mo. 13th, Marlboro', Pa., 3 P. M.  
 7th mo. 11th, Fallowfield, Pa., 3 P. M.

### ITEMS.

The bill authorizing free instruction in drawing in the public schools of the State of New York was passed at Albany on the 28th ult.

A TERRIBLE explosion occurred on the 30th of last month in the Bunker's Hill Colliery, North Staffordshire, England, while the miners were at work. Forty-one dead bodies have been recovered from the mine. A great number of the dead miners left large families of children in a destitute condition.

THE *Honolulu Gazette* says, a violent snow storm visited Hawaii on the 2d of Third month last, covering the three stately summits of the three mountains of that island. On the lowlands it rained very hard, and the lightning played brilliantly over the island, followed by incessant and terrific claps of thunder. The next morning a grand and beautiful sight was presented—the most beautiful ever seen in that region—three mountains capped with snow in the tropics.

The salt mines discovered in the Teche country, Louisiana, during the late war, are now being worked, while the surface is covered with growing sugarcane. The bed, estimated to contain ninety million tons of pure, solid rock-salt, is located on an island of 300,000 acres, rising 185 feet above a salt marsh.

Access is obtained to this island by a steamboat line running between Brashear City and New Iberia. The soil is composed of sand, loam, gravel and clay, and the surface is partially covered with magnolia, live-oak, cypress, maple, locust, gum, walnut and fruit-bearing trees. The vegetation resembles, that of a rich prairie, and the scenery is varied and beautiful. Access to the interior of the salt-mines is obtained by an elevator, running up and down a forty-foot shaft cut through the solid material. The width of the vein is surrounded on all sides by the rock-salt as dry as powder. The absence of moisture is one of the most striking peculiarities, and the iron and steel implements used are quite bright. Two large chambers have been cut out of the vein.—*North American*.

A BOLD PROJECT for the civilization of Africa is announced. This is the formation of a canal for commercial purposes from the mouth of the river Belta, on the Atlantic, in the neighborhood of Cape Juby and Cape Bajor, opposite the Canary Islands, to the northern bend of the Niger at Timbuctoo, a distance of 740 miles. Such a highway would open up the African continent to the world, and it is believed that no formidable obstacle opposes its construction, but that the conformation of the great Desert of Sahara favors the scheme. For 630 miles of the distance there is a great hollow, supposed to be 250 feet below the level of the Atlantic, which was probably at one time covered by the sea. This low country is separated from the coast by a broken ridge of about 30 miles, through which the river Belter runs for 25 miles, so that all that would be necessary in order to reach it is to deepen the channel of the river, cut through the ridge, and let the Atlantic fall into the vast arid basin. In this way a fine sheet of water would be formed, the climate would be improved, the country would become more fertile for pasturage and agriculture, and commerce would be carried into the heart of Africa.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE Russian Government is awakening to the necessity of educating its lately manumitted serfs and has resolved to make compulsory, gratuitous education the rule throughout the empire, wherever the district assemblies declare in its favor. If the cost of supporting the schools is defrayed by local taxation, it is feared that the assemblies will resist this wise innovation. The present proportion of the schools is one for each 3100 of the whole population.

THE introduction of the Pullman car upon the Midland Railway, England, is not only likely to be followed by its general adoption in that country, but its presence seems to have acted as a stimulus to the English car-builders. Noticing the success of this car, the *English Mechanic* states that some new and improved first-class carriages have been recently put on the line, which are said to be more comfortable and commodious than the old ones. They are seven feet high from floor to ceiling, and the arms of the seats are so constructed as to fold back, so that the seats can be used as a couch.

THE British Meteorological Society has organized a system of observations of natural phenomena connected with the return of the seasons, as affecting the development of animal and plant life. It is expected that in this way much valuable information will be gained with regard to the influence of climate on plants, insects, birds, and other animals. The Royal Agricultural, Horticultural, Botanical, and other societies of Great Britain, have promised the co-operation in the scheme.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 22, 1875.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 179.)

"Feeling my mind drawn into sympathy with Friends, in their approaching Yearly Meeting at Baltimore, I obtained the consent of the Monthly Meeting, and, with my dear daughter E. —, left home on Sixth-day, the — of Tenth month, 1865.

"The meetings of Ministers and Elders, held on Seventh-day, were favored opportunities. The whole Yearly Meeting was one of deep and continued interest, from the first to the last session. I had some deep baptisms to endure, and it was with much difficulty I could find an opportunity of relief for my spirit. Perhaps it was best that I should endure the trial.

"O Lord! Thou who knowest the heart and triest the reins of Thy children, may I be guided by Thy wisdom and not be influenced by my own selfish considerations. I cannot feel it right to force my concern by hastily rising in a solemn meeting for worship, and I pray that I may not be permitted to lose my part by too diffidently withholding, when the call is made. May I also be preserved from occupying the time, by extending communications, under the excitement of feeling, beyond the life which limits all rightly-directed offerings. It seems to me (although there may be exceptions) that where there are many

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burthened minds, shorter communications, allowing others the same privilege, would often give rise to greater peace to the instrument, as well as life and power to the meeting.

"On Fourth-day I found a limited time in the latter part of the meeting, which yielded some relief. On Third-day morning, in company with my dear friend Perry John, I visited the women's meeting. He had labored under much apprehension as to this visit, but found, as he was willing to go in the simplicity, the burden was removed, and he was favored to find his peace in the simple performance of his duty, which was discharged with humility and in the power of Truth.

"I was favored to follow in an appeal for faithfulness in the discharge of the responsibilities that our Heavenly Father places upon the mothers. I could bear testimony to the power of a mother's prayer.

"After a short time spent with them, we left, feeling the sweet influence of the love of God pervading our minds, and I humbly trust that its holy power rested upon the meeting.

"On Sixth-day we started for home. I reached Philadelphia in time to attend our Quarterly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, of which I am Clerk. I was glad, once more, to mingle with my dear friends in this relation, having been deprived for nearly a year of the privilege by sickness and absence from home. We had a good meeting.



"Our Quarterly Meeting occurred the following day, and I was rejoiced to see in both evidences of awakening to the real condition of Society, and to the wants and condition of the youth. I have long thought they have been too much neglected—that right efforts have been wanting that would bind the younger and older branches of the Society in a common interest for its welfare and the advancement of the religious testimonies we hold. I am cheered with the hope that there is really an awakening amongst us, and that the efforts, that I trust will ensue, will not be without good fruits."

"*Twelfth month 25th, 1865.*—Whilst this is a season of general joy and rejoicing with many, it has been made one of deep sorrow to the hearts of the family and friends of one whom I greatly respected and loved. My dear friend McPherson Saunders, having enjoyed a reunion with his family, proposed, after dinner, that his son should drive with him to Germantown, to see his friend Thos. B. Longstreth, who was much confined to his home as an invalid. They accordingly started cheerful and well. On the road, in — street, approaching the town, the horse took fright, and leaped with such force, that McPherson and his son were both thrown from the carriage, the former striking an iron lamp-post by the roadside with the back of his head, was instantly killed; and when his son came to him, he found him lying upon the buffalo-robe with life, utterly extinct. I did not hear of it till the next morning.

"I understood that he remarked to his wife, who rather remonstrated with him against his going, as the day was unpleasant, lest he should aggravate a cold from which he was suffering, that he believed it to be the duty of every one so to live that they would be prepared to die whenever called; that he had been striving for this condition, and hoped he had attained it—then it would make no difference when it came, sooner or later. But oh, how terrible the shock to his loving wife and children, to find the tender and affectionate husband and father in a few hours returned to them a lifeless corpse!

"God in mercy tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. His mysterious Power, I believe, was underneath them. May this overwhelming sorrow bring them, and all of us, nearer to Him who is the only refuge and support in every dispensation in this life.

"I attended his funeral with hundreds of others who knew him and honored him as a pure, just and honest man. I followed his remains to the grave with his dear relatives, and found my peace to consist in bearing testimony there to his virtues; for I had long known and loved him, and to the great need

that we should be awakened to a true sense of the duties of life, so as to be prepared for the summons when it should come to us. May God in His infinite mercy bless them with patience under their suffering, is the fervent prayer of my soul!"

"*Second mo. 7th, 1866.*—Feeling my mind drawn this morning, as well as last evening to attend Abington Quarterly Meeting at Abington, I yielded to the influence, and did so. Although the day was stormy the house was crowded, and the attendance of the youth was numerous.

"The love of God.—These words arose with power on my mind, so much so that after communication from A. G., and a suitable silence ensuing, I arose with them, and walked to treat upon its knowledge by man and his greatest attainment in this brief existence. I was led to plead with all, but in an especial manner with the youth, to yield their heart to its holy and redeeming power; warning them against the fear of man and disobedience to its command; that they would only find peace and happiness in thus yielding to its laws made known in the secret of their souls; that it only would bring them the foretaste of the kingdom of God here, and give them the blessed assurance of its enjoyment throughout the endless ages of eternity.

"They were shown that this world had nothing to give them that would compensate for the loss of this high attainment; that life was given to us to work out our soul's salvation, with fear and trembling before God; a Jesus Christ was the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, so we must know him inwardly revealed to us and be gotten within us as the gift of the Father's love for our salvation; and as He is permitted to reign supreme within us, our own wills being sacrificed, we know Him to be our Saviour, Redeemer and Atonement—all that the soul can desire, all that the immortal spirit of man can know.

"The meeting was a solemn one. S. J. I. followed in a lively and impressive discourse illustrating the experience of the child of God by that of Job. Both meetings were highly interesting. Some of our dear women Friends who visited us in the second meeting, enjoined the imperative necessity of obedience to the light and knowledge given.

The whole tone of both sessions was weighty and I humbly trust we had the evidence of the love and power of the Highest in our midst."

"*Third mo. 3d, 1866.*—This morning I learned of the death of my dear friend James Martin, a well-beloved Elder and father in the church. He was a dear friend of my honorable parents, and I loved him when a youth as



hid all who were near and dear to them. Full of years, he has descended to an honored grave.

"Engaged in mercantile pursuits, the trials incident to the revulsions of 1857 and 1861 made deep inroads upon his health; and, although his mind retained its accustomed vigor and clearness, his system gradually sank, and he has passed in peace, sweet peace, to the mansions of the blessed.

"To me he was indeed a real friend and father, a true Elder. We have few left his equals. 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' I followed his remains to their last resting-place. A large gathering of people of all denominations crowded the house, and many followed to the grave. The text just written had so dwelt upon my mind, that I opened my mouth as we stood around the grave, to bear my feeble testimony to his worth, and what it was gave him rest and peace as he entered the valley of the shadow of death—the grace of God. It was this that made him the perfect and the upright man, enabled him to endure the trials of life, and assured his mind of a glorious hope for eternal rest. Many tears were shed. His faith in Christ was one that rested upon the knowledge of Him spiritually revealed, and the love it inspired was world-wide. It knew not the narrow bounds of sect nor the restraints of bigotry. He never made a difference of opinion a ground for condemnation. He was one who left each one to the Great Judge, to whom we are all alike accountable, and who will not hold those guiltless who assume the judgment seat."

"Third mo. 29th, 1866.—On Fourth-day last I was brought into near and tender feeling with my dear friends Franklin and Mary Shoemaker. Their eldest daughter, Florence, about ten days previous, had been attacked with typhoid fever, which closed her earthly existence the night before. It is a severe dispensation to her loving parents, family and friends. She was a child of uncommon loveliness. She had never been known to disobey her parents, and she had been for five years past under the care of my dear daughter S. in her little school, hence we knew her well, and can add our testimony to the same effect. The disease centered in her brain, and she had only intervals of rationality. At these periods her expressions showed that her mind was dwelling upon heaven and heavenly things, and she prayed that if she died the blow might not crush—here her mind wandered, and they were left to the inference that she alluded to her fond and loving parents. Her mission is accomplished; she has entwined their dearest earthly hopes and

affections around her loving, innocent heart, and, at the call of her Heavenly Father, has flown with them as upon the wings of a dove to her eternal home of brightness and glory in heaven. I trust, and doubt not, she will be the blessed means of leading them away from a dependence upon earth and earthly things to the unseen but only real things of that land of pure delight where saints immortal reign."

(To be continued.)

From the Christian Register.

#### IMPORTANCE OF OPINIONS.

The discussion is not yet brought to a close in the world concerning the importance or relative unimportance of opinions. Some hundred and fifty years ago Alexander Pope wrote his familiar couplet:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

And much earlier than he, another said that it was not enough to call Him Master to make one acceptable with heaven, but to do the will of God who is in heaven. On the other hand, if there has been anything in the world which men have been earnest to defend, illustrate and enforce, it is their opinions. They are willing to die for them, and they have been willing to make others die for them. A shrewd writer of fifty years ago says, "Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—*live for it*;" but when Mr. Colton wrote "religion," he meant "religious opinions;" and with that explanation the world will probably admit his remark to be true. And for tens of hundreds of years almost all churches and religious communities have been excited in regard to the propagation of their doctrines, fearful of opposition to them, angry in having them assailed, determined to make others receive them. The world, outside of the church, stands by to ask what the turmoil is about. It goes to the bank to borrow, and not its religious doctrines, but its moral character and its financial securities are looked into. It wants men to serve it in civil capacity, in offices highest or humblest, and seldom asks what church a man attends, but whether he is able and honest. It goes to the shoemaker to be shod, and asks about his leather and work, and not his mental speculations. And frequently we see here the best man and the worst man, members of the same religious community, and over there the worst man and the best man members of some other widely differing community.

We are told, however—and the idea is presented with great clearness and force—that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. We are told of the sensualist who has no faith in



the existence of purity of heart; of the dishonest man who scouts the idea of any honesty in others; of covetous, showy, fashionable people who profess to believe in success as the most successful of all things, and of their lives corresponding to their professions. We are told it must be that the life will follow the ruling idea of the mind, as much as the tree must come from the seed,—the acorn never producing the Bohun Upas. So we are urged to join in the strife for opinions. So our church prides itself as orthodox, or is stigmatized as heterodox; and in many communities society admits us readily to its courtesies, or only coldly receives us, according as our own opinions agree with the religious aristocracy of the place.

But is there any man that would venture, in looking over our communities, to say that they may be divided up into good and bad exactly as their opinions are? Or, even that, putting each denomination for a season by itself, the observer could easily see that each denomination is marked by degrees of morality corresponding to its religious opinions? Or that we could at once tell by the morality of such a community what its religion is, or by the religion of the community what its morals are? Granted that the most pronounced and most widely differing views, such as transubstantiation, or atonement, or eternity of punishment on the one side, and views farthest apart from them on the other, must, in counting men by the millions and years by the hundred, at last exhibit a moral influence, is there any of us who will say, as a matter not for a moment to be questioned, that the world at large, the world of all churches and opinions, can see the influence and cannot deny it?

Opinions, let it be understood, are not truth. When any man says, "It is my opinion," he thereby announces that it is something personal, something of his own, something not universally seen and acknowledged which he presents. Nobody ever says at noon-day that it is his opinion that the sun is up. And if any man speaks of the opinion of the world, the world of his own circle, or the world of ages and nations, he still implies something not universal, something not belonging to humanity at large, not an element in the universal truth. And it is truth as it is received by a moral sensibility that makes the life; it is truth or the want of it, the ability to perceive or the inability to perceive it, that makes men what they are. And truth, religious truth, is as much above statements and opinions as man's enjoyment of sunshine, or capability of enjoying it, though it makes all the glow and the color of the landscape and the sky, is above their knowledge of

colors, and their ability to choose and match them, or contrast them tastefully.

Besides, when examples are offered to us of bad men professing bad ideas, as that "there is no virtue," that "purity of heart is a pretense," that "honor is but a breath the world can blow or can withhold," it is to be seen rather that the opinion has followed the life than that the life has followed the opinion. The man became corrupt and saw his own corruption, and felt the contrast between himself and the general morality of the world, and then he turned round to look for a defence of the life he was living, and so produced his argument, his moral creed. And all these opinions to which we find moral character corresponds are always moral conviction, not statements of theological ideas. It is not whether the bread is veritably turned into the body of Jesus Christ, not the question whether Jesus Himself was God that is to make us, by its decisions, saints or sinners, honest in business or cheats, sensualists and adulterers, or chaste and innocent at heart. But if a man believes or disbelieves that justice is essential and eternal, that righteousness alone can find a desirable reward either in time or in eternity, then will his character follow his faith.

Some doctrines of our church, it is true, speculative and theological in the common sense as they often are, have also a moral element in them. Whichever one of them reflects on the moral character of God, whatever casts a slur upon His justice or mercy or tends to show folly or cruelty enthroned and eternal, will, if received, have its great influence upon the conduct of men. But how often we find men are better than their creeds! How the heart recognizes the truth when the mind is found unable to appreciate and to state it! How men quarrel even about creeds they never have believed in! Do people always *know* their opinions and their creeds? About as much, perhaps, as the can give a true account of their own characters, their intellectual abilities, their religious moral convictions, the inmost and essential longings of their natures, and the various spiritual experiences through which they have passed. Read men's diaries, and see if they know themselves; and then ask if they can estimate their own opinions. \* \*

"What is time? The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand day and night, summer and winter months, years, centuries—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time not time itself. Time is the life of soul. If not this, then tell me what is time."—*Longfellow*.

## MORAL TRAINING.

A recent writer on the subject of education attributes the lack of moral culture in the public schools to the fact that moral lessons are not inserted in the text-books used. We doubt if children would profit by committing to memory moral lessons from text-books. The most effective moral training for children is that which leads them for the years of their school life to perform their daily tasks promptly, faithfully and patiently; which encourages them to be brave, self-reliant and honest; kind to their mates, and cheerfully obedient to the rules of the school. The text-books used have little to do with this. In arithmetic if children can be induced to work out their problems; to scorn to copy the work of another that they may appear to have their lesson, and to feel that honest effort is better than dishonest smartness, arithmetic has taught them a valuable moral lesson. Whatever the study may be, there are opportunities to teach that truthfulness is more noble than falsehood, and that purity and reverence are evidences of strength, not weakness. We are all creatures of habit, and the school-room is one of the places where good habits should be formed. That they are not acquired there is no fault of text-books, which have enough to answer for without being charged with failing to teach morality.

The lack of moral culture is partly the fault of a system which allows nothing for individual culture, and partly the fault of teachers who do not sufficiently feel the importance of this training. A teacher should have that direct personal communication with every pupil which enables her to perceive the springs of action in the mind and heart, and then strive to give to each one the help he needs. Motives should be dealt with and not visible results. "Happy are the children placed under the care of teachers who see the moral requirements of their case, and take pleasure in individualizing. The victory is half won if a child has a strong helper in his instructor." Too much cannot be said in commendation of those teachers who lead their pupils to right action from right motives. As our schools are now constituted, individual training is well nigh impossible. Intellectual proficiency and mechanical drill only, are considered in estimating the degree of success which a school has attained, and these may exist in a high degree in a school where the morality is very low. The intellectual attainment required is a fixed quantity for each term in our graded schools, and the pupils who do not acquire it feel themselves disgraced. If the instruction were more individual, the intellectual proficiency would

be a variable quantity, and no child who had done the best he could would feel that he was reproached for not doing more.

Individual training would make better men and women, but the school system would not present so fine an appearance. Its workings would not be so clock like, but character would be formed by a growth from within, if the system were more elastic and the teachers were true educators. It is a good sign that the people are beginning to call for more substance and less show in our schools, and, that the lack of moral and individual training is so emphasized in the newspapers of the day. We have nothing to fear, but everything to hope from a searching examination into our school system.—*Northampton Journal*.

KIND words are looked upon like jewels in the breast, never to be forgotten, and perhaps to cheer, by their memory, a long, sad life; while words of cruelty, or of carelessness, are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars which will be borne to the grave by their victim. Do you think there is any bruised heart which bears the mark of such a wound from you? If there is a living one which you have wounded, haste to heal it; for life is short—to-morrow may be too late.

## LIFE IN DEATH.

According to the Christian revelation, and according to the example of Christ, we *live* when we are true to ourselves as moral, spiritual, immortal beings; when we are penetrated by a sense of God, the Infinite Life of the universe; when we look out of the shadows of a passing hour into the realities of the Divine law and the Divine love; when the objects of faith are interwoven with our consciousness by the threads of spiritual sympathy, and our present toil becomes the promise and security of our future glory. To live, in the sense which the Gospel adopts, is to cherish high aims and pure purposes; to feel that we have souls, and to treat them worthily; to use the flesh as the instrument of the spirit, and the world as the means of reaching an elevation above its cares and follies. He *lives* who understands what he should live for. He *lives* who is quickened and filled with the Divine spirit of truth.

To one who has realized such a life, what we call death ceases to have the character usually ascribed to it. It is a circumstance in the course of his experience, not the end of his being; a circumstance connected with momentous consequences, but not the terrific fact which fills so many minds with dread. To die is to pass into a more intense consciousness of life, to lay aside the incum-



brance of the flesh, which impaired the force of that consciousness here, and to become more sensible, through spiritual affinities and an actual participation, of the Divine element which pervades all nature. Death is the entrance to a higher and fuller life.

Under this view, the time and manner of the soul's departure from its present "tabernacle" are seen to be of but little importance. In the haste of our grief at the death of a friend, we may speak of it as premature; and so it may appear to a judgment guided by mortal associations. But if the event itself be only a circumstance in the progress of an immortal nature towards perfection, it cannot with propriety be styled premature. He who has died has in fact surmounted a great obstruction in his way to glory,—an obstruction which interrupted his full experience of life; how can the removal of such an obstruction ever take place too soon? We speak of sudden death as a calamity. But to whom? Not to him who is prepared for the change; to him no more a calamity than any other sudden access of happiness. Nor to those who remain behind is it an unmitigated calamity; since they, through the strength of their love overpowering the sense of bereavement, may participate in the joy of him who has risen from the confinement of his earthly abode to the mansion whose walls embrace the universe, and rest on eternal foundations. He has gained what he was continually seeking,—less constraint and more enjoyment in the use of his faculties. He was pressing on, and God stretched out His hand and helped him forward.—*Dr. Gannett.*

TRUE faith produces an immediate rest of soul from all carefulness and anxiety, and settles it in great peace. This state of freedom from carefulness and anxiety will be as broad as the intelligence of him who exercises faith.

#### WHITTIER ON WAR AND THE CHURCH.

The *Boston Globe* publishes the following letter of John G. Whittier, written to his friend, J. B. Miles, D. D., General Secretary of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations:

AMESBURY, 14th Fourth mo., 1875.

*To James B. Miles, Secretary, &c. :*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is eminently fitting to connect the centennial anniversary of the opening battles of the Revolution with the growing sentiment of civilization that there is "a more excellent way" of settling the disputes of nations than the ordeal of war. It is cheering to note the very general favor with which the plan of arbitration has been

received by statesmen and civilians in this country and in Europe; but there are other signs of the times well calculated to occasion solicitude on the part of every lover of peace. The menace of danger now seems to come from the professed Church of Christ. At this moment the peace of all Europe is threatened by the secret plots and monstrous public pretensions of ecclesiasticism. If war comes in consequence, if the fairest harvest fields of the world are made an arena of battle, men who claim to be especially the priests and representatives of the Gospel of peace will be held responsible. Woe to that church which, for the sake of power and dogma, breaks the truce of God among the nations, makes its missionaries assassins, and mingles blood with its wine of sacrament. It is high time for the Christian Church to awaken to a full sense of its awful responsibility. If, after the dreadful experience of eighteen hundred years, it fails to perceive the necessity of shaking itself clear of the barbarism of war, it has small claim upon the world's respect and confidence. Its leaves are not for the healing of the nations. I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

#### SPARE THE BIRDS.

The following facts are taken from the 1873 report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture: "As a result of the decrease in the number of birds in the United States, we find that insects have been steadily increasing; and the aggregate loss through their agency is now much greater than in former years. Since 1860, the damage done each year by such insects as the canker worm, currant worm, wheat midge, Hessian fly, etc., has been greater and greater; so that, in some sections, the cultivation of particular crops has been abandoned. New species of noxious insects are constantly being discovered by entomologists and others; while many species, before unknown in this country, have been introduced by the importation of plants, etc., from Europe. Insects that are abundant in the West are gradually working eastward, as the Colorado potato beetle; and only earnest study and effort will prevent the continued increase of these pests of the land. There are about thirty species of insects that subsist on our garden vegetables. The grape vine has about fifty insect enemies; the apple-tree, seventy-five; our different shade-trees, some over a hundred; wheat and other grains, fifty. The crop of wheat in the State of Illinois was injured by insects, in one year, to the estimated amount of seventy-three millions of dollars. The estimated annual destruction of property by insects in the United States is as high as \$400,000,000. The effect

of this loss is felt not alone by the farmer. It is to this, in a large measure, that many poor men owe their poverty; to this must be attributed the high price of farm produce and all healthy food, and the consequent increase of disease and want in our large cities. We do not hesitate to say that at least one-eighth of this loss by insects might be prevented by the careful protection and encouragement of birds; or, to put it in another way, the carelessness of the people in the United States in this respect costs them at least \$50,000,000 yearly, besides much unhappiness and suffering."

#### LEARN ALL YOU CAN.

Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that, even in the stage-coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom we think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this kind, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stonemason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make up the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not bold enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a large lump sometime. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.—*Burlington Gazette.*

### SCRAPS

#### FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

The article in *The Presbyterian*, pointed out to me at thy request by our neighbor I. S., I have read as thou desired, and may say I rejoice to observe even the smallest symptom of that universal charity which takes within its scope "every nation, kindred, tongue and people." And may I not add, in the language of an eminent and pious Christian, "Oh, may the Spirit of Truth pour more into our hearts of that Divine charity and love, which leaving each Christian to think

for himself and rejoicing in the good that others do, and honestly believing they act from conscience towards God as well as ourselves, and knowing that differences of judgment are the constant attendant on the militant church, and acknowledging that they are permitted for the very trial of that temper of kindness which, without them, would have little room for exertion: and renouncing the chimerical and fruitless scheme of reducing the visible church to one model of discipline, or one confession of faith, takes the wiser and happier course of *uniting all hearts*, of co-operating with others in every practicable method of enlarging the common ground where all agree, and narrowing the spots where they differ, and thus advancing the general interests of the kingdom of God."

In heaven, all who have loved our Lord Jesus Christ and served Him in sincerity, will be one. Let them approach to this state more and more on earth; let them rise up to the primitive standard so beautifully described in the Acts of the Apostles, when all were of one heart and one soul. Let them realize the sublime anticipation of the Saviour Himself, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

This past winter has been long and severe, but at last the indications of Spring and beauty are hovering over our sweet prairie land. The new meeting-house, to accommodate Illinois Yearly Meeting, is progressing. We feel the weight of the building on our own shoulders; but it *must* go up, and be ready for the gathering which we feel is a coming angel to herald across these prairies in a stronger and clearer light than ever before, the healthful and satisfying doctrines held by our Society.

We attended the colored Methodist church in the morning—a large building, pretty well filled. Over the pulpit was inscribed in gilt letters, "The Lord of hosts is with us." It was affecting to see the number of decrepit ones, cleanly dressed, come tottering in, infirm from toil and hardship rather than age, bending down before taking their seats, to give thanks—for what? The number of such is, of course, yearly diminished, but while they linger they tell of the *odious system*. The sermon was by a young man, nearly white, and, as it was "Easter Sunday," it was on the subject of the "Resurrection of Jesus," which he informed them was the corner-stone of the Christian religion, without which it would fall to pieces. He read his discourse, which seemed to be an effort of the head rather than



the heart, and did not kindle much enthusiasm in the audience. Oh, how I yearned to have them addressed in loving, simple words, such as our dear ——— could have uttered had her mission been to them, pointing them to that which is purifying and saving, that they may no longer be seeking the living among the dead. The colored people North and South need to have the Gospel of a pure morality preached to them before they can be purged from the vices that slavery has fostered. Surely, this must come in time. Some prophet will be raised up from among themselves who will say to them, "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings; cease to do evil, learn to do well." But while they are fed with the old theology, and regard religion as an occasional excitement, the work of reform must go on very slowly. Yet we must wait patiently, knowing that these, "groping upward in the darkness, grasp God's right hand in the darkness, and are lifted up and strengthened."

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 22, 1875.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING (*Concluded*).—In the men's branch on Third-day morning the subject of the First Query claimed further attention. The Scripture injunction, "Go teach," was revived. "Early Friends being convinced Friends, believed all days were alike holy. If more of us were convinced members our meetings would be better attended; we should not be afraid of proselyting. The Representatives from the Quarterly Meetings should suggest a remedy." "There is much to encourage us, because, while we do not see a marked improvement in our own body as to numbers, yet we exert an influence for good on the world." Caution was extended that "we be careful not to give too much latitude to the tongue. Let us say nothing of others if we can say no good. Fear was expressed that our Queries are answered too superficially at home. Greater care is needed in this particular." In relation to the Third Query, it was said "that plainness of speech does not only consist in thee thou, but includes candor, openness, and truthfulness." The plain language is used at the present time on the continent of Europe to express affection and love in the family. Parents were encouraged to extend care in re-

gard to the kind of books read by their children, and frequently to gather their families together for the reading of the Scriptures. The reports state that Friends are clear in relation to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, with the exception of domestic wines and cider. The intent of this Query is no doubt often evaded, but the reports are encouraging. The time has come when there should be a query against the use of tobacco. The habit of drinking often follows it, as was stated by a teacher who had had twenty-five years' experience with boys and young men. Those in affluent circumstances were exhorted to greater moderation on the occasion of marriages and funerals. Friends were enjoined to search out those in their several meetings who might be in need of assistance, as delicacy often prevents these from making their wants known.

The consideration of the Sixth Query brought up the question of the propriety of Life Insurance, and the concern was expressed that "we make industry, integrity, and a reliance upon God the policy of our lives." Much feeling in favor of the system was also manifested. We were urged to bear a more faithful testimony to a free gospel ministry and to see to it that the liberty of conscience as guaranteed by Wm. Penn is not interfered with.

The extravagance of the times was dwelt upon in reviewing the subjects embraced in the Seventh Query, the answers to which showed carefulness in the several particulars embraced therein. Answers to the Eighth Query were generally satisfactory. This was considered a most important Query; the delinquent is more easily influenced if attended to promptly. We should see that offences do not occur through any neglect of ours.

Regret was expressed that in the replies to the Second Annual Query all the reports do not give the number of pupils, as it is very important to know how many children are under the care of Friends. Some thought First-day schools should be under the care of the meeting.

The Treasurer's Report showed a balance of \$1,318.20 in his hands. It was proposed that \$2,000 be assessed the coming year.

Wm. P. Sharpless was appointed Treasurer, Dillwyn Parrish and Joseph C. Turnpenny, Correspondents.

The replies to Epistles from other Yearly Meetings including an Epistle to the new Yearly Meeting to be established in Illinois, together with a summary minute of exercises were read and approved.

We end this brief summary of the exercises in the men's branch with the acknowledgment expressed in their closing minute of their dependence upon God, and the feeling that He has been present in their deliberations.

In the women's branch the replies to the first Query show that all our meetings have been attended with the exception of a few, owing to sickness and inclement weather. One of the reports expressed "a striving against a spirit of drowsiness." This called forth an exercise that "we be careful to arrange our home affairs so as to have little to do that will cause weariness before going to meeting, as well in the middle of the week as on First-days." It was suggested that "portions of the Discipline be read and considered in the smaller Monthly Meetings when there is little or no business claiming their attention."

We were reminded that "we do not go to meeting to see one another, but to wait upon the Lord." As we walk in obedience to our Heavenly Father, we will experience direction and help from Him; a formal profession is not sufficient, "but individual advancement and to live under the teachings of the Divine Master; this is purifying, and will enable us to speak of that which we have seen and our hands have handled of the good Word of Life."

The spirit of love and unity generally prevails. In this connection we were reminded "that we must be unwilling to express a sentiment that might be interpreted against any one; we must evince charity, and be willing to accord the same liberty to others that we ask for ourselves."

In the consideration of the answers to the Third Query, we were advised not to pass lightly over our testimony to simplicity. Mothers were urged to clothe their young children in moderation, and, as these advance in years, they will show an appreciation for the views thus instilled in early life. This testimony to simplicity leads to watchfulness in expend-

itures and to a careful administration of the affairs of the household. Great sympathy was expressed for the men, upon whom rests, in most instances, the pecuniary responsibility; and it was believed that, if, in the marriage relation, each woman was made acquainted with her husband's affairs, she would be better able to regulate the expenses of the family.

The young were exhorted to a higher appreciation of the value of time, "not to tax their eyes or their strength in the ornamentation of their clothing, but, instead of this, to become interested in some work of benevolence—to go forth as ministering angels, with words of comfort to the sick and the sorrowing will yield an enduring joy and peace." An affectionate appeal was made to the young women that "they be reasonable and rational, and do what they can to lessen the spirit of extravagance, to which may be attributed much of the pressure now bearing so heavily upon our men of business. When we view the state of things as they exist around us, does not the future present gloomy forebodings and make us fear that our beautiful country, the abode of freedom and liberty, may yet be wrecked by luxury and extravagance?"

"We need to have line upon line, precept upon precept; this is the way we learn the lessons of life—not that in dress we should conform, but be transformed, nor suffer ourselves to come under the dominion of fashion, which, in the burthens it imposes, leads to a violation of the natural laws, and occasions diseases that unfit us for the most solemn and responsible duties of life. In the building up of homes, how much there is of real comfort in advancing step by step, nor should any fear the spirit of criticism, or give way to a feeling of competition, but, in pure affection, enter upon the marriage state, not regarding the children born to them a burthen, but receiving them as a most precious gift."

A concern was expressed that "the voices of those in the body of the meeting might be more frequently heard. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' In the love that cementeth, let us be willing to do our part. As Elijah must have been glad when he saw the mantle fall



upon Elisha ; so, as we travel together, the older are made to rejoice that the younger are being brought under the anointing Power that qualifies for usefulness."

Testimonies were borne in relation to the Fourth Query. We were reminded of the "powerful influence centered in this convocation, which, if exerted for good, cannot be measured. Each knows where she can work best. Nothing good can come of the indulgence in intoxicating beverages, only disease, disaster and death. Caution was extended in the use thereof as medicine and in the preparation of food. The evil effects of tobacco also claimed serious attention.

The summary to the Fifth Query shows a care in the fulfillment of all its requirements.

Much excellent counsel was handed forth in relation to our testimony to a free gospel ministry—"that we endeavor to support it intelligently; the main testimony of early Friends was against the forced payment of the ministry." "We must not sit in judgment on those who pecuniarily sustain a ministry, but must be careful that we do not uphold one among ourselves that is not of Divine appointment."

Fear was expressed "of the danger we are in of resting satisfied that we are a Peace Society—if we bear a faithful testimony against war, we will be so awakened as to keep up with the public mind on the great question of arbitration, and use our influence against military exercises in the public schools."

In answering the Seventh Query, we were reminded that "the religion of Christ calls into simplicity." Those who have an abundance were exhorted "to consider whether they are justified in using all their incomes for themselves." This Query embraces some of the most important requirements of our Society. "The word of a Friend should be as good as his bond."

The opening of avenues of business for women enables them much more than formerly to support themselves.

In regard to dealing with offenders, the Meeting was dipped into sympathy with those who are weak and who need loving care. There are those who absent themselves, week after week, from our meetings. We were

exhorted to search these out and encourage them with words of cheer and deeds of kindness.

The summary of the Second Annual Query is similar to that already given in the proceedings of the men's branch.

The Treasurer's Report was read, showing a balance of \$400 in the Treasury.

Replies to the Epistles from our sisters of other Yearly Meetings were read, adopted, and directed to be forwarded; also, one to the new Yearly Meeting established in Illinois. The Committee to gather the exercises of the Meeting in its several sittings presented a summary. This, with the reading of the Minutes, brought the Meeting into a feeling of deep solemnity, under which it closed.

Acceptable visits were paid to both branches by ministering Friends in attendance.

A memorial for our deceased friend Henry W. Ridgway, a Minister, prepared by Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, was read in both branches. The several subjects which claimed joint action, were the Report of the Committee on the change of Discipline. This Report was united with, and the same Committee continued to make the changes necessary, and report to our next Yearly Meeting. The Report of the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs was read, approved and directed to be published in the extracts. The Committee was continued. The Education Committee made a very satisfactory report. This Committee was continued, with the addition of other names.

The attendance throughout was large, and the quiet and good order observed gave evidence of an increased interest in the affairs of our religious Society.

On Third-day evening a small but very interesting meeting on behalf of the Indians was held at Race street Meeting-house. On Fourth, Fifth and Sixth-day evenings at the same place, the Philadelphia First-day School Association held interesting meetings.

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#### MARRIED.

COMLY—BUCKMAN.—At Bristol, Pa., on Third-day, the 4th of Fifth month, 1875, with the approbation of Bristol Monthly Meeting, John Comly to Rebecca T., daughter of Joshua V. Buckman.

## DIED.

**BRELSFORD.**—On the 24th of Fourth mo., 1875, Rebecca Brelsford, in the 52d year of her age; a member of Fallsington Monthly Meeting.

**TWINING.**—At her residence, in Wrightstown, on the 5th of First month, 1875, Sarah Twining, in the 91st year of her age; a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 48.

(Continued from page 189.)

*IN UPPER EGYPT—FROM THEBES TO THE FIRST CATARACT.*

The situation of the wondrous City of the Hundred Gates was passing beautiful. The Lybian and Arabian mountain ranges recede from the river at this point, forming a barrier to the wide, green plain through which the beneficent Nile yet flows as tranquilly as if it had never witnessed the desolation of mighty races and the overthrow of despotic dynasties of princes. We have landed on the eastern bank of the sea-like stream, just in front of the Temple of Luxor. Mighty colonnades of sculptured pillars are encumbered and defiled by filthy mud-huts of the modern Arab town, and we see here the most striking and sickening contrast between the proud glories of the by-gone age and the squalid degradation of the present. One afternoon we devoted to wanderings amid the ruins here. Two magnificent obelisks of red granite once stood at the entrance, but one of these has been transplanted, in its old age, from its site to adorn the finest Place in the most beautiful and joyous of modern cities. But the less genial clime of Paris is not so favorable to the preservation of hieroglyphic sculptures, and the remaining obelisk of Luxor is much more striking, I think, than the one I saw in the Place de la Concorde. The two sitting colossal statues of Rameses II, which were placed just behind the obelisks, are much defaced, and, like the obelisk, are deeply buried in the accumulated earth and sand. Then comes the great pylon, or gateway, on the face of which are sculptured spirited battle scenes, of great interest to those who have studied their meaning, but monotonous to superficial observers. The area within is cumbered with dirt, rubbish and a squalid crowd of backsheesh beggars, the mud hovels and the mosque of the village. It is said that the original sanctuary was probably destroyed by the Persians, and the present one rebuilt by Alexander. Portions of the temple were repaired or rebuilt by the Romans, and some of their characteristic frescoes are yet

quite distinct upon the plaster which covers the sculptured walls of the first building.

The same evening we took advantage of the brilliant moonlight to make a visit to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon at Karnak, about a mile north of Luxor. The moon was nearly on the meridian, the air as clear as ever Egypt herself breathed, when we stood at the gigantic-towered pylon, and turned to look outward at the vast approach thereto—an avenue of colossal sphinxes said to have been upwards of a mile in length, connecting the remains of Karnak with those of Luxor. The sphinxes which remain are all bereft of their heads and otherwise mutilated, and can only piteously attest that they have seen better days; but the mighty gateway to which they lead is, yet complete, and its sculptures well nigh as vivid and well preserved as if only finished yesterday. And now we are led by devious ways into the principal hall in the grand temple, 318 feet long by 160 broad, having its roof supported by 134 columns, 70 feet in height and 11 feet in diameter. This is the largest and most magnificent of the old Egyptian monuments—the grandest ruin of all the earth. As we stood in the ghostly moonlight, amid the vast pillars, every one of which is elaborately sculptured with scenes delineating events and deeds, and illustrating forms of faith long since forgotten, we were awed into silence. What a stupendous work was this! grand, elaborate, perfect in detail, and, perhaps, as enduring as anything of earth, except the pyramids. The waters of the Nile now periodically flood the area of this grand temple, and they are slowly but surely undermining and eating away the vast columns that are yet standing. So great is their magnificence and grandeur, that I should think it not unlikely some steps will be taken to preserve so wondrous a structure from the entire overthrow that threatens it. When these pillars fall to earth, it is very questionable if ever earth looks again upon human work so stupendous.

"Imagine," says Dean Stanley, "a long vista of courts, and gateways, and halls—and gateways, and courts, and colonnades, and halls; here and there an obelisk shooting up out of the ruins, and interrupting the opening view of the forest of columns. Imagine yourself mounted on the top of one of these halls or gateways, and looking over the plain around. This mass of ruins, some rolled down in avalanches of stones, others perfect and painted, as when they were first built, is approached on every side by avenues of gateways, as grand as that on which you are yourself standing. East and west, north and south, these vast approaches are found—some are shattered, but in every approach some re



main; and in some can be traced, besides the further avenues, still in part remaining, by hundreds together, avenues of ram-headed sphinxes."

It requires no great effort of the imagination to restore, in the mind's eye, this noble ruin to a noble temple. We may conceive the broken obelisks re-erected, the mutilated statues restored, the vast colonnade re-roofed with rock, the courts cleared of the debris, and the coloring renewed which made those battle scenes almost real, and we are looking at Thebes of old, a vast and glorious city, into which poured the splendor of the ancient world for two thousand years.

A visit the next day served to confirm and strengthen the first impression made by this heathen temple, and we were interested in tracing some of the sculptures which depict the warlike triumphs of the monarchs in the most elegant style of Egyptian sculpture. The siege, the conquest, the triumph, the smitten captive, the deified monarch glorying in his achievements, are all traceable. I was much interested in the sculptures at the western end of the south wall of the great hall, commemorating a victorious campaign undertaken by the first king of XXII Dynasty, Sheshonk I, the Shishak of the Bible, against the land of Israel. To the right stands the victor prince, in the act of smiting the group of suppliant captives at his feet. The God of Thebes, Ammon, and the Thebaid, personified under the form of a woman holding a quiver, a box and a mace, present themselves before him. One hundred and fifty captured cities, represented by heads surmounting a kind of battlemented shield, on which a fortified town is figured, are behind them; and these signify the towns taken by Shishak in his campaign. The Jewish physiognomy is easily recognized in these heads, as well as in the prisoners whom the conqueror is about to smite. The successive periods of the erection of this temple reach from Oser-tasen I to the latest Ptolemies—from the days of Joseph to the Christian era—a period, according to Mariette, of 3,000 years.

On the next day (the 20th) we crossed the river to make our first visit to the ruins and colossal statues of the western bank. An island of respectable dimensions divides the Nile into two parts here, and the work of crossing is a little tedious. Our own boat takes us to the island, then we have a walk or donkey ride of about a mile to the other and smaller arm of the river, where a rude ferry boat is poled from bank to bank. There are plenty of donkeys awaiting us in a grove of palms and accacias on the shore, and very soon we are ambling along over the fertile plain of Thebes towards the two giant sem-

blances of King Amenophis III, which are commonly called the Vocal Statues of Memnon. There were originally eighteen of these rude and mighty sculptures which formed an avenue leading to the palace of Amenophis. The height of these sitting statues above the plain, including their pedestals, must have been more than 60 feet, and the ground immediately surrounding them was a desert. The Nile, however, has been slowly depositing, during all these long ages, a rich, alluvial soil around them, which is now seven feet in depth, and a beautiful carpet of green relieves the majestic sternness of the Colossi.

The monarch they commemorate reigned in Thebes, perhaps 1500 B.C. He was a great conqueror it seems, and had these stupendous monuments made to perpetuate the memory of his achievements. The northernmost of the statues is known as the Colossus of Memnon, or vocal statue of Memnon, and was accounted one of the seven most wonderful of all the works of man, owing to the sound which it was said to utter every morning at the rising of the sun. It was also reputed to have rejoiced at the presence of the Emperor Hadrian, uttering its accustomed sound a third time, while ordinary people had great difficulty in hearing it once—a suspicious circumstance, certainly, and suggesting priestly craft. Both of these statues were originally monoliths, but some iconoclastic conqueror, or an earthquake's yet more powerful agency has partially demolished one of them, and the faces of both are quite mutilated and defaced, though their human character is not entirely lost. The largest is rudely repaired, and is, from the waist upward a mass of stones piled together in the form of a human head and body. And there they sit evermore, gazing forth stonily over soft green plain, over life-giving river to the giant temples of the gods on the farther marge of the Nile, and towards the silent hills, more permanent even than the stupendous sculptures of ancient Egypt.

After a little lad has clambered up into the lap of the Vocal Statue and struck a resonant stone from a place of entire concealment, to show us what the voice heard by the wondering Emperor might have been, and after we have duly examined the many inscriptions which visitors, ancient and modern, have left upon the silent monumental stones, nearly covering the legs from the knees down, and the feet, our patient donkeys again receive us, and we are taken to the ruins of the Temple of Medinet Háboo. This was the great Temple of Ramesses III, the last of the famous warrior kings of Egypt. Here we see the internal decorations of an Egyptian palace. In one place is seen the King at-

tended by his hâreem, engaged in the diversions which beguiled his leisure hours; and in another part he is seen smiting suppliant captives in the presence of the gods. "Go, my cherished and chosen," says the gratified deity, "make war on foreign nations, besiege their forts, and carry off their people to live as captives." As if in obedience to his god, Rameses goes forth in his war chariot, slaughtering his wretched fellow-men, trampling, binding, mutilating, and Egyptian princes and generals conduct captive chiefs into the presence of the King. Large heaps of human hands are poured down before the monarch in order that he may have proof that the work of cruel devastation has gone bravely on. In another place he is returning victorious to Egypt, conducting his prisoners who walk beside and in front of his car, while three are bound to the axle. Arriving at Thebes, he presents his captives to his gods, who *compliment* him on having trampled remorselessly on his fellow-men.

We are much annoyed in our investigations among the historic sculptures by the importunities of a crowd of venders of relics such as bits of mummy cloth, beads of fabulous antiquity taken from mummies, and the veritable hands and feet that once wandered and toiled amid the very scenes we are contemplating to-day. It is vain to say we do not want them; the ugly things are thrust continually between us and the pictured walls and the persistent and shrill voices of the venders give our ears no rest. It is a terrible nuisance, especially as we know that much that is offered is quite fictitious—made to sell.

After several hours sojourn at Medinet Háboo, and after a lunch amid its most striking and vivid scenes, we are conducted to a small temple erected by Ptolemy Philopater, called Dayr el Medeeneh, and consecrated to the Egyptian Aphrodite. Here are several well-preserved dark chambers which seem to have a sepulchral character, being covered with sculptures and paintings, which have reference to the future life and to the judgment of the soul after death. One of the chambers appears to have been dedicated especially to Osiris in his peculiar character of judge of the dead. He sits upon his throne awaiting the arrival of the souls, while Thoth, the god of letters, presents himself, bearing in his hand a tablet, on which are noted down the deeds of the deceased. Horus and Aræris are seen weighing the good deeds of the judged against the ostrich feather, the symbol of Truth and Justice. Visits to two of the many rock-hewn tombs near this place, are a fitting sequence to the inspection of the Dayr el Medeeneh, but I cannot attempt to give any idea of the elab-

orate mural paintings, representing the various scenes of human life which are yet so surprisingly distinct on the walls of these darkened chambers after the lapse of long ages. We enter the narrow doorway into a spacious vestibule all covered with significant figures, indicative of the glory, triumphs and greatness of Thebes, while the long and lofty gallery within is brilliantly adorned with representations of all the industries of the distant age in which it was built or hewn from the everlasting hills.

We are not in a royal tomb, but this (No. 35) is accounted the most curious of all the private tombs of Thebes, since it throws more light on the manners and customs of the Egyptians than any hitherto discovered. I cannot give either the length or height of this gallery, but it was quite impossible to see it with candles and lamps, so a large magnesium torch was resorted to, which filled the sepulchral chamber with a most satisfactory radiance, and we stood in the presence of an amazing panorama of busy, earnest workers, such as plied their various crafts in the far-off time in Thebes. There were brick-making, sculpture, cabinet-work, feasting, boating, the garden and the ceremonial for the dead, all pictured forth. But days of careful study would be needful if one would describe these pictured walls. Ancient Egypt, with all its peculiarities, is perpetuated in the depths of the grave.

The last achievement of this most memorable day, was a visit to the majestic ruin called the Memnonium, or, more properly, the Rameseum—the Temple of Rameses II. Within these pillared halls stood a stupendous statue of the monarch in rose granite, exceeding in bulk, when entire, nearly three times the solid contents of the great obelisk of Karnak, and weighing about 887 tons. Rameses II (the Great) was known to the Greeks under the name of Sesostris, and reigned 67 years in Egypt, making vast conquests, and then commemorating his victories by this the grandest statue the earth ever saw. Says Stanley: "Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it; but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object; Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the conquest of the whole of the then known world. No one who entered that building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but that stupendous being who thus had raised himself up above the whole world of gods and men."

But some giant force has thrown down the



great statue, and broken the lower part into hundreds of fragments, and now we may stand on the breast of the fallen monster and gaze far away over ruined pillars and fallen walls, over fertile fields and distant hills. I wished for some means of taking accurate measurement of some of the fragments which lay around. I sat awhile, resting on a noble mass of rosy-tinted stone, when I saw, to my amazement, that it was a piece of the mutilated foot of Rameses. What a foot was this for trampling down the nations! It was five or six feet in width just above the toes, and massive in proportion. Everywhere, in the memorial sculptures of the Temple, the idea of giant greatness is faithfully preserved. The king is of the same stature as the immortal gods. "Most striking," says Stanley, "is the familiar gentleness with which, one on each side, they take him by each hand, as one of their own order, and then in the next compartment introduce him to Ammon and the lion-headed goddess."

The same idea of the all-absorbing greatness of princes, and the nothingness of their subjects, is conveyed in all the historical sculptures of Thebes. The king is a visible god upon the earth—but a god of terror rather than a beneficent deity, blessing and uplifting the peoples of the earth. Who shall say, looking at these representations of deeds of power deemed worthy of everlasting remembrance, that mankind has not made any advance in all these thousands of years, since the remorseless Rameses was glorified and deified in Thebes.

So ended our first visit to the Theban ruins, and we return at evening to the dahabeah to find a reliable looking dragoman who has come from Cairo to escort us during the remainder of our trip. He is most welcome, and takes his place very naturally, and we resolve to proceed on our journey if the favoring breeze arises, and make a second visit to Thebes on our return. And so by the bright moonlight we sail away southward on the evening of the 20th, and arrive at Assouán on the morning of the 25th. The voyage from Thebes to Assouán was pleasant and without any startling incidents. The weather is now very charming—a pure, bracing air, not too cold, sunny days and mild, bright nights of moonlit radiance. The sunrise and sunset glories are increasingly wonderful as we proceed, and the rich and varied tints developed in sky, hill, cloud and river, are far beyond description, at least of such description as I have power to give. The 24th was our fifth Sabbath day on the Nile, and so serenely beautiful and prosperous, so rich in anticipation, so blessed with a friendly north wind, that it deserves to be long remembered. Six

dahabeahs are now nearly abreast of each other, and they spread all sail and speed onward exultant, each seeking to outdo the other. Some of the little craft bear the British and some the American colors, and ours is Anglo-American, and displays the flag of both nations; but their rivalry is very friendly, having no tinge of bitterness. At any rate, our aquatic Swallow is left a little behind, and murmurs not.

On the morning of the 25th, we draw near to Assouán, the frontier town of Egypt proper. The Island of Elephantine, "a mosaic of vivid green, golden sand, and black granite," here divides the Nile into two parts, and the town of Assouán is just opposite on the east bank of the river, and we are soon moored in front of it. We are now in the region of granite, and the huge boulders and ancient, rocky barriers around us are of the same character with the enduring obelisks and finest sculptures of Egypt. We are now at the foot of the first Cataract of the Nile.

S. R.

*First month 25th, 1875.*

#### ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

##### ABOVE.

##### I.

Oh, dwellers in the valley land,  
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,  
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand  
Shortens to noon's triumphant hour,  
While ye sit idle, do ye think  
The Lord's great work sits idle, too?  
That light dare not o'erleap the brink  
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,  
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,  
And reapers with their sickles bright,  
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side:  
Come up and feel what health there is  
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,  
As bending with a pitying kiss,  
The night-shed tears of earth she dries.

The Lord wants reapers; oh, mount up,  
Before Night comes and cries, "Too late!"  
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,  
The Master hungers while ye wait.  
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes  
The advancing spears of day may see,  
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise  
To break your long captivity.

##### BELOW.

##### II.

Lone watcher on the mountain height!  
It is right precious to behold  
The first long surf of climbing light  
Flood all the thirsty east with gold.  
But we, who in the twilight sit,  
Know also that the day is nigh,  
Seeing thy shining forehead lit  
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;  
 God lacks not early service here,  
 But what art thine eleventh hours,  
 He counts with us as morning cheer;  
 One day for Him is long enough,  
 And when He giveth work to do,  
 The bruised reed is amply tough  
 To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire  
 Light's earlier messages to teach,  
 Keep back no syllable of fire—  
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.  
 Yet God deems not thine aëried flight  
 More worthy than our twilight dim;  
 For brave obedience, too, is Light,  
 And following that is finding Him.

#### LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

BY M. H. KROUT.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
 Up through the long shady lane,  
 Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields,  
 That are yellow with the ripening grain.  
 They find, in the thick waving grasses,  
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows.  
 They gather the earliest snow-drops,  
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;  
 They gather the elder-bloom white;  
 They find where the dusty grapes purple  
 In the soft-tinted October light.  
 They know where the apples hang ripest,  
 And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
 They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
 On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
 And build tiny castles of sand;  
 They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—  
 Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
 They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops  
 Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;  
 And at night-time are folded in slumber  
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
 The humble and poor become great;  
 And so from these brown-handed children  
 Shall grow mighty rulers of State.  
 The pen of the author and statesman—  
 The noble and wise of the land,—  
 The plough and the chisel, and palette,  
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

#### THE BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Preparations are now going on rapidly in England for the Arctic expedition, which is to sail from Great Britain early in June. Two ships, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, are to be sent out under Captain Nares, who was recently in command of the *Challenger*, when that vessel was employed in taking deep-sea soundings. If these vessels do not return by November, 1876, a third ship is to be sent to the entrance of Smith's Sound, to remain there or go further north, according to circumstances, as a store or relief ship. Every

provision has been made for the safety and comfort of the crews that experience and foresight can suggest, and the general route to be pursued has been marked out in detail by the Admiralty Arctic committee.

The general course is by way of Smith's Sound. At the entrance of the sound a conspicuous cairn is to be erected, in which will be placed the records of the voyage to that point, and such other written information as may be of service to the officers of the relief ship. Both vessels are then to proceed up the sound so far as its navigation is unimpeded, stopping from time to time at prominent points on the coast and erecting other signal stations, each of which is to be made a place of deposit for the journals written up to that time and for memoranda of any change in the plan of the voyage. After entering Smith's Sound, Captain Nares' instructions require him, while using one of his ships exclusively for the purposes of exploration, to place the other so that she not only may serve for the crew of the foremost vessel to fall back upon, but also that the united crews can, without doubt, escape over the ice by means of their sledges and boats to the cairn or relief ship at the entrance of the sound. Positive orders have been issued against taking the second ship further north than the eighty-second parallel, where the *Polaris* wintered in 1871-72. The foremost ship, however, is expected to be moored during next winter at or near that point, provided the two vessels are not more than two hundred miles apart.

It will be remembered that Captain Hall, during the memorable voyage in which he lost his life, advanced by sledges to a point about thirty miles north of the winter quarters of the *Polaris*, and found the water still navigable "with a water sky to the northward." If this sea shall be found by the English voyagers to be free from ice for about two hundred miles further north, the present explorers will then be within about three hundred miles of the North Pole, and it is hoped that either by sledges in the spring of 1876, or by sledges and boats in the summer of that year, they may be able to reach the mysterious and long-sought goal. The essential condition of reaching the North Pole depends, it will be seen, according to our present knowledge, upon the chance of finding a way of access to its neighborhood by means of continuous land.

The Admiralty report includes certain ingenious speculations as to the results of the expedition, some of which may be verified. The deep-sea soundings to be taken will probably throw light upon the subject of ocean currents, and a great deal of valuable information may be accumulated in respect to the geology, botany and zoölogy of the extreme



northern regions. So, also, the magnetic and electrical phenomena observed are likely to be turned to account. As to the "knot," however, there may be doubts. The knot is a bird, between a snipe and a plover, whose breeding-place is unknown. From its observed flight toward the north and beyond Iceland and Greenland, it is imagined that it hatches its young in the neighborhood of the North Pole. But if this is true it must find food there, and hence it is inferred that beyond the mountains of ice with which our knowledge of Arctic travel is inseparably connected, there exists around the very pole itself a genial clime. The difficulty with the argument, as is suggested by the *Saturday Review*, is that the knot might as well be supposed to seek its favorite temperature in some other quarter of the world—in Scotland or Scandinavia, for example—without going to all the trouble of crossing the sterile and chilly regions which to us are characteristic of the frigid zone.

One result will undoubtedly follow from this expedition—suffering bravely borne. A journey in the Arctic regions is no holiday trip, as the history of American expeditions toward the North Pole too well shows. Let us hope, in any event, that our British brethren may not be forced to make their journey home on a floating cake of ice, as Captain Tyson and his companions of the *Polaris* did, and that the discoveries they make may, in some degree, rival the privations to which, at the best, they will be subjected.

#### NOTICES.

All Friends interested in the First-day School movement are invited to attend a children's meeting, to be held at Friends' Meeting-house, in Twenty-seventh street near Sixth avenue, on First-day afternoon, the 23d inst., at 3½ o'clock.

The Eighth Session of the Third-day School General Conference will be held at Pickering Province of Ontario, commencing on Second-day, Sixth month 14th, at 3 P. M.

The Executive Committee will meet on Seventh-day previously, at same hour.

As Friends are much scattered and mostly reside at some distance from the Meeting-house, enquiry has been made (by request of the Clerk) of farmers living nearer thereto, and they are willing to accommodate a limited number of boarders at four dollars per week, including conveyance to and from meeting, but Delegates and others proposing to attend, in order to secure the above accommodations, should notify without delay, L. Brown Whitby, Ontario county, Province of Ontario.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, } Clerks.  
MERCY J. GRIFFITH, }

#### ITEMS.

THE Eagle Line steamship Schiller, Capt. Thomas, which sailed from New York on the 28th ult., for Hamburg, by way of Plymouth and Cherbourg, was wrecked off the Scilly Islands on the night of the 7th inst., at 10 o'clock, at which hour the steamer

struck on the dangerous Retarriere ledges near Bishop's Rock. A fog prevailed at the time. She had on board about 390 persons, of whom 266 were passengers; more than 300 of the whole number were lost. The Scilly Islands form a group about thirty miles west-southwest of the Land's End, Cornwall, England. They consist of about one hundred and forty islets and rocks. St. Agnes is the southernmost of the group, and St. Mary's, to which the survivors were taken, is the largest of the islands.

The Schiller was a first-class iron steamship, of 3,600 tons burthen, a little more than one year old. She took out a miscellaneous cargo, and \$300,000 in specie.

This vessel was the third built of eight iron steamships constructed on the Clyde for this line, the others being the Goethe, Herder, Lessing, Wieland, Gellert, Klopstock and Koerner. All the steamships, as will be observed, were named for prominent German authors.

The N. Y. *Evening Post*, in commenting upon this terrible wreck, remarks:

"How is it that the captain of a large ocean steamer, with all the responsibility that rests upon him, ever ventures to run through a fog towards a rockbound coast? In mid-ocean such a course may be excusable, but how can it be defended in a case like that of the Schiller? This is the question which thinking men are asking themselves to-day.

"It is unnecessary to dilate upon the scenes of horror which occurred after the ship first struck the rocks; the terrible panic which ensued, the capsizing or breaking of the life-boats, or the crash of the iron masts as they fell with their living freight into the hungry sea. The main question is concerning the cause of these constantly-recurring calamities. When a vessel is swallowed up at sea, like the City of Boston, it is safe to say that no human skill could contend with the fury of the elements; but when a steamer is driven, stem on, against rocks whose very name is a terror to seamen, and whose exact position has been known for hundreds of years, the matter ought to be sifted to the very bottom. It is possible that future despatches may cast a different light upon the subject, but with the information which we now have it is impossible to see how the wreck was unavoidable. The Schiller was nine days out from this port when she struck the reef, and had been enveloped in a dense fog for three days.

"Captain Thomas was evidently a brave man for he stood at his post till death; and he was certainly an experienced seaman, for he had been in the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. It is certain, then, that he did not know that the Scilly Isles were directly in front of him. But, as he did not know where he was, why did he go on? Why did he incur the least risk of such a calamity as that which has made hundreds of homes desolate? At the end of an Atlantic voyage, all progress, after three days of fog, must necessarily be extremely hazardous. Why is the hazard braved? This is the main question. It is to be feared that a great share of the responsibility rests with the steamship companies and the general public. Time, in these days of active competition and business energy, is regarded as more valuable than either life or gold."

FAMINE and disease have carried away large numbers of the people of Syria this winter. A careful observer estimates the number, exclusive of those who died by the dreadful famine in Asia Minor, at 150,000.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF

WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 195.)

"Fourth day, Fourth month 4th, 1866.—At our mid-week meeting to-day. The school children present. I felt my mind impressed by the subject of faith and prayer, and endeavored, I humbly trust, to serve my dear Lord and Master, showing that the prayer of a true Christian is for faith and grace to enable us to bear all—to drink the cup and endure the baptism.

"Fourth month 23d.—Yesterday was a bright and beautiful First-day. The birds sang, and all nature just bursting into foliage presented an appearance calculated to inspire the heart with gratitude to God, and to lead the mind to look through the works of the great Creator beyond to the eternal source of power. At meeting I was led to look at the universality of the church of Christ, and the barriers to its growth and extension arising from the prejudice and selfishness of man—of sect. Sect only being useful as it cherishes the tender growth of the seed of truth in the minds of the people, to an expansion which fits them to become members of the broad church, which is constituted of those of every nation, &c., who fear God and work righteousness. Thus the associations of men for religious purposes, instead of being used, as they too often are, to restrict the mind and narrow

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it by a sectarian spirit, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, would prove their usefulness by a preparation of all who know Christ spiritually revealed to them. This outgrowth of spiritual life which overhangs the walls of sect knows no barriers between those who love the Lord, and, established upon the one Rock, Jesus Christ, the synonym of all purity, holiness and godliness, clothed with charity, the bond of perfectness, throws wide their arms as heirs of a common salvation, granting to all the judgment of Him, whose judgment-seat is covered with mercy, but who says to man in the language of Jesus, 'judge not that ye be not judged,' and who bids us ask for forgiveness as we forgive others.

"Does it ever strike the Christian that when we pray we plead for mercy, not for justice; but when we talk to those who offend us, oh, how strongly and indignantly we demand justice; and how we excuse our own course towards others by the plea that we are exacting only what justice demands, and that we are therefore right?

"What would become of us if our Heavenly Father and Judge was thus inexorable toward us?

"O dearest Father! have mercy upon me, and grant me grace to say in very truth,

"That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me!"

and in that saying really to sue for mercy.



"*Fourth month 25th.*—A bright and glorious morning. Much favored last night with sleep. Physically and spiritually weak, and very, very poor in spirit. Much engaged in prayer unto the God of my life. I remember that our dear Lord went aside into a mountain to pray, and that He urged it upon His disciples to pray. Am I a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ? I want to be, do I not, dear Lord? Thou knowest, Thou knowest my deep baptism. But, O Lord! Thou who hast made me knowest my infirmities, and rememberest that I am dust! Oh, I pray that Thou wilt bring me safely through the waters and the fire, and that I may come out washed white and purified as silver, fitted for Thy service and work; that I may go forth only when Thou goest before me, and know the entire control of my own will by Thy holy will! O Father! help me to pray, that I may offer unto Thee acceptable incense from my heart's altar! I desire above all things to cast my burden upon Thee, and to trust in Thee. Be pleased to direct me in all things; give me wisdom, Thy wisdom, to guide me in things, both spiritual and temporal.

"This was our adjourned Monthly Meeting, and was one of exceeding interest. Sixteen young men made acknowledgement for their violation of our testimonies against war, asking Friends to forgive their deviation. They were welcomed in the spirit of Christian love, and, I hope, a closer bond of union was formed between us.

"*Fourth month 29th, First day.*—At meeting in the morning, and dwelt most of the time under some discouragement. Found some relief in giving expression to what had rested with me, although I left it late. The universal ground of salvation was the subject. That salvation by Christ was the salvation of obedience declared to Adam and Eve in Paradise; taught to Cain by the Almighty; declared by all the prophets, and borne witness to by Jesus Christ. The same yesterday, today and forever. Simple obedience to the word of God in the soul. No theory of man can control this; and all who come to Christ as He called them, even in his outward manifestation, would find it. As He called them, so now He calls to the obedience of man to God. It is not the crying of 'Lord, Lord,' but it is the doing the things which He commands, that brings the soul into the Heavenly kingdom."

Early in the Fifth month he visited Moorestown, and thus makes mention of it:

"I attended with my dear friends the morning meeting. It was large and very satisfactory. I found a feeling of unity and sympathy with loved friends, and it was indeed like

sitting down in Heavenly places in Christ Jesus together.

"My communication, after a few sweet comforting words from dear S. H., was mainly upon the sin of covetousness, and the necessity of the ever presence of the Lord to give and preserve us in the possession of the only true joy the soul can know. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus was strongly depicted as an evidence that God seeth not, neither doth He judge as man seeth and judgeth. The importance to every soul that it know now its salvation secured; that no one could afford to be indifferent to this great need of the soul, and how willingly would all cherished worldly treasure be yielded with the certainty that life was about to close upon us, and that with this yielding our future bliss would be insured.

"In the afternoon attended a Circular Meeting appointed by Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting this day, occurring at Moorestown. Communications from W. B., S. A., and dear S. H. Quite a large meeting, many coming in from the neighborhood.

"I thought perhaps I might be excused from communication this afternoon, but as the meeting advanced I found my mind roused by the text, 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die,' and that it was better for me to rise at once and delay not. I felt myself greatly rewarded for so doing. Oh, what a blessing it is to have simple faith in God, knowing, as we do, that it is not of ourselves, without Him, that we can work for His glory!

"The great work of salvation was shown to be attained through obedience to the will of God revealed unto us. These were the terms made known to Adam and Eve, to Cain, by all the prophets, and eventually sealed by the life and death of the Son of God. We all have a work to do. Religion consists not in creeds and confessions of faith, but in a faith that recognizes Christ as the Redeemer, in a spiritual sense, to the soul of man: that man is saved by Christ within, and cannot know this salvation by keeping his heart closed against the appeals of His love and mercy.

"As we come under His dominion, we shall all have something to give, when it is required at our hands, whether it be of the outward or inward; both alike being subject to the command of our Lord, all things must be held at His disposal, though we are led thereby, in the true Scriptural sense, to forsake all and follow Him.

"A sweet peace clothed my poor spirit, and I returned to my place of rest.

"*Fifth month, 1866.*—Our Yearly Meeting has been a time of great blessing. I attended all its sittings, and appreciated my being able

to do so. This time, one year ago, I was so prostrated by illness that I was denied the privilege. I found it was my lot, upon several occasions, to bear testimony to the truth, as it is in Jesus, according to the light and life given me, and received the reward of peace in so doing. I felt drawn to ask permission to visit Women's Meeting, which was cordially granted. I did so, and was favored to relieve my mind of a concern for the faithfulness of woman to her responsibilities, alluding to the power she holds as the mother of the race, and instructor of children from infancy, ordained by Divine love to be exerted for the blessing of man; also, to her influence in leading our sex away from the path of truth, and her power to aid, by her affections and sympathy, in the right.

"Henry W. Ridgeway and James Mott were with me, the former under a concern, the latter as companion.

"The meeting adjourned on Sixth-day. The ministrations of Divine love over our meetings, keeping all in the unity of spirit and bond of peace, was felt, I believe, by all. Such a season of harmony I never witnessed, and, when we separated, all appeared to feel the like had not been known for many years."

Shortly after he attended New York Yearly Meeting, and speaks thus of the visit:

"First-day, attended Brooklyn Meeting in the morning. It rained very hard, and the meeting was small. I was led to show the practical nature of vital religion, and its infinite value above all earthly ambitions and possessions. Dined with Andrew Dorland and some of his children, at the house of his daughter, and was much interested in conversation with his sons.

"In the afternoon, was at Fifteenth street Meeting. As the weather was more propitious, the attendance was large. I was soon led to open expression, in recalling the memorable language of our dear Lord to Martha: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Thence to show what constituted this belief, which gave part in this first resurrection, and which, when known to the soul, gave the second death no power over it. In allusion to the Divine character of Jesus, no man ever lived, beside Him, who would dare to use such language with reference to himself in any way. All the true and greatest reformers alluded to themselves only as seeking to be the followers of Christ, and called all men to *Him* as their Saviour, and not to themselves. I endeavored thus to show clearly that He stood, and must ever stand, in the outward manifestation, as God in the flesh, far beyond any man, and

endeavored to show the fallacy of the idea that He was a mere man as other men.

"We can only find salvation by Him, as we are brought to receive that which made Him what He was, in its spiritual revelation to our souls by the Father. Receiving thus His spiritual teaching is the best evidence of our faith in Him.

"Dear John Hunt followed in his stirring and powerful ministry, and, I believe, general satisfaction prevailed.

"During the week of the Yearly Meeting we were greatly favored. In addition to the exercises that engaged my mind during its sessions, I was led to visit Women's Meeting.

"There my concern was similar to that which was with me at our own Yearly Meeting, viz., the temptations that surround the young in our large cities: operas, theatres, balls, and all places of amusement founded in vice. I consider it beneath the dignity of a rational mind to claim the necessity of these indulgences for recreation. All the gifts of our Heavenly Father are good, but kept so only by subjecting the will to the direction of the Holy Spirit, or Grace of God, which leads to the denial of ungodliness and the world's lusts, &c.

"He gives this power to us to keep them in subjection. It is our refusal to accept it, and asserting our own will in opposition to it, that makes sin. Here the great question, Whence cometh evil? is solved."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE REWARD OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The recent reading of an article relating the following of good outward fortune on conduct of asserted integrity, suggested to me some reflections on the essential nature of virtue and its relation to individuals as the type of political economy. Whatever may be said of the faults of other nations, an undiscerning expediency is undoubtedly characteristic of our own; quite one of the leading questions in the consideration of any proposed enterprise being, "Will it pay?" That the best things do pay, in the old Latin sense of making or giving peace, must be granted as a necessary postulate in any inquiry into intrinsic worthiness, and shows that our common use of the word "pay" to designate gain in money, is but the corruption of a once noble meaning, as the desire for gain is itself the corruption of a Divine affection.

The payment or peace of righteousness consists in its blessedness, in the consciousness that whatever woe betide through the iniquity of others, the doing of righteousness is its own exceeding great reward. The disciples of the Lord Jesus know that He fulfills



to them the prophecy, "Behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him." In knowing Him our utmost conception of blessedness centers in His service. Beyond the light of love He gives wherein we may do blessedly, and, in doing, inherit life's best possibility, we can ask for no reward. "His reward is with Him;" it is His own light of Love. If His reward be a present experience and actual condition of our life, the same that brings it will insure its continuance with us. The reward and blessing of His love being known only in the saying of "Thy will be done;" all that we can cherish of worthy expectation, is that the service in which His blessing follows us may not fail at our hands. "And His work before Him." What He is to us is His reward; and He is to us the light of Life, setting before us the service of His love as the ordinance of Omnipotent Wisdom for the blessing of mankind. The true human desire would then seem to be only for what reward there is in the continued doing of the work, which, being before Him, He sets before us also, as the way in which we may walk with Him in white.

Let us apply this principle to the actual work of men, and endeavor to determine by it the worthiness of motives of conduct. While it is certain that the honest dealing of all the members of any community or State with one another will produce the greatest aggregate wealth and its only just distribution, the Spirit of Christ forbids the fixing of the heart on any issue of gain; but, "in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live." It will, I think, on due reflection, be equally apparent to all, that in a trading community of mixed characters, an active and ingenious knave will get the greatest material gain. His gains, however, only represent the losses of others, since there is no production in fraud; and the injustice of heart which takes advantage of the ignorance or necessity of others can only result in the ultimate impoverishment of all.

Although the Light of Divine justice in the heart, leading to helpful and therefore holy labor, can alone make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, yet when men become intent on the visible fruit of material possession of righteousness as the substance of good, they have already departed from righteousness, which can be done for its own sake alone. And while the wicked, as in the days of Job, cease not from troubling, nor the workers of iniquity, as in those of David, to eat up my people as they eat bread, righteousness will sometimes fail of its material reward, the blessed yet be persecuted, and yet

again, in their happiness, suffer for righteousness' sake.

EDWARD RUSHMORE.

Rochester, N. Y., Fifth mo. 6th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

I have read in *Friends' Intelligencer* with interest, the several communications upon the subject of separate meetings for men and women. There are a few thoughts not quite in harmony with the views expressed that seem to be worthy of the consideration of Friends.

In relation to small meetings, where Friends feel that they would be helped by holding their meetings jointly, I apprehend that it would not be looked upon as a violation of our Discipline (New York) so to do. I know that it has been the practice in some of our subordinate meetings for years, and I have never heard the propriety of it questioned.

The thought that I would have Friends to notice is, that should the practice become general throughout all our meetings, that it would tend very much to the retirement of women from the active business and voice of the Society, which I conceive would be a great loss both to them and to the Society at large.

For more than twenty years I have been frequently upon joint committees in the Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, and from this experience and observation, I am confirmed that the result would be as I apprehend.

I desire that the women of our Society should prize, and guard with care, the privileges and rights that they now have. I believe that no Society, of equal numbers, have produced so many good, true and useful women as has the Society of Friends; and one of the causes of this desirable result has been the self dependence and education received in their separate meetings.

Again, the safety of the legislation of the Society, as now organized, is worthy of more careful consideration than Friends seem to have given it, as no rule of discipline can be adopted without the independent action and consent of both meetings, and I am not sure that our State and National Governments will be rightly organized until there shall be separate houses of men and women representatives of the people.

I do not believe that I am bound to old forms or customs because they are old; but when we propose changes in the organization, or methods of Society, let us examine the matter carefully and see, if we can, what the practical results will be.

JACOB CAPRON.

New York, Fifth mo., 1875.

ESSAY READ BEFORE PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

ARE FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS CALCULATED TO INCREASE THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS?

In the blanks furnished to the First-day Schools, to be filled up with reports of their condition, and forwarded to the meeting of the Association of First-day Schools, occurs this question.

"Has the attendance of your religious meetings increased since the organization of your school?" and the answer is very generally in the affirmative.

To those earnestly connected with the Schools, the reason seems very plain.

In other religious denominations the Sabbath school is looked upon as one of the most important branches of the church—large, handsome rooms, beautifully furnished and decorated, are prepared for the children, where they meet with their pastor, superintendent and teachers. There a strong attachment soon springs up between them; for it is impossible to be with children and not learn to love them (and love begets love).

The work of the Sabbath school presents a bond of interest in which all unite. The children are promoted from one position to another in the service, which is considered honorable; they are instructed, as they advance, in the creed and beliefs of the denomination to which they belong, so that when they reach years of maturity they know all about the religion they profess. They have been taught by their parents and teachers as careful parents teach their children their business, so that, when grown up, they are able to take full and efficient part in carrying it on.

We are apt, when looking around among the various denominations, to think that their members are retained because they are ignorant and bigoted. We never made a greater mistake. They are *not* ignorant of their own church, its history and forms. They are taught them so carefully and constantly, that they see in every form a significance which to us is quite meaningless. When they attend our meetings, they sit in wonder to see us perform our worship as we do, and is it strange that they should think of us, as we do of them, "this is certainly mere mockery of religion?"

The churches are made as attractive as possible, and they grow, not only by retaining their own children, but by winning the children of other denominations, which do not offer such attractions.

I do not favor their plans, *far from it*, but when we see our children going from us to other

churches, to their Sabbath schools, there forming associations that soon unite them in membership, when we know that very many of the best and most influential members of the churches around us were birth-right members with us, it becomes our duty to enquire the cause.

We know that our principles and testimonies are as high as any. We know that there are features in our simple religion that are equalled by few, if any, and excelled by none. Then why do our children leave us? The answer that seems to me to be the only answer is, that the attractions to which youth is so susceptible, first wins them away, they form acquaintances, they have a bond of mutual interest, and the whole influence of their associations is brought to bear upon them, and we well know the power of this influence. Then what can we do? One of the first things to be done, always, when we wish to bring about a reform, is to acquaint ourselves with that which produced what we wish to reform.

Then, if we believe that Sabbath schools are taking our children away, as we have not the power to abolish them, we must do that which is in our power, provide *among ourselves* that which is their equivalent. Instead of having our children taught in their schools, have them taught in First-day schools of our own. Adapt to our own plain, simple, but noble religion, their machinery, altered and simplified so as to agree with our views.

Bring the children together in schools, bring the youth in contact with the older members in a mutual interest, teach them our views, teach them the simplicity of the religion of Friends and its history, tell them what was suffered by our forefathers that we might be secure in the liberty of conscience we now enjoy—these cannot fail to interest them; but, above all, teach them love for their Heavenly Father, and love for each other.

This done, we will have accomplished much toward not only keeping our own children from leaving us, but others, seeing our work, will join with us in association, in fellowship, in sympathy and in membership.

A wonderful change is going on. Churches, that 250 years ago stood as firmly, it was thought, as the mountains, are trembling and tottering to their fall. It seems as if old things were passing away. There never was in all its history a time when the religion of Friends in its purity could do the world better service than now.

In the crash which the fall of the strongholds will make, the earth will be filled with the fragments.

To clear these completely away, so that



there may be constructed a broader, higher, and fairer edifice than the world has yet seen, is the work which will soon be presented to be done.

Let us have faith in our religion; let us show our faith by working for it, and let us show our faith in our work. There is a diversity of gifts for labor. If this field (and it is ripe) suits our gift, let us enter in, having faith.

"And add to faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity, for if we do these things we shall never fall."

*Fifth month 14th, 1875.*

A. H.

#### THE AFTERNOON OF LIFE.

Horace Greeley, in his autobiography, speaks of the change wrought in him by the death of his son as a passage over to the afternoon of life. The brightness of the morning and the midday was for him wholly gone. It is a pathetic expression, and betrays the keen sensibility of the great journalist. Yet when men reach this stage of their journey, not by a sudden access of grief, but by the even movement of years, we can see nothing in it that they need dread. The afternoon of our common day has its pleasures as well as the morning. The allotted work is finished or finishing. The tense thought and strained nerve are relaxed; the beats of the pulse are slower. Over mind and body there steals a grateful sense of rest. There is something soothing in the mitigation of the intense brightness of the earlier hours of the day. No one can sit quietly and watch the approach of twilight without a quickening of the sense of awe with which we naturally contemplate the mystery of the universe. In the transition from day to night, God seems to encompass us more closely. The serious thought which was impossible amid the excitements of active exertion now rises spontaneously, and we are once more in the highest sense rational beings.

Similar to this is all healthful experience of the afternoon of life. Whether the work be well done or ill done, whether it has ended in victory or defeat, there is a sense of contentment that the period of struggle is past. Charles Lamb devoted one of his most exuberant essays to a description of the feelings of "a superannuated man." Walter Scott wrote in the diary the composition of which was a solace of his later years, "It is enough to have lived." That Gladstone should ask a discharge from the service in which he has so long performed the duties of a soldier and a chief, is becoming in a scholar who loves Truth

for her own sake. We need not speak of Bryant, and Emerson, and Whittier, whose long afternoon has been tinged with the mellowest of light, and whose characters have put on fresh beauty with advancing years.—*Methodist*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### EARLY MANUFACTURES.

The following, from a Philadelphia paper, is offered for republication, not only as an interesting reminiscence well worth preserving, but as valuable for its suggestions, in reference to its being, in former times, "deemed a good thing to encourage American boys to apprentice themselves to useful trades."

J. M. E.

Few people of the present day know how early Philadelphia became the seat of industrial enterprise. Horace J. Smith, of George's Hill has exhumed the records of the establishment of the manufacture of porcelain-ware, in Southwark, Philadelphia, in 1769.

Messrs. G. Bounin and G. A. Morris introduced this manufacture, and not only so, but they showed their business enterprise by advertising their undertaking in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* and the *Pennsylvania Journal*. And they not only advertised, but they were good, sound, anti-trades-union men, who believed in giving American boys every chance to learn a good trade. Thus one of their earliest advertisements, of December, 29th, 1769, says:

"All workmen skilled in the branches of throwing, turning, modelling, moulding, pressing and painting, upon application to the proprietors, may depend on encouragement suitable to their abilities; and such parents as are inclined to bind their children apprentices to either of these branches, must be early in their application, as only a few of the first offering will be accepted without a premium; none will be received under twelve years of age or upwards of fifteen. All orders from the country or other provinces, inclosed in letters post-paid and directed to THE CHINA PROPRIETORS IN PHILADELPHIA, will be faithfully executed, and the ware warranted equal to any in goodness and cheapness hitherto-manufactured in or imported from England."

Another later advertisement holds out still more distinct inducements for apprentices to engage in the new branch of industry. One of them, dated April 16th, 1772, says:

"Wanted by the proprietors of the china manufactory, in Southwark, several apprentices to the painting branch, a proper person being engaged to instruct them; the advantages resulting to poor people, by embracing such opportunity of bringing their children up creditably, are too obvious to be overlooked."

Wanted also, several apprentices to the other branches, of equal utility and benefit to children. None will be received under indentures for less than seven years, and will be found during that term in every necessary befitting apprentices."

Still later on, we find these enterprising potters combining with their demands for old bone their liberal invitation to young apprentices:

"Twenty shillings per thousand, and no more will be given for any quantity of horses or beeves shank bones, whole or broken, fifteen shillings for hogs, and ten shillings for calves and sheep (a proportionable price for knuckle bones) delivered at the china factory in Southwark.

"N. B.—The capital works of this factory being completed, and in motion, G. Bounin and G. A. Morris desire such as incline to bind their children apprentices to either of the branches, will be speedy in their application, as but few more will be received without a fee."

This interesting reminiscence of Philadelphia's early manufactures, which we derive from the *Crockery Journal*, a weekly organ of the American potters, published in New York, gives an insight into the good spirit which prevailed among the men who laid the foundations of our great industries. In those days it was deemed a good thing to encourage American boys to apprentice themselves to useful trades. And it cannot be doubted that, in this, as in some other respects, the men of that generation were wiser than those who have come after them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

From an account of this meeting furnished by J. Allen, a Western Friend, and too lengthy for the "local columns," the following abstracts have been made:

"Ohio Yearly Meeting was established in the year 1813, at Short Creek meeting-house, Jefferson county, Ohio. There was little travel in those days, except on horse-back. Carriages were not common. We lived twenty miles from the meeting. My parents and some of my older brothers and sisters frequently attended.

"The old house becoming too small to accommodate the Yearly Meeting, a new and commodious one was erected at Mt. Pleasant. The first meeting I attended there was in 1825. At that time this large house was not sufficient to accommodate all who came on public days, and the number steadily increased until the 'separation.'

"The Yearly Meeting was composed of four

large Quarterly Meetings, viz., Short Creek, Redstone, Salem and Stillwater. The latter was made up of five Monthly Meetings, and was held alternately at Stillwater and Plainfield. At the time of the separation, this Quarterly Meeting was about equally divided. The other branch left Plainfield entirely, and held their meetings at Stillwater.

"When my father moved to Ohio from Shenandoah county, Virginia, which was in the year 1811, Plainfield and Flushing constituted one Monthly Meeting. In a few years the number of Friends so increased that it became necessary to establish a Monthly Meeting at each place. Since the division, Plainfield Meeting has decreased, until it is now but a mere handful. Our home was near the village of Wrightstown, where an indulged meeting was held in a log school-house. A brick meeting-house was built about the year 1815, and a Preparative Meeting, under the name of Goshen, established as a branch of Plainfield Monthly Meeting. This meeting continued to flourish until the division, after which it declined, and about eight years ago ceased to exist.

"Ohio Yearly Meeting is now held alternately at Salem and Mt. Pleasant. Though, by divisions, removals and other causes, its number is greatly reduced, there appears to be much harmony among those who meet together to transact its business. R.

## SCRAP

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I offer for your "Scrap" column the following note, just received from a beloved Friend, who has nearly completed her 88th year. It was written on her return home after the late Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, and gives an encouraging evidence of religious vitality or greenness in old age. J.

I write to tell thee sister and I got to the depot in good time for the cars, that left at 4 o'clock, and found several of our friends in company homeward bound. Got on nicely to M., where we found George waiting our arrival to welcome us home. I feel very thankful to say we are all well as usual.

The weather is quite cool to day, and the fire feels very comfortable. I was at our Meeting on First-day; our friends who attend with us were there, and several visitors, among them our friend L. A. W., also two dear young friends, S. and A. G.,—very lovely young people. I believe L. A. W. expects to remain with us for a while.

I have looked back over our Yearly Meeting, and feel that it was wonderfully sustained from day to day, under the gathering influ-



ence of that Power which is ever ready to say, "Peace, be still;" and there is a "calm." I thought we witnessed that feeling several times in a very remarkable manner, and if I have a right feeling there is nothing to fear the good "Father will ever be found on board the ship."

Quarterly and Yearly Meetings are both over, and I have heard so little about them that I can hardly realize it. Much comfort has been derived from the thought that Spirit fills all space, and that its visitations are to the solitary as well as to the multitude, and if there is an effort to keep the "guest chamber" ready, we may be favored; even unexpectedly, to partake of the crumbs which have fallen and been gathered from the Father's table and brought us by the Good Spirit in merciful remembrance of our needs. I was interested in the editorial report in the last *Friends' Intelligencer*, and want to see the remainder.

I suppose thou art now convened with those who have gathered to hold a Monthly Meeting. May the presence of the Head of the church be with you and strengthen the children who are hungering for the bread of Life, and are sometimes disappointed in not receiving it from human instrumentality.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 29, 1875.

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**CONSISTENCY.** — Consistency implies that conformity of profession with action by which character is harmoniously developed. The only being, perhaps, who ever attained to the completeness of consistency in human action was Jesus, and in proportion as those who profess the religion which He taught come into any measure of the spirit that animated Him, do they approach the ideal manhood of which His was the type; we say ideal because as yet it is only an aspiration, though made certain of attainment in this sphere of action by His example, and by the intuitions of many others whose aims have brought them nearest to its fulfillment.

While consistency requires conformity of action to profession, it in no sense presupposes a necessity of conforming to the profession of another, unless there is a correspondence of feeling and sympathy; individually, each mind has its own convictions, and the highest

and best in each is represented by the action that responds thereto.

It is only as we in our intercourse with one another maintain this consistency, that our character is established, and we have the confidence of those with whom we associate.

That self-assertion which, regarding the individuality of another, and of all others, yet maintains its own with firmness and candor, commands the respect and esteem even of those who are not in sympathy with the object to be attained. To know just where a man stands, and to be able to count on his unflinching support of that which he advocates, is an evidence of an adherence to principle that the world is sadly in need of at the present time.

We are willing to believe that much of the inconsistency which now abounds is the result of thoughtlessness, or of a want of proper discrimination.

Our lives must conform to our profession if we are sincere, and it is because this is demanded that many upright and conscientious persons stand aloof from church-fellowship, preferring to act out individual convictions rather than abridge the right to do so by conforming to any special system of religious belief. This is true of very many who hold the testimonies professed by us and meet with us in our public worship. The circumscribing conditions that our discipline imposes, restrain from a participation in many things that are in themselves harmless, but which stand in the way of consistent adherence to some of our testimonies. These restrictions, doubtless, are at times felt to be burthens that ought to be removed, but which must be submitted to as necessary and wholesome for the Society as a whole.

Consistency calls for a conformity of action to the creed or profession we make; any departure from the line of declared duty, as laid down in the Queries, compromises us in the strict sense of obligation, and we become amenable thereto. If there is on our part an unwillingness to yield so much of individual freedom as these Queries claim, we cannot be their consistent exponents. This is emphatically true of those who hold positions of trust or confidence among us. Care being taken

that no one in his or her absence receives an appointment, and each being at liberty to accept or decline when it is proposed, the acceptance imposes certain restraints that did not previously exist;—the measure of time that it requires to perform the new duties is no longer ours; we have consented that it shall be the property of the meeting. More than this, the office or position of trust which we accept demands fidelity to the cause which we have suffered ourselves to be appointed to maintain; the act being voluntary on our part, we are bound to hold the position in good faith, and to submit to such restraints on individual freedom as is called for. We cannot consistently say we are free to do or not to do, since by a voluntary act we are no longer our own. This is what Jesus meant when He said, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

Consistency also represents the fitness of things; it is a virtue that needs to be put in practice in the ordinary occurrences of everyday life. It implies the degree of stability attained, and determines the hold that convictions have upon individuality. It is compatible with the highest sense of the rights of others, and is truest and best when it accords to them all that it claims for itself.

NOTICE.—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of \$56 additional for B. Jones, \$50 of which was from a New York Friend. The amount has been forwarded to him. S. R. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### APPEAL FOR AID.

The undersigned, being in a position to know and appreciate something of the intense suffering caused by the recent fire at Osceola, Pa., are willing to receive contributions of anything for their relief, which shall be promptly forwarded and judiciously distributed.

Money or clothing will be thankfully received. It is a cold and chilly region, and winter clothing (not forgetting that suitable for women and children), which many families are about to pack away for the summer, will find an appropriate place there and be especially acceptable. J. M. ELLIS & SON,

325 Walnut st., or 606 N. Seventh.

Philadelphia, Fifth mo. 22d, 1875.

#### MARRIED.

KINDT—KESTER.—On Fifth-day, the 29th of Fourth mo., 1875, at the residence of John Kester, under the care of Darby Monthly Meeting, Robert C. Kindt to Mary Anna Kester.

#### DIED.

BETTS.—On the 1st of Fifth mo., 1875, at the residence of his daughter, Sarah B. Michener, New Hope, Pa., William Betts, Sr., in the 89th year of his age; a member of Buckingham Monthly Meeting, Bucks county, Pa.

COATES.—At his residence, York county, Pa., on the 8th of Fifth mo., 1875, George Coates, in the 86th year of his age; a member of Fawn Particular and Deer Creek Monthly Meetings.

SMEDLEY.—Of paralysis, Third mo. 22d, 1875, Nathan Smedley, aged 65 years; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

STUBBS.—At his residence, Fulton township, Lancaster county, Pa., on the morning of the 8th of Fourth mo., 1875, Vincent Stubbs, in the 79th year of his age.

In the removal of this worthy Friend another place is made vacant in the Meeting and in the family, where his loss will be greatly felt. He was received into membership with Friends soon after he was 21 years of age; and, while industrious in his outward calling, he was diligent in attending meetings for worship and discipline, and careful to take his family with him. Concerned for the maintenance of our testimonies and the welfare of Society, he was often appointed to important services in meetings, and for nearly twenty-five years he filled the station of an approved Elder of Little Britain Monthly Meeting. His integrity and good judgment fitted him for much usefulness in the neighborhood, and he was highly esteemed throughout the large circle of Friends and others in which he lived and moved. Cheerful in disposition, he enjoyed the friendly visit and the social mingling, and his home was the abode of hospitality and kindness. In him the stranger and the needy found a friend.

While he was not free from the infirmities of the flesh, he acknowledged much to be thankful for in the gracious dealings of the good Father with him. After a few days' illness of pneumonia, his long, active and upright life was terminated in a calm and peaceful close. The funeral was held at Little Britain Meeting-house on the following First-day morning, at the usual meeting hour, where a large concourse of friends and neighbors assembled, and impressive testimony was given forth appropriate to the solemnity of the occasion.

WEBB.—At his residence, York county, Pa., on the 6th of Fifth mo., 1875, Richard Webb, in the 84th year of his age; a member of Fawn Particular and Deer Creek Monthly Meetings. He leaves surviving descendants, thirteen children, fifty grandchildren and twenty-five great-grandchildren.

WE fancy that our afflictions are sent us directly and immediately from above; sometimes we think it in pity and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would, however, be well if we attempted to trace the causes of them. We should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or



in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth.—*Walter S. Landor.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 49.

(Continued from page 206.)

IN UPPER EGYPT.

The First Cataract of the Nile is 580 miles from Cairo, and 730 from the Mediterranean. The products of Central Africa, such as ivory, gum arabic, ostrich feathers, skins, &c., which have been brought across the desert and down the Nile, are unshipped above the First Cataract, and brought on camels to Assouán, where they are reshipped for Cairo. Accordingly, this place has a degree of commercial activity beyond any other town on the river, and here we see many specimens of the varieties of the African race. Ebony-colored merchants are ready for us, and offer us ebony-clubs, ostrich feathers of many tints, neat and strong wicker baskets, leather girdles of fringe, which they call "Madame Nubian," the simple costume of Nubian ladies, and silver rings, bracelets and necklaces. The pretty plumes look attractive, and the merchants are very desirous to sell, making wonderful concessions to the hesitating buyer, and laughing with much good humor when disappointed. I find they have a great desire for barter, and are willing and anxious to exchange their stores for such articles as they see in our possession. The bazaars are crowded and very lively, but the supply of characteristic wares is not very abundant; the scarcity owing, I suppose, to the large number of visitors which the merry north wind has wafted to the Cataract.

Assouán occupies the site of the Syene of the ancients, and was the seat of an early Christian bishopric; but it contains very few mementoes of its former history. From its granite quarries came the great colossal statue of Rameses the Great, and all the many obelisks of Egypt, and, in the vicinity, one obelisk still remains hewn out of the parent rock, but never removed to its destination, or rather its *destination* was never to be removed. It was probably the last of its race.

One observant and philosophical traveler suggests that the islands, quarries and crags along the river-side, all seem either like grotesque colossal figures, sitting with their grim features carved out against the sky, their vast limbs often smoothed by the inundations of successive ages; or else like the same statues

broken to pieces, as we saw at Thebes. "One can quite imagine," he says, "how, in the days when power was will and will was power Rameses, returning from his Ethiopian conquests, should say, 'Here is the stone, hard and glittering, from which my statue shall be hewn; and here is the model after which it shall be fashioned.'"

It is related that Herodotus was told a strange story by the Treasurer at Sais, that at this place there were two mountains running up into sharp peaks, called Crophi and Morphi, between which were the sources of the Nile, from which it flowed northwards into Egypt, and southward, on the other hand, into Ethiopia. But when he visited the spot to verify or disprove the story, he found only the violent rapids and eddies of the Cataracts.

On the afternoon after our arrival, on the 25th, we visited the island of Elephantine, immediately opposite Assouán. The northern end is covered with palms and with rich vegetation of various kinds, from which circumstance it is called, in Arabic, "the Island of Flowers," while the southern part contains extensive ruins; but these remains are so far advanced in decay that they are of very little interest to the casual observer. There were the remains of a Roman Quay, a few broken columns and a badly cut statue of Menephtah, the son of Rameses II. But the tourist who is at all pressed for time would miss very little by passing Elephantine by with only a very superficial inspection.

The next morning we rose rather early, in order to devote a long day to the Island of Philæ, five miles southward.

For this trip, some of our company embarked upon the ship of the desert, while others preferred the humble and patient donkey to the far loftier dromedary. The saddle of the dromedary is fearfully and wonderfully made, having curiously-carved wooden posts in front and behind, which keep guard over a seat as little adapted to human needs, I should think, as could well be imagined. But plenty of rugs and shawls supplement the rough throne, and then the adventurous travelers seat themselves on the piteously complaining beasts who kneel upon the sands to receive them. The cry of the camel is most peculiar and indescribable, as well as unaccountable. They began to lament as soon as they knelt on the sand, and continued their wailing cries till they had each received a passenger, had risen and commenced their walk to Philæ. "What is worse than the cry of a camel?" is the conundrum now proposed for solution—and the answer is, very evidently, "The cry of six camels!" Why the mighty creature should complain so vehemently, on receiving a slender little gentle-

an or a perfectly harmless lady on his lofty back, must remain a mystery.

Our way lies through the ruins of the old city of Syene, and past a vast number of tombs, which give evidence of the multitudes who have ended their days in this vicinity. Sheiks and saints have here their domed sepulchres; and here, by means of an oft repeated inscription, they bear witness "That there is no deity but God alone; He has no partner; and Mohammed is the servant and postle of God."

An hour's ride brings us to the point of the river near Philæ, whence a ferry-boat, propelled by poling, takes us first to the island of Biggeh, where is a small Ptolemaic temple dedicated to the goddess Ather, the Egyptian Venus. A red granite statue of Amunoph II indicates that the Ptolemaic edifice succeeded one much more ancient, and the Roman arches standing in some places are said to be remains of the work of the early Christians, who, at one time, occupied both this island and Philæ, converting the temples into churches, and concealing, with a coat of clay or mortar, the objects of heathen adoration. But the principal attraction here is the fine view from the rocky heights of the more interesting island and Temple of Philæ, to which we were very soon taken. The name Philæ expresses its situation, the "Pilek," or frontier between Egypt and Ethiopia. It is the only flat island of the many among which the Nile here finds its course. We are now on the spot which is generally considered to present the finest scenery to be found on the Nile. The ruins are of comparatively modern date, Nectanebo II, of the XXXth Dynasty (361 B. C.), being the earliest name found.

The principal building is a Temple of Isis, the work of the Ptolemies, a beautifully-picturesque edifice, combining the massive grandeur of old Egypt with the elegant variety of decoration which belongs to later days. We mount the lofty propylon tower, and look out on the fertile isle with its feathery palms and blooming fields, the grim monster-like rocks of firm polished granite, which frown around and upon the murmurous river god, who rushes onward evermore with his wealth of life-giving waters. On the exterior face of the propylon, near the bottom, he is pictured as a beneficent giant, bearing various emblems, on which are the names of different towns and districts of Egypt. We wandered through many halls, some light and open to the day, and others having a sepulchre-like obscurity, and the walls of all richly and elaborately chiseled with representations of Egyptian mythology and Egyptian triumphs. The ludicrously grotesque is not wanting in

the colossal bas-reliefs of kings seizing piteous captives by the hair of their heads, and these kings, as we know, all guiltless of conquest, living luxurious or scholarly lives among the palaces and temples of Alexandria. Many of the great columns are quite perfect, retaining, at the upper part, much of the bright coloring of the original decoration, and having beautiful capitals of the lotus, the papyrus and the palm, quite indescribable in their elaboration. Osiris, the embodiment of the Divine Goodness and judge of the dead, and Isis, his royal wife and sister, are here honored with countless sculptures.

The most remarkable and interesting of these we found in a very small but well-lighted room up one flight of stairs. The allegorical history of Osiris, the Egyptians considered the most solemn mystery of their religion. Osiris, Seth, Isis and Nephthys were the children of Saturn and Rhea (Seb and Netpe). Osiris represented the Divine Goodness, and Seth the spirit of evil and were both adored throughout Upper and Lower Egypt in the earlier times, since both good and evil were supposed to be necessary accompaniments of human existence. In later days, the square-eared Seth was hammered out of the sacred sculptures, and he was branded as the enemy of Osiris. The gracious and beloved Spirit of Divine Love comes personally upon earth and dwells with man, with the title of "manifestest of good and truth; is slain by the malice of the evil one, is embalmed, buried, and then gradually restored to life and assumes his office as judge of the dead, the great deity of the future life.

The people looked forward joyfully to being received into the company of the Divine Goodness at the final judgment; and the privilege of being called by his name was their highest aspiration.

After death, all men were equal, and, according to Wilkinson, if divine honors were paid to the departed, they were not in worship of a man translated to the order of the gods, but of that particular portion of the Divine essence which constituted the soul of each individual, and returned to the Deity after death. "Everyone, therefore, whose virtuous life entitled him to admission into the regions of the blessed, was supposed to be again united to the Deity, of whom he was an emanation; and, with the emblem of Thmei, purporting that he was judged or justified, he received the holy name of Osiris."

Originally, or in its greatest purity, the Egyptian theology taught the unity of God, and also taught that He was to be "worshipped in silence." But they individualized the Divine attributes, and as we now speak of Him as the Almighty, the Merciful, the Everlast-



ing, they gave to his various attributes a particular name, and these became to the ignorant distinct gods.

The priesthood, for selfish purposes, it is believed, encouraged faith in superstitious legends they knew to be untrue, and abuses crept in, the mind became enslaved and the Egyptians, laying aside the guidance of reason, gave way to gross superstition. Says Wilkinson: "It was to liberate mankind from the dark superstitions, in which the selfish priesthood of those days had kept the world, that Moses received his grand and important mission. Men were taught by him to offer their prayers directly to the Deity, without the necessity of depending on a frail mortal, like themselves, for his pretended intercession with One equally accessible to all, and they learned that heaven was not to be purchased by money paid to the cupidity of a privileged class."

We lunched amid the majestic pillars of a building on the eastern side of the island, which is absurdly called "Pharaoh's bed." It is of the times of the Ptolemies and the Cæsars, and seems to have been placed here on an exposed situation, with elongated proportions, that it might show grandly from the river. A strong wind swept clouds of dust through the forsaken temple, and we were forced to separate and take our refreshment in nooks and corners, wherever a little shelter was attainable, instead of placing ourselves triumphantly in the midst of the lofty and spacious rectangle, and fancying ourselves feeding at the very table of the gods of Egypt.

The ruin of this Ptolemaic temple to Isis, is ascribed to the Emperor Justinian, but from the Greek inscriptions on the walls of the propylon, and from one in the chamber of Osiris on the terrace, it is found that the worship of Isis and Osiris was carried on in Philæ as late as A. D. 453, more than 70 years after the Edict of Theodosius abolishing the Egyptian religion.

And now, having wandered through and through the ruins of Philæ, having been duly wearied with the appeals of countless beggars who dwell amid the desolations and reap a scanty harvest from the alms of tender-hearted tourists, we return to the mainland, resume our camels and donkeys, and bid a long adieu to this picturesque and most interesting spot—a spot long to be remembered. On our way home, we dismount, and are led over sand and rock a considerable distance to the bank of the river, in order to get a view of the rapids and foaming torrents which give so much labor to the navigators of the Nile. It is not a very impressive scene; the rapids of the St. Lawrence are far more terrific, but the chan-

nel is narrow and the stream impeded with great irregular masses of rock which make the ascent or descent perilous, except with the utmost precaution.

We are not permitted long to meditate calmly on the course of the troubled waters whose roaring voice resounds among the hills for a colony of aquatic creatures of the Arab race come down the boiling torrent on logs, paddling themselves with their hands to the bank on which we are resting, clambering up into our very midst, and demanding back sheesh. They have performed the perilous feat for our enjoyment and hope we will be pleased with it so much as to be willing to pay them; but they are far too many to be appeased in this way, so we beat a retreat.

A young Englishman, fourteen years ago attempted to swim down the river on a log as the Arabs do, but lost his life in the attempt, proving that it is indeed a notable trial of skill and strength, but too hazardous to be thoughtlessly attempted.

By another divergence, we visit the famous quarries whence were hewn obelisks and statues in former days, and where we may see the mighty mass of rock which was to have added one more to the granite memorial pillars of Egypt. We may imagine that the times of national glory and of unwavering faith had passed away, and men lost all ambition to uprear the great monolith to glorify princes whom they had ceased to revere, or gods in whom they had lost trust, and so the unfinished obelisk lies yet prone, bound by the powerful ties of kindred to the parent rock.

Returning to the dahabeah, we find our reis wishes to start on the downward voyage to-night, and we take hasty farewells of friends who intend to explore the Nubian Nile; a last look at green Elephantine, and at the bustling town of Assouân; make our final purchase of African treasures and retire to await the falling of the wind and the arising of the Southern Cross, visible in the early morning in this latitude.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th we are aroused by a friendly watcher, who announces that the Cross is now to be seen near the southern horizon. We ascend to the deck and there sure enough is the famous quadrangle so often the theme of the poet and the poetic voyager. It is very easily recognized by remembered description, for we have no chart of the heavens, though the group is neither brilliant nor striking, not any of the stars being of the first magnitude. But it has sufficient isolation to make it a very convenient constellation as a way mark in the upper deep, and I was most happy to make its acquaintance.

We are now very near the tropics, indeed

The ancients considered Syene as the northern limit, since the sun at noonday on the summer solstice was seen reflected in a deep well at its place. But no one can now point out the well, and mathematicians have determined that the northern tropic line is yet a little farther south.

Though a half moon was shedding its radiance over the earth, we were struck with astonishment by the splendor of the Morning star—the Phosphor of the ancients. The Sun as a god, the Moon was a god, the river was a god, and the glorious neighbor world, as she smiled down upon the Earth, announcing the coming of the dawn, was a beautiful and beneficent emanation of Deity—the goddess of Love. This morning she cast a broad beam of radiance over the rippling river, and seemed, thought, to have fourfold the size and intensity of her ordinary appearing in our skies.

S. R.

*Second month, 1st, 1875.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DR. THOMAS' HISTORICAL LECTURES.

#### THE CRUSADES.

It is a difficult point in history to separate what is essential and what is non-essential. The question is, whether the religious sentiment is sincere; it is a very important thing that it be well directed. The Mohammedans were pressing upon the world. If the nations of Europe had been divided, it is probable the Mohammedans would have overrun the whole continent. It was necessary that the fanaticism of the East should be opposed by the fanaticism of the West. Gregory VI, as his letters show, had a very religious mind. He thought if he strengthened the Church he strengthened the State. He sent missionaries into Britain, and through his influence civilization was increased. After his death, Urban II succeeded to the papal chair. He presided over the first Crusade.

Peter, the hermit, was a man of great judgment. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and saw the oppression that was endured by the native Christians as well as the pilgrims. He returned to Europe and aroused the Church. Ambassadors were summoned to meet at a small town on the river Po to consult what could be done to preserve the Holy Sepulchre. The ambassadors from Alexis of Constantinople implored them to come to his assistance. This council was adjourned to meet at Clarendon, in the south of France. The Pope himself attended this council, and addressed the vast assembly. He created the greatest enthusiasm, declaring that "God wills it;" and that became the watchword. Thousands fell upon their knees and demanded to be admitted into the ranks.

A red cross, worn on the right shoulder, was the badge of the brotherhood. From this they were called Crusaders.

Peter, the hermit, had gone over all Europe, barefooted and bareheaded, and melted the people to tears. In their zeal they set out to the number of fifty or sixty thousand, without making any preparations. With no knowledge of geography, they attempted to go through Hungary to Constantinople. King Alexis provided for their wants; but there was a great deal of plunder, and they were very much slandered. Peter became disgusted, and left them.

Godfrey, of Bouillon, with a vast army of well-appointed knights, marched to Constantinople. He was a great leader. Hugh, a brother of the French king, and Bohemond, the boldest of them all, with his nephew, Tancred, set out from Venice by sea.

Raymond, of Toulouse, was another celebrated leader. Godfrey was almost the only one of the leaders who went with sincere motives. There was a great amount of folly, but there was also much earnestness. Godfrey and his army were provided to pay for whatever they wanted. His arrival at Constantinople alarmed Alexis, but, by intimidation and entreaty, he was prevailed upon to furnish him with boats to cross into Asia.

Here Dr. Thomas gave a glowing description of the approach to Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora. He spoke of the cypress-trees that, unlike anything seen in this country, reach to the height of from 100 to 120 feet with foliage of the deepest green, of its situation on a peninsula on a little branch of the Bosphorus, called the Golden Horn, and of its easy defence and attractive scenery.

Resuming the historical narrative, Dr. Thomas continued:

"When the Crusaders first passed into Asia they besieged the city of Nice, 50 miles distant from Constantinople, which after several months was captured. Fifty or sixty miles farther on, another engagement took place. Thence they passed on to Antioch, the third great city of the Syrian kings. It was here that the disciples of Jesus Christ were first called Christians. After investing Antioch for nine months it was captured by stratagem. Great cruelties were practised on its inhabitants. Scarcely had the Crusaders obtained possession before Kerboha came from Mosul, a city near Nineveh, with a great army (Muslin gets its name from Mosul). He invested the city. Here the power of fanaticism was illustrated. The Crusaders in a short time became so reduced by famine that their destruction seemed inevitable. A monk, realizing the situation of the Christian army, declared that the Saviour had appeared



to him in a dream, and told him to dig in a certain place, where would be found a lance, which, if borne before their army, they would be victorious. The lance was found in the place designated, which produced such enthusiasm that the troops sallied forth, and put to flight the besiegers, by which means the road to Jerusalem was opened to them. The different leaders went hither and thither, till Godfrey had but few remaining for the conquest of Jerusalem. When the Crusaders first beheld the towers of the city, some dismounted from their horses and took off their shoes, walking barefoot over what to them seemed holy ground. After several months of siege, Godfrey was the first to enter the city; this was in 1099. Great atrocities were committed.

Godfrey was appointed king, but refused to wear a royal crown on the spot that the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns. He took the title of Baron and Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. He was a man of noble character. This ended the first Crusade; there were seven in all.

In the second Crusade crowned heads took part. Richard of England took part in the third. The Saracens conceived a great respect for him. Sir Walter Scott's representations are superior to that of any historian. His great imagination enabled him to enter into the conditions of society at that period. Saladin was at the head of the Moslem army.

The fourth Crusade was the most important of all. Alexius, whose father had been dethroned by his brother Thibaut, appealed to the Crusaders for assistance against the usurper. Dandolo of Venice, who was blind, undertook to manage the Crusaders. He attacked Constantinople, took the city, and re-instated the king.

The sixth and seventh Crusades were conducted by Louis of France. He landed a large army in Egypt. Sickness and reverses led to failure. Louis would not leave his people. He was taken prisoner and afterwards released by the payment of a large ransom. Louis again landed in Egypt, where he with many of his followers died. The remainder of the French leaders returned home.

The first Crusade accomplished all that was required. One of the greatest effects of the Crusades, was bringing the Europeans in contact with the Saracens, by which they became better acquainted.

"CONTINUE to wish to be simply what you are, and give the preference to naught else upon earth." Be satisfied "to do your duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call you."—*Martial*.

Selected.

#### THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

Celia Thaxter, the authoress of the following poem, often assisted her father, who had charge of the light house on one of the Isles of Shoals off the coast of New Hampshire.

I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,  
For the sun dropped down, and the day was dead;  
They shone like a glorious clustered flower,  
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast  
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,  
The lights sprang out at its edge,—almost  
They seemed to answer me.

O warning lights, burn bright and clear,  
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away  
It moans and thunders low and drear,—  
Burn till the break of day!

Good night! I called to the gulls that sailed  
Slow past me thro' the evening sky;  
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed  
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,  
Weird music it drew thro' the iron bars,  
The sullen billows boiled below,  
And dimly peered the stars;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor,  
From east to west, leaned low, and fled;  
They knew what came in the distant roar  
That filled the air with dread!

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat  
Against the window a dash of rain,  
Steady as tramp of marching feet  
Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,  
Level and deadly white for fear;  
The bare rock shuddered,—an awful thrill  
Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,  
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,  
The mad wind raged, and strong and fast  
Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,  
Struck from the granite, reared and sprung,  
And clutched at tower and cottage grey,  
Where overwhelmed they clang

Half drowning, to the naked rock;  
But still burned on the faithful light,  
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,  
Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we,  
We seemed, in that confusion vast  
Of rushing wind, and roaring sea,  
One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.  
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!  
No matter how the light might shine  
Far on into the day.

When morning dawned above the din  
Of gale and breaker, boomed a gun!  
Another! We who sat within,  
Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes with fear  
We looked, thro' helpless fear, as still,

ne after one, near and more near,  
The signals pealed, until

he thick storm seemed to break apart,  
To show us, staggering to her grave,  
he fated brig. We had no heart  
To look, for naught could save!

ne glimpse of black hull, heaving slow,  
Then closed the mists o'er canvass torn  
nd tangled ropes, swept to and fro  
From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,  
Our island lay, and none might land;  
hough blue the waters of the bay  
Stretched calm on either hand.

nd when at last from the distant shore  
A little boat stole out to reach  
ur loneliness, and bring once more  
Fresh human thought and speech,

Ve told our tale, and the boatman cried  
" 'Twas the Pocahontas,—all were lost!  
or miles along the coast the tide  
Her shattered timbers tost."

Then I looked the whole horizon round,—  
So beautiful the ocean spread  
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!  
"Father in Heaven," I said,

A child's grief struggling in my breast,  
"Do purposely Thy creatures meet  
Such bitter death? How was it best  
These hearts should cease to beat?"

"Ob, wherefore! Are we naught to Thee?  
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall  
Upon Thine awful sea, are we  
No more then, after all?"

And I shut the beauty from my sight,  
For I thought of the dead that lay below;  
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,  
And there came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off note resound,  
Where the breakers slow and lumberous rolled,  
And a subtle sense of thought profound  
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake  
That wondrous rhythm, and "Peace be still,"  
It murmured; "bow thy head, and take  
Life's rapture and life's ill,

"And wait. At last all shall be clear."  
The long, low, mellow music rose  
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear  
With infinite repose.

Sighing, I climbed the light-house stair,  
Half forgetting my grief and pain;  
And while the day died, sweet and fair,  
I lit the lamps again.

#### THE EDUCATIONAL REPORT TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.

The Joint Committee on the subject of education, in again presenting their report, can say that with some, the interest in the work grows continuously, and although it must necessarily take time, yet this increasing interest will, in the end, produce important re-

sults. To the charge of a sub-committee of five Friends from different quarters, was assigned each of our ten Quarterly Meetings, and Fishing Creek Half-Year's Meeting. Most of these committees have attended to their appointments by visiting the Monthly Meetings, and mingling socially with Friends in their respective neighborhoods.

In Philadelphia Quarter, care was extended to the meetings outside of the city; and although no Friends' school is now open under their care, interest has been awakened, and one place (The Valley Preparative Meeting) promises to be a field in which labor and encouragement would be profitable.

In Abington Quarter, all the Monthly Meetings were visited. They have several schools, yet many are sent from home to reap greater scholastic advantages, thus rendering it difficult to keep home schools up to a high standard.

Bucks Quarter received the attention of the committee. Four schools are reported within the limits of its eight Monthly Meetings. A concern exists with some Friends to have their children educated in Friends' schools, yet many think their establishment not practicable. At Edgewood, a new school has been opened by the Friends of three Monthly Meetings. Although it is not under the care of Society, it gives evidence of a desire for a liberal and guarded education.

Concord has four schools within the limits of its six Monthly Meetings. An interest is manifested in one locality, which will result, we think, in the establishment of a school. In this Quarter, as elsewhere, *some* advocate, and *many* accept the advantages of the Public School system. In Southern Quarter, a new school-house has been erected at Easton, Md. A flourishing and satisfactory school is now in operation, which has claimed the attention of the committee. Sympathy is felt for the little bands of Friends who reside in other localities in this Quarter, and care has been extended to them.

Of Caln Quarter we have nothing new to report.

In some localities of Western Quarter, gratifying evidence is afforded that the concern is receiving attention. In Burlington Quarter, is was thought a remnant is still preserved, who earnestly desire a guarded education for the rising generation. Haddonfield Quarter has three schools, and the hope was expressed that way would open for the establishment of more. The Monthly Meetings of Salem Quarter were all visited. The want of a more guarded education than the public schools afford, was expressed. Friends were encouraged to improve the schools they now have, and to look forward to establishing others. One new



one has been opened at Upper Greenwich, on a basis similar to that of the one at Edgewood, Pa. Sympathy went forth for some in tried situations. The committee felt abundantly repaid for their labor in this Quarter. At Fishing Creek increasing interest is noted, and the further attention of the committee is invited to that locality. In the promotion of the object of our appointment, we have expended during the year, \$376.43.

In a condensed report it is impossible to convey to Friends the many items of interest that have been presented. It is very evident that in some neighborhoods, Friends are so remotely situated that schools cannot be sustained in competition with the public schools; then, too, Friends are not sufficiently convinced of the great benefit that would accrue to themselves and their children from the establishment of better schools than the public offer. Friends' schools, to succeed, must be well equipped with all the necessary improvements for comfort and instruction; competent Friends as teachers should be obtained, and there should be a willingness on the part of Monthly and Preparative Meetings to support them liberally. A judicious selection of Friends, to serve on school committees, is another matter to which attention should be given. In many cases those holding such positions are not alive to the importance of the service. In the establishment of schools care should be taken that they be so located as to enable the children to attend Mid-week Meetings, thus educating them to silent assembling for Divine worship.

We would also encourage Quarterly Meetings to give especial attention to schools and meetings within their own limits, the strong aiding the weak. We feel the loss we have sustained by not being awakened earlier to the consideration of this important subject, yet we have reason to feel encouraged, for evidence is afforded that many have been led to reflect on its importance, as connected with the future well-being of their children and of society. In conclusion we would again recommend, in case of the continuance of a committee in care of the educational interests of Society, that the appointment be weightily made, and that only those accept who feel a deep interest in the work.

On behalf of the Committee.

WM. WADE GRISCOM, *Clerk.*

Fifth month 11th, 1875.

## NOTICES.

### FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated meeting at 820 Spruce street, on Fourth-day evening next, Sixth month 2d, at 8 o'clock. The company of any interested will be acceptable.

N. E. JANNEY, *Secretary.* WM. J. JENKS, *President.*

### FRIEND'S BOARDING HOUSE.

Managers meeting on Sixth-day evening, Sixth month 4th, at 8 o'clock, at Race street.

J. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk.*

## ITEMS.

SERIOUS forest fires which are presumed to have originated in the woods, were raging in Schuylkill and Carbon counties, Pa., on the 21st inst., also in and around Osceola, in Clearfield county, it was stated that 200 houses and all the public buildings, except two churches, had been burned, and the fire was still raging and cutting off communication with the town. Fires were also burning in other parts of the county, and mine property, dwellings and lumber had been destroyed. In Schuylkill county there was also great destruction of property at the collieries, and many dwellings were consumed. To add to the calamity, incendiary attempts were made to burn the town of Shenandoah. Later particulars of the Osceola calamity show that 250 houses were destroyed and 400 families rendered homeless. It also reported that Houtzdale, a village of 900 inhabitants, has been entirely laid in ashes, and the flames have reached Parsonsville, six miles from Houtzdale. The ties of the railroad between Houtzdale and Osceola have been burned.

THE discovery of a human fibula bone in the remains of the Victoria Cave, near Settle, in Yorkshire, is justly considered as a very important scientific fact, as there seems to be no doubt of its human origin, or that it is of the same age as the molars of *Elephas antiquus* and the bones of the hyena, with which it is associated. Mr. Tiddeman maintains that it was deposited in preglacial times, before the great ice sheet overspread the country.—*Harper's Weekly.*

GREAT BRITAIN has, for a long time, been a leading importer of breadstuffs, and her demand for foreign supplies, it is thought, will steadily increase. During the past twenty years the importation of cereals, compared with the British population, has grown fourfold, and various internal changes in the kingdom will continue this growth. The tendency in working lands there is to increase the surface of pasture-land and to diminish that cultivated for grain. This secures a home meat supply, and, at the same time, increases the dependence on foreign countries for grain. Thus, three causes—the increase of population, the increased individual consumption, and the falling off in home production—have been in operation to make Great Britain the best grain market of the world for the foreign producer. At present one-third the breadstuffs consumed there are imported, the United States and the Black Sea provinces being the chief sources of supply.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE London *Lancet* says: "Anodynes, narcotic cough-mixtures and lozenges do practically no good, and but too often increase the debility and hasten the fatal end. The best method of easing a cough is to resist it with all the force of will possible, until the accumulation of phlegm becomes greater; then there is something to cough against and it comes up very much easier, and with half the coughing. A great deal of hacking and hemmings and coughing in invalids is nervous, purely nervous or from the force of habit, as is shown by the frequency when thinking about it, and the comparative rarity when the person is so much engaged that there is no time to think about it, and the attention is compelled in another direction."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF

WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 211.)

"Sixth month 6th, Fourth-day.—At my own meeting (Race Street) this morning. Felt like saying a few words to the dear children. (We have about five hundred there at our mid-week meeting). Our dear motherin Israel, Ann Jackson, first addressed them, telling them how her yielding to the Divine influence, or grace of God, had given her peace in her early childhood, and blessed her through a long life. After which I ventured renewedly to call their attention to the fact she had mentioned; that if they now yielded to the injunction of the wise man to 'Remember now their Creator in the days of their youth,' they would find that they would grow in everything that was pure and holy, and shun that which was evil. As some of them were about of an age approaching manhood and womanhood, I felt it right to assure them that all hopes of enjoyment in this life, and all ambition relating to the things of this world, in disregard to the government of God, or Christ, or grace in the soul, should be doomed to disappointment—that if they realized those dreams by possession, those things would fail to yield them the desired joy. The soul would demand of them higher and spiritual food, and could never rest satisfied with sensual and selfish delights. But as all these

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desires, all these powers of the cultivated mind, were brought under the control of Divine grace, they would know a legitimate enjoyment, and hence a higher one than could otherwise be known, even of the lawful things of this life.

"At the Circular Meeting held at the Valley Sixth month 17th, I was led into expression, also into supplication. I hope I was guided aright. The result was a sweet and peaceful feeling. My concern was, as it ever seems to be, to call all to the great central power of Christ within the soul, to His spiritual power there manifested, and to show the great compensation religion gives for the self-denial it imposes on them by the great doctrine of the Cross of Christ, comforting the mourners, enriching the poor, enabling to endure affliction, smoothing the rough places in the journey of life, and making the bed of death a place of joyful hope.

"In the Sixth month I attended Fishing Creek Half-Year's meeting. All of the sittings were largely attended, especially on Fifth and Sixth-days. The latter, being exclusively a meeting for worship, was larger than was ever known there. Many Friends of the other division of our Society, and neighbors of other denominations came with freedom to the meeting.

"I believe by a careful attention to the guide and director of rightly called ministers, all



was harmonious in our mutual labors for the cause of truth. Earnest were my prayers for preservation. Upon calm reflection all seems well.

"John Parrish and Martha Shepherd were favored to labor in a pure and peaceable spirit, but with great plainness, urging the necessity of obedience. Greater faithfulness is needed in this part of the Society; particularly, I think, among those who stand as elders, that they be lively in their calling, encouraging the humble endeavors of those who feel required to speak in the assemblies of the people, by a word of *encouragement* as well as of caution. I was pained by the answers to the second Query in the select meeting, 'No recommended ministers among us.' I could not refrain from enquiring the cause, believing that a true gospel ministry would arise, if those called were faithful, and elders did their work.

"At the youths' meeting on Sixth-day, I felt it right to address the multitude, when I endeavored to show the unity of the true Church as in contradistinction to the selfishness of sectarianism, and instanced our own Society, as it became a reproach among men by violating its high profession as followers of the Prince of Peace in its divisions and subdivisions because of opinions. Whereas, if men have the spirit of Christ they must be, by its power, brought into this blessed unity, let their educational notions vary as they may. Like kindred drops they would mingle into one wherever found.

"Jesus Christ acknowledged as His true disciples only those who yielded obedience to His commandments. 'If ye love Me keep My commandments.' Our salvation by Christ, is by Christ within us, not by Christ without us. If we keep Him out of His dominion, which is the heart of man, we cannot know His redemption and salvation.

"This solemn meeting was concluded by prayer from the heart and lips of —, and we parted slowly and reluctantly from a place where I humbly trust we had fed upon the true body of Christ.

"*Eighth month 19th.* We left home to make our usual summer visit to Bedford Springs. I stopped that night in Huntingdon. A poor man had been fatally injured on a freight-train, and was dying in the company's office. I went over to see him. What a lesson! His poor wife was kneeling by his side, and in utter forgetfulness of self was beseeching him to pray—"Pray, Andy, do pray!"—were her imploring words. The poor fellow did indeed cry for mercy. They had three children, one an infant. He died during the night, and when I saw her in the morning, she was quite tranquil, and found consolation

in the hope that her poor Andy had gone to rest.

"Truly in the midst of life we are in death! O Father! may I learn greater obedience and more earnest faith! They told me that a week ago, a poor man had suffered the same fate. When the doctor told him he must die, he replied, greatly startled by the intelligence, "That he could not die, for he had *never prayed in his life!*" Oh! may my every breath be a prayer for mercy! may the ever present consciousness be mine of my utter dependence upon Thee, and Thee alone!

"*First-day, Eighth month, 25th.* By previous appointment I visited a meeting called Dunning's Creek, twelve miles from the Springs. The early morning was cool and foggy, but the sun soon dispersed the fog and revealed the glory of the earth as it lay spread out before the eye in mountain, valley and stream. The fog rolled away floating heavenward in majestic clouds, which spread their dark shadows over hill and vale, clothing the landscape with varied beauty. How like life are the clouds and sunshine! What wonderful types of the inward and spiritual do we find in the external!

"*Ninth month 9th.*—Bright and beautiful. Quite a full meeting. D. F. W. spoke interestingly upon the subject of worship as defined by Christ to the woman of Samaria, enlarging somewhat in a satisfactory manner upon the simple duties of the Christian's life. It was so much in accordance with my thoughts that I soon followed with the subject of the Cross and the Crown, as inseparably connected. All true religion centers in this, without reference to creeds or dogmas, ordinances or sects. We are not saved by an intellectual knowledge of God and Christ, but by a heart belief which leads to purity and holiness of life. That the cross is simply the restraining power of God's grace limiting the exercise of the faculties and passions bestowed upon us in our creation by the great Giver. Ever keep the love of God and Christ paramount to every other love known to the human soul. Jesus Christ is held to be our great example. No matter how poor and finite and infirm we are, we have no right to question the power of God to sustain us in the conflict any more than we have a right to doubt that He did sustain His dear Son Jesus Christ in the temptation, and in Gethsemane. This He will do as we render ourselves the willing recipients of His mercy through Christ inwardly revealed to us as His power unto salvation.

"The whole meeting was solemn and impressive. One was loath to break with utterance the silence which reigned.

"*Fourth-day, Ninth month 12th.*—Four

hundred and fifty children in attendance at meeting—a beautiful and interesting sight that always cheers my spirit, and also deeply impresses my mind with the great care that I say and do nothing that can in any way unfavorably affect the minds of the dear children. Precept and example must go hand-in-hand, else of what avail is the utterance of words?

“What shall I do to be saved?” was the text, the consideration of which led me to address them. I endeavored to point out that all faith or belief in Christ was shown by Him to be of no value except as it conformed the life of its possessor to His spirit. ‘By their fruits ye shall know them.’ Jesus Christ is the alone foundation. What is building upon this but conformity of life to His holy life, or to the same eternal laws of truth for a testimony to which His life was given. Work, work is what is needed. Fruits of a holy life, doing good always not for self-boasting, but for the love of Christ. ‘Herein is your Heavenly Father glorified that ye bear much fruit!’—much fruit!

“Ninth month 16th, 1866.—First-day, bright and beautiful; at Germantown Meeting. My mind was led into reflection upon the reply of the disciple to his Lord when the question was put ‘Will ye also go away?’ ‘To whom shall we go?’ &c. After half an hour’s silence I rose with the text, and endeavored, as light was given me, to show that there was none other to go to than to Him who said ‘come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,’ &c.

“That I fully believed in the outward as well as the inward manifestation of Jesus Christ, and could not allow of anything that in the slightest degree derogated from His Divine mission as of the utmost importance to man. He was the gift of His Father’s love for our Salvation, and man has no right to depreciate any means that God saw fit to use for His holy purpose—that within the heart of man is where we should look for atonement. It is there sin is created, and there it must be atoned for, that is, when we sin, we are separated from God by it, and can know a being made as one with Him only through Jesus Christ spiritually revealed and accepted, which is the wisdom and power of God unto Salvation. Here we find the Mediator, not to change the disposition of God to an unrepenting sinner, but to change the heart or mind of the sinner toward God, whose love and mercy are ever the same towards all who sincerely repent and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and through prayer earnestly seek the government of His holy will.

RELIGION is an inward life.

#### THE LATE PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

The following minute embracing some of the exercises of the Meeting (Men’s) was read and adopted.

Upon assembling in the capacity of a Yearly Meeting, we were unitedly drawn to acknowledge our dependence upon the *foundation of all good*, trusting to that alone, to enable us profitably to enter upon the examination of the *state of Society*, as represented by reports from our constituent branches.

The meeting was introduced into an exercise lest we should fail to appreciate duly the importance of the frequent assembling ourselves to wait upon God, retired from the cares of the world.

Much sympathy and concern were expressed for Friends in isolated situations, who are few in number and surrounded by difficulties and trials, and who feel this care resting upon them. They were encouraged to faint not, neither grow weary, for their reward will be sure.

Increased zeal and individual faithfulness were urged upon those more favorably circumstanced, and all encouraged to lay up treasure in heaven, where “moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.”

A concern prevailed, during the consideration of the second Query, that love and unity may continue to prevail amongst us; not only in outward appearance, but in reality, flowing from the Love of God,—assured that they who dwell in this love, will be found watching over each other for good, and concerned to gather into the fold, the young and those that are afar off. Evil speaking of each other would then be unknown amongst us.

Friends were encouraged frequently to gather around them their children and those under their care, for the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and in silent waiting upon the Lord. The labors of those who have been faithful herein have been blessed. Enquiry was made as to how many of us were faithful in these important duties.

The success of Friends formerly in these respects was, in a great degree, owing to their care in instructing their children in religious Truth, thus preparing their minds to receive the Divine Word.

The Meeting was introduced into a concern, on the subject of reading pernicious books, and it was felt to be a time for the note of warning to be sounded, especially to the young, against the dangerous effects resulting from such reading. Many can bear witness that this practice has fastened impressions on their minds, which cannot be obliterated in



after years, and often prevents the free operation of Divine Grace.

If then we would have the young acquire early, and retain a pure and elevated tone of thought, and form of expression, in their daily conversation, let all books placed in their hands have a high moral and religious tone.

We have the gratifying evidence that the improper use of all intoxicating drinks is becoming steadily diminished amongst us, and were encouraged to continued watchfulness and care, that we may, like Joseph's vine, which ran over the wall, extend our example and concern to those around us, though not of our particular fold, and assist to reclaim all from the terrible scourge of intemperance. We have many trials and temptations to pass through, and should keep ourselves clean and pure in this respect, by avoiding not only all intoxicating drinks, but every stimulant, however apparently harmless, which, by frequent use, may become habitual, and pave the way for that which is more pernicious.

To assist the clerks in transcribing and forwarding the Epistles, preparing and publishing the extracts, a committee was appointed.

We gratefully acknowledge that we have been comforted together, at this our annual assembly, with the overshadowing influence of Divine goodness, that the spirit of condescension and brotherly love, has been experienced, and that we have been stimulated with renewed desires to fill up our various allotments in the Church. Thankful for the favor, we now conclude, to meet again at the usual time next year, if so permitted.

Extracted from the minutes.

BENJAMIN G. FOULKE, *Clerk.*

In endeavoring to collect the exercises of this meeting (women's), we feel that the desire expressed at its commencement, that we might dwell under the canopy of Divine Love, has in a measure been realized.

While reviewing the condition of our Society as represented in the answers to the Queries, we find cause for encouragement; yet the acknowledged deficiencies have impressed us with a sense of the important responsibility of each member of our religious Society.

Many affectionate exhortations have been given for a fuller appreciation of and a more earnest labor in the support of the testimonies of Truth.

With earnest appeals for a lively interest in the requirements of the First Query, the promise was revived. "Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them;" and the query was put, "What more can we ask?" If we believe,

that through this Divine Power we receive for the sustenance of the immortal soul that which cannot be obtained through material and fading things, we should, as pilgrims to a better country, gratefully use the means and opportunities for help and refreshment upon the journey.

By dwelling under the influence of Divine Love, we shall be enabled to overcome the feeling which prompts to tale-bearing and detraction, and rather by private counsel endeavor to remove that which has caused uneasiness.

Much concern has been expressed upon all the subjects embraced in the Queries, but the present tendency to extravagance and luxury has especially claimed attention and caused much exercise. Again have the voices of mothers been heard calling into the path of simplicity and self-denial, and also of those younger in life, testifying to the freedom enjoyed by liberation from the thralldom of fashion. We were exhorted seriously to reflect upon the responsibility of our position and the power we possess, either for good or for evil, in the home and in society. Many difficulties might be averted if there were that full sympathy in the household leading to a desire on the part of wives and daughters to be informed of the pecuniary affairs of those more immediately engaged in the support of the family. In this connection a view was presented of the condition of a household under the pressure of extravagant desires on the part of the female portion, while those of the other sex were oppressed with financial difficulties.

While dwelling upon the subject of simplicity of apparel and demeanor, earnest solicitude was expressed that they who, in the coming season of recreation, may be scattered in distant localities, shall not indulge in extravagant expenditure, nor waste the precious strength of body and mind in vain amusements, and that their conversation may be under the regulating influence of Truth.

The subject of temperance claimed our serious attention, and we have been affectionately advised against the use of all intoxicating beverages; and that in preparations for the table, we should observe simplicity and moderation.

The obligations of mutual interest and sympathy, under which we are placed as members of the same religious Society, were brought into view; and we were encouraged to greater vigilance in seeking out those in isolated situations, and giving them the needed aid and sympathy.

Much concern has been expressed that in the education of our children, both mind

and body should be preserved from injurious influences; that their literature be of an instructive and elevating character, and their recreations simple and innocent. While solicitous for intellectual development, their religious training should be equally regarded. Opportunities should be sought for gathering the children around the parent in the silent fellowship of prayer or for reading selected portions of Scripture, which would be a powerful aid in maternal government.

Solicitude was expressed for those engaged in First day Schools, that they may realize the right qualification for the important service upon which they have entered.

Much affectionate counsel has been given not only by those we have been accustomed to hear, but also from servants of the Lord from other Yearly Meetings who have been acceptably with us. We have been reminded that by closely following the teaching of the Master, the pathway of salvation will be opened, and we shall realize the rich compensations of a life devoted to His service.

With feelings of gratitude for that measure of the Father's love which has enabled us to transact the business of this Yearly Meeting with sisterly condescension, we conclude to meet at the usual time next year; if permitted.

PHEBE W. FOULKE, *Clerk.*

HE who boasts of never changing his opinion virtually boasts of never correcting his errors. The wise man seeks for more light, and changes when he sees that he is wrong; the fool never does.

#### TRUTH AND LOVE.

Perfect love and perfect truth unite in complete rounded goodness. By these two the entire sphere of human life is filled with strength and peace. All progress, all usefulness, as moral beauty, proceed from these two fountains in the heart. But, unfortunately, these two scales are not always in exact equipoise, even in the best people. One rises, and the other falls. But truth may be called the masculine virtue, and love the feminine virtue; and, until they are married to each other, neither is perfect.

Without truth, love becomes a mere soft good-nature, a mere concession—the absence of grit. Such love as this does no one any good; we need a strong, pure, noble, active love to help us in reality. Weak love, merely sentimental love, encourages us in all our faults, flatters all our weaknesses, hurts us rather than helps us. So it ceases, at last, to be love at all, and becomes as bad as hatred. Better an honest blow from a truth speaking enemy, than weak sympathy from a friend who excuses our vices and justifies our defects.

On the other hand, without love, truth becomes so hard, so cold so tyrannical, so unjust, that it ceases at last to be truth. How can we be just to another unless we have some interest in him, some sympathy with him? How can we see any truth unless we care for it enough to look patiently, steadfastly after it? A man knocks me down with some brutal truth, which has all the effect of falsehood on my mind, because it seems to come from his will, not from his intelligence. The sharp logicians, who measure everything by the strict scale of abstract reasoning, and are afraid of all sentiment lest it lead them astray, often fail to see truths which are revealed to babes, who have some love mingled with their small intelligence.—*J. F. Clarke.*

#### HOW CAN WE FIND GOD?

BY WM. H. FISKE.

No one finds God with the intellect alone, either in the outward creation or in history, and the irreligious man can never have a saving, satisfying faith while he remains irreligious. All need the experience of the ancient patriarch, out of whose spiritual, inspired consciousness came the devout exclamation: "Lo! God is here; and this is no other than the house of God and the very gate to heaven." But this we can attain to only so far as our religious nature is properly developed and cultivated and baptized with the Divine Spirit that was so fully manifested in Christ, and the fruit of which is holiness and holy living. It is the pure in heart, the devout, the spiritual, the humane, who see God and enjoy His presence. And yet some are at one with him, and are daily taught by Him, who hardly know it, not having been educated to recognize any spiritual influence in their moral growth and progress. Their thoughts of Him are always reverent, and with much aspiration for light and truth they daily aim to practice what is just and good, and are animated with the desire and purpose to be the practical friends of all mankind. But they say they have no "special experience" of the presence of God in their hearts such as many Christians speak of, and they are sometimes even perplexed and confused respecting His personality and nature. These are not emotional Christians, in any great degree, but are, nevertheless, practical as well as "rational" Christians. What thousands call "the operations of the Holy Spirit," they consider the movements of their own minds, warmed and stimulated, perhaps, by their love of truth and consecration to duty. But such persons must, nevertheless, be acceptable to God, and have much of His Spirit within them, though they know it not. God withholds Himself from none who walk



uprightly and conform themselves to His law, even though, like some mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, they have "not so much as heard that there is a Holy Spirit."

The apostle John says: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him;" and again: "He that doeth good is of God." A good spirit—a spirit pure, reverent, loving and obedient to every heavenly calling—this must be God's Spirit, and it is a great satisfaction and joy so to regard it. . . . Not a few persons who have not yet learned to say: "His Spirit beareth witness with our spirit," are much better persons than some others who profess to know all about the "various operations of the Spirit" from the period of "conviction" to that of "sanctification." It is the true life that indicates the presence of the Good Spirit—God's Spirit in the hearts of men and women; while, frequently enough, those who talk most of that Spirit have least of it.

In Jesus of Nazareth there was a fitness of spiritual life; and that life it was that made Him the "Light of the World." The proof of this is found in His general teachings, which elicited from those who heard Him, the exclamation: "Never man spake like this Man;" "He speaketh not as the Scribes and Pharisees, but as one having authority"—in these instructions, illustrated by that beautiful and divine life which closed with that profoundly devout and impressive exclamation: "It is finished:" and "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Now, a germ of that same spiritual life is in us all, and as it is nurtured, and cultivated, and daily visited by the sunshine and rain of heaven, it blossoms out into immortality, bearing all the fruits of Paradise. It is this inward life, "life of God in the soul," that all should cherish, as the richest of the Father's gifts, and endeavor to enlarge by a consecration to all truth and duty. This is the "eternal life" spoken of in the New Testament; and whoso has this, especially in large degree, will be perfectly satisfied that he can never die—not unless he should, possibly, lose it by falling into sin and selfishness, and so separating himself from God. Spiritual life is a far more convincing proof of immortality than any argument possibly can be.

Many in these days of tradition, rather than inspiration, often sigh and sing:

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore."

But if we would, we can, climb where Moses stood, or, rather a great deal higher, and have far brighter visions of the future than that great prophet seems ever to

have dreamed of; for God reveals Himself to the human race more and more fully, from age to age, as there is an intellectual and spiritual advance towards Him. John the Baptist, the Saviour said, was greater than any prophet that went before him; but that "the least in the kingdom of heaven," or the new and spiritual dispensation, was "greater than he"—greater as to light and knowledge. Moses was a great man in his day and place, and will always be ranked with the first class leaders of mankind, but none should look back to him longing for his point of observation—thinking of that as an elevation nearer to God than our own possibly can be, or of his vision as being clearer.

As mankind, or the more religious and faithful remnant of mankind, "follow on to know the Lord," they came to know him more and more fully; and there are revelations constantly awaiting us all, as we open our minds and hearts in an aspiring and filial spirit to receive them. I do not, of course, mean supernatural, miraculous revelations, for in this age we are fast learning that there are other ways than this ancient one in which God makes Himself known to His children. Now, as of old, though many did not then so clearly see it, He constantly manifests Himself to those who truly seek Him through the established laws and order of the universe, especially through "the law of spiritual life in Christ Jesus," and to meet Him as He thus comes to us, without miracle or wonder, seems to me far more satisfactory than it could be to meet Him at some burning bush or Red Sea.

To-day we do not need the supernatural and miraculous, not if we will faithfully follow "that light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," and the Spirit of Truth" which, according to the divinely anointed teacher of Nazareth, "leads into all truth." Most truly does Russell Lowell say:

"God is not dumb that He should speak no more;  
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness  
And fix'dst Mount Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;  
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,  
Which whoso seeks shall find."

Few, if any, really believe in God in any worthy and satisfactory manner, until they find Him in their own souls—find Him there as life and peace, and an Inspirer of faith and hope. And "God in man," is certainly a central, cardinal doctrine of Christianity; not God in the Man of men alone, but in all men, first as a germ, and at last as a perfectly developed consciousness of spiritual oneness and harmony with Him, and whoever leads men to this mystical union accomplishes a most important, blessed mission.—*Chris. Union*



## TRUTH-TELLING.

He has gone but a little way in this matter who supposes that it is an easy thing for a man to speak the truth, "the thing he troweth;" and that it is a casual function which may be fulfilled at once, after any lapse of exercise. But in the first place the man who would speak the truth must know what he troweth. To do that he must have an uncorrupted judgment. But some people's judgments are so entirely gained over by vanity, selfishness, passion, or inflated prejudices and fancies long indulged in, or they have the habit of looking at everything so carelessly that they see nothing truly. Again, to speak the truth, a man must not only have that martial courage which goes out with sound of drum and trumpet, to do and suffer great things, but that domestic courage which compels him to utter small-sounding truths in spite of present inconvenience and outraged sensitiveness or sensibility. Truth-telling, in its highest sense, requires a well-balanced mind. For instance, much exaggeration, perhaps the most, is occasioned by an impatient and easily-moved temperament, which longs to convey its own vivid impressions to other minds, and seeks by amplifying to gain the full measure of their sympathy. But a true man does not think what his hearers are feeling, but what he is saying.—*Arthur Helps.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## LOCAL INFORMATION.

A request was received by our last Monthly Meeting from Friends at Peoria, Ill., to have an indulged meeting at that place, which was united with, and a committee appointed to have charge of it. The meeting will be held on First-day morning of each week. If Friends passing through Peoria could make it convenient to stop and attend the meeting they would be kindly received. Those wishing information—address James Ivins, Peoria, Ill.

W. L. DORLAND

Benjaminville, Fifth mo. 1<sup>th</sup>, 1875.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I am only waiting for the summons, and try every day to live as if it was the last of earth, but my love still goes out to others, and I find the nearer I approach to God in spirit, the more my heart is enlarged in love to His creatures. The true love of God is not at our command any more than the power to add one cubit to our stature. It is the reward of perfect obedience, and the faithful discharge

of every known duty. Our opinions I feel can never save us, be they ever so correct and true. We must all bear the fruit of practical righteousness, to reap the reward in store for the just made perfect; and the root of the tree springs directly from God.

Men may differ in their views of divine things, and all be equally earnest and sincere; yet "unto that man will I look who is meek and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word," saith the Lord.

The Divine precepts and sinless life of the holy Jesus, are an example that we should follow, but we must be saved *from* our sins, and not *in* our sins, for we have the authoritative assurance, that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." The prophet declares, (personating the Most High), "I am God, and beside Me there is no Saviour." Jesus said, "My Father that is in Me, He doeth the work." Also, "it is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life." So that we may all beware of "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men," and leading into a delusive hope that we may be saved by mere belief, instead of being "born again."

Ah dear — here is the great point: to be "born again," and become new creatures; and this can only be attained by an entire surrender of the human will to the will of God. "Not my will but Thine be done," said our great example, and hereby was grace perfected in Him, and He became the Son of God. So we, if we follow His steps, may become, according to the promise, "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

These are my convictions, not founded on the precepts of men, but graven on my soul by the finger of God, and in them I have peace—oh, a peace so profound and soul satisfying, that the storms of this world cannot hurt or destroy it! It seems the very vestibule of Heaven, where my soul can go in and out and find pasture.

I will rejoice to welcome thee at any time to our country home; we are having such lovely weather now; all nature seems glad. I suppose thou art attending the Yearly Meeting. I would gladly be with you, but I feel satisfied with my allotment. Time has been, when I could push through difficulties and go, but now, I cannot—"It is well"—I have no mission nor commission, and I would not be the bearer of bogus despatches.

Sometimes it looks as though all the little meetings here will soon crumble, as many already have. But, like the wandering birds, who convey good seed to remote islands, the true Friend will yet have a place, even if the



meeting-houses built by our ancient worthies fall to pieces under the devastating hand of time.

I have been thrown with many young men of diverse tastes, yet my early training and desires never rendered those of wicked propensities companionable.

Thanks to my mother's cultivation of my better desires and the voice that would not be hushed, I have been preserved from association with those of doubtful purity.

I have always believed that the service of Christ was a pleasant service, as all my unhappiness has come from going counter to His secret promptings, and I aspire to be His child alone, and aim at forgetfulness of self in the effort to be His instrument.

I feel that I have still much to do, before I can say, "It is finished!" My prayer is, "may the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer!"

I thank my Heavenly Father for the many blessings He has bestowed upon me, but more especially for the friendship raised up between us, and I pray that it may continue, that as true friends we may strengthen each other.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 5. 1875

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN FENWICK. By JOHN CLEMENT. Published by "Friends' Historical Association, of Philadelphia." For sale at the store of Baker & Kennedy, 326 Chestnut street, or at Friends' Book Association, No. 706 Arch street.

The perusal of this neatly-printed pamphlet of ninety three pages, we have found to be both interesting and instructive; and as the initial publication of the above-named growing and useful organization, it is worthy the special consideration of Friends. For several years the author has been collecting material for this work, both in America and England, and the information it contains sufficiently attests his diligence and accuracy as an antiquarian.

John Fenwick, the book informs us, was honorably descended from an old English family of distinction. Having completed his studies at Gray's Inn, London, in 1640, he soon thereafter espoused the cause of Cromwell, who honored him, with his confidence,

and granted him a commission in the Parliamentary army. He became an efficient officer, and was detailed by the Protector to assist in the execution of the King.

After the Restoration he became a convert to the teachings of George Fox, and united himself with the Society of Friends, willingly suffering with his brethren in person and property for conscience' sake, and issuing several pamphlets in defence of their principles.

In 1673, Lord Berkley conveyed to Fenwick his undivided moiety of New Cæsaria, or New Jersey; but owing to financial troubles and litigation, which soon followed, Fenwick became the proprietor of only one tenth of the original grant, comprising, however, many thousand acres of land.

William Penn and several other Friends were interested in settling the difficulties which had arisen regarding the land, and it is probably owing to this circumstance that Penn was led afterwards to accept of the King a grant for the province of Pennsylvania, to cancel the debt due his father by the Crown.

Fenwick, upon securing his "tenth," at once issued proposals for the founding of a colony in New Cæsaria, and in 1675 embarked in the ship Griffin, with a number of emigrants (mostly Friends) to occupy the soil. They landed near Cape Henlopen, on the south side of Delaware Bay, upon what was subsequently called Fenwick Island, but eventually established themselves on Salem Creek. The proprietor and his friends were kindly received by the Swedes and Indians. With the latter, "a bond of friendship was established which was never broken." Thus originated the town of Salem, N. J. The difficulties experienced by the early settlers are graphically portrayed in the pamphlet. Fenwick appears to have been a man of great energy, and persistently defended his rights against the claims of the Dutch Governor of New York, who had him arrested for trespassing upon territory claimed by the Dutch. His early army experience seems to have colored his subsequent career, but the religious convictions he cherished softened a nature otherwise harsh. He died in 1683,

and was buried in the town he had founded. This is the story briefly told, but our readers will find in it interesting details connected with the establishment of an infant colony.

"A STANDARD TEMPERANCE PRIZE ESSAY."—Those of our readers who are interested in the efforts of the "National Temperance Society," will be glad to learn that the manuscripts now under examination for part first of the "Prize Essay," lead the committee to hope for a work of value commensurate with the great cause it is expected to promote."

The essay is to be in three parts—the first to be "Scientific; embracing the chemical, physiological and medical aspects; the second, Historical, statistical, economical and political; and the third, the social, educational and religious."

For the best essay, for each of these parts, adjudged satisfactory, the sum of \$500 will be paid; for the second best, \$300 is offered; accepted manuscripts to be the property of the National Temperance Society.

From the circular issued by the Society we further add:

"The offers for Part II and Part III will remain open to all competitors till Seventh month 1, 1876. Manuscripts (with the names and addresses of the writers by whom they are forwarded for competition, enclosed in separate sealed envelopes, not to be opened till after the award has been made), should be forwarded to A. M. Powell, 58 Reade street, New York.

"The Essays should be of such character that, while adapted in style to interest the general reader, they will also meet the demands of scholarly criticism.

"Those who intend to compete for the prizes offered for these Essays, and who may desire more information as to the scope of the work, and suggested Subdivisions, will be furnished with further particulars by applying to A. M. Powell, as above.

"In order that the complete Standard Work may be placed before the public at the earliest practicable day, the Committee urgently appeal to the friends of Temperance, to promptly supply them with funds to meet the prizes announced, and to publish the Work. The sum of \$500 at least, additional to that on hand, will be required. Contributions may be sent to Job H. Jackson (Treasurer), West Grove, Chester county, P.; to J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent of the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade street, New York; or to any member of the Committee.

A. M. Powell, James Black, R. C. Pitman, A. A. Miner, Neal Dow, *Committee.*

NEW BOOKS.—Among the various books and pamphlets which we are solicited to notice, we are glad when any come before us that we can recommend. Books that are costly and handsome, but without anything to commend them to the class of readers among whom our paper circulates, are frequently sent us, and we lay them aside with regret, that so much time and brain-power have been expended to so little purpose.

A few weeks since, we received from the publisher, a copy of a work, entitled "Christian Ethics," by D. S. Gregory, Professor of Moral Science, &c., in the University of Wooster, Ohio, in which we have been interested. The preface sets forth that "this volume had its origin in the demands of the class-room. It seeks to present that most important of all sciences,—the science of right and noble living, from the point of view of the enlightened Christian conscience, so as to set before the youthful mind the highest attainable human life and mission.

It aims to embody the great principles concerning the nature of true moral manhood and work, and the mode of attaining the former and performing the latter, in such a form that they may be understood by students of average intelligence in our schools and colleges; and to give to the whole such a unity and natural order that the entire system may be most readily retained in the memory, and made a life-long possession and guide.

In the examination of the book we have found so few exceptional points, and so little of the abstruse and dogmatical reasoning that discouraged the student of moral philosophy in our school days, that it is a real pleasure to know how much easier to be understood, Professor Gregory has made this much neglected science. Heretofore, the subject, when handled by Christian minds, has been, to a large degree, viewed from the stand-point of certain theological tenets to which the writer was pledged. The work before us is very free from anything of the kind, and may be adopted as a text book by liberal Christians everywhere. Only in the section on the duties of the marriage relation do we find him un-



just to woman, retaining for her the subordinate position that under the social conditions of the past required obedience from the wife, thus ignoring the mutual dependence and obligation of both husband and wife that constitutes equality in the covenant.

The book is published by Eldredge & Bro., 17 N. Seventh street, Philadelphia. The retail price is \$1.50.

**LECTURES ON ZOOLOGY.**—Graceanna Lewis, member of Academy of the Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, is now prepared to resume her instructions in Natural History, and will give lectures to schools, colleges, or to a parlor class of ladies and gentlemen. These lectures are amply and elegantly illustrated by diagrams, lithographs, engravings and drawings, procured with great care for the especial purpose, and also by original charts of classification, Palæontology and Geology, which have required many years of labor to prepare. Tickets for a course of six lectures, \$3.00; or for a fuller course of ten lectures, \$5.00. Liberal arrangements with schools and colleges. Address, Graceanna Lewis, Media, Pennsylvania.

The following letter is a tribute of respect from one woman of eminent scientific attainments, to another one of similar tastes and acquirements:

"I have heard Graceanna Lewis lecture only once, and although I cannot say that I think she can be at present a popular lecturer in the ordinary sense, I was much interested in what she said, and take a womanly pride in her solid learning, and in her original turn of mind.

"She has great simplicity of character, and is just the woman for thinking women to know. She is a hard student and a genuine lover of nature. Her lecture was grave and dignified, and thoroughly scientific. I should have been proud to have given such a lecture as the one I heard, and I am more hopeful for women since I have seen her.

"Yours, MARIA MITCHELL, *Vassar College.*"  
—*Woman's Journal May 15th 1875.*

Graceanna Lewis is so well known in our city that it is not necessary to publish the long list of references that are appended to her circular, and which embraces the names of many of our best citizens.

**CHRISTIANITY** is universal sympathy and love.

## DIED.

**CHRIST.**—On the 6th of Fifth mo., 1875, Artimesia Christ, in the 45th year of her age; a member of Pipe Creek Monthly and Particular Meetings.

**CHANDLER.**—On the 27th of First mo., 1875, Aaron Chandler, in the 81st year of his age; a member of Miami Monthly Meeting.

**JONES.**—At his son's residence, on the 20th of Fifth mo., 1875, Isaac E. Jones, aged 84 years; the oldest male member of Cincinnati Monthly Meeting.

Coming to the city in the spring of 1845, he was soon appointed one of the Elders of the Meeting, and has been ever faithful, consistent and exemplary in the discharge of his varied duties. He endeavored to live in accordance with his favorite expression, "Mind the Light." Thus living and acting, he walked in the pleasant paths of peace, supporting the testimonies held by our Society, and long sitting at the head of our little meeting, even when it seemed threatened with extinction, from the departure of so many of its members. He longed to see it rise from its low estate, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing a First-day School established (which he regularly attended), and of seeing the Meeting again revive and renew its strength.

**SEAL.**—At his residence, Unionville, Pa., on the 29th of Fourth mo., 1875, Dr. Thomas Seal, in the 90th year of his age.

**WARRINGTON.**—On Third-day, the 16th of Second mo., 1875, Nathan Warrington, of Woolwich township, Gloucester county, N. J., in the 86th year of his age; a member of Upper Greenwich Particular and Woodbury Monthly Meetings.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 50.

(Continued from page 221.)

## IN UPPER EGYPT.

And now we float slowly down the mighty stream, propelled by the current, and by the ten long oars at which the crew are toiling patiently, for the wind is unfavorable and our sail is furled. Indeed, the larger sail of our boat is now quite laid aside, and we have only the smaller insect-like wing for the downward voyage, and unless there is a change in the steady, continuous north-wind even this will not avail us anything. As we sit at the window wondering at the glory of the Morning Star, a strange humming roar on the shore arrests the attention. We listen and question what beast of the desert makes so drear a sound on the still air of night. As the roar continues monotonously, we perceive its true character. It is the creaking water wheel which has commenced at this early hour its tedious work of irrigation. Along the upper Nile, the high banks prevent the floods, and the tropic heat makes it needful to employ the labor of oxen for this most important work of raising water, which goes on by day and by night.

On the afternoon of the 28th, we reach Silsilis, the seat of the ancient sandstone quar-

ries, from which were hewn the enormous blocks which were used in building most of the mighty Theban temples. Two ranges of red sandstone rock here close in upon the Nile, which is at this point only 1,095 feet in width. It is the narrowest part of the great river. We land and clamber up the steep rocks to see how the stone workers of a distant age hewed from the mountain side great blocks of stone, leaving smooth and regularly cut surfaces, to attest their giant labors to future times, when the great edifices they builded should have crumbled to ruin. To the south of the quarries we are conducted to a high rock, overlooking the river where are to be seen two elegant open chapels, and various tablets in a pretty good state of preservation. Here are sculptures executed perhaps 1,450 years before Christ, during the reign of Sethi I, father of the second Rameses, and over the massive entrances is the one emblem of true monotheism which is a thousand times repeated in the temples of Egypt,—the globe, with wide-spread wings of azure blue, like the Cherubim in the Holy of Holies.

Particular honor is paid to the god Nilus, at Silsilis, which may either have arisen from the circumstance of the transmission of the blocks of stone which were there committed to the care of the river god, or from the fact that the first cataract of the Nile was once at Silsilis. Having given due attention to these chapels, we are rowed to the first grotto on the north, which consists of a long corridor, supported by four pillars, cut in the face of the rock. It was commenced by Horus, the last Pharaoh of the XVIIIth dynasty, who here commemorated his defeat of the Ethiopians. On the left end of the gallery is a group which is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of Egyptian sculpture during its best period. Horus is represented as an infant receiving nourishment from a god dess, and both figures are perfect and very naturally expressive—the loving trust of the little prince who clings fearlessly to the slender left arm of the serene goddess, while her right is thrown tenderly around him. And so he grows to be a mighty conqueror, pursuing his flying foes who sue for peace. Then we see him borne in a splendid shrine by his chieftains, bringing home his troops, and leading his captives. In another place the monarch receives the emblem of life from the god Amun.

On the morning of the 30th we awaken at Edfoo, the ancient Appolinopolis Magna. It is a village of mud-huts of the rudest sort, in the midst of which rises the imposing propylon of a temple, accounted the most perfectly preserved specimen of an Egyptian sacred edifice in existence. Until 1864, nothing of

this but the lofty propylon was visible, the inside being filled with *débris* of all kinds up to the roof, and the roofs and terraces covered with the mud-huts of the villagers. To clear it out and reveal the fine elaboration of a Ptolemaic temple was one of the first works of Marietta, after his appointment by the Khedive as conservator of the monuments of Egypt, and director of excavations and researches. It is a very pleasant half-mile walk from the river, and one stands upon a mound of rubbish directly in front of the entrance. The breadth of the vast propylon is about 250 feet, and its height 115 feet, and the whole surface is adorned with giant bas-reliefs and explanatory hieroglyphics, so perfectly and delicately cut and so marvellously well preserved that the beholder is astonished to find twenty centuries of decay have spared so much. The material for the building is the fine sandstone from Silsilis, and the excellence of the masonry is evident to the most unscientific observer.

The Edfoo temple is the only one of its class which yet retains the exterior wall. This barrier, which is 450 feet in extent and perhaps 40 or 50 feet high, is elaborately sculptured, both inside and out, with historic bas-reliefs and their explanation; and with a profusion of figures illustrating their religious ideas. The amount of labor which has been expended on this work is prodigious, and when one sees what appears to be only monotonous and inartistic repetition, remembering that it was done by command of monarchs of the Greek race in the days when fine arts had reached their highest perfection, we question why the Ptolemies chose to repeat the crude work of far antiquity, rather than decorate their temples with sculptures of true beauty and of poetic significance. But no! here is the giant king smiting trembling captives, who kneel with uplifted hands; and here is the bestial god to whom the sons of men come bowing down, and to whom they offer costly tribute.

Entering the mighty portal, we stand in the midst of an open area, surrounded by a magnificent colonnade of thirty-six pillars, with elaborate and varied capitals, which is called the portico. The deep, deep blue sky of Egypt is the only canopy, and the effect of strong light and deep shadow among the pictured columns is indescribably fine. From the portico we enter a covered hall, supported by eighteen great pillars, and thence onward to the far end of the temple, where is a richly sculptured chamber containing a kind of altar hollowed out of a fine monolith of dark-grey granite, perfectly polished, which is said to have been the *sanctum sanctorum*. From the inscription on it, this is known to have



been made by Nectanebo I, of the XXXth Dynasty, and to have belonged to an older temple, which the present edifice replaces. In this fine niche was kept the hawk, the emblem of the god Hor Hab, the principal divinity of the temple. To those who can decipher the hieroglyphics and thus read the true intent of the miles of historic bas-reliefs, the investigation of this temple might be profitably extended over many days; but we walk through, wonder and admire very superficially, and so complete our visit in a few hours.

Another party, who are making the ascent of the Nile in the steamer, are also in the temple, and we have real pleasure in finding that some of them are our fellow-citizens, engaged, like ourselves, in seeking wisdom in the world's ancient places. Such meetings are a real luxury, and are more frequent on the Nile than in most other highways of travel. We hastily exchange greetings, and borrow a little light from each others' experience, and go our ways—to the north and to the south. Before leaving, we ascend the propylon-tower and enjoy a splendid view over an area many miles in extent. Immediately below lies the temple, with its outer court, its splendid porticoes, its noble terraces, and its grand wall of enclosure, all perfect, not a stone displaced, giving a clear and correct impression of what a sanctuary of the ancient gods of Egypt was. Around us on every hand are the miserable mud-walls, in which the modern Egyptian dwells—the most wretched of all human dwellings I have yet seen, were it not for the rainless climate. In this town they are mostly open to the skies, and have scarcely any shelter from the intense sunbeams. Sometimes I have seen the mud-walls reared around the base of a fine date-palm, and the rustling, waving crown of the tree forms an elegant and all-sufficient screen, while its fruit is the food of the family, and its boughs the home of singing birds. This is quite a favored dwelling and has many advantages of light, air, melody and beauty. The sycamore fig is a large, spreading tree, not unlike our oak in outline, and under its boughs we sometimes see a village of huts that have no other roof than the canopy of the fruitful tree, from which they gather great stores of wholesome food. But neither feathery palm nor umbrageous sycamore relieve the unutterable ugliness of the village at our feet. Beyond it lies the fair green plain, which the beneficent Nile has fertilized, and for which the irrigating shadoof creaks evermore, the waving wheat just coming into head, the fragrant flowered lentils, the palm, the beautiful castor-oil plant, with starry shaped, many-colored leaves, the Indian corn and the sugar-

cane clothing it in a garment of unparalleled richness and beauty. Around to the eastward sweeps the glad river, so long the object of most grateful veneration to the people of Egypt. Beyond all this, and closing in our view, are the desert hills; even they, in their desolation, beautiful with the gracious tints of the morning, and seeming, on their broad ridges, to uphold the blue dome of the heaven of heavens.

The next morning our dahabeah stops for us, while we make a visit to Eileithyas, or to what remains of "the city of Lucina." A great wall of crude brick yet stands to attest the limits of the ancient city, but all within the enclosure is utterly gone. As we walk past the wall, I am interested to observe that the bricks have been laid in regular waving curves, instead of straight lines; but whether this was done for beauty or for durability we cannot tell. To the left hand (on the north), in the face of the rocky desert barrier, are the tombs in which were laid to rest the bodies of those who once dwelt within the walls of Eileithyas. In these rock-hewn grottoes are sculptured and painted the whole life of the occupant, beginning with childhood, and representing in long array the various processes of the tilling of the soil on which the owner of the tomb looks from his car, which is seen in the field.

The operation of treading out the grain from the ear is performed by oxen, who are driven by the laborers. Over this scene is inscribed the song of the threshers in hieroglyphics, which has been rendered thus:

"Hie along, oxen! tread the corn faster;  
The straw for yourselves, the corn for your master."

The various possessions of the deceased are represented; there are boats on the river, cattle, donkeys, pigs and goats, and there are grapes, a wine-press, fowling and fishing scenes, and bags of gold which are being weighed and numbered. On the other side of the grotto the husband and wife sit lovingly together, with a pet monkey by their side, entertaining a large party of their friends. The guests are seated on the floor, and almost every one is inhaling the fragrance of the lotus flower, while great preparations for eating and drinking are in progress near them. These tombs are about 3,500 years old, according to Marriett's estimate.

The next morning of our voyage finds us moored at Esneh, 34 miles above Thebes, a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, which has the enviable reputation of being the healthiest place in Egypt. Here was the city known to the Greeks and Romans as Latopolis; and here has been unearthed the portico of a fine temple, which seems to have



been built upon quite the same plan as that at Adfoa. The inscriptions upon the portico present the names of the early Cæsars, and of Thothmes III, by whom, it is believed, the original temple was founded.

Twenty-four mighty pillars, with fine capitals of the lotus, the papyrus and the palm uphold a roof upon which is portrayed a zodiac. But it is so darkened by smoke, and so distant from the eye that I can only see that the sculptured menagerie of the sun's heavenly pathway is there, without being able to make any real acquaintance with it. The sculptures of this temple are accounted very inferior, and, indeed, they do not bear close inspection, though wonderful, like all the other pictured walls and columns of Egypt, for the great wealth of labor expended on them.

A little Arab has been taking impressions of some of the more suggestive of the bas-reliefs with a kind of soft, bibulous paper, which he would like to sell, and some of our company take the best he has to offer. I think the means used was merely to wet the paper thoroughly, and then apply it to the subject to be copied, and leave it until it became entirely dry, when, quite a striking likeness was obtained. We are indebted to Mehemet Ali, who visited this place 1842, for the revelation of this imposing structure, and would like to say something very grave about ridiculous egotists who have chosen to smear the most interesting places with great, vulgar, obtrusive initial letters and dates. It was a great comfort not to find the significant "U. S. A." here, though I cannot say as much for other places we have visited in Egypt.

Shame upon the foolish tourists who thus disgrace the land they ought to love, by their absurd forgetfulness of the fitness of things! Let them be better instructed.

This locality is believed to have been the burial place of many Christian martyrs, and of all the convents in the valley of the Nile; that of Ammonius, at Esneh, said to have been erected by the Empress Helena, in honor of the victims of persecution under Diocletian, is accounted the most ancient.

After a ramble through the bazaars, the purchase of some huge fragrant lemons, and a visit to the simple and cleanly mosque, where the Divine unity is continually affirmed, we returned to our boat. Sundry little Arabs are busily at work with hoes, levelling the earth and making a pathway from the river to the town. An Arab, in European dress, is overseeing the work, and from him we learn that Prince Arthur, of England, is expected here, and they are making straight his pathway to the Temple. He responds very politely to salutations, and

readily accepts an invitation to step aboard the Dahabeah. He is the ruler or bey of the village, and says that he is not of the Turkish but of the Arab race, and, by means of the dragoman, tells us about his family. Then he shows us a very valuable and beautiful chain of fine antique relics set in gold, for which, he tells us, he has refused £80.

We admire, but do not purchase; and while we are looking at it a pretty little boy, dressed in an Arab gown, with a fine black coat over it, comes modestly in and stands before his father. The bey makes him welcome, and then the little fellow walks gracefully around the saloon, and shakes hands with all the company, and seats himself beside his father. The bey tells us his name is Mohammed, and that he has a little daughter at home, who is younger; and one of the ladies then presents the namesake of the prophet with a whistle, another gives him a bead necklace for his little sister, and yet another presents him with a handful of nice bon-bons; all of which he accepts with a modest politeness that would put many a little Anglo-Saxon to shame. Our dragoman now offers coffee to the father and lemonade to the son, after partaking of which they take leave of us, and we pass onward towards Thebes. The ten long oars sweep back the waters, and the merry-faced sailors toil patiently in harmony with the current, but the progress is very gradual. It is more interesting and exciting to be flying before the winds, but the wind bloweth only where it listeth, and this is the season of the north wind. At times the stream is all alive with white sails scudding before the breeze, and we see the poetic beauty of the designation of Egypt by the inspired prophet as the "land shadowing with wings."

S. R.

Second month 1st, 1875.

#### BRYANT'S BIRTH-DAY SPEECH TO HIS FRIENDS.

*Mr. Sturgess and Gentlemen:* I thank you for the kind words referring to me in the address which has just been read, and am glad that you find it possible to speak of what I have done with so much indulgence. I have lived long, as it may seem to most people, however short the term appears to me when I look back upon it. In that period have occurred various most important changes, both political and social, and on the whole I am rejoiced to say that they have, as I think, improved the condition of mankind. The people of civilized countries have become more enlightened and enjoy a greater degree of freedom. They have become especially more humane and sympathetic, more disposed to alleviate each others' sufferings. This is



the age of charity. In our day charity has taken forms unknown to former ages, and occupied itself with the cure of evils which former generations neglected.

I remember the time when Bonaparte filled the post of First Consul in the French republic—for I began early to read the newspapers. I saw how that republic grew into an empire; how that empire enlarged itself by successive conquests on all sides, and how the mighty mass collapsing by its own weight, fell into fragments. I have seen from that time to this change after change take place, and the result of them all, as it seems to me, is that the liberties and rights of the humbler classes have been more and more regarded, both in framing and executing the laws. For the greater part of my own eighty years it seemed to me, and I think it seemed to all, that the extinction of slavery was an event to be accomplished by a remote posterity. But all this time its end was approaching, and suddenly it sank into a bloody grave.

The union of the Italian principalities under one head, and the breaking up of that anomaly in politics, the possession of political power by a priesthood, seemed, during the greater part of the fourscore years of which I have spoken, an event belonging to a distant and uncertain future, yet was it drawing near by steps not apparent to the common eyes, and it came in our own day. The people of Italy willed it, and the people were obeyed. There is yet a time which good men earnestly hope and pray for—the day when the populations of the civilized world shall prepare for a universal peace by disbanding the enormous armies which they keep in camps and garrisons, and sending their soldiery back to the fields and workshops from which, if the people were wise, their sovereigns never should have withdrawn them. Let us hope that this will be one of the next great changes. Gentlemen, again I thank you for your kindness. I have little to be proud of, but when I look around upon those whom this occasion has brought together, I confess that I am proud of my friends.—*Late paper.*

#### A MORNING SONG.

I wake this morn, and all my life  
Is freshly mine to live;  
The future with sweet promise rife,  
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,  
New love to give and take;  
Perchance new burdens I may bear  
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,  
New efforts worth the will,

Or tasks with yesterday begun  
More bravely to fulfill.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be  
Are in my hand to sow,  
Whereby, for others and for me,  
Undreamed of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass  
That turns my foot aside,  
In each uncurling fern I pass,  
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall  
In shade across my way,  
It seems that nought my thought's recall  
But life of every day.

Yet if each step in shine or shower  
Be where Thy footsteps trod,  
Then blest be every happy hour  
That leads me nearer God.  
—*Chamber's Journal.*

From the Liberal Christian

#### THE BLUE BIRD'S MATIN SONG.

This early morn, I thought it yet was night,  
For I could not discern one ray of light,  
I heard a blue-bird sing as cheerily as if the sun  
Shone bright.

Yet on the roof the steady rain that fell  
Told all without was wet and chill as well—  
Then what could tempt that little bird to sing so  
sweet I could not tell.

But when I rose the sun, though still o'er-cast,  
Through heavy clouds, I saw, was breaking fast,  
Till, like the blue-bird's azure wing, the glorious  
sky shone clear at last.

And then I thought of that sweet, early song,  
The blue-bird knew the rain would not last long,  
Or yet it might be that his faith e'en then in sunny  
skies was strong.

Yet I—what little thought had I to rise  
And sing a matin 'neath those stormy skies—  
To bless the April shower, or see the light that now  
around me lies!

—*RIFFLE.*

From Northampton Journal.

#### AGRICULTURE.

*A paper read before the Franklin Harvest Club by Edwin H. Judd, of South Hadley Falls, Mass.*

In all associations, of whatever character, there are certain ideas which control the united action of its members. Now, one of the ideas which we represent in our meeting together from time to time is, that we as farmers are not ashamed of our calling. In theory, I am aware this has been generally asserted, but in practice very many farmers, if not ashamed of their vocation, manifest a most marked dissatisfaction with it. This is evident from the numberless cases of those who sell their farms for the purpose of engaging in some other, some supposed easier more profitable, or more congenial employment. It is also evident that farmers who while retaining a part of their lands, on one

pretext or another, are continually thronging to our cities and villages, only to get away from what they term the cares and vexations of farm life, and to augment the already too great mass of idlers in our populous places. Our systems of public education tend somewhat in the same direction. How small is the proportion of the educated sons of our farmers, even from our most popular agricultural colleges, who expect to follow the employment of their fathers. It is considered beneath their dignity, their aim being for the so called higher positions in life. Their parents, likewise, have loftier hopes of their promising sons, than to have them handle the plough, the axe, the shovel and the hoe. In a word, they must get their living by their heads, their eyes, their mouths, or in almost any way rather than descend to farm labor. One great object of the Association we represent, is to bring back to its ancient reputation the time-honored calling we follow for a livelihood.

But the main object in view in this introductory sketch, is to show that we members of the fraternity are not ashamed of our occupation. Though it requires diligent labor, yet we glory in it. To our credit be it spoken, I do not know a member who is so degenerated as to become a professional politician—one who depends upon wire-pulling, office-seeking and office-holding for a livelihood. May the time soon come when it will be universally considered as respectable for a young man of talent and education to ride upon a mowing-machine, as to ride in a doctor's gig; as honorable to raise corn or potatoes, as to plead cases of assault and battery in a justice court, or some greater crime or scandal in a higher tribunal; as worthy a vocation to sell fruits, vegetables, milk and butter of our own productions, as to sell ribbons, laces and silks, the productions of others; as respectable an employment to detail our thoughts and experiences at these, as well as at other agricultural meetings, as to dish up a daily or weekly hash for the public prints.

#### THE MISSION OF THE FLY.

The generally received opinion about flies is that, despite limitless ingenuity expended on patent traps and poisoned paper, they form one of those ills of life which, it not being possible entirely to cure, must perforce be endured with as good a grace as may be. Consequently when they ruin our picture frames and ceilings, insinuate themselves into our milk and molasses pitchers, or lull us to sleep with their drowsy buzzing, only to bite us during our slumbers and render the same uneasy, we thank fate that the cold weather will rid us of the pest. To be sure they are scav-

engers in their way; but after we have spent several minutes in picking a score or more out of the butter dish, we arrive at the conclusion that it is an open question whether they do not spoil more good material than they carry off bad.

*Festina lentè*, good reader, hasten slowly and do not anchor faith to such opinions until you are certain that the above sum up all of the fly's mission in this world. *Musca domestica* (Science uses six syllables in Latin to express that which good round Saxon epitomizes in two) is a maligned insect. He fulfills a purpose of sufficient moment to cause you to bear his inroads into your morning nap with equanimity—of even complacently to view him congregated by the score within your hidden sweets.

Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of sugar. Now the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a smoothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food.

This query, which perhaps may have suggested itself to thousands, has recently for the first time been answered by a Mr. Emerson, an English chemist; and certainly in the light of the revelations of that gentleman's investigations, the fly assumes the position of an important friend instead of a pest to mankind. Mr. Emerson states that he began his self-appointed task of finding out whether the house fly really serves any appreciable purpose in the scheme of creation, excepting as an indifferent scavenger, by capturing a fine specimen and gluing his wings down to a microscope slide. On placing the slide under the instrument, to the investigator's disgust, the fly appeared covered with lice, causing the offending insect to be promptly released and another substituted in his place. Fly No. 2 was no better off than fly No. 1, and as the same might be predicated of flies 3, 4, 5 (or of  $n$  flies, as the algebras have it), Mr. Emerson concluded that here was something which at once required looking into.



Why were the flies lousy? Meanwhile fly No. 2, on the slide, seemed to take his position very coolly, and extending his proboscis, began to sweep it over his body as if he had just alighted. A glance through the microscope, however, showed that the operation was not one of self-beautification; for wherever the lice were, there the trunk went. The lice were disappearing into the trunk; the fly was eating them. Up to this time, the investigator had treated his specimen as of the masculine gender; but now he changes his mind and concludes it to be a female, busily devouring, not lice, but her own progeny. The flies, then, carry their young about them; and when the family get too numerous, or the mother too hungry, the offspring are eaten.

A while reasoning thus, Mr. Emerson picked up a scrap of white writing paper, from which two flies appeared to be busily eating something, and put it under the instrument. There were the progeny again on the paper, and easily rubbed off with a cloth. "This," he says, "set me thinking. I took the paper into the kitchen again and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules, the same as on flies. I had now arrived at something definite; they were not the progeny of the fly, but animalcules floating in the air; and the quick motions of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal."

The investigator goes on to describe how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bed-rooms or well ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies, covering themselves with the minute organisms and greedily devouring the same.

Mr. Emerson, while thus proving the utility of the fly, has added another and lower link to that curious and necessary chain of destruction which exists in animated nature. These infinitesimal animalcules form food for the flies, the flies for the spiders, the spiders for the birds, the birds for the quadrupeds, and so on up to the last of the series, serving the same purpose to man. He certainly deserves credit for an interesting and novel investigation, and for an intelligent discernment which might even attack the more difficult task of teaching us the uses—for Nature makes nothing without some beneficial end—of the animalcules themselves.—*Scientific American*.

## NOTICES.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 6th mo. 6th, Reading, Pa., 2 P. M. (Cars leave 13th & Callowhill at 8 A. M., returning in afternoon. Excursion tickets, \$2.35.)
- " " Stroudsburg, Pa., 3 P. M.
- " " Middletown, Pa., 3 P. M.
- " 20th, Valley, Pa., 3 P. M.
- " " Upper Dublin, Pa., 3 P. M.
- " 27th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
- " " West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.

### PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next meeting will be held at Girard Avenue Meeting-house, on Sixth-day evening, Sixth month 11th, at 8 o'clock, being the last one until fall. All interested are invited.

### GENESEE YEARLY MEETING AND FIRST-DAY SCHOOL GENERAL CONFERENCE

This organization will meet at Pickering (Canada) on Second-day, Sixth month 14, at 3 o'clock, to which reports and delegates should be sent. The Executive Committee will meet on Seventh-day, 12th inst., at 3 P. M.

Arrangements have been made with steamboat to convey Friends from Charlotte, near Rochester, to Whitby, across the Lake, and return, either from there or Pt Hope, in connection with railroad. Tickets will cost about \$3.30. Boat leaves Charlotte at 9.30, and trains run from Rochester at 5.30 and 7.30. By using summer excursion tickets of Pennsylvania Railroad via Rochester to Niagara, etc., in connection with above, the cost of trip will be lessened.

### LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Managers' Meeting on Fourth-day evening, Sixth month 9th, at 8 o'clock. J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

## ITEMS.

THE school for girls, lately established by the third wife of the Khedive of Egypt, which is one of the greatest innovations the country of the Pharaohs has ever seen, is turning out a great success. This lady bought a large house in a thickly peopled locality, near the dancing dervishes, erected around it a quadrangle of spacious buildings, handed them over to the Education Department, but she defrays the whole cost of maintenance. The school is free to all, and when it had been open only four months there were 207 boarders and 100 day scholars, all Arabs or slaves. They discard the Oriental veil, and are dressed in frocks, pinafores and shoes, in English fashion, and they sit, not squatting on the ground, but at desks.

HUMMING-BIRDS.—Lady Burdett Coutts, in her capacity of President of the Ladies' Committee of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, appeals to her countrywomen to prevent the extermination of humming-birds, which she calls the gems of bird life, by sacrificing their love of ornaments made of these brilliant creatures, not only because their destruction is a needless cruelty, but as a concession to naturalists. Prof. Tomlinson stated, in a paper read to the ladies, that one house received forty thousand humming-birds last year. As they are found only within a restricted area, their extermination seems imminent if the present fashion for using them as ornaments continues.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 5, 1875.

No. 15

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VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 12, 1875.

No. 16

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SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF

WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 227.)

"Twelfth month 1st, 1866.—I have been endeavoring with the kind assistance of my dear friends, to fulfill the duty of visiting our members belonging to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

"It is an experience of deep interest—my heart is made to magnify the mercy of God, and I earnestly pray for preservation and direction in this important concern.

"I desire to keep my mind aloof from all exciting influences. It calls for Christian courage to pass as the wind that bloweth, all that cometh to the ear, courage to overcome self, which so pleads to rise and defend the right. May I ever be ready to proclaim the truth when required to do so by my Divine Master. Truth can take care of itself."

Alluding to the reported marriage engagement of some young friends, he says, "The trials of life have not left such an impress upon my mind as to alloy the sympathy I feel for these dear children. Our Heavenly Father designs us to be happy, and He will fulfill this design if we do not mar the work by our own selfishness. If the young will but give their hearts to God, He will keep them safely. No chastening without its attendant peace. How true 'by His stripes we are healed.' Militant upon earth, triumphant in Heaven. No more

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conflict there. These light afflictions, which are but for the moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, made light by Him who has promised to give rest to all who will come unto Him. Made light by His strength, by His giving us the power to endure even unto the end.

"Second month 2d, 1867.—Last night an old neighbor of ours passed away—a Roman Catholic. Ah! there is room in our Father's Kingdom for all who love Him, fear Him and work righteousness. He knows them that are His; accepts us according to what we have, to what has been committed unto us, and our faithfulness therein. I do not feel wrongly, I humbly hope, but God in His mercy preserve me from the spirit of the Pharisee. I believe the Spirit of Christ requires no man to judge and condemn as *unsound* one who differs from himself in religious opinion. If the heart is Christ's, the life will be His, and His will be the triumph and the glory.

"Fourth-day, Third month 6th.—At meeting, I endeavored to point out the true faith in Christ, that belief in Him which He Himself required. It being a faith or belief which enabled its possessor to know and do the will of God. We use outward means now to call the minds of the people away from a reliance upon anything external in its character for salvation. This was the mission of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God manifest in



the flesh showing the power of the Spirit, calling all men to the knowledge that the Kingdom of Heaven is within them. Surely this was the most wonderful and mighty dispensation ever known to man; and as it called all home to the Spirit and power and life of God in their own souls, and into obedience to it, why not continue to hold it up to believers as the same eternal gift of God's love for our salvation now as well as then? He called to the light in the soul. Is our call to the light in the soul any better than His? Do we impair the force of the doctrine by calling to it as His sound teaching? Do we not exalt the call by the latter method because His holy and pure life gave better evidence of its perfect work in the flesh than our lives do. Here was where the Apostle called to the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. How strange it is that some have become jealous of the use of the name of the blessed Son of God, Jesus Christ. Accepting Him in His outward mission, which I glory in, it brings me at once closer home by its blessed teachings to the eternal foundation, the revelation of Himself as the wisdom and power of God unto Salvation by the Eternal Father, 'On this Rock will I build my church.'

"*Third month 13th, 1867.*—This afternoon I attended the funeral of a sweet infant six months old. How vividly it brought to my remembrance the death of my own first-born, an angelic being, given us to be taken just at the same age. A bright vision of heavenly beauty passing away just as it was realized. My heart has ever felt for parents on such occasions. *Only a child*, yes, only a child, but they who have had the experience know what others cannot. Well do I remember how the dear, blessed mother's heart went to Heaven with her angel child, and how the shadow of death falling across our earthly path lighted the way for higher hopes and higher joys. He doeth all things well, blessed be His holy name!

"*Fifth month 1st, 1867.*—More than a month has elapsed since an entry has been made in this journal. I have been much engaged. The first day of the week bringing its allotted duties. At meeting in the morning, and in the afternoon generally to visit some who are prevented by disease and suffering from mingling with their friends in social public worship. On First-day morning I felt it right to attend Spruce street meeting. Last First-day I attended Race street meeting. A concern to do so had dwelt with me for sometime, and as this seemed to be the opening I embraced it. Now I am favored to record the evidence (I humbly trust) of Divine approval. The centralizing and uniting power of Christ both in

His outward and inward manifestation to the soul of man was the burden of my discourse. This seems to grow with me daily, while all else fades into mists and shadows. The manifestation of God in the flesh as His chosen means of instruction and salvation cannot be held by us as obsolete. For it is clearly proved, if we accept it as Jesus demanded He should be received by obedience to His teachings, it leads at once to the great cardinal view of the same manifestation of God spiritually revealed to the soul, as the co-operating medium by which we are saved. Made at one with God through Christ, at one with the Father by His Son, the eternal power sent of God to save. I am a believer in the name by which the Apostles worked miracles and proclaimed the glad tidings of great joy to all people—name and power accepted as meaning the same thing. The name of Jesus calls at once to the mind the highest possible conception of perfection and holiness.

"The various terms used by holy writers in the Scriptures with reference to the Saviour of man, or the power to save, does not imply a variance (to my mind) with the unity of God, but rather a confirming evidence of the fact. What folly for finite man to speculate upon Him. The great Almighty One makes Himself and His law known to the minds of beings who are the works of His hand. We have only to bow and accept in faith that which must purify and elevate the soul, and which alone brings into subjection the *will and selfishness of man*, which, if permitted to withstand God and resist His law of love, brings us into sin, wretchedness and misery. Truth is eternal, and its operations the same. Jesus says He came to bear witness of it, and He did by word and life. There His Divine mission stands upon the page of history, even as none other ever stood. The efforts of man's reasonings against it lie all around as monuments of weakness and folly, as well as of his assumption, while the manifestations of Divine love and pity—mercy, forbearance and compassion—endure forever. The great test Jesus gave was, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

"*Sixth month 3d, 1867.*—Our own Yearly Meeting has passed. I think we had evidence of an awakening spirit amongst the people, and especially the younger and middle aged portions of Society. May God prosper His work in us all is the prayer of my spirit."

"Last week, having received a minute of concurrence from my Monthly Meeting, I attended New York Yearly Meeting. Had an interesting meeting at Twenty-seventh street on First-day morning. In the afternoon, at Fifteenth street, my mind was led to view the rise of our religious Society, through suffer-



ing and persecution, like our dear Lord and Master, according to the measure of light allotted those noble children of light and of the day. Persecuted unto death by a mercenary priesthood, they manfully continued their work, rallying to the standard of a free Gospel ministry, and finally, through suffering in meekness and patience, brought from the government the acknowledgment of the right of man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Thus they became the means of establishing the right to religious liberty; and carrying out their principles in their emigration to Pennsylvania, William Penn placed them upon the statutes of the great State that bears his name, and showed man's inalienable right to civil and religious liberty. I touched upon the inconsistency of the sects who claim soundness and orthodox opinions for themselves, and denounce as unsound those who do not come up to their *outward* views of original sin and the vicarious atonement by the material blood of Jesus Christ shed upon the cross. Declaring the spiritual views of the atonement as a work in the heart of man, when opened by him to receive Christ, who stands at "the door and knocks," &c. That He, when thus received, makes us at one with the Father through this manifestation of His love. Thus Christ is to us a Saviour indeed. How can we claim salvation by Christ, except through obeying His teachings? For He said, "Why do you call Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?"

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### HOME AND THE CHURCH.

Our late Yearly Meeting did a wise act in admitting the *halves* of our Society to be equal in rights and powers. A still wiser step and more prolific of beneficent results, in my opinion, remains to be taken—that of making the two meetings "one and inseparable."

I am wholly at a loss to discover an argument for their remaining apart—a divided and weakened band of "one faith." There is no *sex* in our common purposes to promote personal and general piety—need there be any in the religious rites and obligations we assume? Our delinquencies and blessings, weaknesses and responsibilities are the same. Let us acknowledge them together. Our errors and virtues are alike known to God, and will, by an irresistible law, be felt and known to each other. Man and woman are essentially one in all their moral and spiritual interests. All they can accomplish for truth and purity can be more effectually done hand to hand, presence with presence. It is their absolute community of desires and duties, sufferings

and joys *in the family* that makes it the holiest institution on earth, and the *sanctuary* of home, the sweetest enclosure of this rudimental life; genial nursery of all that is most unselfish in love, unfailing in friendship and stable in character. Here, in our nearest approaches to God, through the simple tenderness of our human affections, our noblest resolutions are formed. Here, by countless refining processes, never operative in the coarser theatre of the outside world, is developed that higher emotional nature that prepares us best for the reception and practice of Divine truth that flows forever into the mind when its windows and doors are open!

After the pattern of the family I would mould the *Church*. I would make it a federation of equal and loving households. They should meet on all occasions, either for business, for meditation and exhortation, according to the suggestion of kindred ties, in groups or otherwise, without separating sexes. I would have no "men's" or "women's" sides, or divisions. No partition should oppose its cold and rigid barrier to the electric spread of inspiration from heart to heart, or limit the operation of Divine love on the assembled souls. Thus would our hands be held up and our meetings be strengthened by the conscious and vivifying fulness of the fraternal bond. We would be warmer in zeal and more willing in labor.

This truth is illustrated by the school and the lyceum, and by almost all the organized charities of the day. In religious endeavor after higher life, more than in aught else, have man and woman a need for moving step to step. We must conform to nature if we would unfold our powers, otherwise we may prolong the distance to "our Father's house." What God and the "fitness of things" have joined, let not man put asunder. Gathering "with one accord, in one place" before Him, and waiting His tenderest visitations, how potent the obligations to come as we can come *best*, as we can most perfectly feel and effectually labor. As was tersely and happily taught in a recent sermon, "*Salvation* is obedience to the laws of our being." A steadfast adherence to that fundamental truth should and will maintain the life, augment the usefulness and enlarge the too stationary boundaries of our spiritual Zion.

Let us reconstruct our meetings upon the more natural basis to which I have alluded, and we will certainly find infused into them a more attractive grace, a sweeter power, a warmer and more cheerful social character. Then, I think, more tongues would be loosened, silence would be less formal and charity more prodigally abundant, and our assemblies would be held more "in the authority of



Truth." Only by teaching and acting our testimonies, fearless of the adverse opinions of men, can our Society maintain its position as an exemplifier of the beauty and simplicity of the every-day religion of love! Friends must never forget that change and progress are the conditions of all life. Convictions of their necessities may come slowly, but they come as surely as "seed time and harvest." The light of experience is the light of God. It has been wisely said, "The new work of the world cannot be done with old machinery." Organic laws of institutions must blossom into fresher beauty and usefulness at the cry and the prayer of human needs. A great writer tells us, "the yearnings of one generation are the history of the next."

S. SWAIN.

*Bristol, Pa., Fifth mo., 1875.*

REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

The Joint Committee appointed last year to have charge of Indian concerns reports:

That they organized by the selection of Jacob M. Ellis as Clerk, and the following Friends to act as an Executive Committee, viz.:

William Dorsey,	Amos J. Peaslee,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Deborah F. Wharton,
Daniel Foulke,	Margaretta Walton,
David Petit,	Mary S. Lippincott,
Joseph C. Turnpenny,	Samuel Jeanes,
John Saunders,	Mary Jeanes,
	Jacob M. Ellis.

To this Committee was assigned the usual duties of a general supervision of affairs; being also directed "to appoint a Committee out of their number to represent this body in the Joint Committee of the Six Yearly Meetings," and "authorized to call Special Meetings of this Committee"; also, "to incur such incidental expenditures as they may deem requisite."

Regular stated meetings of this Joint Committee were arranged to take place as heretofore.

In Fifth month of last year, in a very interesting communication forwarded by Agent Jesse W. Griest from the Otoe Agency, we were informed that "the Indians are entirely willing to labor, but that he fears he will fall short of means to pay them for their work."

The important point of the tribe being willing to labor having been attained, the Executive Committee "was instructed to give the subject attention, as well as that of the purchase of tools and seeds, with power to act, but as judiciously as possible, for the promotion of these objects."

From a report, made in Ninth month, of a

committee appointed to visit the Otoe and Great Nemaha Agencies, we make the following extracts: In speaking of the Agent at the Otoe Agency, and his assistants, they remark: "They all seem well adapted to their several stations." Of the school they could see but little, "as most of the advanced pupils were away with their parents, cultivating their patches of corn, potatoes, etc."; also, that "a considerable degree of energy has been displayed in enclosing land and putting in crops; some fifteen hundred panels of fence having been put up this season, the boards for which were sawed from timber cut therefrom. This fencing encloses about three hundred and fifty acres of land, and it is hoped two hundred acres of new prairie will be broken this year."

"There were then growing about one hundred and twenty acres of wheat, eighty of corn and eight of potatoes, most of which promised well."

"There is a commendable disposition to labor for pay, except with some of the older chiefs. They have, in addition to the ground under the immediate care of the Agent, about two hundred and thirty-five acres under cultivation, against one hundred and fifty last year." They also refer to the want of proper facilities for breaking the ground;\* and report the saw-mill in good working order.

There has been sawed this season nearly sixty thousand feet of lumber, most of which has been used in rebuilding the Agency house, putting an addition to the barn, and in fencing.

The committee visited the Iowa Tribe, in reporting the progress of which they state "nearly all live in comfortable frame houses, kept in a cleanly manner. Many of them have excellent fields of corn, which are well fenced and cultivated. The Day School consists of nearly forty children, nicely clad, orderly and attentive, manifesting much intelligence and proficiency in their studies."

"The Orphan or Industrial School had, at that time about thirty-eight Indian children, who appeared to be well cared for, and received a varied instruction. This institution is very satisfactory to the tribe, all of whom, we are told, desire their children to be inmates of it.

The Sacs and Fox Indians located on their reservation west of the Iowas, also received the attention of this committee, who held, at their request, a council with them, most of the tribe being present. Their situation is very unsettled, a law having been passed by Con-

\* The Executive Committee supplied the deficiency in agricultural implements to an extent costing one hundred and seven dollars and fifty-three cents.



gress for the sale of their land, with a view of their removing to the Indian Territory; but they now desire to remain, and efforts are being made by Friends to have the law so changed, as to allow them to retain about two-thirds, and sell the balance, which would afford funds for their settlement in good houses, furnishing agricultural implements, etc. They were earnest and united in their appeals for our assistance in the matter, and expressed the strongest confidence in Friends, saying, "You are our only dependence." (A more recent report from Agent Kent, which we append, is very encouraging.)

This committee concludes its report by remarking: "Upon a review of what we have seen and heard while on this mission, we feel there is much to encourage the philanthropist in persevering efforts still further to elevate these small remnants of a much injured people."

A committee was appointed in Twelfth month last to attend a convention of delegates from religious bodies having the care of the Indians, to be held in Washington during the succeeding month.

Having received information from B. Rush Roberts, that, in a recent interview with Commissioner Smith, he desired Friends would continue the care of the Pawnees, in their new home, and that they would not be within the jurisdiction of a superintendency not under our control, but remain as heretofore; this committee was united in judgment that it would be best for Friends to continue their connection with them, but only upon the provision above mentioned.

Arrangements for the "Otoe Industrial Home," and a building for its accommodation, have claimed the careful attention of this committee at several of its meetings; and we have recent information that a contract has been made for the building to be completed by the first of Tenth month next.

Superintendent Barclay White forwarded a communication from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, approving of a change that had been proposed in the management of the "Industrial Home" at the "Great Nemaha Agency," and also of the propositions that the institution be under the control of the United States Indian Agent, its head to be an Agency employee, its animals Agency property, and the funds for its support to be on a permanent basis. It is further suggested that the Superintendent of the Home (to be called a Teacher of Industry) shall be nominated by Friends' Executive Committee, at a salary of eight hundred dollars per annum.

The Clerk of the Executive Committee was directed to suggest to the agents that the carpenter, farmer and blacksmith should be

expected to consider it a part of their duties to instruct Indian boys in their respective departments of labor.

Agent Charles H. Roberts, having resigned his position at the Great Nemaha Agency, Mahlon B. Kent was appointed his successor, and from the latter has been received a detailed account of his proposed arrangements for the government and management of the Industrial Home; and in referring to the approval of his nominations by the Executive Committee, he expresses the hope that they may prove equal to the duties incident to their positions, and be in a proper condition to be guided by that light to which we must all look in times of trial. He is also of opinion that "the condition of the Iowas is being steadily improved, and he finds a strong desire among both old and young men to increase their farming facilities," and "I am doing all that is possible to encourage that disposition. If the coming season is favorable, I feel that we will be an independent tribe next winter, and not have to call upon the charities of Friends, so that their attention can be turned to the more needy. A few more houses are still wanted, but I have decided to build no new ones until those already enclosed are completed."

"I desire to keep Friends interested in the cause thoroughly posted up in regard to our plans, prospects and doings, hoping Friends will feel free to advise and suggest." He concludes with the following expression: "I keep constantly in view the fact that we are laboring for the good of a race that has been despised by the whites, and driven before the powerful car of human enterprise until they are scarcely recognized as having a right to any portion of the American soil. May our good Father bless this labor, and may we all be led to look to Him, who doeth all things well."

In a more recent letter he informs us that "those members of the Iowa Tribe who have not yet had fields fenced, have been engaged the past month in procuring materials for that purpose," and states that "a few cases of intoxication have been noticed, in which the Indians procured the spirits by some means unknown to the Agent, from white persons residing in towns adjacent to the Reservation, and that all available means are employed to ferret out the offenders, and bring them to justice." He also states that "the long winter and late spring seem to have an effect of producing a feeling among the Indians that there is a necessity for renewed exertions towards agriculture."

The following extracts from a report of Agent Kent, give an interesting account of



the condition of the Great Nemaha Agency at a very recent date, viz.:

"Upon assuming charge of the Agency in Twelfth month last, the

IOWAS,

surrounded by discouragements, at first seemed inclined to yield, but finally were induced to engage in farming even more extensively than in previous years, as the following statistics show:

Wheat sown, 240 bushels, on 165 acres.

Barley " 22 " 20 "

Oats " 170 " 75 "

Timothy seed, as an experiment, 4 "

Potatoes now planted, 40 bushels, and many not yet supplied. About 30 acres of winter wheat had been sown, but will be an entire failure; part of the ground has been sown in spring wheat.

In addition to the above-mentioned work, nearly 3000 rails have been made, a portion of which are already put into fence. Preparations are now being made for planting corn.

#### IOWA INDUSTRIAL HOME.

As had previously been proposed, this was opened, as a Government institution, Fourth month first, and is now in practical working order, with prospects that are flattering beyond expectation. The change is received with favor by the tribe generally; an evidence of which is the alacrity with which those having able teams responded to the request to assist the "Teacher of Industry" in preparing to sow his wheat. Nine men came willingly with teams and plows, and in one day nearly all his 23 acres of wheat ground was plowed and seeded, they receiving no recompense except meals and horse feed. No objection has yet been made to have the larger boys and girls assist in the work, and there is every evidence that the effort to make it a Manual Labor School, and almost self-supporting, will eventually prove successful. One acre of potatoes is now planted, and a variety of garden seeds in the ground. There are 50 acres of prairie to be fenced and 30 acres to be broken to complete the "Home" farm as now proposed. At this time there are 29 children at the "Home," and no effort has been made to secure their attendance.

Employees at the "Home" as follows:

"Teacher of Industry." To have general supervision over the institution, conduct the farming operations, and instruct the boys in the various branches of agriculture.

"Matron." To have charge of the general housekeeping, cooking, etc., and impart instruction to the girls in everything pertaining to the making of a good housekeeper.

"Seamstress." To have charge of the wearing apparel of the children, cut and make clothing for them, and instruct the girls in sewing, knitting, and making garments for their own and the boys' wear.

"Assistant Teacher." To assist the teacher of the day school while in session, and have a general care over the children at the "Home," when not under the immediate supervision of the heads of the various departments.

"Monitor." (An Indian) to assist Matron in duties pertaining to her position.

The fear that was at first entertained that the tribe would disapprove of the change, and show a hostility to the "Home," has entirely subsided, and our great difficulty at present seems to be to confine the number within the limit our pecuniary means will provide for.

#### SACS AND FOXES OF MISSOURI.

Everything goes to prove conclusively to my mind that this is a neglected nation, and one in which there are men capable of making much improvement, if they receive the proper encouragement.

The present spring, 30 acres of wheat and about the same quantity of oats have been sown. They are now making rails, and fencing up lots for their own family use. Two have prepared logs for houses, and I am now assisting them to procure lumber with which to complete them, for which they will pay from their individual annuity. Another has just bought a span of horses, another a set of harness, all from individual funds. They seem in earnest about going to work. A great obstacle in the way of giving them encouragement is the distance they are from the Agent's residence.

But the best of all news I have to report of this tribe, is that all the chiefs and a number of the head men have just signed, in open council, a resolution diverting two thousand (\$2000) of their annuity for the year, from Fourth month, 1875, to Fourth month, 1876, to be used for general beneficial purposes.

A fund of about six hundred dollars (\$600) now on hand, is applicable for tribal improvement. I propose to expend at once for breaking prairie, which is the first requisite toward opening farms, their own pony teams not being adequate for that purpose.

They do not oppose the erection of a school-house out of the fund appropriated by Congress for that purpose in fulfillment of treaty stipulation. We propose to put the house under contract as soon as practicable.

I am inclined to speak favorably of this people, as I think there are many intelligent thinking men among them; they move with

great caution, a commendable trait in every man's character.

(To be continued.)

ESSAY FORWARDED BY PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION, AND READ BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION FIFTH MONTH 12TH.

WHAT ARE THE OBJECTS SOUGHT TO BE ATTAINED IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS?

From the period of the earliest establishment of the First-day School, we may venture to conclude that prominent among the objects sought to be attained was a more familiar acquaintance on the part of the younger members of our Society with the principles we profess, and that pure and simple faith which led its followers to a practical Christianity.

If the cause of truth and righteousness, which had been so dear to these, and for which they had been willing to suffer in their fearless promulgation of it, was *still* worthy of being upheld, it could best be perpetuated by presenting it in its simplicity to the minds of the young.

While the older members of the Society felt it incumbent upon them to live as nearly as possible in the support of its valuable testimonies, meanwhile exercising a guarded care over the "lambs of the flock," it was evident that a remissness had existed in regard to a proper religious training, suited to the developing mind, and that, from this fact, there had in later years been a "scattering" rather than a "gathering to the fold."

Earnest minds felt that unless this need were met, there would necessarily be in the future a lowering of that noble "standard," which had been so highly prized. While it was not designed that the First-day School should in this respect supplant the duty of the parent, it was thought to be a valuable aid, and experience has proved that a united feeling and interest in *any* labor is more attractive and generally more effectual. Recognizing, as our early Friends did, that the "grace which is saving" is an inward and not an outward law, that "it is nigh thee, in thy heart and in thy mouth"; they felt called to denounce a dependence upon outward help and direct their followers to a walking in that Light, which will bring all who come within its influence to a union with God.

This being the groundwork of the religious Society of Friends, the Scriptures were held subservient to that Eternal Power by which the "worlds were made," and though a frequent reading of these invaluable writings has always been recommended, there has been a fear with many that a thorough knowledge of the truths they contain was wanting. A better acquaintance with these has been an-

other object with many who have engaged in the work of the First-day School.

Without doubt one of the greatest needs that has been felt in our Society, and met by the First-day School, has been a field of labor for the younger members, either as pupils or teachers.

"Feed my lambs!" has been the imperative call to many, who, as they have gathered these and offered such food as has been furnished by the great Shepherd, have found the Divine blessing resting upon their labors, and the good seed sown in the heart of childhood has, through the Father's love, developed into fruit with maturer years. From the earnest seeking scholar has arisen the efficient teacher, and to-day "we find our hearts glowing with the love spirit" that binds as members of one family the First-day School household.

Closely united with the object last presented has been *another* equally important—the removing of the barriers which have to a great extent existed between the older and younger members, not from a want of interest or sympathy, had these found place, but for want of some one labor in which both classes could be mutually engaged: and who can estimate the good which this social feature has produced?

From a broader outlook on humanity we see beyond the needs of our religious enclosure the gathering in of the outcast and the destitute, the noble recognition of that common brotherhood which has ever received the approval of our loving Father.

Whatever *has* been or may be the object "sought to be attained," may we feel ourselves truly brothers and sisters, *one cause* committed to our trust, one common interest binding us together. A. C.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 9, 1875.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

In recurring to our late Yearly Meeting (of women Friends), it seems to have left but little impression either way. The social enjoyment was a rich treat; but if the "tide of life" rose very high, I was not favored to perceive it. The undertow of human opinions and judgments seemed so strong, it required all I had known of the simple revealings of the Father's love to keep my feet firm and my heart restful. Now that we are again in the daily routine of practical home duties, I more fully realize that the life of religion is not in this view or in that, but in doing those things that are well pleasing in the Divine sight.

We have been reading William Hodgson's



late work "on the Divisions in the Society of Friends" with interest and, I trust, instruction, as showing how a mind like his can view circumstances which we look at so differently. Such exhibitions are calculated to make us tolerant of poor human criticism, and careful to avoid harsh censure of what we only partly understand. His denunciations appear to be confined to speculative views chiefly, for even Elias Hicks is accorded moral integrity; but the author's prejudiced vision cannot discern in this integrity the yearnings of a closer assimilation to the Divine life "hid with Christ in God," and worked out day by day, through suffering and watchfulness, to the perfecting of those good fruits which men may see, and glorify our Father in heaven.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 12, 1875.

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"MEMORIALS."—A book of memorials of deceased Ministers and others of Baltimore Yearly Meeting has been lately published by order of that meeting, and is offered for sale at Friends' book store, 706 Arch street.

It is a book of 176 pages, and contains interesting testimonies concerning many Friends who lived and labored from the beginning of the past century to nearly the present time.

IMITATION.—A very common error into which the young are liable to fall, when the religious sentiment is awakened in them, is imitation. Especially is this the case when they look up with undue reverence to those who have been the means of arousing them to religious sensibility. Might not some of the formalities, which a few generations back characterized and to some extent still exists in our own Society, be traced to this source? It behooves those who have influence with the young to guard them against this danger. That voice of God in the soul which convicts for deviations from the Divine law, and which sets before the mind in its best moments an ideal for it to aim at, will, if implicitly trusted in, gradually bring the character into harmony. The newly awakened mind, comparing itself with the high ideal set before it, even if not convicted of actual sin, is sensible of a want of harmony in its nature. Some of the passions and propen-

sities, whether from inherited tendencies or defective early training, are too strong or not directed to their proper objects, while the higher faculties, from want of exercise, are proportionally weak. It is the office of the Divine Spirit, acting on the conscience, to bring all these into harmonious order. This is beautifully expressed in the figurative language: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be laid low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain (or smooth)." Also in that passage so often quoted as a prophecy of the coming millennium, which, if so fulfilled, must begin and be carried on in the members of the human family: "The wolf, also, shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

Now, it cannot be doubted that that Divine Spirit which reveals to us this want of harmony in our nature, whose strivings produce unrest, unhappiness, and such a sense of the beauty of holiness, that the heart intuitively feels that nothing short of it can bring peace—surely this same Spirit can carry on the work to its completion. All human aids, and they are many, must, if they do good, harmonize with the teachings in the heart. No conventional standards must be set up; no mere imitation of others encouraged. These not only mar the freshness and the individuality which each creation of a human soul, so unlike every other, was intended to show forth, but the eye being no longer single, the opinions of those around us may insensibly come to have an undue influence, and thus warp the mind from its allegiance to the true guide.

It is not reasonable to suppose that the restoration of a human soul to order and harmony, where disorder has prevailed, can be sudden. The resolution to seek the Father's house may be formed on the instant, and the first steps toward it immediately taken; but it must be long ere the confirmed habits of the prodigal can be brought into harmony with the order, the quietness and peace of that blest abode.

A conviction that the work of Divine grace

is gradual in moulding the character, and that its work is not to furnish new faculties, but to bring what it finds in each soul into order, would save many a one from discouragement and from an endeavor to imitate those it esteems as models.

**CORRECTION.**—In No. 14, page 211, second column, 21st line from the bottom, for “individuals,” read “*individual*,” followed by a comma; also in same article, in fifth line of last paragraph, for “the visible fruit of material possession,” read “*the visible fruit and material possession*,” &c.

MARRIED.

**SEARING—GILES.**—On the 23d of Third month, 1875, with the approbation of Scipio Monthly Meeting, at the house of Amos Giles, Sam'l Searing, son of Charles W. and Jane R. Searing, to Amelia, daughter of Amos and Elizabeth L. Giles.

DIED.

**JOHNSTON.**—On the 27th of Fourth month, 1875, at his residence in this city, of heart disease, Alexander Johnston, in the 65th year of his age.

**SEARING.**—On the morning of the 22d ult., in the city of New York, whither he had gone to attend the Yearly Meeting, Charles W. Searing, in the 64th year of his age; a member and elder of Scipio Monthly Meeting.

**DAVIS.**—At his residence in Warminster township, Bucks county, Pa., on the 27th of Fifth month, 1875, Jonathan Davis, in the 50th year of his age; a member of Horsham Monthly Meeting. The purity of life, the integrity of heart, and the kind and unselfish bearing of this dear friend caused him to be unusually loved and respected. When about 24 years of age he met with a serious accident which deprived him of the use of an arm, and entailed suffering upon him during the remainder of his life. Notwithstanding this disability, he continued the management of his farm, and in addition filled, on several different occasions, offices of public trust with such ability and faithfulness as secured the confidence and esteem of the community. Within the past year it became evident that he was laboring under an incurable disease, and his mind was brought under deep concern. In early life he had been favored with frequent visitations of the Heavenly Father's love, but close business cares and the duties which devolved upon him as the head of the household, for a time so occupied his mind that these were less regarded and he felt that he had sustained a loss in consequence. But as he turned for strength and consolation unto Him whose arm is always underneath, he was enabled to realize an entire surrender of will to the Divine will, and his heart was filled with praises unto Him whose love had followed him from his youth up. His acute and protracted sufferings were borne with patience and sweetness, and we doubt not that he has entered into that city “whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise.”

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
HOME-MADE WINES.

I was interested in reading the account of the exercises and proceedings of your recent annual gathering, but I cannot comfortably withhold an expression of the painful feeling experienced on observing in the answer to the Query relative to your clearness of the “manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages,” the “exception in relation to domestic wines and cider.” The language spontaneously arose, Why is it that, even in the Society of Friends, there are those who it *appears must wait* until our country becomes a “nation of drunkards,” ere they will see the dangerous temptation these intoxicating domestic articles present, even to those of temperate habits?

Is it not deplorably true that there are many victims of strong drink in every grade of society; and if these articles are kept in our families we cannot expect they should elude their grasp. What encouragement, too, is given to such to pursue their downward career by the knowledge that intoxicating drinks (even the mildest) are manufactured by members of a Society professing so much enlightenment and the purest and holiest principles!

Surely to none are examples wanting of the terribly devastating effects of spirituous liquors to soul and body, to families and to society at large, that they need hesitate to consider it their imperative duty to make the paltry sacrifice of a sensual appetite of gain or even of a supposed requisite for the sustenance of life or health. In every emergency I am satisfied innocent substitutes for the latter purpose could and would be found.

Let us, dear friends, keep before our minds the powerful, wide-spread influence of example, and endeavor to have ours such as will tend to wipe from the earth the enormous evils of intemperance, the horrors of which no language can portray; and let us endeavor to cleanse from our Society all necessity for a query respecting the manufacture, sale and use of spirituous liquors. S.

Richmond, Ind., Fifth mo. 23d, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 51.

(Continued from page 237.)

DOWN THE NILE FROM THEBES TO CAIRO.

To recount how we visited the ruins of Thebes a second time, lingering again among the solemn columns of Karnak and wandering in and out, and through and through the Memnonium and Medinet Háboo, and thence up the drear mountain valley to the Tombs of



the Kings, would involve some repetition. Three days of visiting and revisiting the temples, statues, tombs and ruined heaps of the once great metropolis, were as full of interest as can well be imagined, but the charm of novelty and wonder was a little dissipated. A mass of high limestone cliffs form the western barrier of the Theban plain, and in a valley, running up behind the plain into the very heart of the weird desert hills, lie the Tombs of the Kings. It is utter desolation, indeed, and one sees what the heart-broken patriarch may have meant when he longed to be at rest "with kings and counsellors of the earth, who built desolate places for themselves." No human habitation could have been visible from this dread City of the Silent, neither could the roar of the multitudes of Thebes penetrate this valley of the mountains. The burning sunbeams come scorching down at mid-day, and the silent stars beam gloriously above these cliffs at night; but not a suggestion of vegetable life, no summer showers, "neither dew, nor rain, nor fields of offering," refresh this awful resting-place of Theban monarchs, where lay "all the kings in glory; each one in his own house."

The Tomb of Sethi I, commonly called Belzoni's Tomb, was the one first visited. This rock-hewn gallery was discovered by Belzoni more than fifty years ago, and is accounted much the most remarkable of the tombs, both for the interesting character of its sculptures and for its state of preservation. We enter, and soon descend a staircase, twenty-four feet in perpendicular depth, on a horizontal length of twenty-nine feet. Then we are conducted along a level passage, down another stairway, beyond which two doorways and a passage of twenty-nine feet bring the explorer to an oblong chamber, which was at first believed to be the terminus of the tomb. But the hollow sound of the wall of masonry and the small aperture, revealed to Belzoni the existence of hidden chambers, and he caused the barrier to be broken through, when a hall, decorated with finely-colored sculptures, was displayed to the astonishment and delight of the explorer. The vivid brightness of the work of 3,000 years ago is almost incredible; it looks as if only completed yesterday, and, to increase and deepen the feeling of newness, here is a hall in an unfinished state, the draughtsmen having just completed outlining the work for the sculptors. It appears that every Egyptian king began his reign by preparing his sepulchre, and, to some extent, the duration of his reign was indicated by the amount of work accomplished upon the final resting-place of the royal bones. Upon these silent walls, hewn from the mountain depths, was depicted the

various familiar scenes in which the life of the occupant was passed, so that the mummy of the dead king, either in his long sleep or on his awakening, might still be encompassed by old, familiar objects.

Another purpose of the sculptures, is to represent the passage of the king to the world of future life. "The farther you advance into the Tomb," says Stanley, "the deeper you become involved in endless processions of jackal-headed gods and monstrous forms of genii, good and evil; and the goddess of Justice, with her single ostrich feather, and barges, carrying mummies, raised aloft over the sacred lake, and mummies themselves and, more than all, everlasting convolutions of serpents in every possible form and attitude; human-legged, human-headed, crowned entwining mummies, enwreathing or embraced by processions, extending down whole galleries, so that, meeting the head of the serpent at the top of a staircase, you have to descend to its very end before you reach the tail. At last you arrive at the close of all—the vaulted hall, in the center of which once lay the immense alabaster sarcophagus, now in the museum, which ought to have contained the body of the King. Here the processions, above, below and around, reach the highest pitch, meandering round and round white and black, red and blue, legs and arms and wings spreading in enormous forms over the ceiling."

In the terminal vaulted hall of the sarcophagus we light a large magnesium torch and by its very satisfactory radiance take note of the marvelous profusion of sculpture which close so fittingly this sepulchral monument, and then retrace our steps toward the light and the day.

After lunching in the vestibule of another palace sepulchre, we proceed to explore the Tomb of Rameses III, called Bruce's Tomb from the name of the discoverer, and then Harper's, because a harp is among the sculptures which adorn the walls. This tomb is 405 feet in length, and it has a descent of 3 feet. We are greatly interested in examining the series of small chambers in the first two passages, for on their walls are rudely depicted many scenes which bring before us the domestic life of 3,000 years ago. The first shows us the process of slaughtering animals and preparing food of various kinds for the table, while the opposite apartment is devoted to paintings of boats for river travel in the days of Rameses, the last of the mighty warrior kings. The warlike implements of the people are portrayed in the succeeding room and in the next are chairs of elegant form richly draped and decorated. There are sofas, couches, vases of porcelain and pottery, co-



per utensils, caldrons, rare woods, printed stuffs, leopard-skins, baskets of very neat forms, basins and ewers. This indicates considerable perfection in the arts which were employed to decorate habitations and make them places of elegance, ease and comfort. Farther on we find rude representations of agricultural scenes, intermingled with mythologic emblems, and of the good gifts which the great god Nilus continually bestowed upon the land of Egypt. In each of these little rooms was a pit, now closed, believed to have been places of burial for members of the king's household. It is also presumed that the subjects on the walls had reference to the station and office of the deceased.

There is much monotonous repetition on the interminable walls, and the effort of memory, even the effort of attention, wearies the unlearned wanderer in these dark mazes. At length we reach the grand hall of the sarcophagus, where we burn a magnesium torch and then retreat by the way we came. Such utilitarian anglo-saxons as we can see little to approve in this gigantic, useless work, which must have exercised in a high degree the patience, skill and loyalty of the excavators, sculptors and painters of the forgotten ages, but which can have added nothing to the means of advancement in civilization, or of culture, æsthetic or economic. What vast systems of dykes and of reservoirs, of canals and of roads, might not these mighty princes have bequeathed to future ages, had they only cared more for mankind and less for their own unimportant bones, for which these sealed up rock palaces were builded! And so we go grumbling back to the portal, and our guides marshal us immediately to the tomb of Ramesses VI, a tomb which had been already violated in the days of Grecian and of Roman rule. Many visitors, it seems, came in ancient days, and they have left votive inscriptions for the benefit of future times.

In one place is pictured a wicked soul, returning condemned from the presence of Osiris, bearing the form of a pig, doomed to climb once more the long and slippery ascent from bestial, sensuous existence to the glorious estate of manhood, the high plane from which the blessed soul may be raised by one step to deity. Beneath, is an inscription by Daduchus, the torch-bearer of the Eleusinian mysteries, recording that he visited these tombs "many years after the divine Plato"—thanks "to the gods and to the most pious Emperor Constantine, who afforded him this favor." Here, then, we find a Greek philosopher and priest recording his admiration of the Egyptian faith in the time of the Emperor who is about to adopt that belief which soon leads to the abolition of all the mystic religions, panthe-

istic or polytheistic, of the world empire of the Romans. Sixty years after this time, Theodosius, by an edict abolished heathenism; and it is a striking proof of the utter want of vitality in the old theologies at this time, that the word of an Emperor should be potent enough to destroy them utterly.

One idea is continually repeated in the memorial sculptures of Egypt—the immortality of the soul. We have neither their arguments nor their evidences, but we perceive that they arrived at the same conclusion to which the hopes and aspirations of the sons of men tend in every age. There is another life for which this is only a prelude; and in this unknown realm toward which we are ever tending, it shall be well with the righteous, there will be rest and peace and perpetual union with the Divine Being. We find no suggestion of annihilation, nor of the sad spirit which questions nature, if

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,  
And love creation's final law,  
Though nature, red in tooth and claw,  
With ravine, shrieked against his creed,—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or sealed within the iron hills?"

After one day among the royal tombs, we returned to the bank of the river by a devious pathway which took us by the ruins of an ancient temple below the cliffs of the Lybian hills, which is called Dayr el Bahree, or "the Northern Convent." It was like many other of the temples of Thebes, a church and a monastery of the early Christians. This edifice, unlike any other we have seen, was built in successive stages up the slope of the mountain, flights of steps leading from one court to the other. The material employed is a fine limestone, and, in one of the lower courts, there are yet some excellent sculptures upon its admirably smooth, hard surface. We can trace a triumphal procession, a sacrifice, a table of votive offerings. Upon the granite pylon at the upper extremity is inscribed the name of Amun-noo-het, the sister of Thothmes II and Thothmes III. "She has made this work for her father, 'Amunre, lord of the regions:' she has erected to him this fine gateway,—'Amun protects the work,—of granite; she has done this (to whom) life is given forever.'"

The day was far spent, and physical weariness forbade the attentive study of the clear, fine bas-reliefs 3,500 years old which here in-



vite attention, and strive to tell us of warlike deeds, of captive hosts bearing tribute from lands beyond the salt sea waves. The waves of the sea are painted green, the waters of the Nile, blue, and the boats are highly ornamented. Granite sphynxes shivered into piteous fragments, and broken columns of marble-like limestone, attest the magnificence of the entrance to this sanctuary in the days of its glory, and it is among these that our little donkeys pick their way as we resume our route to the river after a day of most diligent sight-seeing.

Subsequently, we visited several other of the Tombs, and though they are very remarkable for size, and for the profusion of decorative work bestowed upon them, we found the exploration of them so tedious and laborious that we turned aside to dream and loiter amid the ruined glories of the memnonium, to read again the historic sculptures of Medinet Haboo, and to wonder once more at the footstool of the grim Colossi. Returning at night-fall to our dahabeah we find Luxor quite illuminated, and many of the boats which lay at anchor displaying all the possible glory of lanterns that circumstances would admit. We are told that the boat next to ours is that of Prince Arthur, of England, and so all our store of lanterns is brought out too, and we shine forth as brightly as possible in honor to the descendant of the Georges.

Of course, we looked occasionally, during our stay in his vicinity, towards his boat, and sometimes had glimpses of a neat young Englishman in the usual gray tweed traveling suit of his nation, but could see nothing distinctive about the son of Victoria. He seemed to be enjoying himself with his friends in a very ordinary fashion, and the only matter of note was the enthusiastic feeling of regard which the English travelers seem to feel for the son of their sovereign, and the coolness with which the young gentleman received the courteous attentions of his countrymen. We counted twelve dahabeahs as well as two steamers at Luxor during our visit, and a large proportion of these carried the stripes and stars. A number of American travelers were there, and we heard of many boats farther up the river. One party of Americans had the misfortune to strike a rock just above the cataract, which disabled their boat so much that they had to abandon it and take another; and another party told us that their dragoman died of dysentery, their reis had been so insubordinate they had been obliged to dismiss him and appoint one of the crew to his place; and all with whom we have conversed speak of the uncomfortable cold which became more and more wintry as they ascended

toward the equator. Yet it is said that this is not an exceptionably cold winter on the Nile.

On the evening of the 4th, we left Luxor and arrived at Denderah the next day a little after noon. A Ptolemaic Temple of Athor in an excellent state of preservation, is here cleaned out, swept and garnished for inspection, and we devote a beautiful afternoon to it. We have a pleasant ride of about a mile and dismount at the very entrance of the temple. The soil has grown round the sacred edifice for many centuries, and now must be twenty or thirty feet deep, so that we have to descend quite a long flight of stairs to the floor of the building. We are conscious of a musty, cellar-like odor, and find that the light of mid-day hardly suffices to dispel the thick darkness which clings naturally to these records of a discarded faith, and of a fallen people.

We stand within a magnificent portico supported by twenty-five massive columns with Athor-headed capitals, and a painted zodiac over head. If I could clearly comprehend it, I should like to describe this gorgeous astronomical work, which records the sun's yearly progress among the hosts of heaven but it is so far up on high, and so mythological and mysterious that I despair of being able to do it justice. In regard to the sculptures which so profusely adorn the pillars and walls of the temple, we can feel little enthusiasm. They lack the exquisite finish of the more ancient works, and are often totally absurd in their details. We are reminded that Egyptian sculpture had long been declining when this edifice was commenced, and that the antiquary looks with little pleasure on these graceless figures and crowded, ill-adjusted hieroglyphics; but there is grandeur here yet, and the superior state of preservation of the temple of Denderah give it a distinguished rank among the interesting monuments of Egypt. We walk diligently through the many halls, reading its story by means of the guide book, as it is pictured on the tablets of stone. Here is the king presenting himself at the entrance of the temple, sandals on foot and sceptre in hand, preceded by five standards; and, farther on, he is undergoing purification at the hands of the gods before receiving the two crowns of Egypt, and being led into the presence of the goddess Athor to taste of the divine beauty and goodness. It is a long journey through the many apartments, which were each consecrated to some special portion of the ceremonial of the ancient worship, and which were appropriately decorated so as to indicate their purposes. In the thick walls are arranged long, narrow, secret chambers, to which ad-



mittance could only be obtained by moving, by some mechanical contrivance, the stone which concealed the entrance; and into one of these a gentleman stepped and explored it throughout its extent. The stone doorway is gone, and so are the treasures which once found a hiding place here, but the side walls of the darkened gallery are yet covered with bas-reliefs, for we read, that

"In the elder days of art  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each unseen and secret part,  
For the gods see everywhere."

Having striven to do justice to the dark mazes of the principle edifice, we ascend to the terrace of the roof where we find a small temple, which seems to have been especially devoted to the celebration of the New Year festival, marked by the appearance of the star Sirius. Its twelve columns were each dedicated to one of the months of the year, and as a whole it was consecrated to the local Osiris of Denderah. The astronomical figures on the ceilings of some of the chambers were fearful and wonderful to the uninitiated, and probably had a meaning to the learned Ptolemies by whose command they were constructed, but to us they were ludicrous in the extreme. A chapel of Isis, and other buildings of inferior interest were close at hand, but we did not give them very much attention, for the day was far spent. S. R.

Cairo, Second mo. 16th, 1875.

#### HINTS TO VISITORS IN THE COUNTRY.

The little Sunday-school scholar, who on being asked for the Bible precept on hospitality, replied, "Patience in tribulation," must have had an intuitive comprehension of the trials of women in the country during the "heated term," when people from the city swarm into these rural homes on the remotest claim of relationship or acquaintance, or the slightest hint of an invitation. The grace of hospitality is always charming, but the duty must vary with circumstances. In these days, when multiplied routes of travel make every home easily accessible, and everybody goes somewhere during the summer, if one's doors are always open to the possible guests, the house becomes a hotel, and the sanctity of home-life is lost in the confusion and excitement of summer company.

Do the cool, dewy mornings, the brilliant sunsets, the forest flowers, the mountain views, the skies and clouds and bird songs, bring inspirations of a higher life and glimpses of the ideal beauty into which human flowers might blossom, to the overworked, care-burdened mistress of the household, who must toil from early dawn through the long hours of the hot

day, in the necessary labor for her enlarged family? How is she going to make "drudgery divine," through the "dog-days" of August, while her visitors enjoy the luxury of idleness and ease?

"I really dread the summer," said my friend, this morning; "we always have so much company, and I get so worn out with work and care and the heat that I am sick and cross and stupid?"

It was a sensible, sunny-tempered woman who said that, and it set me thinking.

Country life already puts on its holiday look. Mountain and lake, wood and river, are no longer silent. Village and hamlet and farm-house are lively with new occupants. Let us bespeak for the toiling women in these country homes a chance for a share in the beauty and joy of the season. Let the mid-summer glory brighten their hearts and kindle a new radiance in their faces. For their sakes we offer a few hints to summer visitors.

Wait for an invitation before you quarter yourself on your fifth cousin for two or three weeks; or, if your mutual relations warrant an informal visit, be sure to consult your friend's convenience in fixing the time, length and arrangements of your sojourn with her. Study to make as little trouble as possible when you are a guest. Observation and tact and genuine kindness will show you what to do and what to avoid. Adapt yourself to the habits of the family. Use the house and its belongings as theirs, not yours. Give them a chance for the privacies of home. Be blind and deaf to what you should not see nor hear. Let friendly, personal interest, not curiosity, inspire your tongue; sympathy and helpfulness, not criticism, govern your intercourse. Assume no superiority. The quiet, dark-eyed woman over the way may be an authoress or a returned missionary. The next door neighbor may have just returned from Europe. The man hoeing the corn may read scientific books beyond your comprehension, or own more acres and dollars than you can count. In short, be the well-bred, considerate, Christian gentleman or lady, being good and doing good even in the abandon of summer rest and recreation.—*Lilian A. Faulkner, in Christian at Work.*

#### TRUTH.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

Be not afraid of Truth, she cannot harm thee:  
'Tis only Error that can quite disarm thee.  
Dare to think rightly; to do rightly then  
Shall be an easy duty. It is when  
We yield to wrong in thought that we are sure  
To yield in action; always the wrong-doer  
Is the wrong thinker; God has made it so;  
Who doubts it cheats himself and is his own worst  
foe.



## FOLDED HANDS.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

They say I am weak and wasted,  
So I yield to others' will,  
And the hands once strong to labor  
Must now lie folded and still.

I, who was ever busy—  
My work unfinished stands,  
While I am patiently learning  
The lesson of folded hands.

Sleep drops down on the eyelids  
The magical seal of repose,  
The hands are quietly folded;  
Forgotten are joys and woes.

On eyes that brighten with gladness;  
On eyes that sadden and weep,  
I read, "Who keepeth Israel  
Shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Age with its locks of silver  
Watches the setting sun,  
And waits, with worn hands folded,  
To hear the glad "Well done."

The babe's soft rhythmic breathing  
Tells me of perfect rest,  
As its dimpled hands lie folded  
Over the guileless breast.

Where the straightened form is lying  
With a calm on the marble brow,  
I stand, and the hands are folded,  
Their work is ended now.

Hands that were hardened with labor;  
Hands that have clutched for gold;  
Hands that were clasped in anguish  
When waves of sorrow rolled.

Hands that groped in darkness  
Shut out from the light of day,  
Opening, at last, death's portals  
To find the better way.

Folded in calm and quiet  
O'er the heart that aches no more;  
Ended the strife and labor,  
The long dull agony o'er,

And I read with tears the lesson  
How Love, long waiting, stands  
On the other side of the river  
To clasp those folded hands.

But I, with my buoyant spirit  
Unquelled by the body's pain—  
Must my hands too be folded  
Nor take up their toil again?

Must I give up my life-work  
That seems but just begun?  
Teach me, O folded hands, to say,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

*—Liberal Christian.*

## THE METEOROLOGISTS.

Ye watch the appearance of the earth and sky,  
And oft with certainty predict a change;  
Fair weather now, and now a storm is nigh,  
As o'er our mighty continent they range.  
And this is well; to study Nature's laws,  
And all her hidden mysteries make known;  
But if in these the immortal mind shall pause,  
Content to know phenomena alone;  
If with no grateful heart, no reverent mind,

The sunshine and the rain we shall receive;  
To higher truths, to nobler knowledge blind,  
In Nature and her laws alone believe;  
What profits it? Wiser were men of old,  
Who could such change in wonder, faith behold.

J. V.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WESTERN FRIENDS.

Some of your readers probably think that enough has been said in regard to the necessitous condition of Friends living in the grasshopper district; but others, especially the sufferers, are desirous that the appeals already made should a little longer be continued.

In consequence of the remoteness of these Friends and their scattered residences, and for want of methodical arrangements to make their necessities known to their Eastern Friends, there has been much difficulty experienced in knowing to whom contribution should be forwarded, and in what locality the greatest destitution exists. The channel of communication between Eastern and Western Friends is now plain.

In the *Intelligencer* No. 8 is a letter signed among others, by Thos. E. Hogue, Chanute, Neosho county, Kansas, earnestly soliciting assistance for the little company of Friends in that vicinity, who constitute a small meeting, including a few non-members who assemble with them. Some thirty dollars were forwarded to them, which, as far as I know, all that has been sent, and this was done by individual contributors of Westbury Monthly Meeting. At that time it was not known that there were other of our suffering members in Kansas.

But by a letter subsequently received from Thos. E. Hogue, there is destitution there which has not been reached. He writes "Since then a little colony of Friends, numbering thirteen, have made a demand on me for assistance. They think it will take about \$100 to enable them to live till harvest. They represent their condition to be one of destitution. I am going to send them \$25 which is all we have; yet we will try and spare it. They have been holding a little meeting there more than a year. Please interest thyself on our behalf. I do not want to disappoint Friends, as many of them are looking this way. There are other scattered ones who need our sympathy and help."

It will be noticed, he requests me to interest myself on their behalf; but, as the members of our Monthly Meeting (Westbury) have their individual capacity contributed about \$250 or more for general Western distribution, I must address my remarks to others who have been intending to contribute, but have not yet done so. To such I would say The way is now open and very plain. The

to keep a bank account can simply send a check, payable to the order of Thos. E. Hogue, and those who do not keep a bank account can exchange the bank bills for a neighbor's check, and in a few days they will receive an answer expressive of gratitude for the kindness bestowed.

When I look back to the sufferings of early friends—when they were immured in prisons and dungeons by thousands, and cut off from all opportunities to help their families, and read, moreover, of the liberality of our Society towards the sufferers, I am impressed with the thought that their example is especially worthy of our imitation at the present great emergency of our suffering brethren in the far West.

Address Thos. E. Hogue, Chanute, Neosho County, Kansas.

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, Long Island.

From the Press.

#### ORIGIN OF THE FREEDMEN'S VILLAGE AT ARLINGTON.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—In 1862, a large number of colored men were employed in this District and in Alexandria, as teamsters and laborers, at the rate of \$25 per month and a ration to the former, and \$20 and a ration to the latter. In view of the fact that the Government was supporting several hundred women and children of the same class, who were unable to find employment, and also furnished medical care, support, and attendance to the sick and helpless, the Secretary of War directed \$5 a month to be deducted from the pay of the colored teamsters and laborers in the quartermaster's department to be paid over to a commissioner, appointed by the Secretary, and directed him to expend the fund thus accruing for the benefit of the women and children, and as a hospital fund for the sick among the men from whom it was derived. In December, 1863, the teamsters and laborers asked for the remission of the tax of \$5 a month. Lieutenant Colonel Green, Chief Quartermaster, to whom the subject was referred, made a report in which he said the deduction was a wise and prudent measure; that it had accomplished great good, and that it should be continued in the case of colored laborers, teamsters, and mechanics who were rated at \$25 or more per month, but prohibited in the case of colored employees who were rated at \$20 or less per month. It was shown that the teamsters and mechanics received as wages, after the authorized deduction of \$5 a month, with food and lodging, a higher rate of pay than was received by most of the colored and white laborers employed throughout the country, or even by the soldiers. The money col-

lected was transferred to Lieutenant-Colonel Green, to be applied in providing for the wants of those classes for whose benefit it was raised. A small portion of it was applied to the immediate relief of the aged and infirm. They were established on the Arlington estate, and there provided with comfortable homes and suitable employments. This was the origin of the "freedmen's village" at Arlington, and it is stated the results have been highly satisfactory. The accounts of the money expended having all been examined and audited by accounting officers of the Treasury, it appears the entire amount collected under the Secretary's order was about half a million of dollars, instead of millions, as has been erroneously stated in newspaper publications.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### REVIEW OF THE WEATHER.

FOR FIFTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours .....	11	11
Rain all or nearly all day.....	0	0
Cloudy, without storms.....	2	6
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	18	14
Total.....	31	31
TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.		
	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Fifth mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	62.08	63.33
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	86.00	87.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	38.00	39.00
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....		
	Inches.	Inches.
.....	2.69	1.57
DEATHS during the month, being for five current weeks for each year....		
	Numb'r.	Numb'r.
.....	1469	1862
Average of the mean temperature of Fifth month for the past 86 years .....		
.....		62.76
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1802 and 1826....		71.00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1842.....		51.75

#### SPRING TEMPERATURES.

	Degs.
Mean temperature of the three spring months of 1874 .....	49.41
Mean do do do 1875.....	48.62
Average of the spring temperature for the past 86 years.....	50.97
Highest spring mean occurring during that entire period, 1871.....	57.62
Lowest spring mean occurring during that entire period, 1799-1843.....	46.90



## COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1874	1875
Totals for the first five months of each year.....	<i>Inches.</i> 18.81	<i>Inches.</i> 11.56

It is seldom we find a month *so equable* (if we may use such a term) as the one just closed has been. Compare all the figures with the corresponding one of last year, and then examine the *spring temperatures*, with the same result.

The entire year thus far has been very dry, as our "Comparison of Rain" table will show. The terrible forest fires at *Osceola* and many other places have given the inhabitants a more bitter attestation of this fact than we have yet experienced.

To return to the *temperature*. There has been some cold weather about, though this is always the case.

On the 4th the ice at Cape Rouge, Canada, was still firm, with "horses and vehicles crossing with as much safety as in midwinter."

On the 7th, in this vicinity, it was quite cold, 40 degrees or lower here, with *ice* reported out of town; whilst

On the 9th we had the contrast of 76 degrees at 2 P. M., and on the 10th, 75 degrees at 8 A. M.

On the 16th, in the neighborhood of Middletown, Del., heavy frost reported.

On the 28th snow reported as still remaining two feet deep in the interior woods of Upper Canada.

The compiler of these "Reviews" procured some time since from *all the heirs* of the late *Charles Peirce* an assignment of the copyright of "*Peirce's Statistics of the Weather*." He has recently secured from the proper department at Washington a copyright for a reprint thereof, as well as a continuation of the same character taken from his own diary, commencing with the year 1835 down to and including 1875; the whole of which, if sufficient encouragement is given, will probably be issued from the press *early next year*. J. M. ELLIS.

*Philadelphia, Sixth mo. 1st, 1875.*

## NOTICES.

## CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

A Circular Meeting will be held at Marlboro' on the 13th inst., and at Fallowfield on the 11th of Seventh mo., in Chester county, both at 3 o'clock P. M.; also at Skaneateles, N. Y., on First-day, the 27th of Sixth mo., at 11 o'clock A. M.

## INDIANS.

The Joint Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on Indian Affairs will meet on Sixth-day, Sixth month 18th, at half-past 10 o'clock, at Race Street. Full attendance desirable.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

## CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Sixth month 18th, at 4 o'clock, at Race Street. JAMES GASKILL,

*Clerk.*

## MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

Semi-annual election of officers Sixth-day Sixth month 18th, at 8 o'clock, in Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street.

## ITEMS.

THE Russian government has signed a convention with Japan, by which the Japanese part of the island of Saghalien is ceded to Russia.

PROF. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ announces in a circular that the School of Natural History on Penikese Island has spent all of its money, and that the experience of the past two years shows the impossibility of continuing on the original plan. It has been decided to charge a fee of \$50 for the season and it is doubtful if even then the expenses can be met without incurring debt.

THE Coroner's jury in the Holyoke disaster has rendered a verdict. They find that the gallery with seating accommodations for 400 persons has no means of egress except by one stairway, two at a half feet wide, leading by turns to an outer door three feet wide, and that all the deaths were of persons seated in the galleries. The direct cause of the fire was the use of lace and paper trimmings on the altar, and the building was sheathed in pine instead of being plastered.

THE recent disaster at Holyoke recalls to mind a similar catastrophe which occurred at Santiago, Chili, South America, December 8th, 1862, when by the sudden conflagration of the Cathedral during a crowded service, 2,000 women, maids and matrons, including the very flower of the city, perished horribly. It was at an evening service, when the church was densely crowded. A camphene lamp used in a transparency on the altar, set fire to the hangings, whence the flames spread instantaneously along the elaborate festoons of gauze and drapery that covered the walls and ceilings, among which 20,000 candles and camphene lamps were burning. In a moment the whole interior was in flames, and a rain of blazing oil and burning cloth fell upon the crowd below. The one door of the church opened inwards, and was soon choked. In less than a quarter of an hour 2,000 persons, including very few men, had perished. Chilean Legislature forbade church illuminations in the future, and ordered a sufficient number of doors to be put into all churches.—*Public Ledger.*

THE Irish language is fast disappearing from the speech of the people in Ireland, and there are many of the native youth who can even understand it. The Archæological Association of Ireland has asked the Commissioners of Education to "preserve the Irish tongue from being lost," and have it regularly taught in the schools.

THE value of pictures, or rather their superiority over words, as story-tellers, is excellently illustrated by a story related in a foreign contemporary: In a village in India, recently, it became necessary the course of some engineering operations to transport an enormous mass of metal, weighing several hundred tons, from one point of the town to another. Ordinary means were out of the question, and as the engineers found themselves unable to devise any process, they did the next best thing, as wrote to other engineers in England who were constantly supervising work. The latter, instead of writing out nice large pages of foolscap, beautifully embellished with Greek-letter formula and red ink, quietly waited until the next big piece of metal which they had to transport offered a favorable opportunity. They then prepared a camera, and photographed every step of the operation, together with all the tools and appurtenances, and forwarded the prints from the negatives to India. These engineers in the far-off country followed, and with little difficulty accomplished their task.—*Boston Transcript.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 19, 1875.

No. 17

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 242.)

"*First-day, Sixth month 17th.*—I attended the Circular Meeting held at the Valley. James Mott opened the meeting, which was largely attended by many not our members, by speaking of the use these Circular meetings are as opportunities of coming together for religious purposes.

My mind was then opened to receive the views of how the Kingdom of Heaven is to be known, and how it is to be obtained. Under these impressions I arose and endeavored to show that there is but one way to eternal life, and that is by the Cross, as declared by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said of Himself, that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that all who believed on Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life. He who thus spake taught that this life eternal is to be found only by self-denial,—submitting ourselves wholly to the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, etc.

I was led to observe how we are created fearfully and wonderfully—with powers of mind and body adapted to the most exquisite enjoyment of the abundant gifts of creation in the world around us, and that happiness, so far from being found in unlimited indulgence in these things, can only be obtained

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by self-denial. The one great gift of God, which is not perceptible to the mortal eye, is as essential to perfecting man's being as the light and air of the outward universe to his physical existence. It is not forced upon us, except by a sense of need; if we would be happy we must accept it. If we refuse it we can do so, and seek for happiness under our own wills, desires and passions, rejecting the restraining influence of heavenly Grace. Many are found the victims of sensual excess; others rest satisfied with their intellectual enjoyments, the pursuits of science, and the love of art; but this is forgetting the Giver in His gifts, all of which, however great in the eyes of the world, cannot assure peace to the immortal soul. The Spirit demands something higher than the things of the world can afford. Itself, unseen, can only feed in the Unseen, and that is obtained through faith in the Son of God,—a faith which binds us so close with Him in His oneness with God that we become the perfect subjects of His kingdom, which is to be found within us, where He must be allowed to reign triumphant. The conclusion being that the legitimate enjoyment of the things of the world and the proper indulgence of the power God hath clothed us with is known only under the restrictions of Divine grace. If the revelation of God's will enlighten our reason, we shall, under the lead of Heavenly wisdom, be



rightly directed in all the matters of this life, and prepared for the inheritance of eternal life, foretasted here, known in the fullness hereafter.

"It is right to educate the mind according to its capacity in all that is useful; but, without grace, the educated and the unlearned, the high and the low, rich and poor, great and small, are all alike short of the end of their creation. Nothing short of submission to the grace or will of God—Christ, the wisdom and power of God, use, what name we may, it is all one—one eternal Saviour. I say nothing short of this is able to save the soul.

"In that solemn hour, which comes to us all, the sense of salvation will be accounted of more worth than the whole world with all its greatness, pomps, ambitions, wealth, power and indulgence. No matter how useful the life we lead be to others through our scientific or literary labors, we must give God the glory and not glorify the creature.

"I was led to encourage all to seek this one foundation—Jesus Christ—in whom there is no division. The perfection of holiness dwelling in Him, to which He calls, leads to love, to the unity of the spirit, which is the bond of peace. The poor in spirit, the discouraged and despairing, the tempted, are called upon to rest their faith in this in child like simplicity. The power which overcomes is mightier far than the tempter; and we must not reason with the latter, but, resting, as I have said, with faith unflinching, we shall be able to endure unto the end, and these, we have the promise, *shall be saved*.

"*Ninth month 14th, 1867.*—Accompanied by many dear friends, I went to West Chester to attend a Conference of Friends upon the First-day School question. Was exceedingly gratified to find an attendance of a large number of those interested. The matter appears to have awakened a lively interest in the minds of many Friends. That there is a cause for the concern existing, there can be no doubt. Whether it is shaping itself in the right direction is the question; and if it is, how shall we fulfill the responsibility. Training the mind of childhood religiously has always been considered by our Society of the greatest possible importance; but it is held by many, indeed, I may say all, that the duty rests with the parents. But if the parents fail them, then, as a religious body, upon whom does it devolve? "I most humbly pray for myself and friends Divine direction upon the subject so fraught with seriousness.

"In the Tenth month I attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting with a minute of concurrence from my own Monthly Meeting. The evening of the day we arrived there was a Conference

composed of Delegates from all the Yearly Meetings of our part of the Society with reference to the present condition of the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi, many of whom are now at war with the Government. The Conference adjourned to meet again during the following week, which resulted in a memorial to Congress in favor of peace with this injured people. True, many of them are greatly degraded, but how came they so? Through the vices introduced by their corrupt white neighbors. We take all their land, and profess to pay them for it as per treaty after treaty, but which pay they are robbed of by designing whites, who hover around them as a vulture over its prey, and who violate the treaties, solemn trusts of the nation, to suit their own convenience. I hope our action may have a good effect.

"First-day morning and afternoon, and Fourth-day morning Meetings at Lombard street, John Hunt, Lucretia Mott and others present.

It appeared right for me to open the meeting with the words of Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." While we have no control over our natural birth, we have over the second or spiritual birth. Man, however he may consider himself, is not the perfect being God designs him to be until he accepts this, which enables him to become a dweller in the heavenly kingdom or state. We may accept or reject, but the consequence of our decision is inevitable. This we cannot control. By accepting the proffered mercy we become subject to the law of Divine Grace, which bringeth safety from all temptation whilst we abide under its direction. By rejecting it we remain in bondage to our own wills—opposed to the Divine Law, out of the divine harmony, choosing the kingdom of this world—rejecting the kingdom of Heaven.

"In the afternoon I was led particularly into sympathy with the younger part of the large assembly which filled the house then as well as in the morning. I called upon them to yield the selfish gratification of the natural desires, in exchange for the only happiness permanent in its character that can be known to the mind, by accepting the offers of mercy, denying self and following Christ; bearing His cross, not as a thing of gloom, for the compensation a Christian enjoys is to be raised above the sorrows and tribulations of this life, which are its inevitable attendants. By Christ the door is the only path to the safe refuge within the true fold—living the life of Christ.

"On Fourth-day evening we held a conference upon the subject of First-day Schools. I think I was never more cheered than upon



entering this meeting of earnest spirits, seeking to know their duty in this respect. After the reading of minutes and the reports of the committee appointed at the Conference at West Chester, and communications of interest from parties at other places engaged in this work, it fell to my lot to give expression to the feelings of an overflowing heart, encouraging the movement as one which was spontaneous in various parts of the different Yearly Meetings, and which I believe originated from a right motive. It seemed to me like pure springs of water coming up out of the dry land to meet the wants of thirsty souls.

*"Twelfth month 4th, 1867.*—Much engaged in pursuing my family visits the past week; and have to record a renewed sense of my Heavenly Father's mercies, that I am permitted to strive for the victory by doing what appears to be required. When I look upon the means used, my heart fails; but when I look to the Hand that directs, I feel encouraged—every day's experience of life adding to the conviction of my own insufficiency, and the all-sufficiency of Divine Grace.

*"At our meeting, Germantown, First-day morning,* my mind was drawn into reflection upon the value of the Scriptures, and I endeavored to show it by their harmony with that which is known to us of the infinite through the medium of spiritual revelation, which they teach in so great a degree. They reveal to us the purest type of holiness of life and virtue in the life of the Saviour, who came to bear witness to the truth. This fact stamps His precepts with highest authority, and altogether shows the manifest design of Almighty power, of a perfect accordance in all His manifestations, outward and inward, the outward all teaching of the inward work of harmony and love. They who fail to perceive this harmony and unity must have but limited ideas of the greatness and magnitude and oneness of the All-wise and Almighty power. Finite man cannot see from the beginning to the end; the Infinite can. We must accept the faith prepared for those who will receive it. It is this confiding trust in God, when to our carnal reason all seems adverse, that sustains the soul in every conflict of this wonderful mortal existence.

*"Twelfth month 29th.*—At meeting, my mind was engaged in contemplation upon the interview between Jesus Christ and the sisters of His friend Lazarus, all of whom the blessed Son of God loved. His language upon this occasion leaves no doubt as to His divine origin, authority and power,—‘I am the resurrection,’ &c. Taking in the whole occurrence, if any rational mind *wants evidence*, where will it find the assertion of Himself with greater power. Do not all His blessed

teachings lead at once to the inward and spiritual baptism, cleansing the heart from sin? They will, if we obey them, prepare us for and instruct us in, as well as give us ability to do, every good work; and, doing it under the direction of heavenly wisdom, we shall work more effectually for the glory of God.

*"First month 1st, 1868.*—Called upon my dear friend Dr. Nathan Shoemaker, a patient sufferer, confined for years, rarely out of his chamber, quietly waiting the heavenly summons.

This great patience in the endurance of suffering is wonderfully encouraging to all. May our Father's mercy continue over us! Oh! that the Angel of Patience may be permitted to dwell within my habitation, blessing with its saving power, and clothing my spirit with its saintly robes."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

RICHARD MOORE.

In the decease of the above-named Friend, a much-loved and valued citizen has been removed from among us, and in view of the position he occupied in the community, more than a passing notice of him seems called for. His long life, extending over eighty-one years, was one of usefulness, with energies and faculties continuing strong, clear and bright to the end, when he was peacefully gathered to his everlasting home "in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season."

He was pleasant and genial in his manners, interesting in conversation, and very hospitable; enjoyed the company of the young, as well as the old, believing that the fulfillment of social obligations and duties was as much a part of a Christian's life as religious ones. Possessed of sound judgment, he was frequently applied to for counsel and advice, which he was ever ready to impart; and the numerous trusts committed to his charge at various times were always faithfully performed.

He was a life-long and consistent member of the religious Society of Friends, and from early manhood was deeply interested in its welfare. With a slight exception, for a period of over fifty years, he held the position of an Elder therein, and during that time stood as an upright pillar in the support of its testimonies. He was also a member of the Meeting for Sufferings nearly thirty years, and was rarely absent from its stated meetings.

Early in life he became convinced of the wrongs of human slavery and the evils of intemperance, and faithfully upheld the testimonies of Friends in regard to these particulars. Whilst thus engaged, he was not associated with any other societies banded



together to labor against these evils, feeling there was room and liberty enough within the enclosure of his own to perform all the duties required of him; and his *practical service* stood prominent in the ranks of those engaged in the cause.

In reference to this subject, we offer an article written for the Bucks county *Intelligencer*, which may prove interesting to some of your readers. H.

*Philadelphia, Fifth mo., 1875.*

"By the death of Richard Moore, of Quakertown, Pa., another pioneer in the reform movement of his day has passed away. Early imbued with a sense of the evils of intemperance, he was among the first to abolish the use of intoxicating drinks from the harvest field, and, on the occasion of erecting a dwelling-house, was the first in his neighborhood to prohibit its use among the mechanics employed thereon, greatly to the satisfaction of the master-workman; and throughout his whole life, both by precept and example, he bore his testimony against the use of all spirituous and fermented liquors as a beverage, in all places and before all men.

"But it was in the anti-slavery cause that his feelings were more fully enlisted. In his early years he had heard the wail of the slave from the driver's pen, and listened to their tales of woe; had seen the scarred backs of its victims, and marked the curse the system produced upon the land overshadowed by its presence. Then he resolved that all he could do should be done for the freedom of the slave; and the blessings of more than a thousand fugitives from the land of bondage, who ever found his heart and hand open to welcome them, testify how faithfully he carried out his work.

"He early became interested in what was (popularly) known as the 'Underground Railroad,' and was installed as one of the 'directors and business agents.' Connected with him at the various 'depots' were Lindley Coates, John Vickers, Thomas Whitson, Emmor Kimber, Wm. Fussell, Thomas Hopkins, and others, who acted as forwarding agents from the southern end of the line, centering their consignments at his station to be forwarded, according to his discretion and the emergency of the cases, to the northern limits, where Israel Post and Enoch Walker, of Montrose, and John Mann and Caleb Carmalt, of Friendsville, Susquehanna county, acted as agents. Occasionally a relay was established at Stroudsburgh, under the care of the late Dr. William D. Walton and Jacob Singmaster, the latter of whom, as occasion required, employed large numbers of escaped slaves in his extensive tanneries at that place, and who was always a true friend to them.

"Under the management of such men as these, by whom the 'fugitive slave-law' was unheeded, and to whom the threat of the slave power brought no fear, the business of the road could but prosper.

"These were the kind of men referred to by Frederick Douglass in a speech at the late Centennial of the old Abolition Society, when he remarked, 'that at the time his Uncle George escaped from slavery, his master heard he was in some place in Pennsylvania, and said "there was no use to go after him, for he had got among the Quakers!"' and very good reason he had for the conclusion, for there was any apprehension of danger, the tracks of the fugitives were so covered up there was no trace left.

"Frequently upon receiving what was termed an 'invoice of goods' by the night train, the next morning the team of our Friend would be found in the neighborhood of Hellertown or Freemansburgh, some ten miles northward, ostensibly for a load of lime or coal, but in reality it had taken thus far a *living freight*, well provided for, and discharged with a 'God speed' to the land of freedom.

"For many years he was assisted in his duties by a person in his employ, by the name of Henry Franklin, a former slave of Abraham Shriner, of Maryland, well known to the readers of the old *Anti-Slavery Standard* as 'Bill Budd,' on account of the spicy correspondence between Emmor Kimber and his master concerning him. For seven years he drove the team connected with business, and his intelligence, integrity and manly bearing won the confidence and regard of all with whom he mingled, and did more to break down the prejudice against color throughout the surrounding country where he went than any other influence.

"As a fitting reward for these qualities, in latter years he has been employed at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, a janitor, and at the late Exposition of Fine Arts in the cities of New York and Cincinnati, the valuable paintings and engraving of James L. Claghorn were sent only on condition that Henry should accompany them as care-taker.

"It has often been remarked that the negro was stolid and devoid of gratitude for favors rendered him, but in the long experience of the subject of this article, his confidence was never betrayed, and the gushing tribute of thankfulness and reverent regard from those he had befriended belied any such assertion. Universally among them he was known as 'Uncle Richard.'

"During the late war, upon stopping at railroad station near where a colored regimer



was encamped, he heard some one exclaim, "there goes Uncle Richard!" and, upon turning around, saw a hale old woman pointing him out to the admiring crowd as one of the benefactors of her people, and a few days previous to his death, one of them calling to see him, with tremulous voice said, the Lord would bless him for his good to the poor colored folks.

"The last of that band of bold, true men herein alluded to, who stood as a wall of fire between the oppressor and his victim has gone from amongst us, amidst the blessings of a redeemed and disenthralled race, and he has doubtless heard the language of 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"  
J.

From Friends' Quarterly Examiner.

#### HISTORY OF THE QUERIES.

These records of the past experiences and views of our Church, assuredly have an interest identical with the history of the Society of Friends as a religious community; for, embedded within the folds and intimately connected with the various alterations of the Queries, the patient investigator will discover a thread of precious history. By laying bare the two centuries of Query-existence, and dissecting the six-and-thirty changes which have been made in them by different Yearly Meetings, we may, perchance, trace not only the causes of change, but something of the history of the Society itself at the various periods of additions, subtractions and alterations in these time-honored relics of our corporate life.

Archbishop Trench, in his interesting book on the "Study of Words," offers some valuable hints relative to the tracing out of English history through the study of the English language. After stating that it may be affirmed with truth that "language is fossil history," and that words very often embody the facts of history and the conviction of man's moral sense, he goes on to say, "Great then will be our gains, if, having these treasures of wisdom and knowledge lying round about us, we determine that we will make what portion of them we can our own; that we will ask the words we use to give an account of themselves—to say whence they are, and whither they tend."

It is in this same spirit of inquiry that we would query of the Queries themselves whence they came, and why? and what facts in the history of the Society of Friends do they bear witness of? It will doubtless be thought very bold and far too imaginative to apply to the so-called "lifeless Queries," the following sentences from the same author in relation to

living words; but we quote them nevertheless, leaving the application for those who can accept it:

"We could scarcely have a single lesson on the growth of our English tongue, we could scarcely follow up one of its significant words, without having mastered a lesson in English history as well; without not merely falling on some curious fact illustrative of our national life, but learning also how the great heart which is beating at the center of that life was gradually shaped and moulded. We should thus grow, too, in our feeling of connection with the past, of gratitude and reverence to it; we should estimate more truly, and, therefore, more highly, what it has done for us, all that it has bequeathed to us, all that it has made ready to our hands."

In what marvelous and unexpected ways is this species of fossil history laid up for us! Just as on the surface of the earth, in its fossil relics, its animal and vegetable remains, and its various geological strata, we can trace the records of the history of by-gone ages—so, by analyzing the records of nations, of communities and of individuals, we may discern not simply what they did, but *why* they did. From looking at the effects, we travel backwards on no uncertain track to the causes which led to them.

Just as the past history of peoples is revealed when the earth is called upon to untomb its buried monuments and sculptures, the work of ages long gone by—and as the history of nations is discovered by laying bare the relics of past doings, so, in the investigation of the frame-work and contents of these Queries shall we be able to trace chronologically the difficulties under which they arose, and the deficiencies they were designed to lessen.

It was not until the year 1677 that representatives from the various Quarterly Meetings were sent up to the Yearly Meetings to attend not only to the sufferings of Friends, but, as the Minutes stated, "for the more general service of Truth and the body of Friends in all those things wherein we may be capable to serve one another in love." In 1682, or eight years before the death of George Fox, this meeting of deputies from the provinces, decided that the three following questions should be answered annually to them by the Quarterly Meetings:

"I. What Friends in the ministry in their respective counties departed this life since the last Yearly Meeting?

"II. What Friends imprisoned for their testimony have died since last Yearly Meeting?

"III. How the Truth has prospered among them since the last Yearly Meeting, and how Friends are in peace and unity?"



As it is often imagined that the "Queries" formed an integral part of the religious economy of the Society of Friends from its very earliest days, it is worthy of remark that, for the first thirty years, there were no Queries of any kind existing, and that the foregoing three subjects were the only ones inquired about during the life-time of George Fox. Neither of these, it will be observed, had any reference to the conduct of the great body of its members, nor was the term "Query" adopted until very many years afterwards, when the system of written answers to questions gravitated into a hard-and-fast framework, regarded by some as the key-stone to the whole of our disciplinary organization. Indeed, it may almost be asserted that, for the last century, the arrangements of various kinds branching out of, or in some way connected with, the Queries, are so wide-spreading as to interlace more or less with every subject touched upon in our Rules of Discipline.

It would, however, be a great error to suppose that such Queries as have been in use during the last one hundred and forty years are either a sign of strength or evidence of soundness; on the contrary, they are each one of them evidences of weakness; and, as we shall presently discover, by running a historical thread through the various alterations and additions, their number increased in proportion as the vitality of the Society lessened; and the subjects embraced in them became wider as well as more minute as Friends fell away more and more from their first love and works.

For every fresh departure, for every new form of defection from original principles or practices, another Query was evolved. The legal minds amongst Friends of that day drew up in admirable form and conciseness newly-framed sentences to detect delinquents and pull up the straying members; new Queries were thus continually added to stop the rent created by each succeeding visible form of unfaithfulness; and this plan continued until, in Ireland, in 1740, it culminated in twenty one Queries, to be answered in writing by the Monthly Meetings throughout the kingdom at each Quarterly Meeting.

It requires no argument to prove our assertion that the institution of the system of Queries was an evidence of weakness and not of strength. In the earliest history of the Society of Friends it surely needed no such questions to be asked quarterly as whether Friends avoided vain sports, frequenting of ale-houses or taverns, &c., &c., "attended their meetings for worship" duly, or "avoided unbecoming behavior therein!"

The circumstance of their lives having so little need of disciplinary laws for the first

forty years in the history of Friends, or during the life of George Fox, arose mainly through the influence exercised by him with a few of his most earnest and talented co-adjutors.

This personal ascendancy, however, could not be handed down to his successors, and consequently, shortly after his death the need for definite rules to which all could appeal became evident, and these gradually increased and finally crystallized into the "Book of Doctrine, Discipline and Practice," by which we are now governed. It is also clear that whilst Friends had to contend so earnestly for the very existence of their community which was so rapidly growing in numbers under the fire of persecution, their main efforts would be necessarily directed to the spreading of those views of Christian truth which they fondly believed would ere long overspread the civilized world.

It must also be borne in mind, as another reason why written answers were not required, that although the traveling was difficult in those days, the whole country was permeated by ministers, or "public Friends," as they were called, who were journeying in all parts up and down the land, and who were thereby enabled to give authentic reports verbally at each Yearly Meeting of the condition of those in the country, with whom and their families they were thus brought into close personal intercourse.

Before proceeding to unravel the history of the Queries as they have existed upon our Statute Book, it may be well to remark, that advice was previously extended to Friends in the country to keep a correct record of their various sufferings and doings.

In exemplification of this we may quote the following, issued under date of 1676:

"Agreed, that Friends of the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings of each county, be reminded to keep an exact account among themselves:

"I. Of those that first brought the message of glad-tidings among them.

"II. Of the sufferings of those first messengers, whether at steeple-houses, meeting-places or otherwise.

"III. What Friends first received them and their message.

"IV. Of the various travels, faithfulness and unblamable conversation, of all the public laborers that are deceased.

"V. What judgments fell upon persecutors.

"VI. Where the hearts of all such enemies have been turned to God, let them and their conversations be recorded.

"VII. What priests and others have written books against Friends, and who have answered them.



"VIII. Who have suffered loss of goods or sustained imprisonment, with the cause, time and manner of such sufferings, with the names of their persecutors.

"IX. Who died in prison on Truth's account, and for what branch of our testimony. And that tythes taken away by force be recorded as a suffering for Truth.

"X. Of signal living testimonies of dying Friends.

"XI. Of the names of persecutors and the names of witnesses to the facts, whether Friends or neighbors.

"XII. If any apostatized, that their sufferings whilst owning the Truth be, notwithstanding, recorded, and their apostasy signified.

"XIII. Of the return of any backslider or apostates, and of the judgments befallen any of them."

Appended to these Minutes are instructions that, "in sending up an account of these matters to London, care should be taken to begin where they left off last, and not to send the same twice over, nor confusedly;" thus showing that these statistics and local records came, from time to time, under the cognizance of Friends in London, although no provision was made for their periodical transmission.

(To be continued.)

THERE is a great deal of intellectual labor, undergone simply for discipline, which shows no present result that is appreciable, and which therefore requires, in addition to patience and humility, one of the noblest of the moral virtues, faith. Of all the toils in which men engage, none are nobler in their origin or their aim than those by which they endeavor to become more wise. Pray observe that, whenever the desire for greater wisdom is earnest enough to sustain men in these high endeavors, there must be both humility and faith—the humility which acknowledges present insufficiency, the faith that relies upon the mysterious laws which govern our intellectual being. Be sure that there has been great moral strength in all who have come to intellectual greatness. During some brief moments of insight the mist has rolled away, and they have beheld, like a celestial city, the home of their highest aspirations; but the cloud has gathered round them again, and still in the gloom they have gone steadily forward, stumbling often, yet maintaining their unconquerable resolution. It is to this sublime persistence of the intellectual in other ages that the world owes the treasures which they have won; it is by a like persistence that we may hope to hand them down, augmented to the future. Their intellectual

purposes did not weaken their moral nature, but exercised and exalted it.—*Hamerton.*

From The Christian Union.

#### HOW JOHN BUNYAN GOT OUT OF PRISON.

Bunyan was in his day quite a controversial writer, and was very severe upon the Quakers until he learned that through the intercession of the Quakers he obtained his release from prison. It is a somewhat noteworthy fact, now well authenticated, that Charles II liberated Quakers and Puritans from confinement through the personal intercession of the Quakers, among whom was Richard Carver, who was mate of the fishing-vessel which conveyed the king to France after the famous battle of Worcester, 1651. This honest Quaker sailor, after twenty years had rolled away, appealed to the king in person in behalf of those who were in prison. When the fugitive king fled for his life, this sailor conveyed him on shore. The vessel was bound for Poole, coal-laden, with two passengers, who passed for merchants running away from their creditors; the fugitive king and Lord Wilmot were landed at Fecamp, in Normandy, upon the back of a Quaker, and the vessel recrossed the Channel to Poole.

When the honest sailor appeared before his Majesty, the king expressed astonishment that he had not previously sought some reward. The sailor replied that he merely had done his duty, and God had rewarded him with peace of mind.

"And now, sire, I ask nothing for myself, but that your Majesty will do the same for my friends that I did for you: set the poor, pious sufferers at liberty, that you may have that peace and satisfaction that always follows good actions." King Charles thereupon pardoned four hundred and seventy-one Quakers, and many Independents and Baptists—among them John Bunyan.

### SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

... I am very earnestly concerned about the permanency and prosperity of our Society. I have not the least doubt about the truthfulness of all Friends' fundamental principles, and have no disposition to argue them. They have been well argued and ably defended, and are growing into acceptance more and more with all liberal-minded, thinking religionists, and they are gaining strength daily. But it is painful to me to realize the fact, that while the above is true, it is also true that the Society by which these everlasting truths were first given forth to the



world, should be dwindling away. It may be said that Friends' principles will never die, and I believe it; but I am not willing that the Society which professes them should die either. Believing, as I have said, that the fundamental principles of Friends are incontrovertible, and that the *enlightened, thinking*, religious world are gradually accepting them, I feel very sure that the reason why Friends, as a Society, are not advancing in numerical strength and influence commensurate with the opportunity open to them, must be looked for in some fault of their own. And if not in their principles, surely it must be in their usages, or inaptitude to take the advantages open for them.

This is as clear to me as the noon-day sun, and the earnest effort of this latter part of my life is to find out that cause, or wherein it lies.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 19, 1875.

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THE EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE OF PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—A meeting of this Committee was held on the 4th inst., at Race street Meeting-house, Philadelphia. The proceedings evinced a lively interest in the subject, and a real concern seemed to prevail that Friends should give their children a guarded education. To do this, it was thought much improvement was needed in the present educational facilities offered in the different meetings.

The arrangements of last year having proved satisfactory, it was again concluded to appoint five Friends for each Quarter, whose duty it shall be to examine into the educational needs of the respective meetings, and to consider applications for assistance.

A communication was addressed to the Preparative Meetings, setting forth the desire of the Committee to advance the work, the plan of organization, and the names of the working Committee. Information was also requested of the meetings in regard to the condition of their schools, their school property, and the number of children within their limits. Though these Queries may seem, to many, a needless repetition of those often addressed by the Yearly Meeting to its constituent branches, yet Friends will remember that these answers come as a summary from the Monthly or

Quarterly Meetings, and not from Preparative Meetings, as now thought desirable.

The difficulty, so long felt, of procuring good teachers was under consideration, and a committee was set apart to aid teachers in procuring situations and the trustees of Friends' schools in getting competent teachers. It is a part of the duty of this Committee to prepare and furnish on application, a list of the most approved school books, and also, to make arrangements by which the trustees of Friends' schools can procure books and school supplies to the best advantage.

Communications on these subjects may be addressed to Clement M. Biddle, 513 Commerce street, Philadelphia, Clerk of the Committee on teachers, &c.

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"HISTORY OF THE QUERIES."—In *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, of Fourth month last, (published in England), is an article with this title, by the Editor.

Though it is especially applicable to the Society of Friends in Great Britain, it will be found interesting as a history to all who bear the name, whether the inferences of the writer be accepted or not. The conclusion he has arrived at that the history of the Queries, with their modifications and changes, marks the decline of the Society in spirituality and purity, is no doubt open to question, while the *necessity* which arose for outward rules of conduct in a Society, which, owing to birthright membership, became so mixed, is not, we think, brought into prominence.

There seems much force in the idea that the answering of the Queries in writing to be sent to the Yearly Meeting (a change adopted just a century after the death of George Fox), had a tendency to lessen individual responsibility, and also that of Monthly Meetings, by reporting deficiencies to the "central body" instead of dealing with them.

The writer thinks, too, that the transfer of responsibility from the *individual* to the *Society* is marked by the change from the second to the third person. Instead of "Do you bear a testimony?" etc., it became, "Do *Friends* bear?" etc.

As the article is long, we have somewhat abridged it, and omitted the foot-notes.

## MARRIED.

HICKS—MARSHALL.—On Fifth-day, the 27th of Fifth month, 1875, with the approbation of London Grove Monthly Meeting, at the residence of William Johnson, of Toughkenamon (the bride's uncle), Harry K. Hicks, of Bellefonte, to Mary S. Marshall, daughter of Ellis P. and the late Mary S. Marshall, of Concord, Delaware county. All of Pennsylvania.

## DIED.

VAIL.—At the residence of his father, Ephraim Vail, near New Market, N. J., on the 28th of Third month, 1875, Samuel A. Vail, in the 61st year of his age; a member of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 52.

(Continued from page 253.)

## DOWN THE NILE FROM THEBES TO CAIRO.

We reach Bellianeh on the seventh, and here we land, in order to make an excursion to Abydus, six miles distant. Heart broken is the mien of the poor little donkeys which are brought for our use, and most inadequate their trappings; but such as they are, we accept their services and are soon on our way over the beautifully fertile plain toward the foot of the distant Libyan hills where lies the site of the ancient city of Abydus. We pass fields of wheat which are beginning to hint at the golden hue of the harvest time, and of clover, as green and luxuriant as ever blessed the land of the Nile; but my greatest admiration was called forth by the broad expanse of blossoming beans, now just in their prime of fragrance and of beauty.

This plant, which is called "fool" by the Arabs, is about four feet high, and has a very substantial square stem, requiring no support as do other members of the bean tribe. The leaf has seven leaflets and is terminated with a mere suggestion of a tendril, which is after the manner of the pea species; and the green legume as well as the leaf have an odor much like the pea. The profusion of black and white flowers, however, have a delicious fragrance that is quite distinctive, and the air is delicately perfumed for miles with the breath of this leguminous daughter of Egypt.

The villages passed in the journey to Abydus, are cleaner and more orderly than Egyptian towns generally, and they are profusely decked with palm trees. This would seem to be a land of plenty, since the population is not excessive, the soil extremely fertile, and the climate so very mild, as to make clothing and fires very far from a stern necessity; but pitiful beggary meets us at every turn, and

"Backsheesh, ya howadji!" is the first phrase the infant learns, and the last that trembles on the lip of age.

To satisfy the demand of so many is, of course, utterly impossible, and so the traveler can only hurry past with face averted from the poor dusky pleaders. But now we draw near to the ruins of Abydus and soon stand among its pictured columns. It is immediately perceptible that we have here the relics of an earlier and better age of Egyptian art and architecture than that of the Ptolemies. It is a temple of Sethi I, who is believed to have reigned about 1,450 B. C. and to have been a great conqueror, as were others of the XIX dynasty. The freshness of coloring is very striking, and reminds us that these halls have quite recently been revealed to the modern world, thanks to the excavations of Mariette.

We find a lunch spread in a beautiful vaulted hall quite covered with delicate sculptures, and as we sit at meat we have leisure to note the method in which the roof is constructed. It is formed of large blocks of stone extending from one architrave to the other, not on their faces, but on their sides; and then a vault was cut into the thick mass without endangering its solidity; and the whole is covered with highly colored sculptures.

One of our first aims in exploring this interesting temple to Osiris is to gain admission to the celebrated chamber which contains the sculptures that constitute the new Tablet of Abydus. But a great heap of dust and rubbish has effectually barred the entrance, and we are not permitted to see the work, which from the beauty of the engraving, its perfect state of preservation and its historical importance is accounted one of the most interesting monuments of Egypt. The scene represents Sethi and Rameses, offering homage to 76 Kings, their predecessors, beginning with Menes, Sethi himself, curiously enough, being included.

A fragmentary Tablet, now in the British Museum, believed to have been a copy of this, was found in the neighboring Temple of Rameses II, at Abydus; and it is suggested by Mariette that the names on these two tablets are only of those monarchs who had more particularly been connected with Abydus, either through having been born there, or from having added to and embellished the city.

We examined with great interest the many other halls and chambers, admiring the varied and elegant sculptures which tell over and over again the story of royal greatness, of offerings to the gods by royal hands, and of ceremonial observances. In all the interesting temples of Egypt, I have seen evidence that



in their treatment of women they were not behind the most civilized communities of the present day. Indeed, such was the respect showed to women that precedence over men was often accorded them, and the wives and daughters of Kings succeeded to the throne like other members of the royal family. Accordingly, we see the husband and wife seated together, with arms entwined in loving concord, upon the throne, appearing in all respects as co-equals—never as lord and slave. We see the wife accompanying her husband to the public festival, or sitting by his side with their friends gathered around them at private entertainments.

Neither were women excluded from the offices of the temple, they were priestesses of the gods and had many parts to fill in the religious ceremonial of worship. The Queen accompanies the King as he enters the temple to make offerings to the gods, holding two sistra (sacred musical instruments) or other emblems before the statue of the deity. Says Wilkinson: "It was not a mere influence that they possessed, which women often acquire in the most arbitrary Eastern communities; nor a political importance accorded to a particular individual, like that of the Soltána Valideh, the Queen Mother at Constantinople. It was a right acknowledged by law, both in private and public life. They knew that unless women were treated with respect, and made to exercise an influence over society, the standard of public opinion would soon be lowered, and the manners and morals would suffer; and in acknowledging this, they pointed out to women the very responsible duties they had to perform in the community."

Another temple to Osiris, founded by Ramesses II, lies a little north of the great Temple, but it is in such a very ruined state that we were not able to distinguish very much of interest. It is said that the walls were lined throughout with oriental alabaster, and that this was covered with very fine, painted sculptures. From a wall of this temple the mutilated Tablet of Abydos, now in the British Museum, was taken.

The tomb of Osiris is believed to be here, and it was a sanctuary as greatly venerated by the ancient Egyptians, as the Holy Sepulchre by Christians. Hither came many of the rich Egyptians of the ancient days to find a last resting place near the mortal remains of that being who once, as they believed, represented on earth the Divine Goodness, and into whose eternal presence they hoped to be ushered if pronounced worthy at the final judgment.

It is said that Mariette looks forward with hope to the possibility of finding here in some

rocky depth the famous tomb of Osiris itself and this would be a crowning victory indeed for the great explorer.

On the eleventh, we arrived at Asyoot, the capital of the province of the same name, and devoted the greater part of the day to visiting the town, and then to climbing the projecting corner of the Lybian chain of mountains whose rocky face are many grottoes, which were burial places for the people of ancient Lycopolis, "the city of the Wolves," or the city of Wolf-worship. It was a warm journey up the sun-smitten face of the mountain and our exploration of the sepulchral cavern was not very compensating. They were quite extensive and had been adorned with sculptures and with hieroglyphic inscriptions, but have been rifled of everything of interest now. We entered at one story doorway and found ourselves in a lofty, spacious chamber, which had evidently been thoroughly searched and thoroughly rifled long ago, when the Egyptians ceased to venerate the traditions of their far antiquity, and to guard as a sacred trust the ashes of their forefathers.

Over dust heaps and rubbish we are led along a low roofed passage of rock, and then emerge into another spacious and well lighted hall, on the walls of which many remains of bas relief decoration are yet seen. Here we can trace a line of soldiers carrying shields of great size, which are said to be like those described by Herodotus in speaking of the troops of Egypt, in the Lydian army of Croesus. He describes them as "carrying bucklers, which covered them from head to foot, and these defences, with their compact order of battle, enabled them to stand firm against the onset of the Persians when the rest of the army of Croesus gave way."

After giving due attention to the few remaining memorials of antiquity to be found in the grotto, we stepped out on the terrace in front and looked down from the imposing height upon the lovely valley of the Nile—a broad ribbon of diversified green, ornamented with frequent palm groves and villages, and striped with canals and water courses. The many tinted hills, as in every extended view of the Nile valley, seem to shut us away from the broad and wearied world, and this limitation gives an especial charm to the alluvial valley of rich verdure between the deserts. There is a delicacy and refinement of character in this view which is charming, but indescribable. The graceful dahabeah on the river, dancing along with her great sails spread to the north wind; the silvery stream, sweeping by so grandly on its beneficent way; the broad fields, which are now very suggestive of abundant harvest; the ever-glorious date-palm, rearing aloft



waving, feathery crown; the dark-foliaged fig-sycamore, and the more delicate santoniacacia casting shadowy fragrance over the mud hut of the poor Egyptian, and the city of Asyoot just below, with its many minarets and its sheltering groves, whence trains of camels come tranquilly forth to do their patient work of traffic, make up a rich and beautiful scene, in strange and pleasing contrast to the miserable desolation which reigns in the rock-hewn chambers behind us. The eternal youth and beauty of Nature comforts man amid all the decay of his most painful works.

Now we mount to higher terraces of the mountain and gain a more extended view, which includes a broad sweep of desert land at the foot of the limestone hills. If the great swelling, generous flood of the kindly river-god, could only mount a few feet higher, here is soil ready prepared for him to bless into fertility, and it is pleasant to know, that slowly and surely through the patient years he is mounting evermore. The sands come drifting over the plains, it is true, but the powers of good are ever the most powerful, and the next outpouring of the great river will modify the desert dust into fertility. Just on the edge of the arid table land lies the modern cemetery of Asyoot—a city of white domed tombs, with neat, white, ornamented walls of inclosure, as imposing, and far more elegant than the palm-embowered city of the living, which lies just before it. These are the inspiring scenes which met the world-weary eyes of the Christian hermits of Sycopolis, who sought in the caverns of the hills a refuge from the evils of earth; and really such varied and beautiful scenery was some compensation for the thousand privations which these holy dwellers in the wolf grottoes must have suffered.

The descent to the plain is much easier than was the ascent, and we find a goodly portion of our day of sight-seeing yet remaining. Accordingly, we turn our steps once more to the city with the intention of visiting the interesting schools which the American Presbyterian missionaries have established here. Mr. Hogg (the principal missionary) was absent, but we were most courteously received by the teachers, who had under their charge about 138 Egyptian children, of various ages, and of both sexes. There were large, pleasant class-rooms, furnished with almost all the apparatus which a school of this kind needs,—such as maps, blackboards, charts, etc.,—and neither teachers nor pupils seemed at all disconcerted by the presence of dusty travelers. I was far more interested in the girls' than in the boys' department, because the teachers were American ladies,

and because of the superior neatness and cleanliness of the girls. How happy and pleasant they looked, and how promptly they responded to their teachers! They were being taught reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, and the teachers assured us that they were quite as ready at acquiring knowledge as children of our own race. They also told us that the daughters of Egypt were very docile and very affectionate, looking upon their teachers as superior beings, who have come among them on a mission of high benevolence.

They are easily satisfied and very grateful for everything that is done for them, and many of them are promised in marriage to lads who are also receiving instruction in the school. This is a desirable arrangement, as, according to their social customs, early marriage is inevitable to Egyptian girls; and the ideas of Christian refinement implanted by their instructors would never have any chance to develop if the pupils must sink down into the ordinary squalid life of their people.

We were shown specimens of their sewing and of their writing, which seemed to me admirable; and, led by one of their teachers, they sang us a kind of joyous geography lesson from the map of Europe.

With feelings of warm interest and sympathy, we took leave of the schools, which seem like a glad oasis in this sad land, and returned to our dahabeah just as the shades of night were falling.

On the evening of Second month twelfth, we anchored in front of Beni-Hassan, and awakened on the morning of the thirteenth, in full view of the precipitous limestone hills, in whose face are famous grottoes, which served as places of sepulchre, long, long ages ago, in the days of the first and second Osertasens, who reigned 3064 B. C. Donkeys, with the most primitive equipments, soon take us to the cliff, in which is hewn the most southern of the grottoes, called the Speos Artemidos. I must admit feeling a little disappointment at this point, so meagre were the illustrations which remain on the walls of the grottoes. We first inspected the broad and well-shaped portico, on the walls of which, is sculptured Thothmes III, making offerings to Pasht, the Diana, and Thoth, the Mercury of the Egyptians.

Our attention is called to recesses, cut in the side wall, which are supposed to have been the burial places of sacred animals. As at Abydos, we are charmed with the view of the soft, green valley of the Nile from the rocky terrace; but to-day the sky is overcast, and a soft bank of smoky mist limits the scene, and gives it the additional



charm of indefiniteness. It is a great relief, too, as we toil along the rugged mountain pathway, to be spared the full force of the fierce sunbeams, which are never so terrible as on these sun-smitten cliffs of whitish limestone, which rigidly exclude the breeze from the toiling traveler.

A company of about forty-five travelers from a Cook's steamer, just ascending the river, overtake us; we enter one of the more northern grottoes and there are some pleasant mutual recognitions and greetings among us. There are many Americans among them, and some Philadelphians, and they bring some intelligence of the world from which we have been so many days excluded, in this land of dreams.

The curious fact that dwarfs and deformed persons were frequently admitted into the households of Egyptian grandees 4000 years ago, is indicated by some defaced paintings in the corner of one of the chambers. Wilkinson suggests that originally these abnormal creatures were sheltered by the great, out of charity, or perhaps from some superstitious regard for men who bore the external character of one of their principal gods—Pthah-Sokari-Osiris, the misshapen deity of Memphis.

Among the diversions commemorated at Beni-Hassan are bull-fights, which we are told were sometimes exhibited in the dromos or avenue leading to the temples. But we nowhere find evidence that they condemned culprits or captives taken in war to fight with wild beasts for the amusement of a brutal multitude.

This visit ends our pilgrimages to the sepulchres and monuments of Ancient Egypt; and we take leave of them, feeling that we are much better acquainted with their manners and customs than with those of any other people of far antiquity.

The strange custom of carefully sculpturing and painting the scenes of life on the walls of sealed tombs, has preserved to the present day an amazing series of historic inscriptions, which even the unlearned may read and understand.

Their work, their play, their festivities, their acts of solemn worship, their death scenes, and their expectation and faith in regard to judgment and of the future life of the immortal soul, we have seen in long review as we have passed in and out among their tombs and solemn temples. But the secrets of the long ages being now revealed to the light of day, and exposed to the thoughtless vandalism of idle wanderers, are in their turn being obliterated. Let the artist come quickly and copy the strange picture from the crumbling wall, and let the photographer catch the sculptured scene by the flash of the mag-

nesium torch, for every day is effacing the passing record, which has outlasted forty centuries.

Walking down the hill side, I observe the rounded boulders of dark color, which lie on either hand. At first I suppose them to be sandstone, but breaking off a little fragment I find them calcareous, with much silex, and full of shells. "Petrified lentils!" says one of our companions, handing me a fragment full of little bean-like fossils; but breaking it in another direction we get the little circular disks of concentric rings known to the geologist as numulites.

At the foot of the hill stand our kind little donkeys, who now bear us over the rich wheat field, and by the wretched, squalid village, to the river side, where our dahabeah awaits us. A favoring breeze has sprung up, and both wind and tide favor our onward course through the long afternoon and evening, and we assure ourselves of a speedy arrival at Cairo.

But the morning of the 14th finds a furious wind from the desert howling around us, and our boat fast anchored to await more peaceful times. Our eighth sabbath-day on the Nile is fitfully tempestuous, but in the lull of the storm, about noon-day, we move on past Hagares Salâm, or "Stone of Welfare," a rock in the stream, near the shore, so called from the idea of the boatmen, "that a journey down the Nile cannot be accounted prosperous until after they have passed it." Towards evening, the storm returns in full fury, and our prudent little craft is anchored to the bank again. A rain comes down with the night,—steady, mild-continuous—leaking in at all weak points, and quite damping the spirits of our crew. Another troubled, windy day ensues, during which we pack our trunks, agree upon the amount of backsheesh to be tendered to the captain, dragoman, crew and servants, and prepare to leave our dahabeah home.

On the morning of the 16th we are awakened by the announcement that we are nearing the city of Cairo. The little river-ship has been a restful, pleasant place; the great river has been a delightful highway, and we have been privileged to see the most majestic relics of far antiquity during the voyage. Then, too, the glorious heavenly hosts have revealed themselves to us in matchless splendor during these clear and silent nights; and in saying farewell to the Nile we must need take a long leave of diamond-like Canopus and his myriad sisters of the southern heavens. Soon the tall minarets and great domes of the mosque of Mehemet Ali can be seen on their elevation, dim in the distance, and we come in view of the gardens and palace of the fair city of the Khedive. A friend



leave-taking with our companions as the dahabeah touches the shore, and an oriental hand-shaking with the Reis and his subordinates, and we depart.

It is most pleasant to be again established in good rooms in the comfortable Hotel d'Orient, and look from our sunny windows on the varied scenes of the bright city before taking leave of Cairo for Alexandria, on our way to Athens. S. R.

Cairo, Second mo. 16th, 1875.

#### REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

(Continued from page 247.)

##### OTOE AGENCY.

The following extracts from a report received from Agent *Jesse W. Griest*, bearing date Fourth month 23, last, presents an encouraging view of the condition of the tribes at the above agency.

In referring to the past, and some of the then surrounding difficulties, he remarks:

"The agent who preceded me in office had his hands tied by the caprice of the old hereditary chieftainship, and had not the support of Government to divert from their hands, for beneficial purposes, one dollar of the small annuity fund, except it suited their notions. The improvements that had been originally placed on their reservation by Government, under treaty stipulations, sank into decay and rapidly disappeared, so that but little was left."

During the first year of my sojourn with them, I experienced the same difficulty, and had but little at my command to work with, except what I received as donations from *Friends*, consequently but little was done that showed improvement.

The following extracts from a report recently received from Agent Griest, present an encouraging view of the condition of the Otoe Tribe.

Prominent, however, amongst the efforts of that year, was the inauguration of a new order of things, with which many are already familiar. A measure that placed at the command of the Agent increased facilities for improvement, together with the funds of the tribe, to be used for beneficial purposes. Under this arrangement a new system was adopted, and although it had to be carried in direct opposition to most of the leading men of the tribe, yet it has gained favor, and has been mainly successful.

About one year ago I called to my assistance a practical farmer, a carpenter, and a matron for the instruction of Indian women in the domestic arts of civilized life; (two teachers and a blacksmith had previously been employed, all members of the Society

of Friends, except the blacksmith). At that time no land was fenced, and none had been cultivated for the past few years, except small patches, in a rude way, entirely by the Indians, between their hunting seasons.

As soon as the spring opened, operations were commenced, and by the employment of Indians alone, as laborers, we enclosed by post and plank fence, sufficient to protect the crops, about four hundred acres; nearly three hundred acres of this had been broken a year before by the Government, but by neglect had grown over with weeds and bushes, and become very foul. This was all cleared up, and sown, and planted with wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, and done in a manner creditable to Eastern farming. One hundred acres of the land was natural prairie; this was broken and prepared for cultivation the next year. The crops were well attended, and up to the middle of summer gave promise of an abundant yield, causing the Indians to utter many expressions of satisfaction at their appearance. But about this time, the extremely dry weather set in, which parched the ground and checked all vegetable growth, and this was followed by a flight of the migratory grasshoppers, an account of which is familiar in nearly every household in the land. These destroyed the little that might have survived the drought.

Our experience therefore with crops last year, is but a reiteration of the record of this whole section of Nebraska and Kansas, that is wide spread and familiarly known, as having brought destitution to the homes of thousands.

The Indians have accepted the calamity with greater cheerfulness, and endured their destitution with greater patience than we thought was possible. And this spring the cry from most of the able bodied men, is "give us work whereby we can earn something," by many, "give us teams with which to open farms for ourselves," and how great the pity that this want cannot at once be supplied, for it is indeed one of the first and most important steps towards self-support.

Already this spring two hundred and fifty acres have been sown with wheat and oats, ten acres planted with potatoes, for the benefit of the Tribe, and the balance of the enclosed land will in due season be planted with corn. The Indians will be encouraged and assisted to the extent of our means, to put in crops for themselves individually, and to break more prairie, and, with a favorable season, it is hoped the crops of this summer will go far towards their support during the coming year. The willingness of the Indians to labor is one of the most favorable indications, and, if encouraged and assisted by



proper means, must in a few years produce a very great change in their condition.

The matron has given attention to instructing the Indian women in domestic duties, prominent amongst which was bread making, and the making of clothing for themselves and families, from the material kindly furnished by Friends. A large number may now be seen daily clad, or partly so, in comfortable looking clothing, made wholly by them, under the matron's instructions.

There is yet a wide field for labor in this direction, and the office of matron is believed to be a very important one, and, as with the farmer, equally important for her to have the means to work with. The want of cooking-stoves is a serious drawback to instruction in culinary arts, most of which, thus far, has had to be done in the Agency kitchen, with great inconvenience—the applications to bake bread are almost continuous.

The day school, and as yet the only one on the reservation, has been in session continually during the year, except during the Seventh and Eighth months. The attendance has been larger, and the progress much more satisfactory than any previous year of which I have any account; quite a number have learned to read, and several have made considerable advancement in geography and arithmetic. During the winter, I had the children boarded at the expense of the tribe, in Indian families near the school-house, and as the conditions were that they could only receive board when they attended school, the attendance was quite regular, averaging about eighty-five per cent. of the number enrolled, and generally fully up to the accommodations of the school-house. I ceased paying board the first of this month, and since then the school has greatly declined in numbers. A building for the accommodation of an industrial school has recently been put under contract, to be completed the first of Tenth month, at which time it is proposed to open it for the reception of pupils. It will take the place of the day school, and, we trust, will enable us to make the instruction much more thorough and practical, as it is the intention to board the children and keep them under our control.

The past year has been one of anxiety and many trials. In addition to the destitution resulting from unavoidable causes, there have been several radical changes in the administration of Indian affairs, which have not generally been favorably received by the Indians, that have required resolution and persistent labor to carry them into effect. Many times the cloud has seemed dark and lowering, with no visible ray, except that of faith, to break the gloom. But as the darkest part of the night is often just before the dawn of a

brighter day, so I have been led to view the past year as the turning point in the history of this tribe; the fact that the hunting-grounds are no more, and that the abundance of wild game is no longer upon the plains, has been forced to their acceptance, and that they must in future draw their subsistence from the ground by productive labor, is gradually breaking upon their understanding. This has seemed to be the halting point in their progress, and is, I believe, a point that must be passed by all tribes, before they can learn to profit in the ways of civilized life; but when these facts are once fully realized, the instruction that leads to the ways of self-support will be comparatively easy, and the progress in improvement more rapid. The eagerness for labor, and the increasing desire for opening farms, indicate that the Otoes are passing this point.

Although from day to day we seem to gain but little, yet, when I sum up the results of the past year, I think I am fully justified in saying that the visible signs of improvement by Indian exertion are greater than has ever before been exhibited at this Agency, and the tribe under better control than I have heretofore known.

To what extent our labors may affect the distant future of the Indians' condition, time only will determine; but, I think, Friends may be encouraged in the consciousness that their efforts have been honestly administered with a desire for good, and, while the work is still ours, it is earnestly desired that we may not grow weary in well doing, that we may do well our part, and trust to the ruling of an *All-Wise Power*, who alone can give the increase in good fruits.

(To be continued.)

#### AN INTERESTING RELIC.

##### JEFFERSON'S MARRIAGE-LICENSE BOND.

The clerk of Charles county, Va., has recently forwarded the marriage-license bond of Thomas Jefferson to the Virginia State Library, for safe keeping. It reads thus:

"Know all men by these presents that we, Thomas Jefferson and Francis Eppes, are held and firmly bound unto our sovereign lord, the King, his heirs and successors, in the sum of fifty pounds current money of Virginia, to the payment of which, well and truly be made, we bind ourselves jointly and severally, our joint and several heirs, executors and administrators. In witness whereof we have hereto set our hands and seal this twenty-third day of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-one.

"The condition of the above obligation is such that if there be no lawful cause to obstruct a marriage intended to be had and

plemnized between the above-bound Thomas Jefferson and Martha Skelton, of the county of Charles City, widow, for which a license is desired, then this obligation is to be null and void; otherwise to remain in full force.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON,  
FRANCIS EPPES."

Indorsed on back: "Jefferson to the King  
—Bond of Marriage License."

#### RESIGNATION.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still;  
What God hath ordered must be right.  
Then find in it thine own delight,  
Thy will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart!  
One watches all with care most true,  
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,  
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver.  
Nor seek earth's favor,  
But rest;  
Thou knowest what God wills must be  
For all His creatures, so for thee,  
The best.  
—Paul Fleming (1609–1610.)

#### THE COMFORTER.

BY F. W. FABER.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!  
Dear Spirit, is it Thou?  
Deeper and deeper in my heart  
I feel Thee nestling now.

Oh! that Thou mightest stay with me!  
Or else that I might die  
While heart and soul are still subdued  
With Thy sweet mastery!

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!  
The simple are Thy rest;  
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;  
Thou makest there Thy nest!

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and holy ways  
I'll build a nest for Thee!

Who made this beating heart of mine,  
But Thou, my heavenly guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,  
And let it be Thy rest.

#### FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

Every one knows how important flowers are to insects; every one knows that bees and butterflies derive the main part of their nourishment from the honey or pollen of flowers; but comparatively few are aware, on the other hand, how much the flowers themselves are dependent on insects.

Yet it is not much to say if flowers are

very useful to insects, insects, on the other hand, are in many cases absolutely necessary to flowers; that if insects have been in some respects modified and adapted with a view to the acquirement of honey and pollen, flowers, on the other hand, owe their scent and colors, nay, their very existence in the present form, to insects. Not only have the brilliant colors, the smell and the honey of flowers, been gradually developed under the action of natural selection to encourage the visits of insects, but the very arrangement of the colors, the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size and position of the petals, are arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to insure the grand object which renders these visits necessary. Thus the lines and bands by which so many flowers are ornamented have reference to the position of the honey; and it may be observed that these honey guides are absent in night-flowers, where they would not show, and would therefore be useless.

The pollen, of course, though very useful to insects, is also essential to the flower itself; but the scent and the honey, at least in their present development, are mainly useful to the plant in securing the visits of insects, and the honey also sometimes in causing the pollen to adhere to the proboscis of the insect. Among other obvious evidences that the beauty of flowers is useful in consequence of its attracting insects, we may adduce those cases in which transference of the pollen is effected in different manners in nearly allied plants, sometimes even in different species belonging to the same genus.

Many flowers close their petals during rain, which is obviously an advantage, since it prevents the honey and pollen from being spoiled or washed away. Everybody, however, has observed that even in fine weather certain flowers close at particular hours. This habit of going to sleep is surely very curious. Why should flowers do so?

In animals we can understand it; they are tired and require rest. But why should flowers sleep? Why should some flowers do so and not others? Moreover, different flowers keep different hours. The daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset; whence its name, "day's eye." The dandelion is said to open at seven and close at five. The "John-go-to-bed-at-noon" opens at four in the morning and closes at noon, and in some parts of the country farmers' boys are said to regulate their dinner-time by it.

Now, it is obvious that flowers, which are fertilized by night-flying insects, would derive no advantage from being open by day; and, on the other hand, that those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being



open at night. Nay, it would be a disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen by insects which are incapable of fertilizing them. I would venture to suggest, then, that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habits of insects, and it may be observed, also, in support of this, that wind-fertilized flowers never sleep.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

DR JOHNSON used to say, "He who waits to do a good deal of good at once, will never do any."

## NOTICES.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 20th month 6th, Valley, Pa., 3 P. M. (Cars leave 13th & Callowhill at 8 A. M. Ask for round trip ticket.)
- " " Upper Dublin, Pa., 3 P. M.
- " 27th. Skenateles, N. Y., 11 A. M.
- " 27th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
- " West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.
- 7th mo. 4th, Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.
- " " Plymouth, Pa., 3 P. M.
- " " Concord, Pa., 3 P. M.

## ITEMS.

REPORTS have been received of a terrible earthquake in New Granada. The following information is contained in a letter dated at Salazar, seven leagues from Cuentá:

At 11.10 A.M., the 18th, a severe earthquake visited this city and region. In this city a large part of the church fell, several houses were destroyed, and some people killed. The city of Cuentá is entirely destroyed, only a few families being saved.

The Botica alemana (German drug store), was set on fire by a ball of fire which was thrown out of the volcano, which is constantly belching out lava. This volcano has opened itself in front of Santiago, in a ridge called "El Alto de la Giracha." San Cayitán was destroyed. Santiago in a large part. In Gramalate there was great destruction. Arboleda, Cucutilla and San Cristobal are nearly destroyed, principally, the four last. The population of these towns is estimated by a person well acquainted in that region, more or less, as follows:—San Cayitán, 4,000; Santiago, 2,000; Gramalate, 3,000; Arboleda, 5,000; Cucutilla, 5,000; San Cristobal, 16,000. The section of the country above referred to, embraces the regions around about where Colombia and Venezuela join, the Colombian portion embracing the State of Santander. It is in some respects the most productive part of this Republic, and the coffee of this section is famous all the world over. San Jose de Cuentá, the city of the most importance of any in that section, was situated on the boundary of the Republic, lat. 7° 30', long. 72° 10' W., and was founded by Juan de Marten in 1534.

It was a port of entry (if an inland town can be called a "port"), and here was the established custom-house. The population of the city at the time of the disaster, is estimated at about 18,000. It had a large commercial business, and was the great depot for coffee and cocoa for shipment, either through the Venezuelan ports or down the Magdalena to this city. This shock was felt sharply in Bogota and adjoining sections. A gentleman who was at

the time in Factativa, says that the movement lasted for three-quarters of a minute. It was also slightly felt in Barranquilla. The above particulars are all we have been able to obtain for this mail.

THE steamship Vicksburg, from Montreal for Liverpool, was sunk on the 2d inst., by a collision with ice, and over forty of those on board perished. Five of the seamen of the Vicksburg were picked up on the 5th instant by the steamer State of Georgia, and have arrived at New York.

PROFESSOR WINLOCK, director of the Observatory at Cambridge, Mass., died suddenly on the morning of the 11th inst. A daily paper in noticing his death says:

"Professor Joseph Winlock, whose sudden death occurred yesterday, was a Kentuckian by birth, and went to Cambridge, Mass., originally in charge of the work on the *Nautical Almanac*, which was done there under the direction of the Coast Survey. From that position he was, in 1866, appointed to succeed Mr. George Phillips Bond, as Director of the Observatory at Harvard College, and Phillips Professor of Astronomy and Professor of Geodesy. His contributions to astronomical science were scarcely surpassed by those of any living American.

"Particularly in the application of photography in astronomical observations his services were valuable and constant, and some of the publications of the Observatory under his direction are of extraordinary merit.

"On the occasion of the total solar eclipse of 1869 Professor Winlock had the principal charge of observations made at Shelbyville, in Kentucky, and handled himself the telescope of the Shelbyville College, which once ranked third in the United States. A report of his observations of that eclipse was published in the *American Journal of Science*. He also had charge of the American expedition to Spain for the observation of the solar eclipse of December 22, 1870."

THE *Levant Herald* of the 19th of Fifth month says, that the earthquakes in various parts of Asia Minor on the 3d, 4th and 5th of last month were more severely fatal than the accounts hitherto received justified it in supposing. "According to the Broussa official journal," adds the *Levant Herald*, "the destruction of life and property in some of the inland divisions of that province was considerable." The village of Sheikli, in the district of Kara-Hissan, had, out of 320 houses, 200 leveled with the ground, and 100 so much shattered as to become uninhabitable. Thirty-one persons were killed outright in this village, and seventeen more or less injured. At Tchöril 285 dwellings were destroyed out of 300; 130 people were killed and 17 wounded. Other villages, not mentioned by the Turkish journal, suffered in proportion. The total number of lives lost in the different localities where the shocks proved destructive is not yet officially known."

THE Report on the Government Prisons of England, states that the decrease in crime which commenced in 1870 continued through the year 1873, in which period crime was at a lower ebb than in any year during the present generation. There were 8,340 men and 1,156 women in prison at the close of the year. The decrease in crime is ascribed to the systematic efforts made in recent years to teach convicts useful trades while they are in prison, and the aid they receive from prison associations in the efforts to lead honest lives after having been released.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 26, 1875.

No. 18

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TERMS:—TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE

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SINGLE NUMBERS SIX CENTS.

It is desirable that all subscriptions should commence at the beginning of the volume.

REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; the latter preferred. Money sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 259.)

"Sixth month 2d, 1868.—The Yearly Meeting held last month was deeply interesting in its character, and I think marked an era of progress in our beloved Society, highly encouraging in its tone: Among the dear Friends from a distance was Samuel M. Janney, accompanied by his brother Asa. Samuel is a warm and efficient advocate of the movement, new amongst our friends, in First-day schools for children, seeking to draw them to a knowledge of the Scriptures and our religious testimonies. Friends were here as delegates from other Yearly Meetings, representing the feeling awakened upon this deeply-important subject. The work is well begun, and, although not without opposition, we hope will go on in the right way.

"I desire we may embrace the opposition as a caution that will lead us to examine our foundation, and see that it is in the Truth and not in the righteousness of self. We were all refreshed together, and a sweet feeling of peace rests upon the mind since the parting at the close.

"Sixth month 22d.—I have been to Sandy Spring, Md., and returned one week ago. We had a charming visit there. Remaining ten days, I had large opportunity with Friends in their religious meetings. Attended Select

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Meeting Seventh-day. On First-day a very large gathering for Divine worship. On Second-day morning, previous to Quarterly Meeting, another large meeting, and also the following First day.

"I felt drawn to them by the bonds of love though poor in Spirit, and I was led to bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, according to the ability given.

"The testimony to a free gospel ministry and to free seats in a place of worship, brought me into close conflict with some spirits educated in the church systems of the day. This I cannot help, surely the Gospel of Christ should not and cannot be restricted by man, and no man should manipulate it for the gratification of his own vain ambition, or to compel the acceptance of his forms and traditions. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' The waters of life are free, and certainly to be had without paying man for them. The servant of Christ should hand forth that which his Master supplies, without taxing the poor or the rich for the Mammon of this world in exchange. We have the call on all sides to 'come to Jesus;' well may the poor ask, Is that house where the seats are sold for money the place to find Him? No! my poor pilgrim brother; if it be thy happy lot to find Him it will be in thy own heart, and there thou must find Him, except thou be reprobate. Search thou within thee and pray, and as thou rests



in patience and humility thou wilt hear the loving voice of the Shepherd of Souls crying 'Open unto me,' &c.

"Yesterday was the day of our Circular Meeting at the Valley Meeting-house, four miles from Norristown, and I drove up in the morning, took dinner at our kind friends Joseph and Ellen Walkers, and attended the meeting at 3 P. M. George Truman was there, and gave us a call to the power of salvation, now given to all. The bread is to be daily prayed for and daily received; and as we live a pure life daily, which we shall if made partakers of this bread of life, we shall arise and ascend higher and higher in the scale of being until lost in the Divine life.

"My mind was forcibly impressed with the infinite blessing of the outward manifestation of God in the flesh in the person of His dear Son Jesus Christ, and that whilst the call is now to obey the revealed will of God to us—a doctrine which Jesus emphatically taught—we beheld upon the recorded page of the Bible, the high type of holiness to which this obedience will lead every one that believes with a true and vital faith in God and His dear Son. The power now felt is the same that then shone in such glorious splendor.

"God is one; His dispensations or manifestations are one; and His children have no need to call away from that as useless which He has in mercy been pleased to consider as of need to man. There are many to whom the record of the past is of great value, although some may affect to think otherwise. Indeed, may I not say, all will find, if they are humble enough, that all the manifestations of God's providence are adapted, one after another, to their religious progress in life. We should be careful not to lightly value in age that which supported the tottering steps of childhood.

"*Sixth month 24th, 1868.*—Yesterday morning attended the funeral of a little daughter of one of my friends. The day was bright and beautiful. There lay the lifeless form of the loved one, her spirit forever with her Father in Heaven—innocence ever beholding His face.

"The afternoon of the same day, was at the funeral of an old friend. Surely it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. The sympathies of the heart went forth in utterance on both these solemn occasions, calling to mind the gratitude we owe to God for His blessed promises and infinite mercies. Christ, the given power of God for our salvation, calling now as when in the flesh to those that labor and are heavy laden to come unto Him, promising rest unto their souls; fulfilling the holy offices of consolation to the afflicted now, as

surely as then, to all whose faith is of that spiritual character which pleases God.

"*Sixth month 28th, 1868.*—First-day. Just one of those lovely days of rest that attune the heart to praise. Had a very interesting meeting; a Friend from Ireland, one of the anti-slavery men of Dublin, whose sympathies were with us in the struggle, was present. He is on a visit to this country to see the people.

"I had invited a young colored man, who is a Methodist minister, from Washington, Beaufort county, N. C., to be with us. He is North for the purpose of raising money to save from the hands of the sheriff a meeting-house and land belonging to his congregation. The house was built before the war, and mortgaged. At the close of the meeting I stated his case, in a brief manner, as an illustration of the teaching of Jesus when Lazarus desired the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Then the man himself spoke a few words in response to questions asked him, and the hearts of the people responded nobly to the appeal. One hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifty cents were raised on the spot. By a little exertion next day the amount was increased to three hundred and ninety dollars, and he went home rejoicing, hoping by using the money judiciously, to save the meeting-house.

"During Eighth month we made our usual visit to Bedford Springs, and one First day I spent at Danning's Creek. In the morning attended the First-day school of about sixty children, was much interested, and rejoiced at the interest manifested in this cause. At the close I addressed them in encouraging language.

"After a recess of fifteen minutes, meeting gathered. I felt poor and empty, and the parable of the empty vessels at the wedding in Cana of Galilee presented, upon which I was led to show how we should come together to public divine worship as empty vessels, if so we may be filled to the glory and honor of God. I trust, may I not say I believe, that the love of God was in mercy spread above us as a canopy, and filled our hearts as from the eternal fountain.

"On the last First-day of our stay at the Springs I held a meeting in the Methodist meeting house at Bedford, at the solicitation of some of my Methodist friends. I felt more than a willingness to accept the kind offer made by them. The minister with many of his congregation had gone to a camp-meeting, but by degrees the house became pretty well filled with people, and we had a good meeting. After sitting some time in silence, whilst some were still coming, one of the Methodist people sang the lovely hymn,

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise!"

"At the conclusion I felt it right to rise with the text of Scripture as uttered by Jesus Christ before Pilate, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' A fruitful theme, indeed! What kingdom do we belong to, calling ourselves Christians? The name alone does not give us a claim to discipleship. The hour was spent in exhortation for critical self-examination whether we are living Christ in such a way as to entitle us to acceptance with Him, or is this condemnation applicable, 'Why do ye call Me Lord, and do not the things that I say unto you?' The sweetness of the Divine presence appeared to pervade the place, and at the close my heart was so lifted up with gratitude, that I knelt in supplication for Divine blessing that it might be known to each of us and rest upon us.

"In the afternoon I participated in a meeting held in the Pavilion, for the colored servants. The Presbyterian and Quaker Societies, if they are partakers of the Bread of Life, should together teach the words of blessedness. There was no want of harmony of feeling, and we separated under the influence of good, I humbly trust.

"The following Fourth-day we left our mountain rest for the toil and conflict of life in the city.

"The first First-day in Ninth month I was at Reading, in company with my dear friend Deborah F. Wharton, in attendance upon the opening of their new stone meeting-house. In the morning the house was well filled, but in the afternoon it was packed, and many left, unable to get seats. It was a great responsibility, and I felt it press weightily upon my mind.

"I arose in the afternoon with the language of ancient prophesy, 'And in Him shall the Gentiles trust,' and preached, as ability was given, Christ as manifest in the flesh and inwardly revealed to the children of men. The freedom of the Gospel is not limited by the Holy Spirit to sex or sect. Our mothers, wives and sisters are as capable of receiving Divine commission and proclaiming the tidings of great joy to all people as are our own sex. Man has no right to exclusive claim to preach the Gospel; his commission comes from on high, and is not the gift of mortals.

"The meeting was quiet and attentive. D. F. W. followed in a short and impressive discourse, and we separated under a sense of heavenly love.

"First-day, I was at Wilmington, Del.; went on Seventh-day morning, to attend a First-day School Conference. Two sessions of deep interest. Oh! how I rejoice to see the young coming forward in the good work!

Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send forth more laborers!

"First-day was perfect autumn weather; its richly and many-colored garments decked nature in glory, and our hearts sang praise in harmony to the beauteous scene. My dear and valued friend S. M. Janney was with us. At meeting in the morning I listened with delight to his clear testimony to faith in Christ. Mary S. Lippincott also bore a faithful testimony, as did Elizabeth Paxson. After which my spirit was bowed in prayer to our Father in Heaven, that His blessing might rest upon us; and, seeing that the fields were white unto harvest and the laborers few, He would send forth more laborers.

"*Baltimore, First-day.*—Took tea at my dear old friend John Needle's, then attended evening meeting. The subject of the atonement opened upon my mind in such a manner that I gave expression to the views presented. I showed that, whilst we rest not upon the outward material blood as appeasing the wrath of our Heavenly Father, we do rest upon the life of Christ in the soul, reconciling us to a God of love. He being love, is unchangeably love; and He so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that all who believe on Him shall have everlasting life, and shall not perish. Jesus clearly showed that faith or belief in Him leads to opening the door of our hearts to Him who standeth knocking, permitting Him to enter and reign supreme, thus making us at one with the Eternal One, accomplishing the work of the soul's salvation in each for each.

"*First month 17th, 1869.*—At Trenton. They had given notice of the meeting on First-day in the papers of Trenton, and the house was filled. It was, I believe, a true concern I had long felt on my mind to visit that meeting. The day opened beautifully bright and clear. The Truth, as it is in Jesus, being the standard, my mind was led to call the people away from all others. The origin of sin is within the heart or mind of man, just where Adam found it, and is the growth of disobedience to the commands of God. The great teaching of Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, is by precept and example a life of holiness, and no belief in Him is effectual in redeeming the soul from the power of Satan but that which leads to a faith which works by love and purifies the heart. This being the object of His Divine mission, the outward manifestation was that which was for ages heralded by prophesy, born of the Virgin Mary by the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit, and clearly portraying in His brief but mighty course the great law of self-sacrifice, upon which rests the Christian



character, or upon which the true Christian character can rest. The life, suffering, death and resurrection are a wonderful type of the experience of the devoted and humble follower of the Cross. 'The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world,' in each one by His life and power, when we permit Him to enter into our hearts and reign supreme. 'The Lord of lords, and King of kings, the Prince of Peace, we His subjects'.

"Our testimony to the *simplicity* of the Truth, as it is in Jesus, and the freedom of the Gospel, were thoroughly dwelt upon. These were contrasted with the gaiety, luxury and extravagance of the so-called Christian sects of our day. The magnificent temples, the work of men's hands, called the houses of God, where the seats are sold for Mammon, in defiance of the law of Scripture, forbidding distinctions on account of wealth, fine clothing and goodly apparel. If they who profess Christ had more of His Spirit, the Gospel would be published as freely to the poor now as was done by Him and His disciples who taught in His name. The true and only temple of God being in man, with the humble and contrite one, who trembles at His word. This temple man may sell all the possessions in this world to decorate. The pearl of value only shines there in purity and holy light.

"The atonement of man with God through Christ's life in the soul, was dwelt upon, in distinction with the outward views of the vicarious atonement, showing how this was the means by which we must all center into the oneness with God, He being one and eternally the same.

"Christ, as the Saviour, God manifested in the flesh, which flesh has long since passed away, now cometh in Spirit to save all who believe in Him, all who now accept and do not reject Him."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GENESEE YEARLY MEETING

HELD AT PICKERING, CANADA.

We reached Rochester at a little past 5 P. M., on the 11th inst., and found that quite a company of Friends had already arrived from various points and were waiting in the spacious depot. It was not long before we recognized the faces of Friends whom we had met on many previous occasions. The interchange of cordial greetings and introductions made us feel that we were no longer strangers.

We found that all the arrangements necessary had been perfected for crossing into Canada. A short ride on the cars conveyed us to Charlotte, at the mouth of the Genesee river, where we found the little steamer Norse-

man waiting at the wharf. State-rooms or berths were secured, and we steamed out on the tranquil bosom of Ontario, in the bright moonlight, enjoying the quiet beauty of sky and lake. Clouds were gathering, however, and the wind blew so cold that we were glad to retire. Something past midnight we awoke to find ourselves in the midst of a violent thunder-storm. Before we reached the landing at Whitby, the storm was over, but the temperature had fallen so low as to make all our heavy wraps a necessity. The passengers were detained a half hour or more waiting the arrival of the custom-house officials; we had reached the shore of a foreign power and must pass inspection.

Carriages and vehicles of all descriptions and in abundance were waiting for us, and, without further delay, we were conveyed to our several places of entertainment, the most liberal and unbounded hospitality being extended towards us.

There are nine composing the First-day School General Conference Delegation, viz.: two from Ohio, two from New York Yearly Meeting and our party of five from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. We are comfortably quartered in a commodious farm-house, only a trifling walk from the meeting-house, and opposite the old homestead of Nicholas and Margaret Brown, now occupied by one of the sons.

On Seventh-day morning the Meeting of Ministers and Elders was held, and was believed to be a favored opportunity. In the afternoon, the Executive Committee of the General Conference held its meeting. An invitation was extended to Friends, at their morning session, to meet with us, which a large number accepted, and, when we began our business, we were gratified to find the end of the meeting-house in which we had gathered quite well filled. An explanation of the designs and workings of the Conference was made, and, we believe, the meeting was well appreciated. The way is more open before us than we had expected to find it, for which our hearts are lifted up in thankfulness.

On First day morning the large meeting-house was entirely filled. It is capable of seating, comfortably, about 550 persons. There must have been between six and seven hundred in attendance. They were very near an hour in gathering. The presence of the young was a very noticeable feature, many of the younger mothers bringing their infants and children of all sizes. The quiet and good order that prevailed was worthy of special notice; no one seemed to be the least disturbed by the cooing of the little ones, and it did seem as if we were transported back to the time of the sojourn of Jesus among men,



when the little children were brought, that they might receive His blessing. Blessing on their precious innocent heads—"of such is the kingdom of heaven." Able and argumentative discourses were delivered by Sunderland P. Gardner and Stimson Powell, which were listened to with profound attention. An appointed meeting was held in the afternoon, in which J. J. Cornell spoke at length and with much persuasive force. It seemed a fitting conclusion to the morning service, and gave evidence that, when the Lord's servants stand in their several allotments, each at the post of duty, the work goes on to its fulfillment and to the honor of Him whom we profess to serve. A short and earnest supplication closed the opportunity.

On Second day the business of the Yearly Meeting was entered upon, with an average attendance on the part of the men, but a smaller number of women than usual. In both branches the business usually entered upon at the opening of the meeting was transacted. S. Powell and his companion J. Pierce are the only visiting Friends with minutes. Most of the Representatives were present.

The sympathies of women's branch were called forth by the reading of a brief note from the Clerk, whose sudden bereavement at the late New York Yearly Meeting unfitted her for fulfilling the duties of her appointment. Mary Peckham was selected to fill her place. The subject of posture in time of public prayer was introduced from Farmington Quarter, that body having united in recommending uniformity, and that all keep their seats. Much expression was called forth in the women's branch, from all parts of the gathering, and a deep, reverent feeling pervaded the meeting, during the consideration of the subject, many fearing to make any change or enjoin a conformity, believing it best to leave each to decide what is individually required. A Joint Committee was appointed to further consider the question.

A change in the place of holding the fall Quarter of Farmington was reported and approved. Hereafter that Quarter will meet at Mendon. The Epistles from corresponding Yearly Meetings were all read, and a committee appointed to essay answers; also to assist the clerks in gathering up the exercises. Several precious testimonies from the mothers were handed forth. Those assembled were exhorted to be engaged to enter aright upon the business for which we had met—draw near to the Father and He will draw near to us and enable us to labor in the Church militant, and to improve the talents which He has committed to our keeping.

The precious silence under which the meet-

ing gathered was felt to be like the dew of heaven, preparing the hearts of those present to do the work.

In the afternoon the Indian Committee held a meeting at which the report of the Friends J. and M. Peckham, who have just returned from the Santee Agency, was read and other business transacted. The report gives a detailed account of the affairs at that Agency, and contains much valuable and interesting information.

The meeting holds but one session a day, beginning at 11 A. M. and lasting about three hours. The house in which it is held is a long frame building, with an oval ceiling, and arranged so that it can be divided, by sliding partitions, into three rooms. It is built in the midst of a fine grassy lawn, overlooking a broad extent of undulating country.

This is an exceedingly beautiful section, abounding in the sweet perfumes of apple-orchards, lilac-clumps and all the fragrance of spring beauty. To some of us, it will be remembered as the land of lilacs. There can be no finer grazing country on the continent. Rich and luxuriant pastures feast the eye and fulfill the expectation of the farmer. The butter deserves the appellation of "gilt edged," which some of the fancy dairymen, near our large cities, like to prefix to the production of their dairies. The farm-houses are large, and the hearts of their owners overflow with genuine hospitality.

Our delegation (all strangers), with not a *conforming, plain* representative among us, have been most cordially received, though with not a single credential, except our First-day School documents, to establish any claim to their favor or attention. We sadly miss the endorsement that the company of our dear mother in Israel, Mary S. Lippincott, would have been to us, and are made to feel deeply grateful that, coming among them with so little to commend us, we have been received with open hands, as well-beloved brethren and sisters.

Owing to the Indian Committee having decided upon holding their meeting on Second-day afternoon, it was agreed that the First-day School General Conference should meet on Third-day, at 4 o'clock. There is every prospect of a large meeting. Delegates from Yonge street, with a report of their school, will add to the interest of the occasion.

The weather continues fine, the air cool and bracing. Thin scales of ice were formed around the wells on First-day morning. Dahlias and tender house-plants in exposed situations were much injured by the frost. The spring is unusually backward, but there has been no lack of rain on this side of the lake, and the luxuriant greenness of everything,



even to the very roadsides, is in marked contrast to the dry and parched condition of our own section.

L. J. ROBERTS.

*Pickering, Ontario, Sixth mo. 15th.*

From Friends' Quarterly Examiner.

#### HISTORY OF THE QUERIES.

(Continued from page 263.)

In 1690 the decease of George Fox took place, and four years afterwards, viz., in 1694, it was resolved that the following eight questions should be annually answered to the Yearly Meeting:

"I. What present prisoners there are.

"II. How many discharged since last year, and when.

"III. How many died prisoners.

"IV. How many public Friends died.

"V. How many meeting-houses built, and what meetings settled.

"VI. How truth prospers in Friends' families; and former advices,—relating to godly care for the good education of their children in the way of truth, and plainness of habit, speech, &c.,—practised.

"VII. And what signal judgments have come upon persecutors."

In 1696, the foregoing were slightly modified, but the good mystic number of seven remained unaltered. These additional Queries are of interesting historical value as evidences that the relaxation of religious disabilities and the comparative cessation of persecution following upon the Revolution of 1688 was leading, firstly, to the numerous discharge from prison of the sufferers for conscience' sake; secondly, to the building of meeting-places for public worship (the law now permitting such to be built and owned by Friends); thirdly, that they now had time to turn their special attention to the education of the children.

In 1700, Friends were "advised to bring brief and direct answers in writing to six of the seven questions, leaving it to Benjamin Bealing (the Clerk to the Yearly Meeting) to add what several judgments had come upon persecutors." In 1701, this record was wholly discontinued, probably because the fierceness of their opponents had lessened with their lack of power to persecute. It would seem that Friends, in common with many others of that day, as well as in the time of our Saviour, participated in the feeling that those upon whom any solemn calamity fell (as once in the days of Siloam's tower) were the victims of direct judgment from heaven.

In 1708, the questions increase two; one new one being, "How are the poor Friends among you taken care of?" and the other, "How the several advices of this Meeting have been put in pactice, and particularly

that against receiving and paying tythes?" This would seem to have been the first question requiring an answer concerning the *personal* conduct of those to whom the Yearly Meeting had given advice; the first intimation of a direct report from the Quarterly Meetings concerning the consistency of their individual members.

In 1706, it provides that "for the more ease thereof, and the despatch of business, answers be sent up in writing, by faithful and understanding Friends, yet not to limit any from giving a lively verbal account."

Passing over a few minor alterations in 1720 and 1721, we come to 1723. It would seem that at this period there was an increasing laxity in the conduct of many, and that not a few cases had arisen of connivance at defrauding the public revenue. To check this disorder, a new Query was instituted as follows:

"Do your Quarterly and Monthly Meetings take care to see that none under our profession defraud the king of any of his customs, duties or excise, or in anywise encourage the running of goods, by buying or vending such goods; and do they severely reprehend and testify against all such offenders, and their unwarrantable, clandestine and unlawful practices?"

We are not aware of the result of this forcible protest against smuggling, but it is evident that the defections must have been very considerable to need such a strong reprimand to all the Quarterly Meetings. It is noticeable, also, that the first use of the word "Query" occurs at this time, showing that the system of questions was now crystallizing into a formal part of the Discipline.

In 1725, we have another slight but very significant change in the form of the question concerning the prosperity of truth. Holding, as the first generation of Friends unquestionably did, that their views would become world-wide, the question, "How truth prospers," included all within as well as without the fold, and the anxiety of the early pioneers of Friends was as much on behalf of the one class as the other. But fifty years' experience had led many to doubt the possibility of "all the world turning Quakers," and they now looked increasingly to their own members, building up from within, and we fear it must also be said, *decreasingly* to gathering from without. How pertinent in this aspect of affairs does the following minute of the Yearly Meeting of 1725 stand out:

"This meeting, taking into consideration the form of the Sixth Query, agrees that instead of the words, 'How doth truth prosper,' these words begin that question, viz.: 'How

do Friends prosper in the truth, and doth any convincement appear since last year.'"

How noteworthy, too, it is, that while in 1676, the record was, "What Friends *first* received them and their message," the inquiry has in 1725 dwindled down into, "Doth *any* convincement appear since last year."

A lull of ten years now occurs, and, in 1735, we have again the care of their own poor prominently brought out in an alteration of the Eighth Query, as follows: "How are the poor amongst you provided for, and what care is taken for the education of their offspring."

Some slight variations were made from time to time until 1742, when they were revised by direction of the Yearly Meeting, and expanded into eleven, which were then denominated "Yearly Meeting's Queries." In addition to the first five of the former ones, which were re-adopted, we now find the following six:

VI. What is the state of your meeting? Is there any growth in the truth? And doth any convincement appear since last year? And is love and unity preserved amongst you?

VII. Is it your care, by example and precept, to train up children in all godly conversation, and in the frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures; as also in plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel?

VIII. Do you bear a faithful and Christian testimony against the receiving and paying tythes, and against bearing arms; and do you admonish such as are unfaithful therein?

IX. Do you stand clear in your testimony against defrauding the king of his customs, duties and excise, or in dealing in goods suspected to be run?

X. How are the poor among you provided for, and what care is taken of the education of their offspring?

XI. Do you keep a record in your Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of the persecution and sufferings of your respective members, and have you a record for your meeting-houses, burial-grounds, &c.

It needs no comment from us to point out the nature of the change in these added questions. The system is fast developing, and the deficiencies of individual members relative to a great variety of subjects are no longer summarily condemned and dealt with in their respective meetings, but reported to the central body. How far this tended to lessen the felt responsibility of meetings we know not, but it is very evident that the strings of a central authority are tightening. Increasing deficiencies are met by increasing queries, and the sickness of the body is painfully brought to light by these questions on moral

delinquency. The testimony against all war, so vitally felt by George Fox and his contemporaries, is now converted into one against "bearing arms;" the testimony against defrauding the king is a prominent subject to be reported on yearly by a Society whose predecessors suffered spoliation and robbery rather than break the slightest tittle of the moral law.

It must be patent to every student of the history of queries that the increase of definite subjects inquired into, portrays an increasing defalcation in the conduct of its members, and the conscience of the Society seems rising above the conscience of its individual members. In the following years the bands are sought to be strengthened by enumerating kindred deficiencies, such as "Priests' demand, and those called Church Rates," in addition to the old term of "tythes;" "paying trophy money, or being in any manner concerned in Privateers, Letters of Marque, or in dealing in prize goods," are enumerated as exceptions to the war testimony; and a few years afterwards we have the "being concerned in the militia," placed in the same category. Thus the testimony borne by each on his own behalf in the days of George Fox, being now held on behalf of the Society, individual members would seem to have rested content with keeping it in the letter, but breaking it in the spirit; and therefore needing an authoritative specification by the central body of what was and what was not an infringement of a Christian's testimony against the war spirit. We may indeed safely assume that it was to meet notorious deficiencies in these respects that questions concerning smuggling, trophy money, privateers, and the like, were introduced at this time. It is also pleasant, as showing a little lull in the continuous war in which our country was engaged, to read a minute of 1763 stating that "during the times of peace it is not needful to answer the three particulars in the Eleventh Query concerning Privateers, Letters of Marque and prize goods."

In 1755, a large committee was appointed, and decided on nine queries to be answered by the Monthly at each Quarterly Meeting, in addition to the eleven already enumerated as being answered by the Quarterly to the Yearly Meetings. (This double system of answers appears to have continued from that date until 1791, when, as we shall hereafter see, these eighteen queries were condensed into fifteen, to be answered both by Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, and one by the Quarterly Meetings only.) It was also resolved that seven other queries should be answered by Ministers and Elders only, so that the paternal body in London endeavored, by



means of written answers to twenty-three questions, to get an annual idea of the state of its members throughout the land.

Surely if an exhaustive inquiry into the conduct of its members could have kept them straight, such results would have been now attained. Nine queries to be answered four times a year by each Monthly, and eleven others once a year by each Quarterly Meeting. But, the decadence in religious vitality having once set in, no amount of Queries could serve to stop the gaps thus occasioned by a lack of first love.

Simultaneously with these efforts a large and influential committee traveled throughout the land, under the appointment of the Yearly Meeting of 1760, striving to gather together into greater social order and unity the scattered and lukewarm members. A great purging of the camp resulted, very many were disowned, and a more complete organization and relationship to the parent body in London resulted from their earnest labors. They succeeded thereby in a large degree in holding together the Society which, from lax discipline and lax feelings on the subject of religion, appeared in imminent danger at this time of dispersing and dying away.

The labors of this committee and the organization which followed formed so important an element in our history that, at the risk of tautology, we append the nine queries then resolved upon:

"1. Are meetings for worship and discipline duly attended, and do Friends avoid all unbecoming behavior therein?

"2. Are love and amity preserved amongst you; and do you discourage all tale-bearing and detraction?

"3. Is it your care, by example and precept, to train up your children in a godly conversation, and in frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures, as also in plainness of speech, behavior and apparel?

"4. Do you bear a faithful and Christian testimony against the receiving or paying tythes, priests' demands, or those called church-rates?

"5. Are Friends careful to avoid all vain sports, places of diversion, gaming and all unnecessary frequenting of ale-houses or taverns, excess in drinking and intemperance of every kind?

"6. Are Friends just in their dealings, and punctual in fulfilling their engagements? and are they advised carefully to inspect the state of their affairs once in the year?

"7. Is early care taken to advise and deal with such as appear inclined to marry contrary to the rules of our Society? and do no Friends remove from or into your Monthly or Two-weeks' Meeting without certificates?

"8. Have you two or more faithful Friends deputed in each particular meeting, to have the oversight thereof? and is care taken when anything appears amiss, that the rules of our discipline be put in practice?

"9. Do you keep a record in your Monthly Meetings of the persecutions and sufferings of your respective members? and have you a record of your meeting-houses and burial-grounds, &c.? and is due care taken to register all marriages, births and burials? Are the titles of your meeting-houses, burial-grounds, &c., duly preserved and recorded; and are all legacies and donations properly secured, carefully recorded and duly applied?"

(To be continued.)

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 26, 1875.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—The Commencement at this Institution took place on the 15th instant. There were present a large number of visitors, many of whom were especially invited. The occasion was a very interesting one, the essays of the graduates, thirteen in number, and the manner of their delivery, reflected much credit upon them and their instructors. The salutatory address in Latin was delivered by Helen T. Comly, of Byberry, which was followed by Mental Discipline, Howard W. Lippincott, Philadelphia; Engineering, Franklin H. Corlies, Poughkeepsie, New York; Thought and Expression, Lizzie Hanes, Woodstown, New Jersey; Iron Industry of the United States, Barton Hoopes, Jr., Philadelphia; Self-Control, J. Reece Lewis, Media; Faith, Martha McIlvain, Philadelphia; Roads and Road-making, Oliver Keese, Jr., Titusville; Growth and Decay, John B. Booth, Chester; Genius, Edith R. Hooper, Titusville; The Scientific Oration—Progress of Scientific Discovery, William H. Ridgeway, Coatesville; The Classical Oration—Advantages of a Classical Education, John K. Richards, Ironton, Ohio; Valedictory Address, Herbert G. Dow, Bangor, Maine.

After the presentation of the diplomas by Edward H. Magill, the venerable Samuel Willets, of New York, President of the Board of Managers, made the following remarks:

"For several successive years it has been my pleasure to say a few words to the graduating stu-

dents, and on those occasions I endeavored to express the lively interest I felt at meeting them ; but no commencement period has more warmly enlisted my sympathetic regard than this, which presents an enlarged class and occurs on my eightieth birthday. I am sure that my desire for the welfare and happiness of classes in the past has never been stronger than it is for yours to-day, and that which is shared by all who surround you here within these walls. Yet wishes, however fond, can be no safeguard of your future, apart from resolute self-dependence and worthy action. Many a one may inherit riches, but the inheritance in itself is nothing—it is the use thereof that is deserving of credit, and whatever you may receive here in knowledge or character will surely be judged by its after fruits, and, as I said last year, not only your own desert, but the usefulness of the college itself will largely depend upon the conduct of your lives.

"Resolve, then, to do your best wherever choice or circumstance may place you, and remember that success is ennobling when banded with uprightness and duty. Commending you to the guidance of Heaven, I bid you an affectionate farewell. To the students in general, and to the young men in particular, I wish to say a few words: The thought of whatever I may have done to build up and sustain this college is a source of much satisfaction and comfort to me. The progress we are making is most cheering, and I trust that Swarthmore may prove a blessing to many coming generations. Yet the question has arisen in my mind: Are we not paying too little attention to agricultural and mechanical pursuits? Believing in the old adage, that example goes farther than precept, I practically illustrated it by establishing my sons and also grandsons as farmers. At the completion of the Erie canal, when De Witt Clinton mingled the waters of the lakes with those of the Atlantic, in the great procession with which the city of New York celebrated that event, the farmers marched in the van, and then came the mechanics and various trades—and thus it was evinced that the tillers of the soil were held in worthiest estimation. Nor was the honor undeserved. It is the business of the farmer to swell the production of the country—to add to the general stock—and his value as a factor in the nation's strength and influence can hardly be overrated. Besides, no industry can be more honorable, nor can be made more healthful. Let me, then, invite you, when you have attained a good scientific education, and are looking toward an occupation, to turn your attention to agriculture and the mechanic arts, rather than to the store and counting-house. And now, with thankful hearts, let us look to the Great Father and crave His blessing on our efforts to promote the happiness of all."

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. v : 3.

**KANSAS AND NEBRASKA SUFFERERS.**—In another part of our paper will be found parts of letters recently received from the districts ravaged by the grasshoppers. We feel desirous to keep this subject before our readers, owing to the destitution which still exist there.

Subjoined is the statement of the amounts already received by our agent, and forwarded for distribution :

Amount received . . . . .	\$377.25
Forwarded to Jacob Z. Shotwell . . . . .	171.00
To Wm. B. Coffin . . . . .	150.00
To Phebe E. Towne . . . . .	24.50
To Thomas E. Hogue . . . . .	31.75
	<hr/> \$377.25

We are requested to direct attention to an advertisement in last week's issue, in which the First-day School Association offers premiums for the "Best written Story of Domestic Life" illustrating the testimonies and principles of Friends—designed for the use of Libraries.

MARRIED.

**SATTERTHWAIT—BELL**—At Bayside, L. I., on the 9th of Sixth month, 1875, according to the order of Friends, S. Clemens Satterthwait, of Aiken, S. C., and Carrie J., daughter of Eliza H. and the late Thomas C. Bell.

DIED.

**BUNTING**—On the 28th of Fifth month, 1875, near Edgewood, Bucks county, Pa., Elizabeth P., wife of Blakey Bunting, in the 63d year of her age. The home, the social, and the religious circles have lost a highly valued friend, she being a useful member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

**PALMER**—At her residence near Edgewood, Pa., on the 19th of Fifth month, 1875, Elizabeth F., wife of James Palmer, and daughter of the late Joseph Flowers, in the 40th year of her age. Beloved and honored in life, and deeply mourned in death.

**THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN GREATNESS AND MEANNESS.**—What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is easy in solitude to live after your own ; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.—Emerson.



For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 53.

(Continued from page 269.)

## CAIRO TO ATHENS.

We are most fortunate on our return to Cairo to find that the rains which we experienced on the Nile have also nicely washed this city. The sky is softly flecked with clouds, the streets are thoroughly moistened, and the air quite cleansed of all dust and insects; so that our enforced stay of two days before we depart for Athens, is no trial of patience. A great accumulation of precious letters, and a goodly bundle of *Friends' Intelligencers* are a suitable reward for eight weeks' abstinence from news, and your correspondent feels much satisfaction in reading of the benevolent activities, the recreations, and the upward and onward strivings of those who dwell in the good land afar.

Many Americans are in Egypt at this time, and a goodly number are to be found at all the leading hotels in Cairo. Are our republicans of to-day like the famed sages of Greece, visiting all lands and studying the civilization and imbibing the wisdom of all in order to enrich and enlighten their own? I have thought that our people will learn one important lesson from visiting this ancient realm—they will learn to love and value their own land as they never did before.

On inquiry, we learn that our most direct course to Athens is to take the Egyptian steamer, which leaves Alexandria on the 18th, and which will land us at the island of Syra on the 20th, whence we are only a few hours from Athens.

Suliman Mansour, our trusty Nile dragoon, comes to look after us and escorts us to the depot on the morning of the 18th, and after seeing us safely in a railway carriage, takes a lingering farewell, with many kind wishes for our continued prosperity. We have signed a certificate cordially recommending him to other travelers, and now reassure him that we will not forget to mention him to our friends as a patient, attentive and faithful dragoman.

Then away we go out of the gay city, past the palace and gardens of Shoobra on the one hand, and the mounds and obelisk of Heliopolis on the other; past villas, palm groves, shaded avenues, and fertile fields—and away from the solemn spectral pyramids,

"That wedge-like, cleave the desert air."

Our train pauses at Benha Junction station, whence goes a branch line to Suez *via* Zagazig and Ismalia. This place was once the cen-

ter of the cotton trade of Egypt, and was famed for its honey; but now its chief distinction is its excellent oranges, said to be the best in Egypt. Merry faced little Arabs hold up clusters of beautiful fruit to the car windows to tempt us, and the fragrance of the ripe mandarins is more eloquent than are their words of persuasion.

To the northeast of us lie the ruins of the old Greek or Roman town of Athribio, looking like a huge deserted brick-field. It appears to have been of considerable extent.

And now we speed onward over the flat, fertile fields, and by mud villages, taking a long last look at the palmy plains before leaving them for less genial soil.

The fields of the Delta are divided by innumerable canals and raised dykes, which answer, I suppose, the double purpose of drainage and of irrigation. It is very curious that there are no water plants or weeds in this excessively watery land, even the lotus, we are told, flourishing only during the most propitious part of the year, when the overflowing of the Nile promotes its growth; hence it was so favorite a plant with the ancient Egyptians, and so closely associated with all symbolic allusions to the river.

Another notable circumstance is that there appear to be no barns in Egypt. The peasant being reasonably certain of fair weather at the time of harvest, the grain is immediately threshed, and then it is piled up in immense hills, encircled by a wall; and in these receptacles the birds have a fair chance to claim their share of the produce of the soil, though some care is taken to keep them off the fields while the grain is maturing. The great abundance of the birds is very striking, especially as we approach the marshes of Lake Mareotis, toward the northwestern terminus of the line. They seem very tame, feeding close by the railway, but are said to be in reality very wary and unapproachable by the sportsman.

A little after noon-day we reach Alexandria, and have no difficulty in finding a guide, who escorts us to the office of the steamers, where we obtain tickets, and then places us and our baggage on the boat which is to take us to the ship. We are agreeably surprised to find that the Khedive's steamer is equal to any we have seen on the Mediterranean, as we have been repeatedly discouraged from attempting a voyage on an Egyptian steamer. The "dahabeah" is a large fine vessel, with handsome and spacious cabins, and is rather exceptionally clean. The captain is an Austrian and speaks English well, and he welcomes us personally, promising to grant us the favor of two state-rooms if possible, after the boat starts.

We soon find we are the only ladies among

the first-class passengers, except two of the family of the Khedive's son, Prince Hassan, who never leave their room. There are only four gentlemen, one Englishman, the literary editor of the *Levant Herald*, two Greeks and one Turk, and they are all polite and friendly so that our voyage is not lonely.

The first day passes rather wearily, for the sea though faultlessly beautiful, heaves rather too much for the comfort of voyagers. At eventide the captain invites us to mount the bridge, from which is discernable the coast of Crete, but it is too indistinct in the distance to make much impression on the mind, or rather the eye. We welcome its appearance, however, for as we pass, we enter the *Ægean*, where we hope the fierce waves of the sea will not buffet us quite so furiously. The sky is overcast and looks cold and threatening, and

"The pale-faced maiden, with white fire laden,  
That mortals call the moon,"

shines dimly forth as the day departs, and a chilly breeze whistles through the cordage of the ship as we retire to rest. The next morning we awaken as our vessel passes the narrow channel between Paros and Antiparos. The sky is a little troubled, and the day is windy, but the sun shines very bright, and the scene is one of peculiar richness and suggestive beauty. The intense blue of the dashing sea, the purple-tinted rocky islands, and the azure sky, flecked with bright cloud masses overarching all, form a bright, inspiring picture, in strange contrast with the dreamy monotony of the Nile life we have so lately enjoyed. The little rock of Antiparos, only sixteen miles in circumference, bears evidence of careful cultivation; and I am reminded that near the highest summit of the isle is a famous grotto, which has been considered the greatest natural curiosity of its kind in the known world. It is believed to be an ancient marble quarry, and is descended by means of ropes. No doubt there is considerable difficulty in reaching the enchanted chambers of the grotto, where, say the books, hang columns twenty five feet in length, like icicles from the roof, while others, with diameters equal to that of a mighty ship, extend from the roof to the ground. All this and much more is written, but it is not possible for us to stop now and see for ourselves if these things are true. The distance between the rocks, Strongelo and Despotico, which defy each other from the opposite shores, is only a mile, and really, so pure is the air of this poetic region, the distance seems much less. The larger Paros, in which are the quarries for the famous Parian marble, once a place of great splendor and importance, is also radiant in the morning light. Here was the home of Archilochus, the author of Iam-

bic verse, and the city of Paros is darkly memorable for having sided with the Persians in the days of the battle of Marathon. It has been successively under the dominion of the Athenians, the Egyptian Ptolemies, the Athenians again, Mithridates, the Romans, the Greek emperors, the Venetians, and finally, the Turks.

Onward we go over the glittering seas, and a little after mid-day enter the bay of Syra. Before us lies the town of Syra (the ancient Syros), now the most flourishing commercial town of Greece, containing near 25,000 inhabitants. About fifty vessels of various kinds are anchored in the semicircular bay, and the scene is one of considerable activity. This is another mountain island of marble, and the handsome town which curves around the bay, is built from the fine crystalline rock of which the overshadowing hills yield an inexhaustible supply. The old town was built in the middle ages upon the summit of a lofty hill, of a steep pyramidal or conical form, and at the base of this cone is the quay where there are many warehouses, in which are stored for export the products of this and of the other Greek isles.

At this point we are transferred from the "dahabeah" to the Greek steamer "Iris," which will bear us to the Piræus to-night; and, as we do not start till six o'clock in the evening, there are a few hours which may be devoted to a walk about Syra. The bay is very rough, but we land without much difficulty amid the dashing waves, and enjoy a stroll along the quay and a little distance up into the town. The substantial and handsome character of the buildings, the beautifully clean streets, paved with smooth blocks of white marble, the bright, independent, active-looking people, the pretty little children, all form a most exhilarating contrast to the towns and the people of Egypt, among whom we have been sojourning. Little boys and girls, laden with school-books, are hurrying merrily along the streets, and we seek entrance at the academy whence they have just emerged. But we are too late; the doors are locked, and the instructors seem to have disappeared.

The fish, fresh from the sea, and glowing in gorgeous tints, are displayed on white marble tables, and we stop to admire them, but I cannot name them. More abundant than any other of the ocean spoil is the sepia or cuttle-fish, said to be a very common article of food here. We saw them also in great abundance at Alexandria, both cooked and uncooked, but have not yet tasted the dread creatures which Victor Hugo has immortalized. Barrels of wine, and perhaps of fish, are piled up on the wharves ready for shipment, and five



or more tall chimneys remind us that manufacturing of some kind is going on. Here is the principal cotton factory of the East, and here, too, the ship-carpenter is hammering merrily at the ribs of the vessels which are to dance over the classic *Ægean*.

It is told us, that by ascending to the top of the highest mount of the island, we may get a good view of the Cyclades which lie at no great distance around this point; but there is at least a doubt if the end will justify the means on this windy day of fitful sunshine and of clouds. We do not even visit the classic old fountain near the town, where, it is written, gushes a stream of most limpid water from the solid rock, and where, in days of old, pilgrims on their way to Delos to pay their vows at the shrine of Apollo, resorted for purification. The people of the island, strange to say, yet regard this spring with a degree of religious veneration.

The sky looks more and more capricious and threatening, while the sea dashes wildly over the insufficient breakwater which strives vainly to shield the harbor, and it seems the part of wisdom to embark while we may on the *Iris*, and so avoid the rising tempest. Soon we stand on the deck of the steamer, very glad to be safe from the dashing waves, the fierce wind, and the driving rain which now commences to fall. Other passengers, who arrive later at the side of the ship, have to make brave and resolute jumps to reach the ladder, over which the sea is washing, and one cannot too much admire the skill and agility of the boatmen, who manage everything without accident, and even without anybody being much wet. Big bundles and little bundles, heavy trunks and boxes, and paper parcels, are at last all safely on board, and every one gravitates to his appointed place. The *Iris* lifts her anchor, and off we go into the stormy sea just as night drops her sable curtain over the isles of Greece.

Bright anticipations had been mine of a moonlight sail over this classic water, and among these islands of eternal summer, but now all desires are quenched by the rain and blown away by the storm-wind, and we only ask of the *Iris* to carry us safely amid the billows to the Piræus to night.

A little after midnight we come to rest, and it is announced that we have reached the shores of Attica. The steamer will not leave till morning, so we hope to remain at rest till the dawn; but a hotel commissioner from Athens comes on board, and finding we are going to the Hotel des Etrangers, takes us in charge, with our baggage, and insists on our disembarking by moonlight (for the storm has passed), at half-past three in the morning, telling us that carriages from Athens

will probably be in waiting at the landing, in one of which we can ride into Athens at the break of day, along the famous walls of Themistocles. It is yet quite night when the little boat deposits us at the landing, and no carriages are anywhere to be seen when we step out on the marble pier. The guide escorts us to a café, where we may wait till a carriage comes, and so there we sit, sullenly protesting, in the large but crowded room, amid the fumes of tobacco and the noise of billiards, taking our first observations on the sons of Attica, the children of sages and heroes. About one hundred persons, nearly all appearing to be of the laboring class, are around us, some of whom have just landed from the steamer, and some who have come down from Athens to embark upon her, and as they wait they take their morning refreshment. A little cup of Turkish coffee is the favorite beverage, and it is interesting to note that no wine, beer or other intoxicating drinks are dispensed.

The modern Greeks, if these be specimens, are a vast improvement on the modern Egyptians—a self-respecting company of people, I thought—comparing favorably with the corresponding class in other countries. The Athenians, at the time of the revolution, were said to be noted among the Greeks for their superior quickness, vivacity and disposition to intrigue, and now, after forty years of independence, we may expect to find creditable advancement.

At length day-break comes, but no carriages appear; so we are obliged to give up the idea of a triumphant morning ride along the wall of Themistocles, and avail ourselves of the railway. It is now possible to see the harbor and the town which receive and welcome us to Attica. The peninsula of Piræus consists of two rocky heights, divided from each other by a narrow isthmus; the eastern, or the one near Athens, being the higher of the two. This peninsula contains three natural basins or harbors, said to be very deep, and capable of containing in ancient times 1000 triremes. The bay of Phalerum, further to the eastward, was the harbor of Athens till the time when Themistocles administered the affairs of his country. He perceived that Piræus was more conveniently situated for navigation, and that it possessed three ports instead of the one at Phalerum, and made it “a receptacle of ships.” The rocky peninsula is said by Strabo to have been originally an island, which was gradually connected with the mainland by the accumulation of sand. This neck of land was a swampy marsh, and in the winter was almost impassable till the construction of the broad carriage road which was carried across it. The wondrous battle of Salamis took



lace just in view of these shores, in the Straits" which separate the famed island from the mainland. These are the same seas, the same rocks, the same isles, the same skies, and around us are the sons and daughters of the heroic men whom the splendid monarch of the countless Persian host watched from his silver-footed throne on the hillside:

"A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships by thousands lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set, where were they?"

A few minutes' ride brings us to Athens, and a closed carriage whirls us, over smooth and excellent streets, to a most comfortable hotel, where we are glad to find refreshment and rest after a rather exceptional night. The Hotel des Etrangers is situated very near the king's palace, on a noble, open square, and from our windows we look out on a gay and varied scene. This is the carnival season, and multitudes of people, of all ages, in holiday dress, are passing and repassing, with here and there a grotesque masque, and a mimic soldier with weapons all guiltless of bloodshed. The picturesque Albanian, with short, full skirts, long stockings, funny fur-tipped slippers with points upturned, and red cap, reminds us that we are near to barbaric lands, while the neat European costume of the Greek proper assures the traveler that this is a civilized, progressive, Christian city. The rich, solemn tones of a bell from a church tower, not far off, reminds us that this is the first day of the week, and that in the city of Minerva the glorious words of Paul are now heard again, reminding the Athenians that the "Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men, . . . and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are also His offspring.' " S. R.

Second month 21st, 1875.

#### KANSAS SUFFERERS.

*Extracts from letters received from the districts ravaged by the Grasshoppers.*

NEW SHARON, IOWA, Sixth mo. 14th, 1875.

The devastation this summer is greater than it was last. The district ravaged by the grasshoppers in Kansas and Nebraska, is

estimated to contain from seventy to eighty per cent. of the entire population. I send some letters that will give thee an idea of the destruction in three different localities. The writer of one of them is a member of our Society with quite a helpless family to maintain. He has about ten dollars in money, and when that is gone will have nothing until a crop can be raised next year. In another neighborhood, there is a family of Friends who can probably hold out a few weeks. Can't Friends help them?

Thy friend, B. STANTON.

"I planted two bushels of early rose potatoes, and a proportionable amount of all kinds of garden vegetables, and had about twenty acres of corn; there is nothing growing now but about what corn ought to be on two acres. That looks very ragged. The prospect is, that in two or three days there will not be a hill left. The grasshoppers are trimming the peach trees and eating the bark of the limbs. What they have done for me they have done for my neighbors; true, there are some crops of corn not yet injured; this is the exception not the rule. Millet and flax, of which there was a heavy crop sown, are all gone; oats, wheat, rye and barley are principally destroyed. I have never before seen the farmers so completely disheartened as now. Most of them have quit work and will not try to do anything till the ravages of the insects are over. There is actually no use; it is throwing away labor and seed. Our most enterprising men have discharged their hands and turned their teams on the prairie. From the best information we can get they do not extend far west, even at Topeka they have done but little harm. There are many men who, up to this time, have done well, but now they say that they see no way to keep their families from suffering. As to myself I feel I shall need help in a few days."

"Please accept our heart-felt thanks for the timely aid afforded us in getting in our crops, and express the same to the donors, so far as opportunity is afforded. The funds so far as received, have been apportioned equally among twenty six members of our Society, including two children of one of our members who are not themselves members. Giving twenty-two dollars to each of the twenty-six. Respectfully, thy friend,

"JACOB M. TROTH,

"GENOA, Platte County, Nebraska."

CHANUTE, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,

Fifth month 17th, 1875.

In the *Intelligencer* of Fifth month 8th, over the signature of our esteemed Friend,



Gideon Frost, inquiry is made as to what extent relief will be afforded to our suffering brethren scattered over the State of Kansas, and how to reach them in their several localities. I propose briefly to answer the inquiry, trusting I shall be enabled to satisfy the numerous readers of your paper.

In the 8th number of the *Intelligencer* an article was published setting forth our situation and soliciting assistance from those Friends who might feel free to lend a helping hand. That opened a channel of communication with Friends in other localities, and their attention is being directed to this point as a channel through which to obtain the necessary relief. No efforts are being spared to learn their real situation and, as far as means will enable us, to relieve their necessities.

I am satisfied that a state of destitution prevails in many parts of our unfortunate State. In our midst the wailing cry for help pains the ear; many are struggling under adverse circumstances, poverty and want staring them in the face. The mass of the people in *this* locality have received comparatively little aid, while in *other* portions of the State abundant relief has been afforded. The reason why I allude to the general condition of people here is that accounts are being published of large shipments to the needy ones of this State, also that thousands of dollars have been sent to relieve the immediate wants of our people. It has found other channels through which to flow, for the masses *here* have received but little of that aid so generously conferred by more favored States. There is another important feature I wish to present. This part of the State is comparatively new, having only been opened for settlement some four or five years. Our means are nearly all invested in lands, consequently our situation is a more dependent one, and in this stripped condition we can in no possible way help ourselves.

In justice to our friends in Iowa and elsewhere, I desire to say that others with ourselves have shared their generosity, and, with gratitude for favors received, I will conclude.

THOMAS E. HOGUE.

I DO not hesitate to say that the first and paramount aim of religion is not to prepare for another world, but to make the best of this world, or, more correctly stated, to make this world better, wiser and happier. It is to be good, and do the most good we can now and here, and to help others be and do the same. It is to seek with all our might the highest welfare of the world we live in, and the realization of its ideal greatness, nobleness and blessedness.—*Dr. Caird.*

#### A MORNING SONG.

I wake this morn, and all my life  
Is freshly mine to live;  
The future with sweet promise rife,  
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,  
New love to give and take;  
Perchance, new burdens I may bear  
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,  
New efforts worth the will,  
Or tasks with yesterday begun  
More bravely to fulfill.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be  
Are in my hand to sow,  
Whereby, for others and for me,  
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass  
That turns my foot aside,  
In each uncurling fern I pass,  
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall  
In shade across my way,  
It seems that naught my thoughts recall  
But life of every day.

Yet if each step in shine or shower  
Be where thy footsteps trod,  
Then blessed be every happy hour  
That leads me nearer God.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

#### CLOSING OF SCHOOL—1875.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL, LOMBARD STREET.

Once again we are gathered here,  
Noting the closing day;  
Looking back on the by-gone year,  
Thinking of all its love and cheer,  
What has it brought, to us most dear?  
And that will not pass away?

Gather the links, gather the links,  
Hold them up to the light;  
Fasten them on to the golden chain,  
And keep them pure and bright.

Lessons we've learned in the months now past,  
Truths that have touched the heart;  
Gather them up and bind them fast,  
Treasure the best from first to last,  
That a spell may be ever in memory cast,  
That the good shall not depart.  
Gather the links, etc.

Thoughts of the dear All-Father's love,  
Drawing us near to Him;  
Times when we've felt His spirit move,  
Wakening in us our purest love;  
Let us cherish all these, that they may prove  
Helps when our faith is dim.  
Gather the links, etc.

That all we have learned, and felt, and known,  
In this last happy year;  
May be only in added blessing shown,  
Proving in truth we are not alone,  
That One who is with us the work will own,  
And is bidding us not to fear.  
Gather the links, etc.

Then, when our minglings here are o'er,  
 And the end of time shall come ;  
 The chain of love we had known before,  
 Will reach from earth to the other shore,  
 And a Saviour's hand will guide us o'er,  
 To the endless joys of home.  
 Gather the links, etc.

Baltimore, Sixth month 6th, 1875.

From the (London) Bookseller.

#### ASSYRIAN LIBRARIES.

Recent Assyrian discoveries seem to confirm the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Four thousand years ago the Babylonians possessed libraries, librarians, catalogues and book-shelves, though the greater part of their books were written on clay instead of on paper. Papyrus was occasionally used ; but generally the Babylonian book was an oblong piece of clay, which was stamped on both sides with a metal stylus, and then hardened in the fire. So minute are the characters engraved upon it that it is difficult to imagine how they could have been impressed without a magnifying glass ; and, as a crystal lens was actually found by Mr. Layard, on the site of Nineveh, it would seem that magnifying glasses were known at an early date. Specimens of these clay tablets—"lateres coctiles," as Pliny calls them—may be seen in the British Museum. Every great city of Babylonia and Assyria had at least one library, which was stowed away in a chamber of the king's palace, and placed at the public service. We gain some idea of the extent to which education was spread from the frequently-recurring statement that the libraries were formed for the use of "the people." The oldest libraries were those of Babylonia, the mother country of the civilization of Western Asia. Those of Assyria were established in imitation of the earlier ones of Chaldea, and the books with which they were stocked were mostly copies or later editions of Babylonian works. Assyria was originally a dependency of the Southern Empire ; its rise was coeval with the decline of Babylonia, and its civilization was derived from the latter country. The primitive population of Babylon spoke an agglutinative language, allied to the idioms of the modern Fins or Tartars. It was they who invented the cuneiform or arrow-headed system of writing and founded the great cities of Chaldea. Their literature was very extensive, and required libraries in which to be preserved. At a date anterior to 2,000 B. C. they were conquered by Semites from the West, who appropriated their culture and gradually succeeded in extirpating their language. This language is termed Accadian, and it became to the Semites of Babylonia and Assyria what the Latin language was to the scholars of Mediæval Europe. Their

science and literature were locked up in this dead tongue, and even in practical life a knowledge of it was needed when legal precedents or ancient leases and contracts were in question. Down to the last days of the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires every educated man had to be acquainted with this extinct language. For this purpose grammars, dictionaries and phrase-books of Accadian and Semitic Assyrian were compiled, and works written in Accadian were provided with an Assyrian translation, which was sometimes in a parallel column, and sometimes inter-linear.

Babylonia has not yet been excavated, and our knowledge of these libraries is accordingly confined to the contents of the libraries of Sennacherib and his grandson, Assurbanipal, or Sardanapalus, the larger part of which has been brought from Nineveh to the British Museum. Most of the works in the Museum are later editions of older Babylonian texts ; very often there are several editions of the same texts, and where the original had become illegible the copyist wrote "lacuna" or "recent lacuna." When a work was translated from Accadian, the Accadian text was almost invariably given ; and to these translations, together with the grammars, dictionaries and phrase-books already alluded to, modern scholars owe the recovery of the long lost language of Accad. Among the most curious of these works is a long one, in seventy tablets or books, on astronomy and astrology, which was drawn up for a Babylonian monarch, who reigned about 2,000 B. C. The catalogue of this work mentions separate treatises on the pole star, on comets, on the movements of Venus, &c., and at the end tells the reader to write down the number of the table he wishes to consult, and the librarian will thereupon hand it to him. Even at this remote epoch, therefore, the modern system of registering books was in use ; indeed, every tablet had its press-mark. Besides the astrological tablets, there is a long work on omens, with formula for averting witchcraft or practicing sorcery, which seems to be extremely ancient, as well as a large collection of hymns to the gods, which formed the ritual of the Accadians. Many of the passages in these hymns remind us of the Hebrew psalms. Closely connected with the hymns are old legends and epics, which are thrown into a poetical form. One of these epics came from Erech, and consisted of twelve books, each answering to a sign of the Zodiac, and relating to the adventures of a solar hero. The books were originally independent lays, and the eleventh is the story of the Deluge, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the account in Genesis. Another group of legends con-



tains one which describes very fully the building of the Tower of Babel; while a third group presents us with a history of the Creation and the Fall of Man, similar to that of the Bible. More details, however, are furnished than can be found in the Mosaic narrative, and an account is also given of the war of the evil spirits against the gods. A very interesting legend describes the descent of the Goddess Istar into Hades, and another tells how the seven wicked spirits fought against the Moon.

But all this is but a small portion of the Assyrian and Babylonian literature now in the British Museum. There are works on agriculture, collections of ancient proverbs, tables of laws and precedents, contracts and leases, public despatches and private correspondence, prayers and feast fables, didactic treatises and hints on government, tables of cube-roots and other mathematical formulæ, lists of animals and stones, of countries and towns, of gods and temples, of foreign products and classes of persons, and, above all, annals and other historical documents. One of the latter is a catalogue of the kings and dynasties of Babylon; another an account of the relations between Assyria and its northern neighbor from the earliest times, while the remaining texts describe historical incidents of the reign of former monarchs. None are so important, however, as the lists of the Assyrian eponyms, that is, officers after whom each year was named. These lists are, of course, of purely Assyrian origin, and they have enabled scholars to restore the chronology of Assyria (and thereby of Judea also) with absolute precision from the tenth century B. C.

The librarians were called "The Men of the Written Tablets." The first librarian of whom we know was a certain Mul. Anna, the son of Gandhu. His signet-cylinder is now in Europe, and we learn from it that he presided over the library of an early Accadian King of Ur. Ur is the city mentioned in Genesis as the birthplace of Abraham, and the signet must be assigned to a very ancient date—more than 4,000 years ago. Such is the antiquity of the office of librarian, and of the respect paid to books.—*Press.*

OXFORD, England.

**A TRUE POET.**—The poet is, or should be, more of a seer and translator of what God has already created, than a creator in the workshop of his own mind. The mediævals called the poet a "finder," rather than a creator. He is a seeker and a finder of the truth and beauty that lie in realities around him, rather than a producer of beauty out of the deeps of his own personality—which beauty, as many imagine, he confers on out-

ward objects. And this has been the mental attitude of the greatest poets. They have sought for those things which are hidden from the mass of men by some dimness of sight or film of familiarity: and, finding these, they become the translators to men of all this truth and loveliness, which is written in the handwriting of the Creator everywhere throughout His creation, whether flaming on the walls of space, smiling in flowers from the green earth, or inscribed on the red leaves of the human heart. Hence it has been said that the poet gives us apparent pictures of unapparent natures.—*North British Review*

## NOTICES.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 6th mo. 27th. Skeneateles, N. Y., 11 A. M.  
 " 27th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.  
 " " West Nottingham, Md., 3 P. M.  
 7th mo. 4th, Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " " Plymouth, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " " Concord, Pa., 3 P. M.

## ITEMS.

SHOCKS of earthquake were felt yesterday morning in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. At Urbana Sidney, De Graff and Anna, in Ohio, the shaking was severe, walls of buildings were cracked, shelves were thrown down, goods and shelves displaced and chimneys toppled over.

PROMINENT agriculturists of Camden county New Jersey, state "that in various townships, the potato crop will not reach more than one-third the usual yield, in consequence of the ravages of potato bugs. These pests have destroyed the leaves and vines of whole fields, and all the ordinary appliances used to exterminate them except Paris green, mixed with flour in proportion of one to twenty-five, have proved unavailing. They are now using that remedy with effect, and say that by careful analysis and experiments they have found the tubers of the potato are not affected by it. The bugs in Burlington are also committing equal ravages."

GLACIERS have been discovered by the Dall Expedition on the coast of Alaska. There are no less than twenty-four of these in a stretch of 160 miles.

A GERMAN scientific society is already so firmly established in Japan as to have published its first volume of proceedings, containing, among other things, an account of a cuttle-fish fourteen feet long, captured on the Japanese coast. Japan has made an important contribution to medical science in the extremely thin tissue paper which surgeons in England have found to be an excellent substitute for lint in dressing wounds.

THE superiority of the wood of the Florida cedar over all other kinds of cedar is well known, and the demand for it in Bavaria, where immense quantities of lead pencils are made, has induced some manufacturers to take up the question of the acclimatization of the tree in that country. Seeds have been sown in the royal forest, and about 5,000 young plants have been grown on one private estate. The cultivation of the tree has been attempted, also, in other parts of Germany.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 3, 1875.

No. 19

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 276.)

"Attended New York Quarterly Meeting, where, at the Youths' Meeting, I was moved to exhort the young present against the tide of luxurious vanity that sweeps so mightily over the land, and especially the great cities; to listen not to fascinations of sensual delights by which they are surrounded. I believe there are those called away from these things and as they give their ear to the reproofs of instruction they will find them to be the way of life. They are called to bear the Cross, and despise the shame. To be not shaken by argument, as to the innocence of these vain delights, but be as fools even for Christ's sake.

"Second month 28th, 1869.—This is the last day of winter, and has been almost the coldest of the season, which has been remarkably open and free from snow. It is the first day of the week, and has, I trust, been a blessed day. Bright and beautiful in the outward, we had a good attendance at our little meeting; a precious silence prevailed. Whilst musing upon the nature of worship, my mind was arrested with the language, "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, clothed in white robes with palms in their hands, surrounding the throne and singing praises to God." It seemed right to present

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the view as one of great encouragement; that these, like unto ourselves, have been upon the earth and have endured the conflict of life, and have attained, though through great tribulation, the great end—worth more than all the possessions of this world, with its glittering vanities and unsatisfied desires. The result may also be our experience, as the Son of God declared to his followers: 'In this world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world. In Me ye shall have peace.'

"Amid all our doubts, fears and almost despair, it is a source of infinite consolation to know, that, having held fast our faith in God, we too shall be saved; and after the storms and conflicts of this mortal life are ended, we shall be permitted an entrance where suffering is not known, and be united with the innumerable company in eternal praise.

"Third month 5th, 1869.—Started for Baltimore to a conference with the Indian Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Was kindly entertained by my dear friend Martha Tyson and her family. Had the agreeable addition of our dear friend Benjamin Hallowell.

"Third month 6th.—Attended the meeting of the Indian Committee at 10 A. M. There found Samuel M. Janney and others of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and four from New York Yearly Meeting. The President elect,



with that directness which is a distinguishing trait of his character, has applied to Friends to help him take care of the Indians, and desires us to give him a list of names of Friends such as our Society can endorse as suitable for the position of Indian Agents. It was felt to be a just demand upon the friends of the Indian, and after mature consideration, it was concluded to do what we could to meet this kind and respectful request, and that our members might, without conflict with our testimonies, accept the office of Indian Agent, should those who feel it right to offer their names for approval to the committee, afterwards receive the appointment. It appears like a Providential opening for Friends to interpose an active agency for the relief of a wronged and suffering people.

"In the afternoon attended the Select Quarterly Meeting.

"*First-day* morning at Lombard street Meeting. It seemed right for me to open the subject of Naaman the Assyrian, showing how the pride of the human heart must be humbled before it can be purified by the waters of Jordan; and also, what a blessing the captive maid became to this great man, by declaring what the prophet of the Lord could do. How many little ones there are who can tell of Him the Saviour who can cure the leprosy of sin. Those who are diseased never know the cure till human pride is humbled, and they bow themselves at the feet of the Lord, who alone can take away all uncleanness and restore us to the purity and innocence of the little child, just as the great Assyrian's flesh was made again as a little child's.

"*Second-day* morning meeting for worship preceding business meeting. C. G. called the people to work. The fields are white unto harvest.

"I followed with an exhortation not to postpone, for the laborers are few, and were never more needed in the great harvest. It is here we learn the value of faith in Him, who declared He was the 'resurrection and the life.' Works being the evidence of faith, we have no right to claim belief without yielding obedience.

"S. M. J. followed with a discourse upon the love we owe to God and our fellow man, and why; and how especially to the household of Faith, showing the importance of our living up to our profession in every respect.

"*Third month 12th.*—Representative Committee met. It fell to my lot to open the subject of the Indians for consideration, showing what had occurred in Baltimore in reference to them. It took deep hold on the minds of the Committee, and they unitedly referred the matter to the Indian Committee, with instruc-

tions to act as way should open in accordance with the conclusion adopted in Baltimore.

"*Third month 19th.*—I have prepared a circular to our Monthly Meetings, setting forth the proposal of the President, and informing Friends that our Representative Committee think they may accept the appointment from Government without conflicting with our testimonies, and should any feel drawn to offer themselves, to forward their names to the Committee for consideration.

"During my stay in Baltimore, I called with B. H. upon Bishop Whipple. He is thoroughly interested in the Indians, and a faithful laborer in their behalf. He read us a beautiful and touching tribute to an aged Indian Chief whom he lately buried, showing what an Indian may become under the Gospel of Christ.

"*Third month 29th.*—Yesterday was First-day. I had meditated a visit to the city, but, upon carefully considering the subject, found it better to stay at home.

"Attended our meeting—a goodly number present. 'He is despised and rejected of men' was the text of Scripture that occupied my thought, and which it appeared right I should utter, alluding to the wonderful fulfillment of prophecy in the outward manifestation of the Son of God. But how the faith He taught as essential sustained Him through all and led Him, upon the Cross, in His mortal agony of the flesh, to cry out 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' He showed thus the only source of help, the only refuge, the unfailing trust—not in man, but in God. This faith leads the mind to accept Him in all His manifestations to His children. Infinite in value and power stands the gift of His love—His only begotten Son, in whom, as we believe, in connection with the Father, as they are one in Spirit, purpose, power and glory—accepting His teaching according to His own standard, we are led to know and obey the will of God, which makes us heirs of the kingdom of Heaven. Giving us here, whilst surrounded by temptation and evil, an experience, at times, of the blessed reign of peace, verifying the truth uttered by Jesus Christ, that 'The kingdom of Heaven is within.'

"In the afternoon had a call from my valued friend Samuel Townsend, of Baltimore. He came on a visit of duty, to make an offer on behalf of our portion of the Society of Friends, to our Orthodox brethren, to act in union in the cause of the Indians.

"He has an address prepared by the Indian Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting to that effect. I had no faith in the success of the application, but was entirely willing to labor with them for so desirable a pur-

pose. We called upon Dr. James E. Rhoads, with whom we had a frank and interesting interview. In the evening we attended a conference at Eli K. Price's. Present: Eli K. Price, Samuel R. Shipley, John S. Hilles, R. Cadbury, Benj. Coates, — Holloway, Wm. P. Sharpless, Jos. C. Turnpenny, Caleb Clothier, and Wm. Hawkins.

"The proposition was laid before them, and they all appeared fully to appreciate the spirit in which it was made. But they said were they to entertain as Friends such a proposition and present it to their Indian Committee or Representative Committee, it would not only be of no avail, but would frustrate their own usefulness in the good work. They, with us, admitted that it was disgraceful to our profession, that we could not appear as acting in unison upon this most important concern. The President has called upon Friends because of their peace principles. War with the Indians has been too long tried and utterly failed, and behold we Quakers, the friends of peace, cannot unite in our efforts to respond to his call! After a friendly talk we separated, perhaps with a clearer understanding, agreeing, at least, to avoid all conflict. Each Society to labor in the place allotted to it.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### GENESEE YEARLY MEETING.

(Continued from page 278.)

Third-day morning, 15th inst., the state of Society, as exhibited in the examination of the Queries, was entered upon by both branches. The Queries are less complex than ours, and very much to the point, a large part of what is embraced in our Queries being placed among the advices in the Genesee Book of Discipline. The Fourth Query is especially clear and simple, and reads thus: "Do Friends avoid the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, frequenting taverns and attending places of diversion?" The Sixth Query reads: "Do any accomplish their marriages by the assistance of a hireling minister, or contribute to the support of a hireling minister because he is such?" They have a Tenth Query, asking: "Are the answers to the Queries, forwarded by subordinate to superior meetings, the substance of, and founded on, the answers from the Preparative Meetings?" All the Queries were considered at this session. The same deficiencies found among ourselves are reported here. There is a lack of zeal in the attendance of meetings, which to us seems more excusable, where Friends are so remotely situated, and the winters so long and severe as they are in the most northern limits of this meeting.

Fear was expressed that, in answering the Queries, we are not as honest as we ought to be, and that we are not faithful in the attendance of our meetings. We should be willing to make any sacrifice for Christ. The thing required may seem of small account, but, if it is called for at our hands, let us not withhold. We were exhorted to be humble and make a full surrender; then the burthen will be lifted and the way of the Cross made easy, for He will be our helper. In this humble state we are brought into closer unity and enabled to see, eye to eye, more nearly. Young mothers were entreated to be patterns to their children. When the dying day comes we cannot go back and recover what is lost, or alter the record of our lives. Let us look at it and be willing now to bear the Cross. There are many who attire themselves in a gay dress that feel this. May they remember that it is dangerous to resist the voice that speaks to the soul. Much sympathy flowed out to mothers whose children are scattered and at a distance from the paternal home, as well as for those who have their families around them. They were encouraged to remember the injunction: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "Perhaps when you are laid away, the children will look back and remember the advice that has been given them." Feeling allusion was made by the Friend speaking, to the recollections of her childhood, when in the homestead her parents gathered their children around them, and read to them the Scriptures and other books suitable to their understandings. These she felt to have been precious times, and said she: "I call upon you, mothers, to be faithful to those under your care and you will be rewarded—you will be blest. A very solemn and precious covering spread over the assembly, in which were many mothers accompanied by their little children. The advice of the mothers in this Israel to those who must, in their turn, bear the burthen of the affairs of the body, was tender and encouraging, and manifested unabated interest in the preservation and maintenance of our Gospel testimonies.

The young sisters were entreated to keep to the simple yet beautiful form of our Society in the consummation of marriage, and to yield unreserved obedience to the Divine requirements.

Agreeably to notice, Friends assembled in the women's end of the meeting-house, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, to attend to the business of the Eighth General Conference of Friends' First-day Schools.

The room was well filled and a deep feeling of interest manifested in the proceedings. Reports from Baltimore, Philadelphia, New



York, Ohio and from Yonge street, Canada, were read; also interesting statements of the First-day school labor among the Pawnee, Winnebago and Great Nemaha Indian Agencies, and the freedmen at Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina, in all of which Friends are successfully engaged. These reports were most encouraging, and called out from ministers and others in various parts of the audience expressions of unity and satisfaction with the movement. Several verbal reports of efforts in various parts of Genesee Yearly Meeting were made that added to the interest of the occasion. We who formed the small delegation that had undertaken to present the cause of First-day Schools to the favorable consideration of the members of this Yearly Meeting had come bearing a weight of responsibility that pressed very heavily, and were entirely unprepared for the cordial reception extended us, and the willingness to hear and accept our service; and when one who stands foremost in the Society as an exponent of its principles declared, that this cause is second to none that now claims the attention of the Society, we felt that we had an endorsement from Genesee Yearly Meeting as strong as could be asked. Our meeting was acknowledged to be a season of refreshment, a "love-feast," as expressed by some, "long to be remembered."

On Fourth-day morning the meeting-house was opened for public worship. It was comfortably filled, and the communications were calculated to awaken thought and encourage faithfulness in the discharge of religious duties. The fundamental doctrines of Friends were plainly and forcibly presented. We felt that Genesee Yearly Meeting is favored in that it has among its ministers such able and fearless exponents of our testimonies. Both branches met in united session at four o'clock in the afternoon, to hear the report of the proceedings of the Indian Committee. The account of a recent visit to the Santee Agency, paid by two Friends appointed for that purpose, was listened to with interest; it gave a detailed statement of the affairs of that Agency, which was very satisfactory and encouraging. The report will be printed with the extracts of the Yearly Meeting.

The business of the separate meetings was resumed on Fifth day. The Committee on the subject of Posture in time of Prayer, reported that it recommends the Yearly Meeting to leave each particular meeting free to rise or sit when prayer is offered, provided that it is not thereby intended to express either unity or a want of it toward the person offering supplication. This is the substance of the report, which was united with in both branches, with much feeling of sat-

isfaction that no set form had been recommended. The minutes of the Representative Committee were read in both meetings; six names—four men and two women—had been added, and were united with. Epistles to the several Yearly Meetings, with one to the meeting to be established in Illinois, were read and adopted.

A letter from Mary S. Lippincott, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, addressed to "Friends of Genesee Yearly Meeting," and intended to be read at the meeting of the "General Conference," did not arrive until after that Conference was held. Friends feeling desirous that its message of Gospel love might reach those to whom it was addressed, proposed to read it after the business of the Yearly Meeting had concluded. This was cordially united with, and the letter read. Much expression was called forth at this evidence of sisterly regard, and the letter sent to men's meeting, where it was read with the same feeling of interest.

Acceptable visits were made at this sitting by Benjamin Renouf and William Barker. The first had a message for those called to the Gospel ministry, the other was concerned to call the attention of mothers to the Third Query—"Are Friends careful to bring up," &c. "My sympathies," said he, "are quickened. I am a parent. I went in and out before my children as most parents do. They have arrived to maturity, and gone out into the world, and formed homes for themselves. I see impressed on them that which has been reflected from my own character, and as I have sat through this meeting I have thought much, of the time when I was with my little ones. The greatest miss that I made was when I exacted obedience, yet did not allow myself to come sufficiently under the power of love; but, thanks to our Heavenly Father, I was made wiser, and now I want to give you, precious young mothers, the benefit of my experience. Seek the baptism of the Father, flee to this fountain of love, and you will be strengthened and qualified for the important trust committed to your keeping."

Later in the session Isaac Wilson asked permission to visit the meeting, which was granted. He was accompanied by J. J. Cornell. I. W. said his mission might be considered a small one, but he saw those in the assembly that are standing outside the Lord's vineyard, comparing themselves with others who are already laboring. There can be no advance in the Master's work, only as we are faithful; the one having a single talent stands on the same ground with those who have more. All were encouraged to enter in and labor, the reward being sure.

J. J. Cornell began by saying, "In the



early gathering I saw some spiritual conditions to which I was drawn out in sympathy, and had hoped that food for these hungry souls would be handed forth, and I be excused; but when my brother made known his concern I felt mine revive towards some who are surrounded by difficulties in their outward life, and are looking to us who are ministers in the Master's service. These feel desirous to know where we stand.

"There are yearning hearts, bowed in discouragement in regard to the position I hold toward the First-day school. I come to clear away the cloud that rests upon me. This field of labor is not in my line of duty. I have no children of my own. I never for one moment felt to lay anything in the way of those who are called to this service. I desire their encouragement, and that they may faithfully perform whatever seems required at their hands."

This explanation was very grateful to many present, and appeared to remove some feelings of doubt in reference to the First-day school movement.

All the business being concluded, also the summary of the exercises united with, after a general expression of satisfaction with the results of the meeting and unity with the several interests that had claimed attention, under a covering of heavenly love that was felt to overshadow all, the meeting adjourned.

L. J. ROBERTS.

PICKERING, ONTARIO, *Sixth mo. 17th, 1875.*

A notice of the proceedings of men's meeting will appear next week.

KIND WORDS are peace-makers. Loving deeds put out the fires of strife and contention. Silence is one of the best remedies for anger.

From Friends' Quarterly Examiner.

#### HISTORY OF THE QUERIES.

(Concluded from page 280.)

It is hardly needful for us to point out the widened area of defection borne witness to by these questions concerning their condition. No longer the simple-hearted and self-denying people they once were, and freed from persecution and suffering, many amongst them were now engrossed in the vain indulgences, from out of which their predecessors had been called. This change meets us upon the threshold. It has even vividly affected their meetings for worship. "Do Friends avoid all unbecoming behavior therein?" is a sad inquiry to be needful for a body professing greater spirituality than others around them. "Do they discourage detraction?—are they just in their dealings?—do they avoid all vain sports, places of diversion, gaming, the

frequenting of ale-houses, and excess in drinking?"—what conclusion can we arrive at respecting the state of a Christian Church which needed such questions as these to be answered four times a year? How were the mighty fallen! We also find here the strong resolve to prevent our members marrying those of other religious persuasions; and the careless state of the Society's records in the provinces, is borne witness to by special inquiries whether any Friends were without certificates—whether their title-deeds for meeting houses and grave-yards are looked after, and marriages, births and burials registered, and all legacies properly appropriated. Lest there should be any shirking of the questions put, it was also required that the answers be "in writing; that they be full and explicit, comprising the substance of every part of each Query." It will be remembered by the reader that the Yearly Meeting, in addition to the tabular statement contained in the first five Queries to be answered to that meeting, required answers to be sent up to them upon most of the subjects contained in the foregoing Monthly Meeting Queries, although it was not until the amalgamation of the two sets of Queries in 1791, that the Yearly Meeting itself required to be annually informed concerning the moral conduct and deportment of its individual members. How strange would it have sounded in George Fox's ears could he have been present at this Yearly Meeting, exactly a century after his death, and have heard consecutive replies from every county in the kingdom, whether their members discouraged tale-bearing, behaved properly in meetings for Divine worship, and abstain from gaming, frequenting of ale-houses, places of diversion and intoxication! In his day the paternal authority was busied about weightier subjects, and they were able to leave the conduct of members to the care and knowledge of the particular meetings to which they belonged.

The main idea inducing this publicity would seem to be the hope that Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, being thus bound to report their exceptions to the Yearly Meeting, would be impelled, if not shamed, into bringing delinquents under the discipline for their misconduct. The step was unquestionably a severe one, but we doubt its wisdom or its expediency. One can have small hope of the disciplinary powers of any Monthly Meeting which needed such a stimulus to induce it to deal with offenders.

But we are anticipating dates, and will now proceed with the chronological history we are attempting to sketch. The six years succeeding 1755 each witnessed some alterations, and in 1759, owing probably to the defective



answers to the Ninth Query, it was ordered that "all former records in each county relating to marriages, births and burials be collected and kept together by the direction of their respective meetings."

In 1783 an addition was made to the Sixth Query of the Quarterly Meeting, viz., "And are they advised carefully to inspect the state of their affairs once in the year"—a passing evidence of the depressed state of trade, and of the commercial calamities which overtook many of its members.

We need not allude to many other changes, every few years witnessing some alteration in form or subject, but will pass on to 1791, when, as already stated, a committee, consisting of the Meeting for Sufferings and representatives from the Quarterly Meetings, was appointed to revise and harmonize the Queries. Upon their report, it was resolved "That in future there shall be but one set of Queries for the Yearly and Quarterly Meetings of men Friends couched in the following terms, by which it will appear that some alterations are made in the expression and in the arrangement" [1792].

As no special subjects were added at this period, it is not necessary for us to repeat the well-known formula. One of them was to Quarterly Meetings only, and was directed "to be read every quarter, and answers sent up from the spring quarter only." This mode of reading without answering, three times a year, would seem to have formed the germ of the "unanswered" Queries, which have of late been increasingly adopted. But this deficiency in answering one was amply atoned for as regards the remainder, eleven of which were to be answered in the spring, and these answers to be read over again for consideration in the summer; eight were answered in the autumn, and four in the winter, besides the seven Queries to ministers and elders, two of them to be answered three times a year, and the rest to be read every quarter and considered, but answers to be drawn up twice in the year only. We have here a fuller development of the idea of "unanswered Queries," since five of them were systematically read and considered twice a year without answering. It was at this period, also, that the order went forth for detailed particulars of any deficiency, and also that the words of the Queries be reported.

Another small but very noteworthy change also here occurs. Whilst, in 1742, the second person is used—"Is it *your* care by example and precept?" "Do *you* bear a faithful testimony?" &c. "Do *you* stand clear of defrauding?" &c. The third person it now made use of. "Are *Friends* just in their dealings?" "Are *Friends* careful to avoid?"

&c. "Do *Friends* endeavor by example and precept?" and so on. This transfer of direct personal questioning we hold to have been a decided error, and although it may appear of comparative lesser moment, it is an evidence of lack of that oneness which formerly distinguished the body; the responsive and individual "you" and "we," was replaced by the impersonal "they." It is, we admit, easier, but assuredly less profitable, to speak of "their" errors than of "ours," and a part of our burden of responsibility seems removed when we can speak of delinquents in the third instead of the second person.

But we must hasten onwards. In the Appendix to the second edition of "Book of Extracts," issued in 1822, are a few alterations in the mode of answering, but nothing requiring special note on our part. The frequency of reading them was confirmed, and, in some instances, increased.

This now brings us to 1833, at which period a third and much enlarged edition of the "Book of Extracts" was issued, containing a new form of eighteen Queries for the men and eleven for the women's meetings, as revised by a conference of the Meetings for Sufferings and representatives appointed to revise the "Book of Extracts," and adopted by the Yearly Meeting. A very noteworthy minute now appears setting forth the "object" of the Queries. Hitherto they seem to have been intended almost wholly with reference to the discipline and as information to the superior meetings; but now comes a note that they are intended also to "impress on the minds of Friends a profitable examination of themselves." This forms No. 3 in the progress of unanswered Queries; for when once this idea was fairly grasped it was evident that one or the other must yield. The attempt to give written answers on behalf of others to questions intended for self-examination, destroys introversion of spirit; it takes off the attention of Friends from themselves and fixes it on the absentees. The conscience of Friends became satisfied in responding with a very keen truthfulness concerning these, not unaccompanied, we fear, at times by the self-complacency of the outwardly consistent Pharisee, "What lack I yet?" But the paragraph is so important as introducing a new object, that we venture to give it entire:

"This Meeting feels a lively concern to remind our members that the intention of directing sundry Queries to be answered, relative to the conduct of individuals in the several branches of our Christian profession, is not only to be informed of the state of our meetings, but also to impress on the minds of Friends a profitable examination of them-



selves, how far they act consistently with their religious principles. We would, therefore, earnestly recommend to every one of our members, more especially when the answers are drawn up, to examine whether he himself is coming up in that life of self-denial and devotedness unto God, which so highly becomes all who make profession of the name of Christ."

This code remained until 1845, when, owing to alteration in laws relating to rent charges, and the public registering of births, marriages and burials, some needful changes were made and issued in an Appendix in 1845, which was the culminating point as regards numbers, containing nineteen Queries for the men's and eleven for the women's meetings, and seven others for ministers and elders. The same frequency of replies was exacted, and when we remember that nearly all of them were read and answered twice a year by the various preparative meetings throughout the kingdom, reanswered twice a year by Monthly Meetings, reread at Quarterly Meetings and answered once a year by them to the Yearly Meeting; every answer from each Quarterly being read in the Yearly Meeting, and each several answer reiterating the whole of the words in the original Query, it is no marvel that the system broke down at last, proving a burden which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear.

In addition to this the feeling has rapidly gained ground that Queries for self-examination are incompatible with Queries to be answered. As the statistical information once embodied in the Queries is now given in other forms, and the condition of Quarterly and Monthly Meetings can never be arrived at by replying only to fixed questions, the utility of the whole system of such responses has been boldly challenged.

In 1860 a committee was again appointed to revise the Queries and the "Book of Discipline," of which a fourth edition was published in the year following. In accordance with growing feeling, the number was now reduced to ten Queries to be answered by the men's and eight by the women's meetings, and a long paragraph of general directions was prefixed, again setting forth the double object of the Queries.

The only further alteration that need be chronicled in this rapid sketch, is one which took place in 1873, when, after several years' discussion, it was decided to remove the Fifth Query concerning tithes, and to offer an "advice" upon the subject in its stead.

Since that period radical alterations have been proposed from several of the Quarterly Meetings, involving the withdrawal of some or nearly all of the Queries to be answered to

the Yearly Meeting. Into this arena, which can yet hardly be regarded as "History," we do not enter, our object having been to record facts, leaving it for the present to others to build thereon.

#### REUNION IN HEAVEN.

How short is the earthly history of a family! A few years, and those who are embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their name will be no longer heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? If it be, how shall we dare pour forth our affections on objects so fleeting? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling? Why should not our feelings toward them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God! this is not all. Of this He has given us perfect assurance in the Spirit of Truth. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed under far happier circumstances, in the regions of eternal love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten, when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in heaven.—*Cazneau Palfrey.*

## SCRAPS

### FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I met with "two ideas" in a periodical lately that interested me so much, that I incline to copy them, thinking they would interest thee, and perhaps be suitable for your scrap column.

How I wish that the wise, peaceful and beautiful course therein depicted, could be adopted by all the contributors to the columns of *Friends' Intelligencer*.

1. "My idea is, that it is best for each one to speak frankly what he believes, and to have no concern whatever, whether his propositions shall stand or fall. Stand they will,



so far as they are true; and fall they must, so far as they are false. The moment any man begins to have any personal pride or egotism of opinion, that moment his mental and moral eyesight begins to fail, and he looks at truth as a partisan, not as a philosopher. Let us have done with personal and dogmatic controversialism, and, in all our discussions, invoke the spirit of calmness and peace. Only thus we shall be able to know the truth, and to state it with powerful persuasiveness."

2. "Wrong and evil mean only crude, undisciplined, unused, or misused force, which it is our happy *privilege* and *glorious ability* to convert into *splendid uses* and *beauties*, in all men."

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 3, 1875.

### FRIENDS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By CHARLES EVANS, M. D. Philadelphia: 1875. For sale at Friends' Book store, 304 Arch street.

A new volume with this title has appeared in handsome dress. It is comprised in an octavo containing over six hundred pages, and will be an acceptable addition to the literature of the Society.

Samuel M. Janney, in the preface to his History of Friends, remarks: "Few persons are probably aware of the very large number of religious books written by the early Friends, and fewer still are they who have read any considerable portion of them. In the year 1708, a catalogue of Friends' books was published by John Whiting, which contains the names of five hundred and twenty-eight writers, and gives the titles and dates of about two thousand eight hundred books and tracts."

The volume before us seems to have been prepared with the praiseworthy object of bringing before the reader, in more condensed form, the principal parts of many of the narratives prepared by the earlier writers of the Society; and although, from the mass of material, much of which was controversial, the author has selected such parts as accord with his own views of doctrinal truth, he has executed the task with judgment and good taste, and his careful and discriminating labor is entitled to grateful recognition.

We give from the preface the following tribute to the early members of the Society of Friends:

"They were bold and uncompromising witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus; and if, occasionally, one rose up among them, who, from an untempered zeal and the peculiar spirit of the time, was betrayed into extravagances of which the body did not approve, it in no wise derogates from the religious principles, labors, or character of the devoted band that, in obedience to the commands of their Divine Leader, contended for the faith once delivered to the saints, and for the enjoyment of the right of liberty of conscience. By suffering and constancy, they laid the foundation of the religious freedom and privileges we now enjoy, and gave an impetus to civil liberty and moral reform, from which the professed Christian world has reaped no little benefit."

The great idea to be deduced from the principles, teachings and testimonies of Friends, and which, we think, is upheld in the work before us, is, that religion consists, not in doctrines, dogmas, or mere opinions of the schoolmen, but in obedience to the everlasting law revealed in the soul.

### DIED.

BRANSON.—At his residence, near Selma, Clarke county, Ohio, on the 8th of Sixth month 1875, after a few weeks illness, Thomas Branson, aged 80 years and nearly eleven months; a valued member, and for years an elder of Green Plain Monthly Meeting.

BOYD.—On the 15th of Fifth month, 1875, at the residence of Harvey Peters, Marion, Marion county, Ohio, Eleanor Boyd, in the 82d year of her age; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

JONES.—At her residence in Harford county, Md., on the evening of the 13th ult., Susan H. Jones; a member of Little Falls Monthly Meeting.

This dear friend was of a gentle, retiring disposition, but she possessed talents of no ordinary value, and to those who shared her companionship, she gave freely of the rich treasures of her mind and heart. Her conversation and correspondence were eminently characterized by playful humor and valuable thought; and these gifts, together with her unselfish consideration for the comfort and feelings of others, especially of those less outwardly favored than herself, caused her to be greatly loved by a large circle of friends.

For the last three years of her life her mind was much enfeebled from the effects of disease, but she retained her sweetness and gentleness to the close, and when the time of release came, passed quietly and peacefully to her immortal home.

If any one offend you, before answering, try to call to mind this golden sentence: "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 54.

(Continued from page 285.)

## AT ATHENS.

On the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil,  
Athens, the eye of Greece.—*Milton*.

In our walks and rides round this famous city, I have tried to rebuild, in imagination, the classic metropolis of Greece—the city of philosophers, artists and patriots—the city so inclined to honor and worship the Highest that she not only had temples and altars erected to all the deities of Hellenic mythology, but to Fame, Energy, Persuasion, Oblivion and to Pity. It is said that the Athenians alone, of all the Greeks, gave divine honor to Pity, thus doing homage to the gentler virtues, which is in striking contrast to the coarser theologies of less enlightened peoples.

The altar to the Unknown God may perhaps have been an expression of their feeling of indefiniteness and uncertainty, which an intellectual pantheism could not satisfy. "Whom you unknowingly worship, Him declare I unto you," said the wise and eloquent apostle, thus striving to direct the Athenians to the highest truth. The unknown God, the Unsearchable, was not far from every one of them, having an altar in the hearts of all His children.

Yonder bold rocky height, crowned with majestic ruins, and environed with a massive wall, is the Acropolis, the Fortress, the Sacred Enclosure, the Treasury and the Museum of Arts of Athens. It is about 150 feet high, and has a flat surface of 1,000 by 500 feet, and is believed to have been the entire site of the original city of Cecrops. In historic times, according to Wordsworth,\* "it was the heart of Athens, as Athens was the heart of Greece: it was the center of the imaginary spiral, in which all that was great and beautiful in Greece was involved. Again, in its sanctity, its beauty and its form, it resembled a decorated pedestal, or a massive altar. Hence the attainment of a place in the Acropolis was regarded as an apotheosis of men and their works."

It is an easy walk up to the gate of the Acropolis, and the guardian sentinel admits us without question to the famed enclosure, and we go onward and upward till we stand before the Propylea, through the central door of which moved the periodic processions of the Panathenaic Jubilee.

The marble stairway has been cleared of all obstruction, and, as we ascend toward the gateway, we may pause awhile and wonder and admire. Behind is a glittering panorama of near and distant hills and a mirror-like glory of sea, while on the right hand smiles down the small, but nearly perfect temple of wingless victory.\* We sit down for a few minutes on the shaded marble steps and admire the numberless flowers which are springing up wherever the hand of time or violence has cleft the stony barriers. Here are daisies and crucifers, and smiling blue-eyed little creatures of uncertain relationships, but we have no vasculum to make a collection to-day. They may bloom fearlessly at our feet, and we may admire idly the gentle children of this august hill, as we read from the guide-book, how, after the revolution, as the new rulers were clearing the approach to the Acropolis, and removing a Turkish battery which stood in front of the Propylea, they discovered fragments of pillars and of other ornamental architecture in great quantities; and, at length, the floor of an ancient temple which was recognized as that mentioned by Pausanias as the "Temple of Wingless Victory." The fragments were collected and re-erected on the original foundation, and now it stands again as of old, looking from its lofty place triumphantly over land and sea. The temple itself consists of two porticoes, each of four fluted Ionic columns, connected by a cella of solid masonry. It is not more than twenty feet long, and not so much in height, but its proportions are pleasing and its situation very striking, marking, it is said, the very spot whence Ægeus, the father of Theseus, threw himself, when he saw the black sail on his son's returning mast:

"Mounting the city's speculative crest,  
Wasting in ceaseless tears his anxious eyes,  
When first the father saw the swollen sail,  
From the cliff's brow he headlong fell, believing  
That Theseus had been slain by ruthless Fate."

It is very certain that, if from this height he fell, he could not have plunged into the

\* On a subsequent visit to the Acropolis, we were admitted to the Museum at that place, where are being collected the precious relics of antique art which the excavators unearth from time to time, as well as plaster casts of many of the interesting marbles which Lord Elgin and others have removed from Athens. Lying on the floor, among the dust and rubbish, was a wondrous little-winged statue, much mutilated, representing the genius of Victory, called Nike Apteros. She is fully and most gracefully draped, but the exquisite perfectness of the form was revealed very delicately by the waving of the airy mantle. She reaches down to loosen the sandal from the little foot, and the idea is that she has flown to Athens and, it is hoped, will never fly away again. Consequently, her wings are clipped and she is enshrined in a temple on the Acropolis.

\* "Wordsworth's Athens and Attica."



Ægean sea, as is sometimes stated, which is three miles away.

Now we pass onward through the majestic doorway into the citadel and sanctuary of Athens, and stand face to face with the Parthenon—a glorious building on a glorious site, fitted to awaken all the enthusiasm of which the spectator is capable.

“Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was  
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,  
And years, that bade thy worship to expire.”

The Parthenon was built during the administration of Pericles, of white marble from Pentelicus. It was a rectangular temple, surrounded by a colonnade of fifty Doric pillars, eight on each front and seventeen on each side. The columns are six feet two inches in diameter at the base, and thirty-four in height, standing on a pavement to which there was an ascent of three steps. The height of the temple from the platform was sixty-five feet, and its length was 228 feet and breadth 100 feet.

The site is the highest point of the city,—the center of the Acropolis, as the Acropolis was of Athens,—and from the porches of the temple of Minerva a most extended and inspiring view must have blessed the eyes of the Athenian; and even in the later days, when the heroes, patriots, and sages who once paid homage to the Divine wisdom in this sublime place have long since passed away, the eye, from this point, can rest on no object in the vast and beautiful landscape which was not associated with national greatness.

“Here stand unchanged the Areopagus and the Pnyx; there Hymettus, still, like the Sicilian Hybla, famous for its honey, and Anchermus, the chosen retreat of the cynic philosopher. The bed of the Ilissus, though dry and shrunk almost into nothing, is still traceable in the plain. The Piræus, Salamis and Ægina bound the prospect on the west; while in the opposite direction rise Pentelicus and the ‘hill Colonos,’ immortalized by Sophocles.”

The term Parthenon was given to the edifice, from the title Parthenos or Virgin, which was assigned to the Minerva, whose statue occupied the temple. We are shown the place on the pavement, marked by dark colored blocks of stone amid the pure white of the rest of the floor where was enshrined the statue of Minerva Parthenos, executed in ivory and gold by Phidias. In the western part of the cella of the temple, just behind the statue of the goddess, the treasure of the city was kept, and thus Minerva was sentinel at the door of the Athenian treasury.

Outside the Parthenon, on the northern side, stood the colossal bronze Minerva Pro-

machus and the point of her spear, and crest of her helmet, were visible over the summit of the Parthenon, to the sailor approaching the Piræus from Sunium. This mighty bronze, also the work of Phidias, was called by the Athenians, “The Great Minerva,” and it was this Minerva whose gigantic form seen in a vision stalking before the walls of the citadel, is related to have terrified the conquering Alaric when he came to sack the Acropolis.

Another Minerva, more revered than either of these, was a rude statue of olive wood which was reputed to have fallen down from heaven. She was considered the original Minerva of Athens, who, it was said, had contested the soil of Attica with Neptune, and had triumphed in the contest. The ceremonial investment of this ancient statue with a rich embroidered robe, called the Peplos, was the object of the Panathenaic procession before mentioned. This wooden image, denominated the Minerva Polias, was enshrined in the smaller temple to the north of the Parthenon, called the Erechtheum. It was an irregular edifice of three porticoes, of which the northern and eastern were supported by Ionic columns, and the southern by Caryatides,—most graceful female figures fully draped standing in an attitude of entire ease and repose under the weight of the crumbling marble of the roof.

This portico was believed to contain the ashes of Cecrops, and was thence called the Cecropium, while in the eastern chamber was the Minerva Polias. Within the temple was reputed to be the spring of salt water, which in the presence of Cecrops, Neptune had fetched with his Trident from the rock where contending with Minerva for the possession of Attica; and here, we are gravely assured, grew the sacred olive-tree of Minerva, which she had produced from the earth, a pledge of peace and plenty by land, as the emblem of Neptune was of dominion by sea.

The people were taught that all the olive trees of their country were derived from the sacred Olive of Minerva, and their fruit was the most valuable produce of Attica. The cultivation was encouraged by law, and the infliction of severe penalties was threatened to those who damaged them. They believed there was complete historic proof of the sacred origin of the parent tree. This original olive tree was burned to the ground by the Persians when they took the Acropolis; and it was gravely related that when its site was subsequently visited on the same day, the tree was found to have shot forth fresh sprouts two cubits in height,—an emblem of the imperishableness of the city protected by Divine power.



This beautiful temple was supposed to serve the good purpose of mediating between the two rival deities, Athena and Neptune, to reconcile them to each other, and to endear the city to both—inasmuch that Athens was great and fortunate both on land and on sea, conquering and colonizing distant islands and shores, holding undisputed empire on the wave, while she was at the same time supreme in all the arts of peace—the poet, painter, sculptor, philosopher, statesman and warrior, all bearing their garlands to the shrine of Minerva.

We lingered long on the flowery heights of the Acropolis, to trace the continually recurring evidences of the poetic taste, patriotism and glory of the past; to gaze afar over the fair plains and billowy hills of Attica; to note the grove of Academus, once the beloved resort of Plato and his friends; the Areopagus, crowned with recollections of Paul's noble ministry; the Pnyx, the hill of the Muses, the vale of Ilissus, the flowery ridge of Hymettus which yet yields her eternal tribute of sweets, the vine-clad Parnes, the rugged Lycabettus, and far off toward the shores of Marathon, the faint blue heights of Pentelicus; and glowing in the beams of declining day, the bright blue waters which wash evermore, as of old, the classic shores of Attica. No wonder a rapturous patriotism was fostered by such scenes as here met the eye of the Athenian; and when Euripides brings his war-like shield to suspend it beneath the sculptured glories of the temple, well might he sigh for long, long repose in this fair land:

"May my spear idle lie, and spiders spin  
Their webs about it! May I, oh may I, pass  
My hoary age in peace!  
Then let me chaunt my melodies, and crown  
My gray hairs with a chaplet!  
And hang my spoils, a Thracians target, high  
Above the columns of Minerva's fane!"

Descending from the Acropolis as the day declines, we walk homeward by the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, one of the first conceived and last executed of the sacred edifices of Athens. It was commenced by Pisistratus about the year B. C. 530, and it was only completed after Athens had ceased to exist as an independent state, by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, A. D. 135. When in a perfect state, the temple was enclosed by 120 Corinthian columns, each 64 feet in height and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter; and the entire structure was 380 feet long and 184 feet wide, being, next to that at Ephesus, the largest Greek temple extant. Sixteen columns yet remain, but one of these was overthrown by a mighty wind in 1852. It is said that on the architrave of two of the columns,

a hermit or pillar-saint constructed his aerial cell in the middle ages. He would certainly be quite liberated from many of the distracting voices of earth in that high place. There are seats among the stately columns, and to-day a large concourse of people are gathered on the great square to enjoy various gymnastic performances which are going on in this venerable place, once sacred to the father of the gods.

We sit a little time among the people who are enjoying their carnival sports, when, amid the multitude, my attention is called to an elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, who is said to be the person whose praises were celebrated by Lord Byron, in his poem addressed to "The Maid of Athens." She is now a widow (Mrs. Black), a worn, sad-looking woman, who, as she moves rather pensively among the multitude, would hardly be noticeable for superior attractions. She was the eldest of three little girls, the daughters of the English consul, and as there were, at the time of Lord Byron's visit, no hotels in Athens, he was doubtless much at their house. The "Maid of Athens," Theresa, was then only about thirteen years old, and, it is said, has always shrunk from being known as the poet's favorite.

As a general thing, the Greek women seem to me much less handsome than the men, many of whom are curiously like the sculptured semblances of their forefathers.

The best preserved of all the ancient edifices of Athens is the temple of Theseus, which commemorates the achievements not only of that hero, but of his kinsman Hercules, the friend and companion of his earthly toils. It is suggested that the union in one temple of the Athenian Theseus and the Theban Hercules, indicates that, at the time of the erection of the edifice, Athens and Thebes were united by a bond of national amity, and that Athens, at least, believed it expedient that the bond should be permanent. The beautiful Theseum thus possesses an interest not only from the elegance of the structure, but as a consecration of heroic friendship, and an expression of political attachment.

It stands at the western end of the town, in a conspicuous position, and has a large open space in front, which is used as a drilling-ground for the soldiers. The style of architecture is Doric, and has six columns at each end, and thirteen on each side. The entire structure is 111 feet long and forty eight wide, and is remarkably well preserved, attesting the perfection of the architectural art in the days of its erection, probably 470 B. C. Says Wordsworth: "Its solid yet graceful form is indeed admirable; and, in certain states of the atmosphere, the loveliness of coloring is



such, that, from the rich mellow hue which, under the softening touch of time, the marble has assumed, the temple looks as if it had been formed by fairy hands, not from the bed of a rocky mountain, but from the golden light of an Athenian sunset."

Within the temple is a fine collection of antiquities, and we were fortunate in finding an intelligent German speaking official in the building, who kindly pointed out some of the most interesting and suggestive objects. We immediately take note that the most ancient of these sculptures seem to be much in the style of the Egyptian bas-reliefs, but the formal monotony of the most ancient art is soon modified, and figures, beautifully expressive of human sentiment, speak to us eloquently of the wonderful people who once dwelt in this lovely land.

From the Theseum we walk about 400 or 500 yards to the southward and reach the famous spot which is believed to have been the Pnyx, or Parliament of Athens. It is only the surface of a low, rocky hill, a quarter of a mile west of the central rock of the Acropolis. It forms a semicircular terrace, sloping downwards towards the north, having a width from north to south of 243 feet, and from east to west of 384 feet, and its outer edge is supported by a huge foundation wall of massive square blocks. On the south side the rock is hewn so as to form perpendicular walls, on the eastern side of which are many niches, in which votive offerings were once placed. This protecting wall is not an unbroken line, but forms a slight angle in which is a huge cube of rock, resting on three broad steps of stone from which the orators addressed the assembled people of Athens on great occasions. This elevated rostrum was called the Bema, and it is a remarkable fact, which we tested by actual experiment, that from the platform just in front of the high rock, a speaker might be very easily heard in any part of the semicircular area, without raising his voice above ordinary tones. Standing here, with all the free-men of Athens assembled around, with the pure dome of azure above, with all the evidences of Athenian greatness and glory around, and the resplendent seas just behind him, the statesman of the Athenian commonwealth would have every means of stirring the affections and kindling the imagination of his audience. "Without any unnatural constraint," says Wordsworth, "he could fetch the Deities from these elements, and place them on the platform before him. They would appear to answer his call, not like stage deities, let down *ex machina*, but as stepping spontaneously from the place in which they were believed to dwell. There must have

been something inexpressibly solemn in the ejaculation 'O Earth and Gods!' uttered by his most sublime periods by Demosthenes at this place." From the rock above him was visible the historic island of Salamis, and also in view was the Piræus with its armadas and fleets, while the city of his love lay just in front. The noble temple of Theseus was full in the foreground, while immediately below him was the circle of the Agora (the market place) planted with trees, adorned with statues, and decorated with porticoes. The rocky hill of the Aropagus was just beyond, while the Acropolis, wearing the majestic Propylea as a frontlet, and the Parthenon as a crown, towered on the right hand.

After lingering awhile on the Bema, we descended to the terrace above, where is the remaining portion of what is believed to have been an earlier and loftier rostrum, when perhaps, Pericles, may have addressed the multitude of Athens as they sat round him in full view of the sea.

One bright morning, in Athens, we devoted to visiting the Stadium, the race-course of ancient days. It is a semi-elliptical hollow, 600 feet in length, facing the north, which has been scooped out of the hill that faces the south bank of the Ilissus. Its shelving margins were once cased with seats of white marble, but these have long since disappeared, and now we see only grassy slopes. What was once the course, is now being broken up by the plough, but the form of the Stadium is yet very distinct and unmistakable. We walk to the concave extremity of the course, and here we find a tunnel has been cut through the hill, through which we may clamber, and find the day-light on the other side.

Returning to the city, we pay a short visit to the octagonal tower to the north of the Acropolis, called the Tower of the Winds. Each of the eight sides faces the direction of one of the eight winds into which the Athenian compass is divided, and the name and ideal form of the wind is sculptured on the side facing its direction. The winds are winged, and are represented floating through the air in an almost horizontal position. On the north side, blowing a twisted cone, is Boreas, equipped in a thick-sleeved mantle, with the folds wildly tossing in the wind, and wearing high-laced buskins on his feet. Moving eastward, we see on the next side of the octagon, the emblematic wind-spirit, who seems to present us with a plate of olives, the production of which its influence is favorable. Next, the East wind exhibits a profusion of fruits and flowers; while Eurus, who scowls sternly from the next face, seems to threaten us with a hurricane. The South

ind, Notus, is ready to deluge the earth with torrent of rain from the urn he holds in his armed arms; while the next breeze is driving before him the prow of a ship, indicating that the Southwest wind is favorable to navigation. Zephyrus, the West wind, floats softly along, showering into the air a lapful of flowers; while the inclement Northwest wind bears a bronze vessel of charcoal in its hands, to dispel the cold he brings. On the eight sides beneath the Winds, are traced lines, which, with styles of the gnomons above them, formed eight dials; and this was the city clock of Athens. All the affairs of the inhabitants were regulated by this effective Dial Tower, which stood in the very heart of the city, and was sufficiently elevated to be convenient to all. It is stated that Rome for many centuries possessed either no dials, or ill constructed ones; but in Athens, time was quite accurately measured; for, besides these dials, there was a water-clock in the inside of this tower, which served in cloudy weather to mark the progress of the hours.

S. R.

Third Month 1st, 1875.

#### REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

(Continued from page 270.)

We make the following extracts from a report recently received from Superintendent B. White, dated Fourth month 23d, 1875:

##### OTOE AGENCY.

On the 15th inst., at Beatrice, Nebraska, I assisted Jesse W. Griest, U. S. Indian Agent, in letting a contract for the material and construction of a frame building on the Otoe Reservation, to be used for the purposes of an Industrial Boarding School for Indian children.

On the same day I visited Otoe Agency, and during my stay made a general inspection of affairs there, meeting the principal men of the tribe twice, in open council.

As with, perhaps, all Indian tribes while in process of change from savage to civilized life, there now exists two parties among the Otoes and Missouriias. The tribe numbers about 453 persons, about two-thirds of which number are obedient to the progressive views and instructions of their Agent, the remaining one-third portion are quiet and peaceable Indians, but adhere to the opinion of Medicine Horse, their leader, that the proceeds from the sale of the western half of their reservation, which has been provided for by Act of Congress, should remain on the books of the U. S. Treasurer as a trust fund, and its interest, together with all other money annually due them under treaty stipulations, be

paid to the tribe, *per capita*, in semi-annual cash payments, to be expended by them as suits their pleasure.

Previous to the visit of Medicine Horse and his associate chiefs to Washington during the autumn of 1873, they had voluntarily and unanimously signed resolutions in open council, consenting to the sale of one-half of their reserve, and that the proceeds arising therefrom should be used by the Government for their advancement in civilized life on the remaining portion; the usual journey to Washington followed. While there, they were informed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that it was his intention, under the provisions of the treaty of 1854, to devote all their cash annuity to payment for labor and other purposes beneficial to the tribe at large.

The chiefs returned home dissatisfied, and reported to their young men that no business had been transacted by them at Washington, and with a view of maintaining their popularity and position in the tribe, a portion of them have since opposed all expenditure of money advanced by the Government upon the prospective sale of their lands.

The almost total destruction of Otoe field crops by grasshoppers during the summer of 1874, has rendered it necessary to subsist the tribe by a weekly issue of food rations; fortunately Congress had advanced funds for the improvement and subsistence of the tribe, and a ration of four pounds of meat, average cost, six cents per pound; eight pounds of flour, average cost, two cents per pound, and one pound of beans, costing five cents, or, in its place, one quart of corn, costing four cents; in all forty-five cents per ration, has been and will be issued weekly until Sixth month 30th, 1875.

About 302 Indians have been, or will be, subsisted out of Government funds for a period of about forty weeks, causing an expenditure of over \$5,000.

For the present fiscal year ending Sixth month 30th, 1875, Congress has advanced for the Otoes and Missouriias reimbursible funds as follows:

"For rebuilding Agency buildings in place of those destroyed by fire, and for the support of destitute Indians of said tribe, \$12,000.

"For the erection of suitable buildings to be used for the purpose of an Industrial School, \$5,000.

"For the establishment and support of said school, \$8,000."

Of the first above named sum about five thousand dollars will be spent for subsistence of the tribe, and it is now proposed, the Commissioner's consent thereto having been already obtained, to expend the remaining seven thousand dollars as follows:



"First. For the purchase of such a herd of cattle, consisting of beef cattle and cows, as will form the basis of the tribe's future needs in animal food, to be retained at present as Agency property.

"Second. For the purchase of a supply of working oxen, to be retained as Agency property, and loaned to Indians as they require the proper use of them.

"Third. For the purchase of agricultural implements, to be placed in care of Agency farmer, who will loan them to Indians, keeping a record of such loans, and requiring their return to him in good order.

"Fourth. For the breaking of prairie sod, principally on Indian farms, with Indian labor."

Much difficulty has been experienced in procuring a suitable plan of building for the Industrial School, which, while meeting the requirements of the Agency, would not exceed \$5,000 in cost. As members of the Agent's family will probably be employees in the Industrial School, and the house at present occupied by him will be required for other Agency employees, permission from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs was asked for and obtained to combine the two sums, provided for the construction of the building and support of the school, into one, and to use such portion of the combined sum (\$13,000) as would be necessary for constructing a proper building for the school and Agent's family. The proposed building will cost \$8,000. In addition to said sum there has been, or will be, expended during this fiscal year for pay of teachers and support of school, including board of school children, \$2,000, leaving unexpended the sum of \$3,000. There has also been appropriated by Congress for the fiscal year ending Sixth month 30th, 1876, the additional sum of \$6,000 for support of Otoe Industrial School, which will leave a fund of \$9,000 on hand at the commencement of next fiscal year, exclusive of the cost of the building applicable for school purposes at Otoe Agency, if the balance from this fiscal year is not directed to be covered back into the U. S. Treasury.

The Otoe school has been well conducted, the attendance by Indian children during six months being as follows:

		Largest attendance in any one day.	
During Tenth	month, 1874, . . .	19	
" Eleventh	" " . . .	29	
" Twelfth	" " . . .	37	
" First	" 1875, . . .	44	
" Second	" " . . .	44	
" Third	" " . . .	44	

The average daily attendance has been good.

During the above recited time the children were boarded in Indian families near the

school, at an expense of \$1.50 each per week.

In addition to the Agency tillage, one chief was preparing to sow twelve or fifteen acres of land with wheat, and there will probably be about two hundred acres of land cultivated by Indians on home farms, the crops consisting principally of corn, beans and pumpkins.

The Otoes have ten Agency horses, twelve Agency oxen and four oxen belonging to Friends, who have loaned them to the tribe in a time of need; these animals are now in constant demand, and the Indian volunteers for paid labor are in greater numbers than the situation and means on hand can provide productive labor for. All the ground on the reservation in fit condition for tillage, will be carefully cultivated this year, and as much prairie sod broken for future tillage as is possible.

Agent Griest has around him efficient employees, and a larger amount of available funds in hand for the improvement of the tribe than has heretofore been accessible. I am confident that he will use them judiciously and economically, for the best interests and permanent improvement of the Indians under his care.

(To be concluded.)

From the Independent.

#### A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

BY SARAH G. DULEY.

The way is dark, my Father, dark and drear;  
My feet are weary and my soul oppressed;  
I faint beneath the burden that I bear.  
"Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

I fain would come; but oft my wandering feet  
Turn from the narrow path that leads to Thee;  
For blinding are the storms that round me beat.  
"As thy day is, even so thy strength shall be."

So chill the wind, so barren is the soil,  
So weary am I that I fain would cease  
From scattering seed. It seems a fruitless toil.  
"Plant thou and water. God shall give increase."

Weak, faithless, murmuring, wasting time in tear  
What have I garnered? Lord, my spirit grieve  
That I have gleaned so little through the years.  
"Thou yet mayst come rejoicing, bringing sheaves."

Appalling shadows gather round my way;  
Lost in the darkness of a starless night,  
Perplexed, bewildered, I may go astray.  
"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light."

Foes press me round. My heart is filled with drear  
And deathly terror, as my way I wend;  
Must I alone this fearful pathway tread?  
"Lo! I am with you alway to the end."

The end is near. The river, deep and wide,  
That I must cross, my coward soul alarms;  
My feet are slipping in the rushing tide.  
"Beneath thee are the everlasting arms."

## IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirr'd our hearts in youth,  
The impulse to a wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth,  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The strivings after better hopes,—  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretch'd forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour  
That proves the friend indeed,  
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
When justice threatens nigh,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart,—  
These things shall never die.

—All the Year Round.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## THE INDIANS AND THE "BULLETIN."

The *Evening Bulletin* of this city very kindly, recently published copious extracts from the report of the Indian Committee made to our last Yearly Meeting, as tending to show the results of the "peace policy" wherever pursued towards this much injured race. We also find in its issue of a late date the following expression of opinion, viz :

"We have again to-day reports from the Black Hills region which indicate that gold exists there in sufficient quantities to make mining a profitable occupation. Whether these stories are any more reliable than others that have come from the same source, is not at all certain. But one thing is certain: that while the region belongs to the Sioux Indians, no white man has any better right to dig gold here than he has to enter a house in this city and help himself to the spoons."

If all our public journals were as outspoken or the right towards this people, as this one has so repeatedly been, it would not be long before the gross injustice practiced towards them for so many years, would be the exception and not the rule. Such independence is certainly commendable. J. M. E.

## IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

The house of our kind and intelligent friend, where we were entertained, was an agreeable lodging-place to us; the influence of education and suitable reading in expanding the mind, divesting it of many illiberal, contracted notions, was visible here. But, in too many cases, we find Friends of sufficient means, who have neglected the education of their children very much, or after having given them small portions, do not provide them with suitable books, to employ their leisure hours, in storing their minds with useful and instructive ideas. Labor for our subsistence is unquestionably necessary; but we

may slide into the habit of pursuing our worldly concerns with such avidity as to lose all relish for mental improvement; and for those things which are invisible and eternal. When old age overtakes this description of persons, they have few objects of thought and conversation but the little round of worldly concerns which have engrossed their time and attention for many years; but little interest in anything beyond their own affairs; and for want of having been engaged to lay up treasure in heaven, are often destitute of any ability to promote the welfare of religious society, and the advancement of the testimonies of Truth. Their example tends to lead those around them into the same worldly pursuits, and thus instead of being the salt of the earth and lights in the world, they prove stumbling-blocks to sincere inquirers after Truth and blind guides to the youth in the Society. Such persons are objects of commiseration and regret. These are subjects that ought to call forth the *energies* of the Society; not only in a fervent concern for the religious welfare of the young people, but in adopting proper measures for their guarded school education, *visiting* them in their families and endeavoring to elevate their minds by furnishing suitable libraries in the Preparative Meetings.

In conversation with a man who had traveled but little, and who was not a little contracted in his views of others, I was led to the reflection that where people are delving in the earth all their lives, and paying scarcely any attention to the improvement and enlargement of their minds, they possess little qualification to judge of others. They try everything by their own standard, which is formed according to the limited sphere they move in; and for want of knowing, either by intercourse with others or reading, the great variety of habits which prevails among people equally pious, they often censure what differs from their customs, and conclude that those who so differ are influenced by pride.—*Wm Evans' Journal*.

## A BIBLE BAKED.

There is a Bible in Lucas county, Ohio, which was preserved by being baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to a Mr. Schebolt, who is a native of Bohemia, in Austria. This baked Bible was formerly the property of his grandmother, who was a faithful Protestant Christian. During one of the seasons when the Roman Catholics were persecuting the Protestants in that country, a law was passed that every Bible in the hands of the people should be given up to the priests, that it might be burnt. Then those who loved their Bibles had to contrive different plans in order to try



and save the precious Book. When the priests came round to search the house, it happened to be baking day. Mrs. Schebolt—the grandmother of the present owner of this Bible—had a large family. She had just prepared a great batch of dough, when she heard that the priests were coming; she took her precious Bible, wrapped it carefully up, and put it in the centre of a huge mass of dough, which was to fill her largest bread tin, and stowed it away in the oven and baked it. The priests came and searched the house carefully through, but they did not find the Bible. When the search was over, and the danger passed, the Bible was taken out of the loaf, and found uninjured—*Unitarian Herald*.

### NOTICES.

Burlington Quarterly First-day School Union will be held at the Friends' Meeting-house, Burlington, on Seventh-day, Seventh month 10th, 1875, at 10 o'clock. All interested are invited to attend.

MARY J GARWOOD, } Clerks.  
MARTHA C. DeCOU. }

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS

Within Salem, N. J., Quarterly Meetings have been appointed as follows:

- 7th mo. 11th, Salem, 10 A. M.
- “ “ Alloway's Creek, 3 P. M.
- “ 18th, Woodstown, 10½ A. M.
- “ “ Penn's Neck, 3 P. M.
- “ 25th, Mullica Hill, 10 A. M.
- 8th mo. 1st, Upper Greenwich, 10 A. M.
- “ “ Woodbury, 3 P. M.
- “ 8th, Pilesgrove, 3 P. M.
- “ 15th, Bridgeport, 3 P. M.
- “ 29th, Cape May, 3 P. M.

### OTHER CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- 7th mo. 4th, Frankford, Pa., 3 P. M.
- “ “ Plymouth, Pa., 3 P. M.
- “ “ Concord, Pa., 3 P. M.
- “ 18th, Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P. M.
- “ 25th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
- “ “ Octorara, Md., 3 P. M.

### ITEMS.

A CABLE telegram, dated Paris, Sixth month 23d, states that “Heavy rains have caused an unprecedented overflow of the river Garonne. Two bridges and many houses have been carried away. Toulouse is inundated.” Another telegram, dated two days later, says “The damage to property and loss of life by the flood in the river Garonne is greater than the previous reports have indicated. The loss of life by the flood at Toulouse is appalling. In the St. Cyprien quarter 215 corpses have already been found. The violence of the torrent frustrated efforts to rescue the unfortunate inmates of the houses. Several men were drowned in the attempt. Twenty thousand persons were deprived of the means of subsistence in Toulouse alone. The disasters elsewhere were of almost equal magnitude. The lower part of the city of Moissac, on the Tarn, is hidden under water. At Tremoullet, in the De-

partment of Ariège, five houses only remain standing out of 400. In the District of Foix, same Department, two villages are completely submerged, and many bodies have been found. Crops of all kinds throughout the inundated districts have been destroyed. The troops and authorities are doing everything in their power to save life and property. The rain has ceased, but it is feared that the melting of the mountain snows will raise the waters of the Adour still higher.”

THE following additional particulars of the terrible earthquake in South America (noticed two weeks ago), are taken from the New York *Tribune* of the 25th instant.

“Private letters were received in this city yesterday by merchants doing business with the United States of Colombia, and by persons who have relatives living in the region which was lately visited by the earthquake, whereby 16,000 persons lost their lives. These letters reveal a terrible condition of affairs, in which desolation, ruin, and death abound. It appears that after the earthquake had shaken down houses and buried their inhabitants in the ruins, balls of molten lava were showered down from the crater of the Lobotaro Mountain, setting the ruins on fire and consuming many of the inhabitants, who were struggling to extricate themselves. A panic seized the few survivors, and they fled from the scene of desolation to Maracaibo, where, at last accounts, they had taken shelter in the houses of any who would receive them. No persuasion could induce them to return to the place of their former residence, and as a consequence thousands of bodies were lying unburied amid the ruins, filling the atmosphere with foul odors from decomposition, and rendering the region of the upheaval for many miles in every direction unfit for habitation.”

“The locality where the earthquake occurred is the great coffee district of South America, and the quantity of that article which we already know has been destroyed, in stores and warehouses, amounts to 7,000,000 pounds. This is a serious blow, and must greatly affect the supply in this country, as it was this year's crop, which was awaiting shipment to this country. What loss there has been to the growing crop in the interior is not yet known, but it is hoped that the coffee-trees have been spared, otherwise, the supply will be affected for some years to come.”

“The coffee is usually shipped in December or January, and, if the earthquake had happened at that time, the losses to merchants engaged in that trade in this city would have been undoubtedly very great. The region affected by the shocks covers five degrees of latitude, and is 500 miles wide. The shock extended in a northeast direction, along the northern range of the Andes. It was felt first very perceptibly at Bogota, the capital of New Granada thence seemed to travel north, gathering intensity as it advanced, until it reached the southeast boundary line of Magdalena, where the work of destruction began, continuing as it advanced along the eastern boundary of Magdalena, following the line of the mountain range, and destroying in part or whole the cities of Cucuta, San Antonio, El Bosario Salazar, San Cristobal, San Cayetano and Santiago

“The destruction was greatest in Gramalate, Arboledas, Cucutillas and Cucuta. Of the 14,000 persons who died from the effects of the earthquake only about 5,000 were killed outright; the remainder died in a short time from fever and lockjaw which, in that region, nearly always supervene when severe injuries have been received.”

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 10, 1875. No. 20

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COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AND PAYMENTS MADE TO  
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## SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 291.)

"Third month 30th.—Visited Harrisburg with John Sellers and David Foulke, to present to the House of Representatives a remonstrance against the passage of a militia law compelling training upon all persons between the ages of eighteen and forty five, or imposing a fine in lieu thereof. Were introduced to the Chairman of the Military Committee, who kindly said, after half an hour's conversation upon the subject, that he, living in the western part of the State where there were no Friends, had very little knowledge of them or their principles, and had never viewed the subject in the light in which we presented it, but that he would not only yield his opposition to our views, but would advocate an amendment to the laws, and use his influence to shield us from persecution in relation thereto

"Third month 31st.—On the ground early, by appointment, to meet Senate's Committee on Military Affairs, who now have charge of said bill. After free and careful examination with them, the most of them who had been opposed to us yielded their opposition and promised to become our advocates in the Senate, and do what they could to protect Friends and other religious societies opposed to war, in the unmolested possession of their

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conscientious convictions. The chairman of said committee, — Taylor, also from the western part of the State, appeared to become deeply interested in us, and we had much interesting conversation with him.

"We then called upon our Governor (Geary), who promptly received us in a friendly and cordial manner. After a free interchange of views, he also expressed himself strongly in our favor, saying 'he loved the Friends and wished there were more of them; and that he would never consent to any act that would oppress them' At parting, he thanked us for the interview. We felt fully compensated for the effort we had made in our humble way to sustain the testimony to the peaceable nature of Christ's kingdom.

"Whether the influence exerted may be extended to others so as to obtain our desires we must leave with them, under the direction of an overruling Providence, in whom alone must remain our trust after we have done the best we could in accordance with our sense of duty.

"That we may receive His blessing is the prayer of my heart.

"Fourth month 12th, 1869.—I believe it is right to record here the grateful feeling that has sweetly and peaceably pervaded my mind in the fulfillment of a duty yesterday. Having for several weeks rested under a con-



cern to attend the First-day morning meeting at Race street, I came to the city for that purpose. A large gathering of the people, although, owing to the weather, not so great as at other times.

"After the meeting settled, I rose with the remark, that I felt it to be my mission to testify in behalf of Him whom His disciples called Lord and Master (He commended them for so doing, by saying, 'Ye do well, for such I am'). And Him whom I trusted every one there could join me in calling Lord and Master. I then repeated from the 44th to the 50th of 12th chapter of John, showing Jesus, by His own declaration, to be the fulfillment of the prophesy. The Son of God, one with the Father. A light unto the world, and that a faith which led to *obedience* in His followers, by doing the things which He said, would bring to its possessor the rich jewel of peace on earth, and eternal blessedness hereafter. The advocacy 'of the truth as it is in Jesus' was fully extended in unmistakable language to unprejudiced minds, and the superiority of the teachings of the Lamb of God to all the systems of intellectual philosophy clearly shown. But all belief in these saving doctrines has nothing saving in it unless we become subject to their control in our daily life.

"R. R. made a short communication addressed to some condition in a very impressive manner.

My spirit was bowed in supplication for the multitude, and under the feeling that all is vain without the Divine blessing, I was led vocally to petition on our behalf. The meeting very solemn and attentive. Humble thankfulness belongs to the creature, and all the glory, honor and praise to the Creator.

"*Sixth month 14th.*—I have been much engaged part of the time on behalf of our dear Society, in the concern we have for the Indians. In response, I believe, to our memorial presented in the fall of '67, President Grant has asked us to help him in this arduous and responsible field of labor. Our Representative Committee felt it to be so great an undertaking, that its Committee on Indian Affairs declined appointing any of their number to unite with Friends of Baltimore Yearly Meeting to consider the calls of the President, but let each member act as he might deem best. I visited Baltimore, and there, in company with Friends of that Yearly Meeting, held a consultation, which resulted finally in the nomination of a Superintendent and Agents for our Superintendency, to be presented to the President with the approval of Friends for their respective situations. This was concluded at a convention where regular delegates from our Indian Committee were in at-

tendance, held in Baltimore, Fourth month 17th, 1869.

"It was agreed that we should propose to our dear friend S. M. Janney, of Loudon county, Va., the acceptance of the nomination of Superintendent. It was a serious matter, involving great responsibility. After mature consideration, he agreed to accept, after receiving the approval of his family.

"On the morning of the 19th we proceeded to Washington, to announce to the President our determination. We were received with marked kindness. A short address was read by our friend B. H., setting forth our sympathy with him in his arduous duties, and our willingness to do what we could to carry out his humane and just desires for the welfare of our injured red brethren.

"We were entirely in the dark as to where our allotment would be, and I felt this so much and was in such deep sympathy with our dear Friends about devoting themselves to this work, that I lingered after the departure of the delegation, and said to the President and Secretary Cox, of the Interior, who was present at the interview, that the Friend named as Superintendent was making a great sacrifice in thus submitting to our wishes, and that we felt we were also making a sacrifice in parting with him to go so far from intercourse with us, and that *a great deal depended upon the location they gave us*; then I joined my friends. The next morning Secretary Cox informed us that they had allotted to our friends the Northern Superintendency, situated in Nebraska. This was cheering news. The load of concern was lifted from my heart, and we returned to our homes with much satisfaction.

"By invitation, on Second day evening in Washington, we held a council with about thirty Cherokee and Choctaw chiefs, who were then in Washington prosecuting some claims of their respective nations against the Government. This was an exceedingly interesting occasion. We had a full and free exchange of kindly feeling and sympathy, and parted with a renewed desire to do what we can, under Providence, for this cause of justice and humanity. One aged chief said, 'All they asked of us, as a Christian nation, was to do to the Indians as we would the Indians should do to us.'

"On the 22d of last month, I went by invitation to Baltimore to attend the vacating of their First-day school. First day after noon at 3 o'clock, the teachers with about 60 or 70 children assembled. They came with their sweet faces bright with joy, bringing beautiful flowers—the offering of nature in this glorious season to the great Grace.

"Many of their parents were present, also some dear Friends who, though far advanced in life, retain the gentleness of the child, and came to joy and rejoice in the scene. After the exercises were over, a season of solemn silence ensued. One of the texts recited by the children was, 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God endureth forever.' This impressed my mind with its appropriateness so much that I addressed them, showing that whilst all the bright and beautiful creations of our Heavenly Father pertaining to earthly enjoyment must inevitably pass away, that there is one thing that never fades, one thing that never passes away—the word of our God! His blessed promise! His power! His love! Himself in all His manifestations! In the coming of His dear Son Jesus Christ, and in His spiritual revealing of the same Saviour to the soul, to which, as we submit our minds, all things will be brought into subjection, and we shall find it to be the eternal reality, by which we shall be sustained amid the trials and conflicts of this mortal life, and receive in the end the crown of immortal life that fadeth not away. I told them they must look at the flowers, although they faded from our view, as types of the beautiful land where the grass does not wither and the flowers never fade.

"John Needles, Samuel Townsend and James Bains also feelingly addressed them. At the close my spirit was bowed in supplication at the Throne of Grace, that the Divine blessing might rest upon us and go with us, saving us in the hour of trial, and delivering from all evil.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### PATIENCE.

What a hackneyed subject! some may say, Who does not know all about *patience*—that it is one of the Christian virtues enumerated in the Apostle's eloquent catalogue of them? Who does not know that we are not to be impatient about trifles, not to speak impatient words—that we are to bear provocation and pain? Yes, these are the more obvious occasions for the exercise of this virtue; but it has a deeper application. It has been said that the Christian virtues are so intimately connected that they cannot exist independent of each other; and it would, perhaps, be safe to say that the topstone of all charity or Divine love can only be attained as patience has its perfect work.

We are told of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. We must be patient with ourselves; patient with our slow progress in the best things; patient when, through temptation and unwatchfulness, we

fall into those faults we are striving to overcome.

Fénélon, that analyzer of the human heart, considers that the mortification we feel on falling into a fault we thought we had overcome, is largely tinged with self-love, and that, instead of spending time and strength in mourning over it, it is better to do as the traveler, who, when he stumbles and falls, rises immediately and continues his journey.

To be patient with our fellow-beings requires not only that we bear the annoyance or injury their faults occasion to ourselves, but we must have patience with their faults. This, while it does not preclude kind counsel, would prevent all invective and evil-speaking one of another. Patience with ourselves! patience with our fellow-beings! and, may it be said without irreverence, patience with God! How much disguised impatience with the dispensations of Divine Providence lies at the root of all our murmurings at our conditions in life—our peculiar trials and our comparisons of ourselves with others! Surely we have need of patience, even with regard to Him whom we acknowledge with the lip as doing all things right. Even the sorrow that often oppresses us, in view of so many of our fellow-beings "separated from the Divine harmony," may be mitigated by calling to remembrance the *Divine patience*, if it is allowable to attribute such a human virtue to the Supreme Being. But the Scriptures abound with these anthropomorphisms too—a long and formidable word, but which expresses that, when we speak of the Divine patience, long suffering, mercy, &c., we attribute to the Supreme Being the qualities we most revere in our fellow-beings.

When the inspired writer tells us, that "the Lord waits long to be gracious," he expresses a sense of the Divine patience. And this is manifest to us not only in His permission of the sin and misery we see in the world, and the slow progress of mankind toward a better state of things, but the processes of growth and of change in the outward world teach the same lesson. The science of geology is a teacher of patience.

It is interesting to notice how prominent a place is given to this virtue in the Scriptures. We read of "The God of patience"—"The patience of Christ"—"They who bring forth fruit with patience"—"In your patience possess ye your souls"—"Tribulation worketh patience"—"That we through patience might have hope"—"Thou hast fully known my patience"—"For ye have need of patience"—"Let us run with patience the race set before us"—"The trying of your faith worketh patience"—"Let patience have her perfect work"—"The husbandman hath long



patience"—"I know thy patience"—"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience"—"Here is the patience of the saints"—and many more.

The Apostle James considered that he who had learned to bridle the tongue was able, also, to bridle the whole body. Would it be a greater exaggeration to say, that he who has learned patience has acquired self-control? What a revolution would be made in the home, in the school, in society, in the church were this Christian grace more cultivated! Is not this peculiarly needed in the rush and hurry of the present day, when the looking for quick results tends to beget a spirit of impatience. An aged, concerned mother when inquired of as to the qualities most needed in a parent, replied, "patience! patience! patience!" It was not an exaggeration. For, without it, religious concern, devotion and love would in all probability fail of their influence. S.

#### CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

I enclose a copy of some remarks made by Wm. Wharton, in one of the sittings of the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, when it seemed to be jostled a little by some difference of sentiment. They made a deep impression on my mind at the time, and often revive as a caution. It seems to me that they are worthy of being read by Friends everywhere.

JACOB CAPRON.

*New York, Sixth month 21st, 1875.*

"My friends, we must not expect that all will see alike eye to eye in all things, and my concern is that we may more and more learn to bear and forbear with each other. There are some among the aged class of Society who have been faithful supporters of the testimonies of the Society, many of them who have borne the burden in the heat of the day, who feel sometimes alarmed for fear that the accuser of the brethren will get in among us and destroy the unity of this body—now I desire that each of us may guard against any feelings of this kind. Why, my friends, if my brother does not see as I see, is that any reason why this accuser should produce a separation from one who is bone of my bone?—surely not. If this Society after having passed through a struggle and agitation, and sustained a great shaking—that kind of a shaking which may be compared to a shaking of its very centre; if this Society should ever become wrecked in consequence of our permitting the encroachments of the accuser of the brethren, we may well adopt the pathetic language of the venerable patriarch, when his son was about to be taken away on a journey, 'And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Oh, my friends, this subject is of the highest moment, and I trust you will bear with me a little longer. Many of you, most of you, are familiar with so much external philosophy at least as to understand that if you place an individual upon what is called an insulated chair, he may become filled with electricity, so filled that all who come within reach of him may perceive it. Now, I

desire that each and every individual in this large Yearly Meeting may submit to this kind of influence which I will compare to celestial electricity, which will indeed lift up every one and fill their hearts with the pure love of the Gospel, and in this state you may conform with the prayer of Jesus, when He desired that they might be preserved from the evil that is in the world, and not that they may be taken out of the world.

But let us remember, my dear friends, that whenever we step off of this insulated position and place our foot upon the earth, all this heavenly influence will be lost."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GENESEE YEARLY MEETING.

(Concluded from page 293.)

MEN'S BRANCH.

The following summary of the further proceedings of Men's branch of Genesee Yearly Meeting has been kindly furnished us by Benjamin Chase. We have already given a brief account of the business of the first sitting, to which is now added the exercise of a Friend on that occasion.—Eds.

He said: "I believe it was not a matter of curiosity that brought this congregation together. There are those amongst us who do not take an active part in the affairs of the Society at home; these often feel impression in the small meetings, but do not give expression thereto. The consequence is that they as well as the meeting suffer loss. Let each attend to the voice of Christ in the soul."

"By withholding expression, we carry away with us what belongs to the church. greatly desire that each young person now present may take an active part in the proceedings of this Yearly Meeting, and be faithful to the manifestations of our Heavenly Father, that the reward of peace and His approval may be known and felt."

In considering the state of the Society, as exhibited in the answers to the queries, a deficiency in the attendance of our mid-week meetings was acknowledged; this led to an examination of the objects for which we met together. These associations are for our benefit; if we want to be benefitted we must attend more faithfully our mid-week as we do at other meetings. None of us would wish to see this organization dropped. Let all be faithful, and, when assembled, turn the mirror to the Giver of all our bountiful supplies who, like the sun, shining on the vegetable kingdom, will shine in our hearts and enable us to grow in Divine favor.

We were urged to "seek first the kingdom of heaven," and all things necessary will be added thereto. We are not to attend meetings because it is an order, but as a duty which we ought to perform, and not suffer ourselves

to be so prevented with the daily avocations of life.

This speaker adverted to the days of his youth, when he found great satisfaction in the attendance of mid-week meetings, particularly in the small gatherings. The promise is, Where two or three are gathered, there will I be in the midst of them. The objects of attending our religious meetings are that we may mingle in spirit, and be fed from the Father's table.

We are not to wait to be called again and again to the performance of our duties, but be faithful to every intimation, remembering that our neighbors or friends cannot do the work for us; it must be an individual concern.

Much sympathy was expressed for Friends in the small meetings, where a voice is seldom heard. It was believed that some are ready to say, "What better am I for attending? Is my spirit strengthened thereby?" Such were exhorted to consider that we do not come together to listen to pleasant words, but by mingling with others we often gain spiritual strength. We were reminded that though we eat three times in a day a supply is needed for the next; so it is of the spiritual manna, it must be collected daily. If we are faithful, we shall not be sent empty away.

Love and unity are maintained as becomes brethren, with three exceptions to which care has been extended. It was cause for thankfulness that the bond of Christian fellowship is so strong among us.

There is a good degree of plainness and simplicity manifested, and a desire to guard the children from contaminating influences, though some neglect is apparent in these particulars.

Clear, with two exceptions, to which care had been given, of the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It was felt to be satisfactory that the reports on this Query are so full. All were exhorted to be doubly guarded in this particular, and use their influence for the suppression of intemperance.

Six cases of contributing to the support of a hireling ministry, "as such," and five of accomplishing marriage by the aid of such ministry, were reported.

On Fourth-day afternoon met in joint session, to hear the report of the Indian Committee, which called forth much expression of unity with the labor performed. The Committee asked that one hundred dollars be raised for its use the coming year, which was united with. The delegates appointed to visit the Santee Agency, having just returned, were present, and informed that they had performed the duty. They handed in a written report, which was read and much satisfaction expressed therewith.

They had visited Omaha, and found the Agent's accounts, as on file in the Superintendent's office, of the most satisfactory character. The general affairs of the Agency were in good working order and building and repairing of houses progressing. In the blacksmith's shop are two apprentices, capable of doing the work required at the Agency. An Indian is running the grist-mill, and, except in dressing the stones, is fully qualified. They were particularly well pleased with the services performed by the Village Matron, Julia E. Kester.

The Committee on the proposition from Farmington reported as already given in the exercises in Women's branch.

Much tender advice was given to the younger members of the Society; all were exhorted to get near each other in spirit in our small meetings, that we may feel the power, and attain a closer unity in Christian fellowship.

With many expressions of thankfulness that our Heavenly Father had been pleased to be with us, and had led and guided us in our deliberations, the meeting adjourned, to meet at Yarmouth at the usual time next year, if so permitted.

#### HENRY TUKE ON YOUTHFUL TRAINING.

The following extract, which I have copied from a pamphlet, in bound form, belonging to the library of Radnor Preparative Meeting, I send for insertion in *Friends' Intelligencer*, if the Editors see proper, hoping it may be the means of bringing those books into notice, which, if they were profitable to the young in that day, may be equally so in this.

Perhaps the Publishing Committee on Books suitable for First-day schools, may think well of having them republished.

A. M. D.

*Sixth month, 1875.*

An extract from the biographical sketch of Henry Tuke, who was born in the city of York, in 1755, and who was for many years an acceptable minister in the religious Society of Friends. In speaking of his interest in the youth, the writer says:

"He was very desirous, and often expressed it, that the youth of our own Society should be carefully and impressively instructed in the peculiar principles which we profess, and also in the great general doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion: He thought our young persons were not sufficiently and regularly grounded in this species of instruction; and he wished for the adoption of some mode by which it might be done more effectually. These principles and doctrines, the foundations of our faith and practice, would, if judiciously inculcated on



our youth, with the Divine blessing super-added, establish their judgments, and prove a preservative and support in their intercourse with the world.

"It appears that, with these views, he prepared and produced two volumes, namely: 'The Principles of Friends,' and the 'Duties of Religion and Morality;' and they are so well adapted to these purposes, that if attentively and faithfully studied, they would scarcely fail of answering, in a good degree at least, the author's benevolent intentions."

The first of these was published in 1805, the second in 1807.

It also appears from the sketch of his life, that he published other works of a moral and religious nature which had an extensive circulation in the Society, being regarded as useful and valuable publications. A.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### ON THE EDUCATIONAL SUBJECT.

Whilst instruction in letters, in language, and in the phenomena of nature surrounding them, is due to the young, certainly not less important to their *safety*, success and well-being in entering a world abounding in alluring evils and temptations, is instruction bearing on the development of muscular activity in proper directions; in the care of health, the formation of correct personal habits, and, above all, of sound morals. Needful as is instruction in expanding the faculties regarding external nature, yet a knowledge of the "house we live in," the structure and functions of the being placed at the head of the animal creation, including a knowledge of the principles and laws instituted by Creative wisdom for our government and well being, is of more intimate and practical value and far-reaching importance. The young, lacking the knowledge experience imparts, without the intention to do evil, yet ignorantly fall into habits of that cast and float with the current of their surroundings.

It belongs to physiology to present the structure and laws of the human organization; truths of too intimate, every day importance to be omitted, or crowded into the back-ground to give place to other branches of school study of less practical value. Then, again, the text-books in use, so far as we have observed, present facts as ascertained by scientific research; but fall short in not having made it their *object*, to give the full hygienic application and moral bearing of these truths. They fail in any attempt to impress upon the learner the *restraining* idea that these truths of science really mean "Deity's laws," instituted for man's well being, physically, morally and spiritually.

Now, it is within the province of this

branch to inculcate this centrally important fact, that vices (or, as some would name them, sins) are violations of "Nature's laws," so obvious as to form instruction within the comprehension of the youthful mind *before* evil habits enchain them. And the innocence of early ignorance needs most emphatically to be *forewarned*, as the most valuable portion of educational instruction, as to the true nature, tendency and results of yielding to erroneous popular customs, habits and vices. These lead to the unrest, fraud, defalcation, crime and misery which now disgrace our civilization. Does not the present exhibit of our country, in its financial, as well as moral aspects, point to *radical defects* in the current educational effort and training of the young? Can our excellent form of *self-government* and free institutions be perpetuated by the course in which we are drifting? To better our hopes and condition in these respects, lays, as we think, in well-directed effort, having for its object, to incorporate moral (inseparably allied to religious) instruction as a vitally essential portion in the education and training of the rising generation; basing this character of knowledge on the edicts of the Creator, imprinted in the so-called laws of nature, ascertained by scientific research, and practically confirmed by the wreck and ruin directly and unescapably flowing from failure to observe them.

The object we wish to bring to view demands, primarily, a modification of a treatise on physiology, adapting a series of text-books for schools of different grades, and made to inculcate and impress this *guiding*, vital truth, That the facts of this science—the laws impressed upon the "physical man," are not of trivial or secondary importance, which may be obeyed or disregarded with impunity, but that the Truths of science mean the knowledge of the Creator's laws, which it is no real sacrifice or act of penance to obey, but, on the contrary, their faithful observance is the pathway of surest gain in physical comfort here and elevating enjoyment through all time.

The improvement called for seems to us to demand a committee of men and women, neither local nor sectarian, interested in the broad field of educational labor and well-based moral reform. Their attention needs first to be directed to securing a new work or suitable modification of some treatise in current use on physiology, through which the class of school teachers would become efficient workers and centers of influence in the field of well-based moral reform. But the object calls for some plan which shall reach the *masses* with the same character of instruction, which should be as assiduously and

thoroughly inculcated through all grades of schools as now are the principles of grammar, arithmetic, &c. Hence, such committee should maintain an outlook over the field of authorship and publication of school books in general, with the purpose of securing incorporated, in the various series of spellers, readers, lectures, &c., a suitable portion of matter adapted to the capacity of each class. Thus reaching the *masses* growing up around us with instruction based on the laws of our being, inescapably impressed by our Maker.

It is this character of instruction and training of the habits before being led astray which would impart true value to every grade of educational culture, the deficiency of which, we think, is shown by the face of our country to-day, to the condemnation of current educational effort and the boast of refining culture.

Is it not an incumbent duty due from age and experience to those soon to succeed us, to forewarn them whilst in youthful innocence of the true nature and the evil results of intemperance, wrecking, soul-blighting extravagance, and vassalage to life-consuming fashions—vices that taint the whole social atmosphere, seemingly thus to be hereditarily fastened on this generation?

Such being the current evil influences to be encountered by the young, we see no more hopeful field for effecting reform than in radical labor, aiming to reach and profit the masses as a vital portion of the school in instruction of the young. In this way the short-coming of parental teaching and evil example can be best supplemented, incorporating throughout associate efforts embodied in our system of schools this character of knowledge, as a necessary part in the training of early life.

J. H. J.

West Grove, Pa., Sixth mo., 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

FISHING CREEK, Six month 25th.

On the morning of the 22d, there assembled at the depot, West Philadelphia, 15 Friends, who were *en route* for Fishing Creek Half-Year's Meeting. The day was pleasant and the ride to this favored locality delightful. Ere we reached our destination, we were joined by three others, and so 18 of us stepped from the car and were kindly taken in charge by Friends here.

We attended their Monthly Meeting, which was of good size, the young people predominating. These seem to manifest much interest, and the prospects for the continuance of this meeting at least are flattering.

Some members of the Educational Committee being in attendance, an interesting

conference was held. Very great interest is felt in the establishing of a school, which will, no doubt, soon be in active operation, and surely this is just the place, for rarely have we seen so many children in proportion to those who have arrived at mature years.

The Half-Year's Meeting was well attended, and the communications from the Friends with minutes (L. H. Price and Watson Tomlinson), very acceptable, also the few words dropped by others were truly valued.

The presence of so many little ones, and the solid deportment of the young people were features of marked interest. Much loving counsel was given to the mothers, inciting them to love and patience, and to study the characters of the characters entrusted to them.

On Sixth day the Youths' Meeting was held, and such a large gathering of all ages and denominations is seldom seen.

Those engaged in the ministry were listened to with much attention, and testimonies were borne to the value of pure and peaceable living. "First pure, then peaceable." The young were invited to give themselves early to the service of the Lord, as peace only can come by a surrender of our own wills.

All the meetings were favored throughout.

Some Friends have expressed the fear that in time they may lose the Half Year's Meeting, the other Monthly Meetings composing it being so small that it possibly might go down. This would indeed be a great sorrow, not only for Friends here, but those visiting them, and the community would sustain a serious loss. All possible efforts should be put forth to keep the flock together in these remote places.

They have a successful First day school here of some 70 children. Though a new feature, it seems to have taken the right hold of the minds of many Friends.

L. H. HALL.

#### PRAIRIE GROVE QUARTERLY MEETING, IOWA.

Our Meeting of Ministers and Elders was a season of satisfaction and favor. All the Representatives were present, and the state of the Preparatives reported was satisfactory. The presence and religious labors of Sarah Hunt and Elihu Durfee added to the interest of the meeting. Ann Shoemaker, companion of S. H., was without a minute, but was cordially welcomed.

On First-day a thunder-and-rain storm prevented many from attending. Apprehensions had been expressed that the house would not contain half the people. The meeting was solemn, and the exercises in the ministry devolved upon S. H. of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and E. D., of Cincinnati; both labored



with evidence of Divine favor. Brief communications were offered by two of our own members, when, after a petition to the Father and Fountain of goodness, the meeting closed.

In the afternoon an appointed meeting was held at 4 o'clock. The rain had ceased somewhat, and the meeting was much larger. E. D. in a clear, forcible and logical manner, presented the *leading thought* of our religious Society, out of which its testimonies originated as fruit from the inner life of a tree. The nature and character of salvation by Christ the Lord and Saviour. S. B. Walton, J. M. Wood and Ann Heacock, had brief testimonies. Joseph Schofield, one of the companions of S. H., spoke earnestly, and to good satisfaction.

*Second-day morning, Sixth month 14th.*—Near the hour appointed (10 o'clock), the house was filled. The same Friends as on the day previously ministered to the solemnizing of us all. As the time of men and women's separating drew near, a Friend said in substance, "This meeting has been *peculiarly impressive*, and its solemnity has been greater on account of the solemn pause which has been observed between the utterances of those who have ministered. There has been no *improper* haste, though many have spoken. It may be right now to close this meeting, and take half an hour for refreshments." These were provided in baskets. When Friends re-assembled, a few moments were spent in silence, after which the shutters were closed.

The state of the Society elicited much interest. Though some of the Representatives came more than one hundred miles, they were all present.

The time of holding the Illinois Yearly Meeting having been arranged by the committees of the two Yearly Meetings was found to commence on the day of our Ninth month Quarterly Meeting. After much deliberation it was decided to hold the next Quarterly Meeting at Wapsinonoc (West Liberty), on the Third Seventh-day in the Eighth month next. The usual business of the Quarterly Meeting being finished, a concern was opened in the Men's Meeting and united with in the women's, to have the two meetings again together. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, this proved a solemnizing and precious parting.

S. H. in a very touching manner addressed the young men on the subject of *gambling and intemperance*, closing with some clear views on capital punishment. (This barbaric relic was removed from our statutes two years ago.) Farewell utterances were offered by E. D. and others in a feeling and tender spirit and under the sensible evidence that the canopy of Divine love in a pre-eminent manner

covered the assembly, a young friend in the middle of the house broke forth in audible supplication, and soon after the meeting closed.

J. A. D.

*Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Sixth mo. 23d, 2875.*

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 10, 1875.

**THE POTATO BUG.**—This pest of the garden and farm has a very learned and high-sounding title, which the parties most interested in its extermination care very little to know. That it is making sad havoc with the succulent leaves of the potato in every neighborhood north and south, extending into Canada, is well known, and present prospects threaten a failure in the crop of this useful vegetable.

Many statements have appeared in the papers respecting the extremely poisonous nature of the bug. These are calculated to cause unnecessary trouble and anxiety, and the object of calling the attention of the readers of the *Intelligencer* to the matter at this time is to give the result of careful inquiry and individual experience.

While it is not denied that there may have been cases of poisoning from handling the bugs or inhaling the vapor that rises from water in which they are scalded, these must be classed as exceptional, and are not to be regarded as applying to the large body of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits. A Friend gives us the following experience:

"From the time our potatoes made their appearance above ground, they have been carefully examined once and often twice every day, the bugs and eggs picked off with the naked hand, and though this labor has been shared by every member of the family, some of whom are peculiarly susceptible to insect poison, not the least indications of any injurious effects have been experienced. The bugs have usually been destroyed by scalding."

The same testimony is borne by all who have been questioned upon the subject. One said he had seen his chickens pick and devour them as a precious morsel. Others have used Paris green mixed with several parts ashes or flour without injury to the potato, and with certain destruction to the bugs. This is said to be the easiest and quickest way

to get rid of them; and those who have eaten of the potatoes where the vines have been treated in this manner have found them not in the least injured thereby.

We have heard of "fallen" lime being dusted over the plants with entire success. After touching the bugs, it is safest to wash the hands carefully before touching anything.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—A prospectus of this society, of which our friend John D. Wright, of New York city, is President, explains the objects which the movers in this effort have in view, and the necessity that exists for some organization of the kind to rescue little children from the constant abuse and cruelties practised by those who happen to possess the custody or control of them.

The prospectus states further that:

"Ample laws have been passed by the Legislature of this State (New York) for the protection of, and prevention of cruelty to little children. The trouble seems to be that it is nobody's business to enforce them. The Police and Prosecuting Officers of The People are necessarily engrossed in securing the conviction and punishment of offenders of a graver legal stripe; and although ready to aid in enforcing the laws referred to when duly called on so to do, can hardly be expected to seek out and prosecute those who claim the right to ill-treat children over whom they have an apparent legal control.

"Hence the child-beaters live in comparative security. Hence the children, hardened by brutality and cruelty, grow up to be men and women scarcely less hardened than their tyrants. The men swell the ranks of the 'dangerous classes' which imperil the public peace and security, and the women are lost—body and soul—often before they are women in age and maturity.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children proposes to enforce by lawful means *and with energy* the laws referred to, and to secure in like manner the prompt conviction and punishment of every violator of any of those laws. Not vindictively. Not to gain public applause. But to convince those who cruelly ill-treat and shamefully neglect little children, that the time has passed when this can be any longer done, in this State at least, with impunity.

"And lastly, this Society, so far from interfering with the numerous societies and institutions already existing, and before referred to, is intended to *aid* them in their noble work. It proposes to labor in the interest of no one religious denomination and to keep entirely free from political influences of every

kind. Its duties toward the children whom it may rescue will be discharged when the future custody of them is decided by the Courts of Justice; and the laws of this State contain ample provisions on that subject and vest that duty and responsibility in the hands of the Judiciary.

"JOHN D. WRIGHT, *President*,

"Office, 860 Broadway, cor. 17th st., N. Y. city."

NOTICE.—The Proceedings of the late General Conference of First-day Schools will be published in the two following issues of this paper. Any person wishing extra copies, by sending information to our business Agent, J. Comly, 706 Arch street, can have them. Price six cents each.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 55.

(Continued from page 301.)

FROM ATHENS TO CORFU.

A record of our Athens' experience would be most incomplete which contained no acknowledgement of the social pleasures which enriched our visit. We had letters introducing us to the venerable Dr. Hill and his wife, who have spent many years in educational work among the Greeks, and we were received by them with the most cordial kindness. They are now far advanced in years, but are still in the full enjoyment of life, and it was a delightful variety in our wanderings through foreign lands to sit with these aged missionaries by their fireside (a veritable fire of olive wood), and hear them joyously recount somewhat of their experience during the many years in which they have been the agents of American benevolence in this classic city. "God has wonderfully blessed us," said Dr. Hill, when telling us of the prosperity and widely-extended usefulness of the school for girls which they have founded, and which is now carried on by others with the assistance of their continued care and counsel. Many are the anecdotes which the good old man loves to tell of the conscientious but hesitating and rather incompetent King Otho, and of his energetic Queen, whose qualities one would think should have supplemented her husband's slowness. The spacious palace, which the present King, George of Denmark, occupies, was built from the private fortune of King Otho, and has never yet been purchased by the Greeks. Of the great changes which our friends have witnessed here, we can get a good idea by comparing Wordsworth's description in 1833, just before the



time of the coming of Otho, with the large and handsome modern city of near 50,000 inhabitants, which we now see around us. The Bazaar, or market, he tells us, was the only street of any importance in Athens; and it had no foot pavement; and there was a gutter in the middle, down which unutterable things were seeking an exit from the town. There were no books, no lamps, no windows, no carriages, no newspapers, no post office. The letters which arrived, after having been publicly cried in the streets, if they were not claimed by the parties to whom they were addressed, were committed to the flames. The city at this time was yet in the hands of the Turk, and the Muezzin still mounted the scaffold in the bazaar to call the Moslem to prayer at the stated hours, while a few Turks yet dozed in the archways of the Acropolis.

Now we see a beautiful city, enriched with many costly and elegant buildings, having colleges, schools, libraries, churches and many spacious habitations. There are beautifully-smooth, clean streets, in which there is a refreshing stir of business, and many of the leading avenues are shaded with the delicate and graceful pepper-trees, which were planted by the enterprising Queen of King Otho. The olive, the orange and the palm are all striving to clothe the waste places, and many evidences of activity and thrift give reason to hope that a larger measure of prosperity may be in store for Athens.

To George Constantine, a Greek gentleman, educated in America, and to his amiable family we owe many courtesies, which made our bright Athenian days yet more delightful. He is laboring among his countrymen, striving to call their attention to the spiritual character of Christianity, and to lead the minds of some to a better light than the superstitious observances of the Greek Church. At the house of G. C. we met with a Greek priest (Latas), who quite sympathizes with our friend in his labors, and who believes it possible to effect a reform within his own church organization. The ecclesiastic could speak English, and was very glad to converse with us, being interested to hear about our country, which he hopes to visit, and very free to speak of his own people and nation.

The 4th of the Third month was a very beautiful day, and in company with some of our new-found friends, we made it memorable by taking an excursion to Eleusis, once dignified by a venerable temple to Ceres, the scene of the periodic celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries.

We drive out of the city through the lately excavated "Burial ground of Agia Triada," where are some beautiful remains of the monumental sculptures, by means of which the

ancient Greeks strove to perpetuate the memory of their loved and lost. In our walks about Athens we have examined some of these mutilated statues, and have admired the intensity of expression which has made the marble almost breathe. Onward we go through the Botanical Garden, shadowed by lofty poplars, into the ancient Olive Grove, the trees of which are said to be as old as the age of Pericles. The trees are straight, luxuriant and very handsome—the finest and largest I ever saw. Near here, we are told, was the birth-place of Miltiades, and on the bank of yon little brook, an arm of the insignificant Cephassus, was planted the first fig tree of Attica, the gift of Ceres to Phytalus. Soon we have passed beyond the grove, and the road gradually ascends to the pass of Daphne, which leads over the low mountains of Egaleus. Near the summit of the pass our carriages pause at a wayside inn adjoining the Daphne monastery, and while the horses are being refreshed and rested, we visit the ancient conventual buildings, which occupy the site, and which are partly constructed from the materials of an old temple of Apollo. No monastic community are now dwelling here, but, at stated times and seasons, the people come out from Athens to the venerable place, religious services are held, and they have a picnic and a kind of jubilee in the high place.

We lingered awhile in the handsome but dilapidated old church, and admired the rich mosaics and the gilded dome, with its large picture of Christus Pantocrator, and gathered the little flowerets, which spring up wherever the old walls and pavements show symptoms of decay. A little yellow crucifer, which pushed its way from every crevice and brightened the forsaken walls, pleased me exceedingly; and I gathered tiny geraniums, with finely-divided leaves, great long, spear-like pods, and a sprightly little lilac flower, which reposes among my floral memorials of this classic land.

Resuming our journey we come in view of historic Salamis, and of the sheltered bay of Eleusis, which lies blue and glittering in the sunbeams, and we pass the ruins of the ancient fortifications of the pass and soon reach the sea shore. On the north side of the round bay we now see Eleusis, and the remainder of our drive lies close by the pure blue waters. The lovely coloring of the near and distant hills, many of which are hoary with snow from the recent storms, the resplendent sea, the snowy clouds which love to linger about the heights and the flowery turf which clothes the wayside and the broad Eleusinian plain to the northward where, says venerable tradition, Demetes first guided the plow and taught



mankind the art of agriculture, make up a panorama of such loveliness that memory gladly recalls it, and we live again the charmed day of our visit to the forsaken shrine of Ceres.

Anemones of the richest hues, dark scarlet, purple, pink and almost white, are strewn profusely along the wayside, and we gather great stores of the classic flowers, thinking to press them and hold them evermore as proof that we have botanized on the sacred fields of Ceres. And now we have reached Eleusis, once the second city of Attica in importance, at a later period even more celebrated than Athens itself, owing to its venerable shrine, but now only an humble village inhabited by Albanian peasants. Conducted by G. Constantine, we seek the ruins of the great Temple of the Mysteries, but find only broken fragments of all the splendid pillars and fine sculptures once so famous. The original temple, we read, was destroyed by the Persians, and the later structure commenced under Pericles was finished about B. C. 311. The temple was destroyed by the Goths under Alaric, A. D. 396, down to which period the worship of the goddess had been regularly celebrated with all its ancient splendor. After this time the mysteries were discontinued and the town fell to decay.

The Franconian tower on the hill above marks the site of the ancient Acropolis, of Eleusis, remnants of the walls of which still exist; we easily climb to the heights and are enthusiastic in our admiration of the fair scene below us. A visit to the pebbly beach, where were found tiny shells of gay and varied hues, cast up by the pure waters, and to a house where we saw the domestic manufacture of strong cotton cloth going on, occupied a little time. Two fine-looking, strong-armed women were driving the loom and reeling the cotton yarn as we entered, while an old man in the picturesque Albanian dress seemed to be superintending operations. He soon asked us for a gratuity, pleading that he had six daughters and no money. Not a very touching appeal, we thought, as the maidens seemed to be working away vigorously, but our Greek friends assured us that it had a pathetic side, since the girls must of necessity be married, and the father must give a dower with each. We were next conducted to a little mill, where the manufacture of olive oil was being carried on, on a small scale and very rudely. A short cylindrical roller of stone was arranged so as to make a little circuit in a great wooden bowl, and a man was shovelling the shining black olives under the crushing wheel, while a shaggy little horse propelled it round and round. When the mass was thoroughly bruised it was folded in coarse cloths and sub-

jected to the action of a screw press, and the clear oil flowed into a tank below. The cake that remained in the sacks after pressure was used for fuel, and made a bright, strong fire under the great caldrons of water in the chimney recess, of which the use was not explained to us. We were told that the Greeks prefer the olive oil just as it comes from the press, and do not like it to undergo the purifying process.

Before returning to Athens, we stepped into the village school, where an intelligent looking young lady was instructing quite a large number of little girls in needle-work. Some were doing quite simple plain sewing, while others were learning the art of elaborate embroidery, knitting and crocheting fringes and laces. They were receiving literary instruction also, but this is the hour for needle-work, just before the school-day closes; and, we are informed, the humble little academy prospers, for the Greek people, whatever may be their faults, have an eager thirst for knowledge, and are very bright and intelligent.

Of our ride homeward along the charmed sacred way, of our botanizing on the poetic hills, of the shower which threatened, but did not wet us, and of the rainbow which like a benediction seemed to rest over the classic mountains at eventide, I need not say much. It is wonderful to dwell in a land of such famous memories, and of such natural beauties, but at present it must be a land of comparative poverty, and the soldiers that guard the roads suggest the unsettled social condition of the country.

We hear a very good report of the young Dane, who wears the crown of Greece, and there are many evidences that he is striving to benefit the people over whom he is called to reign. King George is the second son of the King of Denmark, and was called to the Greek throne on the abdication of King Otho, landing at the Piræus in Tenth month, 1863. On his accession, the Ionian islands were ceded to Greece by Great Britain. Since that period Athens has prospered, and the future looks promising to the little nation, which is gradually recovering from the effects of long and cruel thralldom.

But the day comes when we must leave the city of the violet crown, and turn our steps westward again. We decide to cross the Isthmus of Corinth, take the Greek steamer to Corfu, and the Italian from there to Brindisi in Italy, whence we may go by rail in twelve hours to Naples.

Accordingly we say farewell to kind friends, and on the morning of the 7th of Third month, take a terribly early start, rising at four o'clock in the morning to ride to the Piræus, where, we suppose, the steamer



waits which is to take us to Kalamáki, on the Isthmus. It is a cold, rainy morning, and we take a rather sad final leave of Athens, and ride away in a closed carriage to the Piræus. Of all things, we should have liked another day or two at Athens; for this is the close of the carnival season, and the lenten fast begins to-morrow, when all the Athenians hold high holiday, and taking their lenten food the people make pic-nic excursions to the hills around the city, and take up their burden of forty days' abstinence from animal food very joyfully. But such is the arrangement of steamers, that the delay of one day now, involves another week at Athens, which is more time than we can spare to the city of Minerva; and we have the additional inducement of the companionship and escort of four most pleasant and kindly English travelers—an advantage in many ways.

We arrive at the Piræus in the gray of early dawn, and find to our disappointment that the expected steamer which was to convey us to Kalamáki has not arrived. "What are we to do?" we sadly inquire, for the morning is very wet and chill, and to stand gazing seaward on the pebbly beach anything but desirable. The only way seems to be to go to the best hotel and await the coming of the false Iris. The hotel opens its doors to the chilled and disappointed travelers, and we are shown into a carpetless, fireless room facing the sea, where we may spend our hours of delay. Here we breakfast, and as the cold is quite intolerable, demand a fire, but the stove or the chimney is so unaccustomed to perform their functions that the smoke proves itself a more bitter enemy than the cold. The company is pleasant, but the hours pass wearily, and it is not until near four o'clock in the afternoon that the dilatory steamer comes to receive us, and then we are told that she will not sail away before morning. So a precious day is wasted in a vexatious delay at the Piræus, which would have been of the greatest interest in the city of Athens, where the gayeties of the carnival are at their height; but the morning of the eighth finds us safely landed at Kalamáki, the eastern port of the famous Isthmus of Corinth. To the south are the mountains of Corinth and Argos, and yonder is the dome-like Acrocorinthus, the Acropolis of the ancient city. Behind us, Ægina and Salamis emerge from the sea, and we look back many times to the Attic hills we are leaving. The late rain-storm we have experienced has been snow on the heights, and very wintry is their aspect, and chill is the blast which comes from their hoary crowns this morning.

A very comfortable omnibus is awaiting

us, and we are soon on the way up the rugged and mountainous road which traverses the neck which joins the Peloponessus to the continent. The road is yet guarded by a numerous military patrol, though the necessity of guarding the traveler against robbers is believed to have passed by in a great measure. Scanty remains of the Isthmian sanctuary, where the games in honor of Neptune were once celebrated, were pointed out, as well as the ruins of the wall which once crossed the isthmus protecting the warlike and jealous Greeks from each other.

It is a matter of real regret to me that we must pass by the ruins of Corinth without spending a few hours amid the wreck of her ancient glories, which earthquake, battle and tempest have spared.

"The whirlwind's wrath, the tempest's shock,  
Have left untouched her hoary rock,  
The keystone of a land which still,  
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill;  
The landmark to the double tide  
That, purpling, rolls on either side,  
As if their waters chafed to meet,  
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet."

The fortress on the Acrocorinthus stands at an elevation of 1800 feet, and is a majestic object, visible for a long distance. Could we scale it, we could get a glorious panorama of the most interesting part of Greece—of the States of Achaia, Locris, Phocis, Attica and Argolis. The famed Pierian spring yet gushes, pure and limpid, from the rock, and, branching into several streams, descends into the town, and affords an excellent supply of water; but I shall not taste of the magic fount.

As we ride onward, the combination of sea and mountain views become most beautiful in the morning light, and the memories of vexatious delays are almost obliterated; and all too soon, it seems, we come in view of the head of the Gulf of Corinth. The little port of Lutraki is soon reached, and we find the steamer lying at anchor, ready to receive us, and away we go on the blue and beautiful sea that cleaves the Grecian land. The waters of the gulf are no wider than a large river, but they are fearfully turbulent to-day, owing to the late storm, and to the strong breeze which yet comes rushing from the snow-capped mountains. Our little steamer, with sails set, flies rapidly before the wind, and we cluster in the sunshine on the deck, availing ourselves of all our wraps, for the day is bitterly cold, to admire the wild and splendid scene of tossing sea, of many-tinted hills with snowy crowns, overarched with a wondrous dome of cloud and blue. Yon glacier-topped summit, to the northward, is Parnassus, and the famed Helicon, the mountain of

the Muses, less aspiring, is also keeping its eternal watch over the bright land and resplendent sea. On the Peloponessian shore, we are shown the snowy summits of Cyllene and Erymanthus, glorious in the fitful sunshine, but the chill breath of wintry heights discourages faithful observation, and we are forced to seek the ignoble shelter of the saloon.

Towards evening we anchor at Patras, the ancient Patræ, called by the modern Greeks Patra. The town is built close upon the sea, and on the mountain slope. It is most beautiful from the waters, especially now, when the heights, which tower above it, and seem to pierce the sky, are clad thickly with snow. An imposing fortress, the ancient Acropolis of Patræ, on the mountain side, commands the town and harbor. Now, could we mount to the castle heights, we should see a noble panorama of lofty hills, bright-blue seas, and, in the distance, the summits of the islands of Zante and Cephalonia. We are to lie here till midnight, but the day is too far spent to permit us to land, and the weather too chill to make it advisable to linger very long on the deck; so we retire to the saloon to read the story of Patras from our guide-books.

It is interesting to know that it has been, in modern times, the theatre of many bloody conflicts. It was a dukedom under the Greek emperors, and was ceded to the Venitian Republic in 1408. After a desperate defence, it was captured by the Turks, in 1446, and wrested from them by Doria in 1532, continuing under the Venitian dominion till 1714, when all the Peloponessus fell under the Ottoman power. During the Greek revolution its beautiful environs, its olive groves, its vineyards, its gardens of oranges, lemons and pomegranates, were utterly laid waste, and its population reduced from 10,000 to less than 7000. Now it is again an important commercial town, with a population of over 25,000, and is rapidly rising in importance.

In the early morning hour we pass the island of Zante, "the Flower of the Levant," and make a short pause at the port of the same name. Then onward we go, past the wild and beautiful shores of Cephalonia, and of St. Maura, farther to the north, and coming in sight of the island of Corfu just at eventide.

We know that we now have reached the mouth of the Adriatic, where stands sentinel the Corcyra of old fame, which, from its beautiful scenery and delightful climate, forms a splendid connecting link between the East and the West. It has been a possession of great importance, both in ancient and in modern times, and it has witnessed many important events. Here was passed in review that

splendid armament (Athenian) which was destined to perish at Syracuse—the Moscow of Athenian ambition. Here—400 years later—the waters of Actium saw a world lost and won. Here, again, after the lapse of sixteen centuries, met together those Christian powers which, off Lepanto, dealt to the Turkish fleet—so long the scourge and terror of Europe—a blow from which it has never recovered. S. R.

Third month 9th, 1875.

#### REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE TO PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

(Concluded from page 302.)

GREAT NEMAHIA AGENCY.

We also introduce the following extracts, from a report from Superintendent B. White, dated Fifth month 1st, showing the condition of things at the Great Nemaha Agency at that time, viz.:

On the 27th ultimo, I paid to the Iowa four thousand five hundred dollars semi-annuity, and to the Sacs and Foxes, of Missouri, a similar amount of money. The proportion due to each family was paid to the head of the family, and a receipt taken.

For various reasons, custom sanctions the practice of paying no currency of a less denomination than twenty-five cents, the fractional balance resulting from such a division is paid to the chiefs, and in these tribes is the only salary they receive.

To each member of the Iowa tribe was paid *nineteen* dollars, and to each chief an additional sum of *fifteen* dollars and *ninety cents*. Each Sac or Fox Indian received *forty-three* dollars and *fifty cents*, and each chief of their tribe an additional sum of *fifteen* dollars and *seventy-five cents*.

Open councils were held with each tribe, and no complaints were made therein against the Agency employees.

I have on hand *one thousand* dollars, Government funds, paid to the Sacs and Foxes under treaty stipulations, for the construction of a school-house and teachers' dwelling-house. Agent Kent will, as soon as possible, have constructed by days' labor a building suitable for both purposes.

There is also due the Sacs and Foxes, under treaty stipulations, *two hundred* dollars per annum from "Civilization Fund" for salary of teacher. The amount applicable for the present year is in my hands.

William Margrave, a white man, husband of Maggie, and a member of the tribe, has sown on the reservation 24 acres in spring wheat and 25 acres in oats, and will plant about 150 acres in corn. The Indians have about 6 acres in wheat, 5 acres in oats, will plant about 150 acres in corn and 2 acres in



potatoes. Two Sac Indians have prepared logs for houses, and one has put up a log house; the Indians have also set posts and prepared rails for fencing an additional 55 acres of land.

This tribe has now fairly entered upon the right path, and if Congress will make such enactments as will cause to be sold for its full market value the lands contained in the ten western sections of the Sac Reservation, and rescind such portions of the Act approved June 10th, 1872, as applies to the Sacs and Foxes reserve, I apprehend little difficulty in rapidly advancing the condition of the tribe, as it is now united in sentiment, that it is best for it to remain in Nebraska, and has consented that the proceeds arising from said sale may be used for such beneficial purposes as will advance the tribe in agriculture and the means of self-support.

#### IOWAS.

The Iowa Industrial Home is now conducted by Government employees, the recent change in system is satisfactory to the Agent, Indians and myself. The Home is popular with the Indians, and is boarding 28 Indian children, who attend the day school and are instructed at the Home in industrial pursuits.

The enlarged Home farm will be enclosed with fence in a few days; it will then contain 80 acres of land, 56 of which are broken, and will this year be in the following named crops: 24 acres in spring wheat, 11 acres in oats, 19 acres in corn,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acres in potatoes and  $\frac{1}{2}$  acre in garden truck. The product from said culture is Agency property, and will be used for the subsistence of the Home family. The Home is supplied with sufficient furniture for present needs, has one pair of horses, and the Agent proposes to purchase for its exclusive use three cows and necessary agricultural implements, for the purchase of which ample funds are now in my hands.

The Iowa School is now well conducted and very satisfactory to me; the children are quiet and studious in school, and appear to understand as well as learn their lessons. The following table notes the attendance at school for four months, as taken from the records of this office:

	Largest daily attendance.	Average daily attendance.
12th month, 1874,	33	29
1st " 1875,	34	29
2d " "	36	30
3d " "	36	28

The Iowa Indians will cultivate this year on Home farms the following-named crops, as near as can be estimated: Fall wheat, 23 acres (unpromising); spring wheat, 165 acres; barley, 20 acres; oats, 75 acres. The

above crops are in the ground. About 500 acres of corn and 8 acres of potatoes will be planted. Four acres of land have been sown with timothy-seed, four bushels of onion sets, and a large amount of garden seeds have been received by the Agent, distributed among the industrious Indians, and will all be planted. The Iowas have prepared and placed in fence during the spring about 3,000 rails.

In my recent councils with the above-named tribes, I informed them that under the provisions of Section III of an Act of Congress, making appropriations for the current and contingent expenses of the Indian Department, &c., for the year ending June 30th, 1876, their Agent would soon make out a roll of all able-bodied male Indians, between the ages of 18 and 45 years; that he would prescribe rules, regulations and prices for labor, and keep a book account with each Indian between said ages, crediting them with all labor performed by them for the benefit of themselves or the tribe at a reasonable rate, and that, under the provisions of said Act, each of said described Indian must perform such labor to an amount equal in value to his share of cash annuity during said year, or the whole amount would not be paid to him, that his annuity would be reduced to correspond with his credit for labor.

We have disbursed since last report the sum of six hundred and seventeen dollars and sixteen cents (\$617.16), including the purchase of agricultural implements, extra appropriations to farmer and carpenter, visit of Committee to Agencies, etc.

In addition to the expenditure of the funds of the Yearly Meeting, we feel constrained to acknowledge the valuable assistance rendered by Friends' Indian Aid Association centering in this city.

We are informed they have expended during the year the sum of eighteen hundred and two dollars and ninety cents (\$1,802.90) in various articles of necessity adapted to the wants of the Indians.

The success of the schools by furnishing the children with clothing, thus enabling them to attend, and the planting of the crops which are herein reported, are largely indebted to their personal services, as well as to their expenditures.

Before closing our report, we believe it right to refer to the demise of three valued members of this Committee since the last annual gathering of Friends in a Yearly Meeting capacity: William Dorsey, William M. Levick and Mary H. Child, and to bear our testimony to their deep interest in the important cause in which we are engaged.

In thus presenting a resume of our labors for the past year, and calmly reviewing some

of the difficulties by which we have been surrounded, we believe we have been so sustained as to be enabled to meet these in a good degree with correct judgment, and that there is much to encourage Friends to persevere in this arduous work which has so long claimed their attention.

By direction of the Committee,  
JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

*Philadelphia Fifth month 7th, 1875.*

Selected.

PRAYING IN SECRET.

I need not leave the jostling world,  
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,  
To fold my hands in secret prayer,  
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a voiceless cloistered room  
Within me, open every day;  
Where, though my feet may join the throng,  
My soul may enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thought,  
Of sinful works the fruitful seed,  
When folly wins the ear no more,  
The closet door is shut indeed.

No human step approaching, breaks  
The blissful stillness of the place;  
No shadow steals across the light  
That falls from my Redeemer's face.

One listening, even, cannot know  
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,  
For He alone who hears my prayer  
Has heard the shutting of the door.

HOW PRECIOUS ARE THY THOUGHTS UNTO ME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,  
O God! to me; how great their sum!  
New every morn, they never cease;  
They were, they are, and yet shall come,  
In number and in compass more  
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

How, from thy presence should I go,  
Or whither from thy spirit flee,  
Since all above, around, below,  
Exists in thine immensity?  
I feel Thine all-controlling will,  
And Thy right hand upholds me still.

Search me, O God! and know my heart;  
Try me; my secret soul survey;  
And warn Thy servant to depart  
From every false and evil way;  
So shall Thy truth my guidance be  
To life and immortality.

**SUCCESS IN LIFE.**—To grow rich is not to make more money, but to spend less. If one is not accumulating money as fast as he thinks he ought, the remedy in nine cases out of ten is not greater exertion to make money, but greater care to save it. Indeed, he who saves money systematically, putting away a part,

even though it be a small part, of each week's or each day's earnings, is rich already. His means exceed his necessities, and that is wealth always. If people generally would conduct their affairs on the principle above inculcated there would be comparatively little business anxiety, and much greater comfort and happiness in the household.

WE console ourselves for the rare appearance of the loftiest ideal of beauty, by the study of its commonest modifications in the lowest; and we are content that many things in the world should be less perfect, in order that the world, as a whole, may be more various. And thus, in art and in life, we learn that great lesson of practical wisdom, while we look upward to the stars not to trample on the flowers that lie at our feet.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER.

FOR SIXTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours .....	10	10
Rain all or nearly all day.....	0	0
Cloudy, without storms.....	5	6
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	15	14
Total.....	30	30

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.

	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Sixth mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	75.53	72.00
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	97.50	94.50
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	55.00	53.00

	Inches.	Inches.
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	2.66	5.25

	Numbr.	Numbr.
DEATHS during the month, being for five current weeks for each year....	1088	1330

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Sixth month for the past 86 years .....	71.83
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1870.....	77.21
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816.....	64.00

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1874 Inches.	1875 Inches.
Totals for the first six months of each year.....	21.47	16.81

Of the 5.25 inches of rain recorded for this month, 1875, only 1.83 inches fell prior to the 28th; the balance fell during the storms of the 28th and 29th. Before entering into any especial comparison of temperatures, we may remark that during the fore-



part of the month the weather was unusually (though not unprecedentedly) cool. This was not confined to our own locality, as may be seen from the following "clippings":

On the 14th: "The frost was severe enough in places near Newton, N. J., to destroy Lima beans, pumpkins, cucumbers and corn. In Pennsylvania, within twenty miles of Philadelphia, frost was seen in many places."

Frost was also reported on the same day in Orange county, N. Y.; Morristown, N. J.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Lowell and Manchester, N. H. In the northern part of this latter State said "to be the heaviest ever known" for the season in that section. Hartford, Conn., Springfield, Mass., Detroit, Mich., and other towns in the vicinity, were also visited.

As late as the 28th, frost was also chronicled in "the West," while to go back to the 16th we find the following:

"A FIELD OF ICE, thirty miles in extent, still exists on Lake Huron."

On the 10th the following telegram was received: "A violent storm swept over France yesterday. The loss in Paris alone is estimated at 11,000,000 francs."

The mercury, however, escaped from these dispensations, at least as we find dotted down in our diary:

June 23d, 1875.—"Summer fairly commenced."

"24th, " "Very, very hot."

And the intense heat that has been experienced since these dates, has probably recorded itself in the memories of many.

On the 28th it was still hot and dry; rain much wanted. Our Water Works' Guardians, as usual, claimed economy in the use of water, &c., when, about noon, we were joyfully startled with the proclamation, "Cold weather coming; 54° at Chicago;" this reduction of temperature being accompanied with a hail-storm.

The advent of similar dispensations here was anxiously awaited, the first visitation of which displayed itself in a shower about 7 P. M., succeeded by a tremendous storm with thunder and lightning, continuing from 11 to 11½ till about 2 o'clock (some say three) next morning. Trees, chimneys and roofs suffered in various directions, one or more horses killed, &c.

On the evening of the 29th we had another grateful shower, again accompanied with thunder and lightning, which continued more or less for several hours. At the moment of compiling this Review (on the 30th), it is still warm, but the air has lost that extreme heat and oppressiveness.

We have alluded above to the 14th of the month being so cold here and elsewhere. We have referred to our notes of last year, and find at 9, 12 and 3 o'clock respectively recorded 76, 78 and 80 degrees, with but one day any lower, and that but a trifle, between the 8th and the 22d, both inclusive, with a number of instances almost 90 degrees, two above it, and in some localities on the 8th reaching one hundred. Quite a contrast.

A word or two more as to the comparative temperature of the month, &c., and we have done. The above tabular exhibit shows it to have been about 3½ degrees below that of last year, and a trifle higher than the average for eighty-six years past, while both the extremes are lower than last year. Taken as a whole, however, there was not as much difference as we had reason to expect from the frosts, &c., reported prior to the 15th of the month.

It will also be seen that, notwithstanding the copious rains of the 28th and 29th, we are still 4½

inches behind the quantity for the same time last year. J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Seventh mo. 1st, 1875.

## NOTICES.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarter will meet Sixth-day, Seventh month 16th, at 4 o'clock.

JAMES GASKILL, Clerk.

The Western First-day School Union will meet at London Grove, on Seventh-day, the 7th of the Eighth month, at 10 o'clock A. M. Class exercises and essays are desired especially, while declamations and exercises that cannot be distinctly heard over the house should be avoided. It is hoped that every school in the Union will send a report.

THOS. F. SEAL, Clerk.

## ITEMS.

THE official report of the Life-Saving Service on the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Cape May, and from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras, shows that since the 1st of Eleventh month last the number of wrecks has been 59; number of lives imperilled, 862; lives saved, 847; lives lost, 15; shipwrecked persons sheltered and succored at stations, 179; value of property saved, \$1,618,635; value of property lost, \$772,765. The Life-Saving Service as now organized has been in operation since 1871, and has saved since then 2451 lives and \$4,376,916 worth of property.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Garibaldi is occupied, among other schemes, in planting the famous *Eucalyptus globulus* (Australian gum-tree) around Rome, with a view to prevent malaria. Travelers in the south of Europe have now an opportunity of admiring noble specimens of this tree in the promenades and public gardens of Nice, Cannes, Hyères and Algiers; while in Spain its health-giving properties are well known and appreciated. In 1860 the eucalyptus was first introduced into Spain on account of its hygienic virtues, and these were so soon discovered by the poor people of Valencia that they used to steal the leaves for the purpose of making decoctions. The Cape of Good Hope, Corsica, Sicily, California and Cuba have also their plantations. The eucalyptus, in fact, is making the tour of the world. Already efforts are being made to introduce the tree into Ceylon as an antidote to jungle fever. Unfortunately, it is too delicate to stand English springs."

AMERICAN lead pencils are made in Jersey City, entirely by machinery. From the time the plumbago and rough strips of cedar and other woods enter the machinery, until they are turned out together polished lead pencils, ready to be tied up in packages, no hand labor is required. The materials used are all American, the plumbago coming from Ticonderoga county, N. Y., and the cedar from Florida.

DISCOVERIES of pure cannel coal in Rifle region, forty-five miles northwest of East Saginaw, Michigan, were made last autumn. This spring a company has been formed and shafts sunk to ascertain the extent of the deposit. A seven-foot vein has been struck, and solid blocks from twenty to sixty pounds in weight thrown out. A fair test shows that the coal weighs one hundred and six pounds to the cubic foot, and the supply appears to be very great.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 10, 1875.

No. 20

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 17, 1875.

No. 21

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF

WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 307.)

"Eleventh month 10th, 1869.—Swarthmore inauguration day! On Second-day, the 8th, we opened this institution for the reception of pupils. This Fourth-day, at 3 o'clock P. M., was the time appointed for the formal opening. There was a large attendance of those interested, and the proceedings were dignified, solemn and impressive. Our friend S. W., of New York, was chosen Chairman, and opened the meeting with appropriate remarks. The Chairman of the Building Committee, H. McI., then made a statement of the cost of the buildings, and gave the key to the President of the meeting, who then delivered the same to Edward Parrish, the President of the College, who accepted it and proceeded to read the Inaugural.

"John D. Hicks, of New York, then read a short address. I then, on behalf of the Managers, in a few extempore remarks, gave what I consider to be the religious aspect of the undertaking, showing that the whole affair had its origin in a deeply-settled conviction that it was our religious duty to educate our children under our own care to save them from the sectarian influences that so much abound in the highest educational institutions of our country. They being mostly established with the view of combining high intellectual

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culture with the peculiar religious or theological views of the sect erecting them.

"First-day.—Day bright, and meeting well attended. Felt impelled to speak upon the nature of this mortal life which God in His wisdom has conferred upon us, and its relations to Him, the great unseen power which ruleth all things. Why are we so unsatisfied, so unhappy, when God has given us, in addition to our life and being, with our varied organization, His own Spirit to direct and save us amid the storms, and tempests, and conflicts that assail us in our earthly pilgrimage—manifesting Himself in His infinite mercy in Jesus Christ? No discouragements should shake our faith in the Saviour's power; but to know it always at hand, our faith must be the faith of perfect obedience. Although His mercy showed that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance, the righteous must needs watch and pray, and that always, lest they fall into temptation. The design of the Creator is manifestly to save. We know the power given us to reject this infinite mercy, by casting ourselves upon our own strength, and not putting our trust in Him. It is this rejection that introduces all our woes and sorrows, and sinks the mind into the condition of despair. Whilst acceptance of Divine grace sanctifies the heart and keeps it unspotted



from the world, and gives us in the end the blessed assurance of being embraced in the eternal oneness for which Jesus prayed when He said: 'Father, that these may be one with us, as we are one.'

*"Third month 15th.*—Went to Baltimore in company with some friends, to attend a convention on Indian affairs. The next morning, met the Indian Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and delegates from New York and Indiana Yearly Meetings. I omitted to mention that about a week previous I was gladly surprised by a call at my office, from my dear friend S. M. Janney. He was with us at Baltimore. He had been to Washington, and informed us that Secretary Cox, of the Interior, advised that a strong delegation of Friends should visit Washington, in order to influence Congress to make an appropriation, to enable the Indians on the Northern Superintendency to commence their farming operations this season. The committee accordingly appointed twenty Friends, who visited Washington, by appointment of S. M. J. with the Secretary, on Third-day, 19th, at 10 A. M., in the room of Vincent Collyer, Secretary of the Commission of Ten appointed last year. Secretary Cox and Commissioner Parker came in, and after a short interview with them, we went to the Capitol to see Senator Harlan, Chairman of the Commission on Indian Affairs, and other Senators and Representatives, to secure their influence in favor of our just demands. We also saw five or six Representatives. Every one assured us of his entire willingness to aid us in the good work. By invitation from Vice-President Colfax, we met him in his room, and had an interesting interview. He offered to read our memorial to the Senate.

"We then turned our steps to the White-House, and reached it just in time to see President Grant. He also received us with much kindness, and immediately began questioning Superintendent Janney about the Indians. He gave him a concise statement of their improved condition and their wants; presented him a copy of our memorial to Congress, asking his support, which he cordially and emphatically promised. On taking leave, D. F. Wharton remarked to the President, that she had experienced great uneasiness of mind at the prospect of having a military man for President, to which he replied, with earnestness, 'Why, madam, they are the best peace men, for they know what war is.' She then responded that, notwithstanding her feelings, she had been much gratified with the peaceful policy of his administration.

*"Fifth month.*—The Yearly Meeting has passed. We have had a good season of re-

freshment and encouragement. The attendance was large and quiet—much interest was shown by the younger members. I am encouraged to believe there are better days in store for our Society—it may be through suffering. We have our differences in opinions, but liberal Christian feeling abounds, and these differences do not lead, I hope, to jealousy or hardness. I found it to be my place to plead for what I believe to be the fundamental ground of our religion, and upon which alone we can ever remain a united people, a beacon light to the world. We must have something beside intellectual belief; we must have a heart faith in Jesus Christ, which brings us into subjection to His Spirit, or else we cry, 'Lord, Lord,' in vain.

*"Sixth month 4th.*—Left at 4 P. M. for Baltimore to keep my promise to be with the dear children and their teachers at the closing of their First-day school for the summer. First-day afternoon met the dear children. The sun shone brightly and the sky was clear; all hearts seemed happy, and sweet peace crowned the occasion. After the exercises, which consisted in reading the Bible and poetry, one beautiful poem by L. C. S. for the day, and reviewing their Scripture history, I spoke to the children on the importance of accepting in early life the offer of redeeming love. Jesus Christ admonished those around Him to seek first the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof, and all things necessary should be added for those who do thus seek. We all believe Jesus said this, and that it is true, if we are willing to do so, giving up every sensual delight and worldly pleasure which might stand in the way—thus insuring for us preservation during our earthly pilgrimage and the riches of this blessed kingdom throughout eternity.

"Samuel Townsend next addressed them, showing the value of early obedience to the light of Truth within their souls.

"I then called their attention to the great value of the Bible. They should read it carefully and prayerfully, and should not give themselves any uneasiness about what they could not understand; there is enough that is plain and unmistakable. The beautiful texts they had that day recited were all gems of glorious beauty, and they should set them in their hearts where they would shine with bright and holy light. I then knelt in prayer for the devoted band of teachers engaged in this good work, that they should faint not—that the blessing of our Father might rest upon them and their little flock—that in the course of time, as one by one we should all pass from earth, we should find our spirits a united band in our home in heaven. A sweet



silence prevailed, under which they were dismissed.

"How lovely to behold the bright faces of these dear children, as many came to bid farewell!

"I think I may say, I went poor and came away rich."

"Sixth month 29th, 1870.—Commemoration-day at Swarthmore College—a deeply interesting occasion. One school year has passed since the opening, and, with few exceptions, everything has passed off well, beyond reasonable expectations. Then (at the opening) our minds were anxious, but hopeful; now, our hopes fulfilled, and our hearts overflowing with gratitude to God for the blessing. Now, as then, hundreds of bright faces meet our gaze, all assembled in one large room. Fourteen of the pupils gave recitations remarkably well executed and much enjoyed. At the close, I said a few words to the dear children at parting, on behalf of the Managers, hoping that the care bestowed upon them at Swarthmore would show fruits of lasting value. Above all, to remember that which should lie at the foundation of every character—love to God and obedience to His will flowing out in love to our race, without which, whatever may be our intellectual culture, so far as pertains to the highest objects of life, this life is a failure."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST-DAY SCHOOL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

At the Eighth Annual Session of the First-day School General Conference, held at Pickering, Province of Ontario, Canada, Sixth month 15th, 1875, the Clerk being absent, Benjamin Chase was appointed to serve the meeting.

By reports received from Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Ohio First-day School Associations, and from the school at Yonge Street, Canada, the following-named persons have been appointed delegates to this meeting, viz., James S. Hulme and eighteen others. Of these, Louisa J. Roberts, John M. Yeatman, Lavinia P. Yeatman, Martha W. Bacon and Susan W. Shaw, from Philadelphia Association; Henry W. Miller and Elizabeth D. Miller, from New York Association; Mercy J. Griffith and Elizabeth J. Clark, from Ohio Association; Benjamin Chase, Amelia Hughes, Mary E. Stephens, David S. Phillips, Sunderland P. Gardner and Gerdon T. Smith, of Genesee Yearly Meeting, answered to their names.

The delegates proposed the name of Benjamin Chase for Clerk, and Mercy J. Griffith for Assistant Clerk, which being united with,

they were appointed to serve for the ensuing year.

The report from Baltimore Association was then read, as follows:

"To the Eighth Session of the First-day School General Conference, to be held at Pickering, Ontario:

"DEAR FRIENDS,—As by our Yearly Meeting Association we were directed to use the data furnished at its meeting in Tenth month, our report at this time will differ little from the last, which was prepared from information received by our Executive Committee in Eighth month.

"From this and the additional reports given at our annual meeting held on the 26th of Tenth month, 1875, we learn that there are eighteen schools within our limits. The total number of scholars enrolled in the sixteen accurately reported is about 863, 489 of whom are members of our Society. The average attendance is 559; number of teachers, 93, and number of volumes reported in libraries, 1394.

"We have no reports of any new schools established, or of any discontinued, in the ten months intervening between our last and this report, nor could we receive anything further of interest in regard to the separate Bible classes held at Goose Creek, Waterford, Pipe Creek and in Baltimore, or from the Mission Sewing School in Baltimore, although the prospects for all of these continue to be strongly encouraging.

"In compliance with your recommendation, we have changed the name of our subordinate associations to 'Quarterly Unions,' and from the report of one of these we quote the following, which may well speak for us all:

"We trust that our workers and others permitted to come to these annual solemn feasts, and share in the bounteous repasts, have been benefitted, that many have received incentives to a purer and nobler life, and have realized the truth of the following quotation: 'To dwell in prayer is the teacher's strength—that blessed boon conferred by a kind Providence upon mankind; that opens the windows of heaven, and allows light from the throne of God to shine into the soul.'

"But if striking results are not seen from our labors, let us not be discouraged, but sow our seed unquestioning.

"God, alone,  
Beholds the end of what is sown;  
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,  
The harvest-time is hid with Him."

"With earnest desire that the spirit of love may be felt to prevail in the coming assembly, we are your friends.

"Prepared by direction of Baltimore Yearly Meeting F. D. S. Association, and signed on behalf thereof by

"EDWIN BLACKBURN,  
LYDIA C. STABLER,

"Baltimore, 3d mo. 8th, 1875. Clerks."



FROM PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION.

"DEAR FRIENDS,—It is sometimes good in our daily lives to pause and consider well the course that life is taking, whether the unnoticed trifles that continually occur are tinging wrongfully the tenor of our thoughts and principles, or whether the right acceptance of experience and knowledge is ripening character morally, intellectually and spiritually, up to that standard which the Christian is willing to assume.

"And thus, in our First-day school organization, our annual meetings should take the position of self-examining centres, where the developing of our work shall be brought to light before us, and when, in the prayerful sense of a deep dependence upon the guiding love of the one dear Father of us all, we seek to aid each other in the work that engages us.

"In looking in this spirit of proving upon the labor of the past year, we feel we have cause of renewed encouragement.

"Our schools have increased in number and interest; active young workers are seeking that pure spiritual light which ever opens to us as we seek its truth; whilst the general mind is accepting the fact, that the Lord has many ways in which His children may labor in His service.

"Since the meeting of the Conference in Eighth month last, we have to report the opening of two new schools, one at Centreville, Del., and one at Springfield, N. J. The Union of First-day schools which exists in seven of the Quarterly Meetings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has been found beneficial, as a more frequent drawing together of those engaged in similar good labors increases their acquaintance with each other, and affords favorable opportunities for a comparison of views in regard to the best interest of the cause and of the individual schools.

"From the reports received it appears that within our limits are 82 schools, and three reading associations and Bible classes. Some of these have not reported, but, so far as given, there are 495 officers and teachers, 4285 children, 870 adults, or an aggregate of 5647 connected with them; in the school libraries there are 11,661 volumes.

"A large number of copies of *Scattered Seeds*, *Children's Friend*, and other juvenile literature, have been distributed. We have also five sewing schools and one mothers' meeting; the number of participants in these, as near as we can learn (most of them being attended by children and adults, both white and colored), during the past winter, is 619 children, 90 adults. 2,111 garments have been gratuitously distributed to those needing such aid. Much care has been taken to impress these with correct habits, both by read-

ing to them from works of a moral tendency, suited to their capacity, by private labor, and by the distribution of *Scattered Seeds* and other literature of an elevating character.

"One point that we would be glad to bring into notice is the fact that our few years of labor have brought into activity very many young people; the advantage and growth here has been beyond calculation, and the mingling of young and old has been productive of lasting enjoyment. The desire for pure and healthy reading has also received a fresh impulse from the awakened minds of Society, and in the near future good and useful books, rich in intellectual and spiritual culture, may be added to the literature of our religious Society.

"It is only as we compare the state of Society at the time these schools struggled into existence, with its present condition, that the advance we have made can be realized.

"As time rolls on we are made keenly sensible of the necessity of its right employment, in the removal by death of earnest workers. Prominent among these was our beloved friend, William Dorsey. An active, faithful laborer with us, he was always felt to be a strength and support. Ever ready with a word of encouragement, teachers and pupils alike felt the warmth of his sympathetic nature. The love welling from his heart, was like a baptism to those with whom he mingled, yet we firmly believe, and can rejoice in that belief, that his call to rest was in wisdom, and we need to fit ourselves as well for our sphere of usefulness to be equally rewarded. We need not, then, feel discouraged, for we may remember, that when our earthly supports are removed, if we remain faithful, 'the Lord will take us up.'

"It has been well said:

"Rest is *not* quitting this busy career,  
Rest is the fitting one's self for our sphere."

"JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR.,  
ANNIE CALEY,

"Fifth month 13th, 1875. Clerks."

FROM THE OHIO ASSOCIATION.

"DEAR FRIENDS,—So quickly has the time sped since it last devolved upon us to address you that we question where the hours have flown, and with this thought comes the searching query as to the impress stamped on the hours of First-day school labor. Happily we have the assurance that the moments that go 'on fleeting wings' are those given to unselfishness—to patient, consecrated labor.

"Efforts made to obtain reports from all our schools not having secured that end, we renewedly feel how far we fall short of that disciplined order recommended, which should

be so observed as to be strength to all. While on this hand we are discouraged, on the other we are stayed by the glad tidings that come from our sister associations, and by the opportunity to be one with them.

"Though we cannot give an accurate report of our condition at this time, we trust there has been no waning interest, and that all is as well with us now as a year ago. With some we know that there has been a growth, and by the already rejoicing with returning sheaves, we do know that, that with which 'we went forth weeping' must have been 'precious seed.'

'With an earnest hope that your meeting may be crowned with that which it will be comforting to remember always, we are your friends.

"Signed on behalf of Ohio Association,

"RICHARD E. ROBERTS,  
MERCY J. GRIFFITH,

"Sixth month, 1875.

Clerks."

FROM NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

"We thankfully rejoice as we hear the summons calling us with our sister associations to come and render up our account, that we are again enabled to respond to this, our annual roll call,' with the cheering words 'All's well.'

"From the reports of the various schools, presented at our annual meeting, we find that we have within our limits fourteen schools, with a total register of 582 children, and about eighty teachers. In nearly every instance is reported, in connection with the schools, an adult class composed of from ten to twenty, and in some cases even a larger number of interested Friends, who engage in Scriptural or other interesting reading.

"Our libraries contain in the aggregate 2,164 volumes. These the children seize with avidity and read with eagerness, showing the library to be, indeed, a valuable adjunct to the First-day school. *The Scattered Seeds* is very generally purchased and distributed in our schools, and the *Children's Friend* largely taken. All, we believe, attest to the high character of these two publications, which, in purity of thought and style, are hardly to be surpassed by any other children's magazine now issued. In addition we hear of the circulation of the *Angel of Peace* and the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, both of which are calculated to impress the mind with the truths of practical Christianity.

"In regard to methods employed, we find, as we advance in the work, we learn to depend less upon text-books, more upon the individual teacher, for we find our schools report conversational lectures, object lessons,

black-board exercises, and showing them to have caught the secret of true teaching, which glows with life only as it catches the sacred fire from the soul infused therein through the character and individuality of the instruction. How great, then, becomes the responsibility of the teacher! How important that he should develop and strengthen himself, intellectually, morally and spiritually, that he may the better interpret to his class the great truths which they so earnestly seek, never forgetting to turn to that Fountain which is alone the source of all true inspiration.

"We hope that we have in the foregoing report succeeded in showing you somewhat of the encouragement we feel in the progress of the First-day school movement within our Yearly Meeting, we have no long story to tell, no convulsive revival of religious sentiment to recount, only the gradual growth of the Spirit which increases surely indeed, as the reward of faithful effort, yet so slowly and so silently, that the external eye is hardly conscious of the development; but as we hear the enquiry 'Watchman! what of the night?' we look to behold the night already passed, for even now, we see the roseate glow that foreshadows a beautiful dawn. The following Friends were appointed as delegates, Henry W. Miller and others:

"Signed by direction and on behalf of the Executive Committee of Friends' First-day School Association of New York Yearly Meeting.

JNO. T. WILLETS,

"New York, Sixth month 3d, 1875. Clerk."

YONGE STREET, ONTARIO, CANADA.

At a meeting of Yonge Street First-day School held Sixth month 6th, 1875, Amelia Hughes and others were appointed as delegates to attend the First-day School General Conference, to be held at Pickering, Ontario, Sixth month, 15th, with a report of the standing of our school since its organization.

"The average attendance since its commencement is thirty, about half the number are members.

"Although there is not the interest taken by Friends that would be desired, yet we have cause for thankfulness for the overruling care that a kind Providence has vouchsafed to us, His dependent children, and we trust that our endeavors to instruct the rising generation by example as well as by precept will prove like 'bread cast upon the waters,' which shall be found 'after many days.'

"Signed on behalf of Yonge Street First-day School,

"JAMES S. PHILLIPS,  
Secretary,

"DAVID S. PHILLIPS,  
Superintendent."



The reading of these reports was listened to with great interest. At the conclusion, one of the delegates gave an account of the sewing schools in detail, and explained that these report to the Association for the reason that they are mostly conducted by teachers and pupils of the First-day school. This led to encouraging remarks from a number who were strangers to this feature of our efforts.

Reports have been received from several of the Indian Agencies where Friends are employed.

#### REPORT FROM THE GREAT NEMAHA AGENCY.

"On the 2d of Fifth month, 1875, we made the first attempt to reorganize a First-day school, and with but little success, as for nearly nine months it had been suspended. On last Sabbath (Fifth mo. 30th) there appeared to be much more interest shown. The school was well attended both by those who do and those who do not understand the English language. The children who attend the day school can read and write, and seem interested in the exercises. Our intention is to form various classes according to educational ability, as was inaugurated at the last meeting—these to be taught by the different employees at the Agency. The Scriptures are read and commented upon, and interpreted to the older men and women who do not sufficiently understand our language.

"For a time we were inclined to be discouraged, but hope our efforts will result in good, if only we can teach the Indians that there is a Sabbath, and encourage them to regard it as a day of rest.

"The children read and recite short selections when appointed to do so. We hope in the future to give a more encouraging report if called upon. M. B. KENT.

"Nohart, Nebraska, Sixth mo. 3d, 1875."

#### PAWNEE INDIAN AGENCY.

To the First-day School General Conference:

"The Genoa First-day School connected with the Indian Manual Labor School of this Agency, is still in successful operation, and meets regularly every week, with an attendance of about seventy Indian children besides the visitors, who make an aggregate of from 80 to 100 persons.

"Our exercises are generally singing and the reading of Scripture selections, after which the Minutes of the previous meeting are read and the school divided among the several teachers in separate rooms, where, for about half an hour, the lesson of the day is considered. On returning, the children answer questions that have been referred to them, and, by turns, read suitable selections to the whole school. A programme for the next

week is announced and duties assigned, and an interval then allowed for miscellaneous exercises, remarks on special subjects or advice to the school.

"The school meets in the forenoon, and is followed by the meeting. That it exerts a good influence among the children and all who participate in its exercises we have no doubt. We are often strengthened by the reflection, that under Divine guidance the same good work is in progress in all portions of our country, and though we may not seem to reap the full fruits of our toil in the present, that some of the seed thus sown by the wayside will fall upon good soil, and grow up and develop lives of greater devotion in a rich harvest of practical usefulness.

"As the remnant of this tribe now at this Agency will probably be removed to their new reservation in the Indian Territory the coming fall, the industrial school may have to be suspended until a new building is erected or the proper facilities afforded. I was absent during the winter in locating a new home for our tribe, and had occasion to visit several Indian Agencies, in all of which the work of education seems to be progressing favorably and the First-day school considered an important element in the work of civilization and religious culture.

"At the Sac and Fox, Wichita and Osage Agencies, under the charge of the Orthodox branch of Friends, they have good industrial schools similar to ours, and I had the pleasure of visiting and participating in their First-day schools. At the Quapaw and Cheyenne and other Agencies, I was assured of similar success. In all of these places I think they are accomplishing a good work among the Indian children as well as tending to modify or outgrow some of the traditions, customs and superstitious views of the older Indians, while directing them to a higher life and inciting within them nobler aspirations in the line of industry and self-support.

"WM. BURGESS,  
"Superintendent.

"Genoa, Nebraska, Sixth mo. 5th, 1875."

#### WINNEBAGO AGENCY.

To the General Conference:

"Since my last report on the subject of our Indian First-day School at this Agency, which was forwarded to your meeting nearly a year ago, I think we have gained some interest in that direction.

"Our school has been much better attended this year; the average is nearly double that of last year, being 66 up to the present time. But one day has been missed, and that on account of bad weather.

"I think many of our Indians are begin-

ing to pay more attention to the observance of the Sabbath-day as we do, and are feeling beneficial influence from so doing. We have had a small increase in the attendance of women and girls; the boys attend pretty well. It is hard to convince them of the necessity of inducing their women and girls to attend school of any kind. Time only can bring about this reformation. It is a great task to undertake to reform this people; it requires more than ordinary perseverance and endurance to withstand the difficulties of the work and hold out faithful under all the trials. There is also a First-day School held in the Manual Labor School; the number in attendance is about 60, including employees.

"TAYLOR BRADLEY,

"U. S. Indian Agent.

"Winnebago, Dakota co., Neb., 6th mo. 4, 1875."

(To be continued.)

#### MINISTERIAL VISITS.

At our late Yearly Meeting, George Truman mentioned, as an encouraging fact, that whilst, at the end of the first ten years of George Fox's ministry, there were sixty ministering Friends laboring for the promotion of the Truth as they understood it, and it was regarded as a wonderful thing that there should be so many in so short a time—and it was, undoubtedly, a remarkable circumstance—yet, within the past six years, there have been sixty-nine within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and about one hundred and seventy amongst Friends in all the six Yearly Meetings who have been called into the ministry. A number of these have already received the acknowledgment of their respective Monthly Meetings; and from his knowledge of many of them, he believed they were worthy of it.

A few years since, a Friend who had given attention to the statistics of the ministry amongst us, stated (I quote from memory), that within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting we had about eighty acknowledged ministers, and perhaps seventy who felt drawn to speak in our religious meetings, but had not been recorded as ministers. From my own inquiries, I believe this to be about correct, being rather less than over the actual facts. Within our Yearly Meeting about one hundred and ten or one hundred and twelve meetings are held regularly; and there are several meeting-houses, where meetings were once held, which have been discontinued or held occasionally as a Circular or Appointed Meetings, and it is safe to say that fully one-third of these meetings are held in silence, excepting when visited by strangers, which, in some cases at least, is very seldom.

We are told, that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man that of his

friend." We all need, at times, this sharpening process—this encouragement that the company of a fellow-believer imparts, and if this visitor feels called in Gospel love to deliver any message suited to our condition, we are strengthened to go forward and maintain our integrity, and a new life is imparted to our little gatherings.

The visit also has a salutary effect on the visitors, for they that water shall be watered in return.

I will now call attention to some meetings which are convenient of access, and which it would be well if Friends more frequently visited.

Burlington, N. J., is one of the earliest places where Friends settled in this country—the Yearly Meeting being held there at one period. The meeting is very small, and it has no vocal ministry; and, although usually held in silence, has rather increased than otherwise. It is held on First day, at 10½ A. M., and those wishing to visit it can leave Philadelphia from upper side of Market street Ferry at 7.30 A. M., purchasing excursion tickets, or by some of the up-river steamboats. The meeting-house is a very few squares from the railroad station.

Rancocas, where both branches of Friends meet on opposite sides of the partition, was the meeting to which our late friend John Hunt belonged, but is now usually a silent one. Friends will be met either at Beverly or Burlington, on arrival of above-mentioned train (7.30 A. M.), by addressing John W. Clothier, Rancocas, N. J.

By the same train, Riverton is reached, where the few Friends residing there meet on First-day, although a meeting has not been regularly established.

Westfield Meeting is about two miles from Riverton, and is held at 10 A. M.

Old Springfield Meeting can be reached timely by private conveyance from Burlington, where the train arrives about 8½ A. M.

By addressing Wm. C. Hancock, Burlington, N. J., a few days before, he will notify Friends, so that visitors can be met. Old Springfield is about six and a half miles from Burlington.

Merion Meeting, one of the relics of the olden time, is quite small—usually but the two or three assembling at their First-day Meetings. The Paoli train, leaving Thirty-second and Market sts. at 7.00 A. M., stops at Elm Station, about half a mile from the meeting-house. Fare, 18 cents each way. Jno. M. George, Overbrook P. O., resides near Overbrook Station.

By continuing on the same train to Radnor Station, which is about one a half miles from Radnor Meeting, where Barclay Hall, Rad-



nor P. O., will meet Friends if timely notice is given him.

This was at one time a large meeting. The membership is now very small, but Circular and Appointed Meetings are well attended.

By stopping at Wynwood Station, a walk of less than two miles will bring you to Haverford Meeting, which is one of the oldest in these parts, and an interesting one to attend, but those desiring to be met should notify Dr. George Smith, Garretford P. O., who will meet them at Darby Road Station, on arrival of train leaving Thirty-first and Chestnut at 9 A. M.

By the train just mentioned, Media is reached, where, by calling on Isaac Halde- man, Friends will be conveyed to the meet- ing-house about a mile out of town.

By same train at Glen Riddle Station, by addressing Reese Heacock, Lima P. O., Del. county, Pa., Friends will be met and conveyed to Middletown Meeting. J. M. T.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 17, 1875.

**NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.**—The ex- tracts from the minutes of the late New York Yearly Meeting have been kindly furnished us, from which we make the following selec- tions:

"In men's branch all the Representatives, except two, were present. Two were absent from women's branch; a reason was offered for the absence of one.

"There were in attendance from other Yearly Meetings, with minutes, Elizabeth Matthews, a minister, and her companion, E. Ellen Riley, from Baltimore Yearly Meeting; John and Mary Haines, also companions of E. M., from Chester Monthly Meeting, New Jersey; Perry John and Rachel C. Rogers, ministers, Margaret Bancroft, companion to the latter; Ann Weaver, a minister, and her companions, Mary A. Cox and Thomas Mather; Elizabeth Paxson, John J. White, Rhoda O. Lamb, ministers, Sarah W. Dough- ton companion to Rhoda O. Lamb; Allen Flitcraft and Catharine P. Foulke, ministers, all of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; Ben- jamin Renouf, a minister, Caroline S. his wife, and Mary V. Frost, elders, from Genesee Yearly Meeting."

"A minute from Scipio Monthly Meeting, New

York, was produced, expressive of unity, with a prospect of John Searing, a minister, and Sarah D. his wife, an elder, of attending this Meeting. The Meeting was informed that they have left the city, and returned home, on account of the sudden death of his brother."

The "Exercises" of both branches as col- lected by committees appointed for that pur- pose, though brief, seem to embody a sum- mary of the proceedings in so clear and con- cise a manner that we copy them entire:

### FROM THE MEN'S BRANCH.

"Soon after the opening of the Yearly Meeting, Charles A. Macy arose and asked to be excused from further service, as he was unable to sit through the meeting. A solemn feeling of sympathy settled over the meeting, and a deep sense of regret was felt, that one who had been so faithful and efficient in the performance of the duties of his station as Clerk should be obliged to retire therefrom on ac- count of ill-health.

"Epistles were read from Philadelphia, Balti- more, Ohio, Indiana and Genesee Yearly Meetings, containing many words of comfort and encourage- ment. From the earnest expression which they called forth, it was manifest that they soared above dogmas and creeds, and the things that hold us to sectarian organizations, but instead thereof pointed to the practical results of a Christian life. The same spirit that animated the lives of those who rose early in the history of our religious Society, continued to manifest itself. If we are faithful to that Divine light and truth which is presented to us, ever the same, pure Christianity will never die, but live through all time.

"The subject of intemperance was feelingly dwelt upon; its evils are wide-spread, causing a great de- gree of sorrow and suffering to the human family: it destroys the physical powers, blights the moral perceptions, and dims that Divine light in the soul that dawns upon it from the Source of infinite good- ness, wisdom and truth.

"A feeling of satisfaction spread over the meet- ing, that the answers showed so clear a record from intemperance. We were enjoined to continued dil- igence within our borders; and, not asking who is my brother? go out to others who are laboring zealously to elevate the condition of humanity, and give them our assistance and encouragement, show- ing to the world our belief in the universal 'father- hood of God, and brotherhood of man.' A deep concern was expressed in regard to the use of to- bacco. It is a habit involving not only a great ex- pense to the individual, but the moral effects upon both young and old, far outweigh all pecuniary con- siderations. Let us be careful, in whatever we eat or drink, in all our thoughts, words and deeds, in

the doing of these, that we do them to the glory of God.

"That the civilized world is so largely engaged in the subject of arbitration, is a very encouraging evidence that the testimony which our Society has so faithfully borne against war, has not been borne in vain, but is still going forth, teaching the sacredness of human life, our love to God, the great and just Judge, and our obligations to our fellow-men.

"During the reading of the Queries, the importance of sustaining the meetings of our Society was dwelt upon, and we were encouraged to attend closely to this important duty. It was affectionately advised to frequently gather the children in the home, in the beautiful and silent communion of love, thereby cultivating a desire for association, and that they might the more readily hear the language often extended to their young minds.\*

"The meeting entered into a deep exercise over the extravagance of the age in which we live, and the great necessity of our testimony in regard to plainness and simplicity—the very foundation of society being affected by it. The marriage relation in many instances is not entered upon, in consequence of the demands made that cannot be supported, and hence many are led into an unnatural course of life, detrimental alike to the individual and society.

"The Indian report gave unmistakeable evidence of encouragement in the work being done for that much-oppressed and wronged race. While there is much in their rude and demoralized habits of life to counteract the civilizing efforts being made for them, our hope is in their rising generation, and if we continue to labor patiently, and faint not, we shall reap, in due season, an abundant harvest.

"The business of this meeting being now concluded, we have thankfully to acknowledge, that we have been favored, we believe, under the Divine blessing, to move forward in the interesting subjects that have claimed our attention, in a spirit of harmony and love, under a feeling of which, we affectionately take leave of each other, to meet again at the usual time next year, if the Lord permit.

"NATHANIEL S. MERRITT, *Clerk.*"

#### FROM WOMEN'S BRANCH.

*"To our Subordinate Meetings and Absent Members :*

#### EXERCISES OF THE MEETING.

"DEAR SISTERS,—Believing that the fountain of Divine Life loses nothing of its fulness or its vivifying power by being poured from vessel to vessel, but that it ever 'operates unspent,' however widely it is diffused, we have striven, as they have been dispensed to us, to gather and transmit to you some draughts of its living water, that you also may be refreshed to the renewing of your souls.

"Our meeting has not been large, but the feet of many Gospel messengers have been turned toward us; and from the depths of their rich and varied experience, we have gathered fresh stores of counsel and encouragement.

"We have been made to feel that our loving Father, as of old, cares for the lambs of His flock, and bears them in His bosom; and though they may stray far and wide upon the barren mountains, He is ever ready 'to seek and to save that which is lost.'

"We have been exhorted to rally to the standard of our ancient faith, and have been reminded that it was only by keeping a single eye to the Inner Light, as proclaimed by George Fox, that our early predecessors cleared the way for us, and by attention to which, alone, we can build our house upon the Rock which the storms and tempests of outward circumstances cannot overthrow.

"The necessity of the attendance of our religious meetings was feelingly adverted to, as it is in this way we must expect to realize the fulfillment of the Divine promise that 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.'

"Mothers have been affectionately advised early to accustom their children to sit with them in these meetings, in the belief that the weight which rests upon the spirit of the parent, will be felt by the child, even in its earliest years, and that, stimulated by a consistent example, it will, in the end, be incited to faithfulness, not only in this important duty, but in the maintenance of all our testimonies. Thus, our children will indeed 'arise and call us blessed,' and learn 'to follow us, even as we follow Christ.'

"We have also been warned against cultivating a taste for the pernicious reading of the day, and especially that which tends to rationalism, and in this specious guise would sap the very foundation of our faith.

"As women, we have also been appealed to in great tenderness and earnestness, to use, in our peculiar sphere, the influence delegated to us as a sacred trust by our Heavenly Father, not only in sealing first impressions upon the infant minds of our children, but in training them to avoid the many evils which beset their path through life; especially against the use of intoxicating liquors and the pernicious use of tobacco, that we may be ever found guiding and aiding our brothers in the path of purity.

"We have also been exhorted to a more faithful maintenance of our testimony against a hireling ministry, lest by a want of watchfulness its increase may yet endanger our civil and religious liberty.

"Those about to enter upon the sacred relation of marriage, have been entreated not to prove recreant to our testimonies in this respect, but to adhere to our own truthful and beautiful form, believing that no rite can be more binding or impressive

\* "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."



than the simple and solemn ceremony enjoined by our discipline.

"It is believed that many young men are deterred from entering upon this holy relation, from an inability to meet the demands incident to the present extravagant mode of living. Our young sisters have been admonished to moderate their desires, that they may lighten, rather than increase, the pecuniary burdens resting upon their fathers, husbands and brothers.

"Finally, dear sisters, it seems that every subject has been touched upon that belongs to life's journey.

"The showers of love have been so abundant that our cup has been filled to overflowing, and we have been made to feel that if we are not saved, the fault will be our own.

"Let us, therefore, not be discouraged, but animated by the renewed evidence of our Heavenly Father's love, cheerfully take the portion of labor assigned us, realizing that it is spiritually, as well as outwardly, by the sweat of our brow that we must eat our bread.

"On behalf of the meeting.

"MARY J. FIELD, *Clerk.*"

**INFORMATION.**—The subject of appointing a suitable person in this meeting to receive and distribute funds, from whatever source they may come, donated for the relief of Friends and others in sympathy with Friends that are suffering from the ravages of grasshoppers in the States West being considered in this meeting, it was concluded to appoint Bordan Stanton, of New Sharon, Mahaska county, Iowa, for that station.

Taken from the Minutes of Marietta Monthly Meeting of Friends in Marshall county, Iowa, held Sixth month 19th, 1875.

Signed by

NATHAN EDSALL,  
*Clerk.*

#### DIED.

**HAWLEY.**—On the 22d of Second month, 1875, Benjamin Hawley, aged 84 years and seven months.

**HUNT.**—On the 12th of Sixth month, 1875, Rebecca Hunt, in the 92d year of her age. She could recollect the time when the State of Ohio was an unbroken wilderness.

**GARRETSON.**—On the evening of the 30th of Fifth month, 1875, after a lingering sickness, Maria Garretson, formerly a resident of York county, Pa., in the 78th year of her age.

The above Friends were all members of Salem Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

**MOORE.**—At his residence, near Fallston Harford

county, Md., on the 25th of Sixth month, 1875, Benjamin P. Moore, in the 84th year of his age; Elder of Little Falls Monthly Meeting.

After a long and useful life, our valued friend has passed from time and its changes, and entered upon the realities of eternal life. In the prime of early manhood, his vigorous mind yielded to the convictions of truth, and religious principle became the governing influence of his life. Thus, he was qualified for usefulness in the community, and in the Society of Friends, in which he was for many years an earnest and efficient laborer.

Though of latter time he was much confined to the house from impaired health, he continued to exercise an influence for good among his friends and neighbors.

In his deportment he was a Christian gentleman, and his home, was noted for kindness and hospitality extended to all classes. His strong faith and trust in Divine love and power, enabled him to endure his severe and protracted illness with unflinching patience and resignation, and to exclaim, even in times of greatest suffering, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless His holy name!"

**WHITELEY.**—Fourth month 22d, 1875, in Milton, Ind., Lydia A. Whiteley, in the 81st year of her age; an elder of Milford Monthly Meeting.

**WRIGHT.**—Second month 26th, 1875, while on a visit to his sister, in New Holland, Ind., Isaac Wright, of Indianapolis, in the 71st year of his age.

**DIXON.**—On the 29th of Sixth month, 1875, Mary Dixon, in her 84th year; a member of Wilmington Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 56.

(Continued from page 317.)

#### IN CORFU AND ONWARD TO NAPLES.

The morning of the 10th of Third month, 1875, finds our steamer anchored in front of the city of Corfu. Coming on deck, the first view of the city is both striking and beautiful, and a closer acquaintance does not disappoint the traveler. We are soon landed, and are escorted by a rather winding way to the Hotel St. George, where good rooms and good cheer await us. My own apartment is especially charming, looking eastward over the blue, calm waters of the harbor to the delicate-tinted, snow crowned mountains of Albania, and southward to the huge insulated rock, with its summit split into two lofty peaks, on which is the citadel. The ramparts and bastions of the fortress mingle with Nature's own craggy fortifications, and are mantled with luxuriant vegetation—cactuses, evergreens and wild flowers.

The fortress rock has a castellated summit at either end, and in the middle is a plateau, planted with cypress trees and other vegetation. The Esplanade occupies the space between the town and the citadel, and is laid

out with walks, avenues of trees and a broad, open space. On its northern border stands the Palace of white Maltese stone, ornamented with a colonnade in front, and flanked by the two Gates of St. Michael and St. George, through each of which we get a charming picture of the sea and mountains.

The Palace was formerly the residence of the British Governors, and was built during the administration of Sir Thomas Maitland, to whose memory a little circular temple is erected at the southern extremity of the esplanade. The good, substantial buildings, neat, well-paved streets, fine roads, and many other improvements in this island, are ascribed to British influence during the days when the Ionian Islands were in the possession of England.

Corfu lay in the pathway of the Crusaders, and in the middle ages fell into the hands of the princes of Anjou, then governing Naples. But in the year 1386 the inhabitants, feeling themselves neglected and exposed to incursions of the Turks and the Arabs, besought the protection of the Republic of the Seas, and remained under Venetian dominion till the year 1797, when the French Republic took possession of the Ionian Islands.

During the violent political changes of the next seventeen years, they experienced many vicissitudes, when, in 1814, they were surrendered to the British. According to the treaty of Paris, 1815, the islands were declared to be under the immediate and exclusive protection of the King of Great Britain. The cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece, at their own request, appears to be an evidence that the principle of moderation and justice, of righteous regard on the part of rulers to the wishes of the governed, has made noble progress in the earth since the antique times, when the possession of these beautiful isles was the prize to be lost or won by bloody warfare.

Our first walk in Corfu gave us the impression of a cleanly, handsome city, most charmingly situated, and of a vivacious, rather pleasant-looking people with dark complexions, and full, brilliant dark eyes. The women are particularly pleasing, being neat and tasteful in their costume, polite and friendly in manner, and having an appearance of cheerfulness and activity truly refreshing.

The Albanian red cap, fustianella, embroidered jacket and fur-tipped shoes, are very frequent, and this is considered the distinctive Greek costume, but the European dress is generally worn by the men, being evidently better fitted for the labors of civilized life. My friend complains that mankind are becoming unpicturesque, and will soon all

dress alike. French fashions are certainly penetrating the Orient, and are invading the islands of the sea. But I take comfort in the belief, that even this indicates that the higher civilization of the Western countries of Europe is peacefully and righteously dispelling the strange cloud of superstition and of oppression which has so long rested on the sunny lands where civilization had its origin.

The new crusaders go not to spoil, to slay and to ravage, but to build the school-house and to gather in the little neglected ones; to heal the sick; to teach agriculture and the arts; to build railways and dig canals, and to stretch the magic wires from realm to realm. I have often heard it remarked that the West owes all things to the East—all ideas of religion, of law, of science—and that now it is but fitting and just that enlightened Christian nations should bear some of the ripened sheaves which have sprung from the good seed from the Orient back, to bless the primal lands. We pass a Greek church, and observe the door is opened, and so enter with others, when we find ourselves in the sanctuary of "St. Spiridion." He is accounted the patron saint of Corfu, and here his mummied body is preserved in a richly-ornamented case of silver. I am informed that the annual offerings at this shrine amount to a considerable sum, and can well believe it, seeing the affectionate devotion with which the people approach the sarcophagus and kiss the beautiful pictures of his holy deeds which adorn the lid and sides. Here he seems to be raising the dead, here healing the sick, and again, blessing a prince, who, clad in glorious robes, kneels before him.

The pictures are of porcelain, I think, and are certainly fine specimens of the ceramic art. Behind the burial-case is an arched recess, adorned with a life-size picture of Spiridion. The gentle and noble face is upturned, as if seeking heavenly light and guidance, and a circlet of gold surrounds it, while his pictured body is clad in a profusely-decorated robe of beaten gold. No statues are allowed in the Greek churches, but the sacred pictures are frequently adorned with garments of gold and with rich jewels. Three times a year the body of the Saint is carried in solemn procession around the esplanade, followed by the Greek clergy and all the native authorities. The sick are brought out and laid where the body may be carried over them, hoping that its influence may heal their infirmities. As we stood by the burial case trying to examine the pictures upon it by the dim light, one of the officials of the church came up, lighted a taper, and showed us each one of them in turn, very kindly. Then he asked if we would like to see the body, with the



votive jewels, which were also in the silver case. We assented, but the key was not at hand, and the guardian invites us to come to-morrow, when the case will be opened.

Spiridion was bishop of a See in Cyprus, and was one of the fathers of the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. His life was adorned with many good deeds, and after his death his embalmed body was believed to have wrought many miracles. The cause and manner of its conveyance to Corfu is not definitely known, as the accounts are various and contradictory.

One of the mythic legends of Spiridion I have seen beautifully embalmed in verse.\*

It is an extravagant story to tell incredulous Anglo-Saxons, but far less marvelous than a thousand of the legends of the Greek Church.†

A walk through the markets gave an opportunity to see some of the beautifully-tinted fishes which abound in these seas, and which furnish much of the food of the people. Here is the terrific-looking octopus, or cuttle-fish, with his long, sucker armed, snake-like rays, taken captive, hanged up by his neck, ignominiously exposed to the public gaze. The hungry natives will eat him, and even now the fat is boiling in a pan in the little shop hard by, which is to fry him brown.

There are piles of dried sepia offered for sale, which look far from tempting to occidental eyes. Yonder is another tray of dried sea things, which have the look of sea-cucumbers (*Holothuria*), and a basket of brilliant purple sea-urchins (*Echinus*), which a man is opening and evidently preparing for food. He takes off the upper part of the shell, which contains the curious, valve-like mouth, scoops out the digestive and reproductive apparatus, exposing the red, muscular part of the creature, which forms a star in the bottom of the shell. Then there are various familiar-looking little bivalves (muscles and cockles), such as are common on our own shores, awaiting purchasers, and among them we recognize the oyster, so great a favorite on the well-laden tables of our own land.

And now we pass through the fruit and vegetable market, and admire the giant cauliflowers, the delicate, crisp salads and radishes, the fresh oranges adorned with their leaves, the figs strung upon rushes, the semi-transparent raisins, and the wealth of nuts, displayed.

Wandering along the ancient streets, numerous evidences of Venetian dominion are

to be observed, and the lion of St. Mark yet adorns many of the old buildings. Money-changers, with their little tables, sit in the public ways, after the oriental fashion, and will, if we desire, give us Greek or Italian paper money for our gold. This is a desirable change, as a paper franc will buy as much as a silver one, and a twenty-franc note pays a hotel bill just as well as a gold Napoleon, while gold is at eight per cent. premium.

In company with our fellow-travelers, we spent an afternoon most pleasantly driving westward from the city on the fine highway called the Santa Decca road. Gardens, cultivated fields, groves of oranges, lemons and of fig-trees—everything which a semi-tropical clime and a most fertile soil can develop—has enriched this favored isle; while flowers of great beauty are crowding every available space with their gracious presence.

Noble anemones, only less splendid than those of Attica, a wealth of crimson-tipped daisies, a fine dwarf iris, crocuses in profusion, fragrant violets, hedges of rose-trees, in full bloom, and a host of unfamiliar children of Flora, smile gaily at us as we speed by them. Pretty little boys and girls run after us with handsome, tiny bouquets, which they hope to sell, and very soon we are decked with clusters of the flowers of Corfu.

And now we begin to mount the hills, and the view of the Albanian mountains, of the radiant seas, and of the hills and dales of this fair island, becomes of surpassing beauty and interest. Olive-trees, not the gnarled and stunted little creatures so often seen, but great, majestic forest kings, are richly laden with the dark, ripened fruit. It is said that the crop of olives this season is so great in Corfu that the people find it impossible to gather them all, and they are falling to waste on the hillsides. But a great number of women and children are out to-day harvesting them, and the varied and graceful costumes, the healthy, happy, smiling faces, make pretty pictures by the wayside. The steep hills are terraced, and planted with vines, among which men are at work with the mattock loosening the soil, and heaping it in such a way that the rain is detained and forced to sink down to the roots of the vines. The pruning-knife is busy, too, and every shoot is lopped off, leaving the heavy, gnarled stem, not over two feet high, to renew itself as best it may. Tall, columnar cypress-trees give an agreeable variety to the scene, waving gracefully when the strong breeze sweeps by them.

At a little village, called, I think, Pillika, our carriages stop, and we climb to the heights above and have a general, comprehensive view of the island of Corfu.

\* In the *Atlantic Monthly*, several years ago.

† At the request of our European Correspondent, we print the legend in our poetry column.

"Spread like a shield upon the dark-blue sea."

It is about forty miles in its greatest extent, and varies in breadth from seventeen to two miles, and has a very irregular outline and surface. To the northward is a group of mountains, called St. Salvador, which rise to a height of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea, and here, we learn, has been discovered a quarry of fine marble.

It is a delightful experience to stand aloft this glorious day and see how very fair the earth and sea, and overarching dome of sky can be in this beautiful place, but I must not weary the reader with tedious description.

We descend from the rocky summit of the isle, resume our carriages and are driven rapidly homeward along the descending way which zigzags scientifically to the plain, and are soon again in the city and at our hotel.

The next day (the 12th) we drive to the point called the One-gun Battery, where, it is said, all the beauty and fashion of the city assemble on fine evenings. The battery is erected on an abrupt precipice, overhanging the sea, which is here admitted by a strait into a little lake. "In the centre of this strait" I read, "is one of the islands which claims to be what is called the 'Sail of Ulysses,' in allusion to the galley which, on her return from having conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca, was overtaken by the vengeance of Neptune, and petrified within sight of the port."

"Swift as the swallow sweeps the liquid way,  
The winged pinnacle shot along the sea;  
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,  
And roots her down on everlasting rock."

On the morrow arrives the Austrian Lloyd steamer, *America*, which is to bear us across the mouth of the Adriatic to Brindisi, in Italy, and away we go at eventide northward past

"The thunder cliffs of fear,  
The Acro-ceraunian mountains of old fame,"

past the island heights of St. Salvador, and into the rolling sea again.

The next morning finds us anchored in front of Brindisi, the ancient Brundisium, the place where Virgil died, B. C. 19, where we land, present ourselves to pleasant custom-house officers, and are made cordially welcome to the Kingdom of Italy. A friend points out to me the house where Virgil died, and a memorial pillar erected to the poet's fame; but we have no time to linger, for the train to Naples is nearly ready, and we speed away up the coast of the Adriatic. It is a dull, cloudy day, but we appreciate that we are passing through a fertile, smiling land of vineyards, olive-trees, and almond plantations, all bursting into snowy bloom.

Ever and anon we pass by villages, towns and cities, almost all memorable in the annals of Italy, pausing near mid-day at Bari, a seaport, with 50,000 inhabitants. Here we lunch hastily, meditating on the fact that this is the ancient Barium of Apulia, the seat of one of the most ancient Christian bishoprics in Italy, and often mentioned in mediæval story as the scene of conflicts between Saracens, Greeks, Normans, &c.

Foggia, the most northerly point on the road, is reached at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and here we rest half an hour. We are now in the centre of the great Apulian plain, in which, it is stated, four and a half millions of sheep found pasturage at the close of the sixteenth century. Owing to the advancement of agriculture, the number has now decreased to less than half a million.

Day declines, when we resume our journey, turning now to the southwest, and it is a matter of real regret, that our first introduction to the Apennines, is by the dim twilight of a cloudy day, and by the uncertain light of a young moon, veiled with mist. Over bridges and through tunnels we thunder onward and upward, dimly conscious of overhanging heights, of roaring torrents, and of abysmal depths.

At length, between stations Ariano and Starza, the waters shed between the Tyrrhenian sea, and the Adriatic is passed, and we descend through tunnels, and along river valleys, pausing a little at the important town of Benevento, the Beneventum of the ancients, once a station on the Via Appia. The road now follows the left bank of the Calore, but the clouds have grown so heavy that all observation ceases. A dreamy interval ensues, from which we are aroused about 10 o'clock by the cheerful cry, "*Napoli.*" S. R.

*Third month 14th, 1875.*

WEARINESS CAN snore upon the flint,  
When rusty sloth finds the downy pillow hard.

PEOPLE have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down that confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even where there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than to condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them.



## DE SPIRIDIONE EPISCOPO.

This is the story of Spiridion,  
Bishop of Cyprus by the grace of God,  
Told by Rufinus in his history.

A fair and stately lady was Irene,  
Spiridion's daughter, and in all the isle  
Was none so proud; if that indeed be pride,  
The haughty conscience of great truthfulness,  
Which makes the spirit faithful unto death,  
And martyrdom itself a little thing.

There came a stranger to Spiridion,  
A wealthy merchant from the Syrian land,  
Who, greeting, said: "Good father, I have here  
A golden casket filled with Roman coin  
And Eastern gems of cost uncountable.  
Great are the dangers of the rocky road,  
False as a serpent is the purple sea,  
And he who carries wealth in foreign lands  
Carries his death, too often, near his heart,  
And finds life's poison where he hoped to find  
Against its pains a pleasant antidote.  
I pray you, keep for me these gems in trust,  
And give them to me when I come again."

Spiridion listened with a friendly smile,  
And answered thus the dark-browed Syrian:  
"Here is a better guardian of gold,—  
My daughter, sir. The people of the coast  
Are wont to say that, if she broke her faith,  
Silver and gold themselves would lose their shine.  
She is our island's trusty treasurer."  
"Then," said the Syrian, "she shall be mine  
As well as theirs,"—and saying this he gave  
The casket with the jewels to her hand.

Right earnestly the lady answered him,  
As one who slowly turns some curious thought:  
"Sir, you have called this treasure *life and death*,  
Which in your Eastern lore, as I have read,  
Is the symbolic phrase of Deity,  
And the most potent phrase to sway the world.  
With life to death I'll guard the gems for you,  
And dead or living give them back again."

Now while the merchant went to distant Rome  
The fair Irené died a sudden death,  
And all the land went mourning for the maid,  
And on the roads and in the palaces  
Was one long wail for her by night and day.  
While thus they grieved, the Syrian came again,  
And, after fit delay, in proper time  
Went to the father, to Spiridion,  
Condoling with him on his daughter's death  
In many a sad and gentle Eastern phrase,  
Deep tintured with a strange philosophy.

Now when they had awhile consumed their grief  
Outspoke the Bishop: "Syrian, it is well  
If this sad death be not more sad for us,  
And most especially more sad for thee,  
Than thou hast dreamed of." Here he checked his  
speech,  
And then, as if in utter agony,  
Burst forth with—"She is gone! and all thy store,  
It too is gone: she only upon earth  
Knew were 't was hidden,—and she trusted none.  
O God, be merciful! What shall I do?"

Then on him gravely looked the Syrian  
With grand, calm mien, as almost pitying,  
And said: "O father, can this be thy faith?  
Man of the West, how little didst thou know  
The wondrous nature of that girl now dead.

Hast thou ne'er heard that they who once become  
Faithful to death are masters over death?  
And here and there on earth a woman lives  
Whose eyes proclaim the mighty victory won.  
Give me thy hand and lead me to the bier:  
Thou know'st it is not all of death to die."

He took his hand and led him to the bier,  
And they beheld the Beautiful in Death,  
The perfect loveliness of Grecian form  
Inspired by Egypt's solemn mystery.  
A single pause in the eternity,  
The Present, Past, and Future all in one.

Awhile they stood and gazed upon the Dead,  
And then Spiridion spoke, as one inspired:  
"O God! thou wert our witness—make it known!"  
He paused in solemn awe, for at the word  
There came an awful sign. The dead white hand  
Was lifted, and Irené's eyes unclosed,  
Beaming with light as only angels' beam,  
And from the cold white lips there came a voice:  
"*The gems lie hidden in the garden wall.*  
*God bless thee, father, for thy constant love!*  
*God bless thee, Syrian, for thy faith in me!*"

This is the story of Spiridion,  
And of his daughter, faithful unto death.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

From the Popular Science Monthly.

## APOPLEXY.

BY J. B. BLACK, M. D.

If there is any one disease that the diligent brain-worker, a little past middle life, has reason to fear, it is apoplexy. Although statistical evidence is wanting, the experience of the physician confirms the popular belief that more of our distinguished men are carried off by this disease, or by one of its sequels, paralysis, than by any other cause. The influences which tend to produce such a result, and the best means of avoiding them, are the objects we propose briefly to discuss.

A middle-aged physician said one day to the writer: "As I was walking down the street after dinner I felt a shock in the back of my head, as if some one had struck me; I have not felt well since. I fear I shall die, just as all my ancestors have, of paralysis. What shall I do?" The answer was, "Diminish the tension on the blood-vessels, and there need be no fear of tearing them in a weak place." Now, this expresses in plain terms the exact cause of apoplexy in the great majority of instances; and it is one, too, which every one has it in his power to prevent. A blood-vessel of the brain, from causes which will presently be mentioned, has lost some of its elastic strength; food is abundant, digestion is good; blood is made in abundance, but little is worked off by exercise; the tension on every artery and vein is at a maximum rate; the even, circuitous flow is temporarily impeded at some point, throwing a dangerous pressure on another; the vessel which has lost its elastic strength gives way, blood is

poured out, a clot is formed, which, by its pressure on the brain, produces complete unconsciousness. This is the apoplectic stroke. It will be perceived that there are two leading conditions upon which the production of the stroke depends: a lessened strength in the vessel, and an increased tension on it.

There are no vessels carrying blood to and from the various organs of the body which so frequently rupture as those in the brain. The causes that produce this result are the fatty degeneracy of the middle arterial coat of the cerebral vessels, whereby their elastic strength is much impaired, the great irregularity of blood distribution to the contents of the cranium, and the little support which the pulpy substance of the brain gives to the weakened vessels imbedded in it.

The forms of degeneracy that are found in the arteries of the brain are the fatty and the calcareous. The microscope has made some startling revelations on this fatty decay. The strong, elastic fibres that should make up the substance of the middle arterial coat, are, in places here and there, no longer to be seen, their place being occupied by fatty globules, which have very little resisting power to a disturbing force.

The chief causes which produce this structural change are the habitual use of ardent spirits and tobacco. Every one is aware that the leading effects of these agents on the body are such as show that the functions of the nervous system are more affected than any other; and the physician also knows that, when symptoms of disorder arise from their use, they are such as denote that the nervous system is almost alone implicated. Delirium tremens, insomnia, tremulous hands, and nervous headaches are some of the characteristic effects of the habitual use of stimulants and narcotics.

Ardent spirits also tend to produce an overfullness of the cerebral vessels, and to affect the functions of the brain in a manner which strangely blends stupidity, brightness and exhilaration. Effects so unnatural, and so frequently ending in disease, influence injuriously the nutrition of the nervous centers. And to interfere with the nutrition of any part of the body is simply to impair the life and power of its structure. The evidences of this impairment may not be felt immediately. In fact, the evidences of impairment by any bad habit are seldom apparent during the prime of youthful vigor. But the mischief is going on nevertheless, and the organ upon which the weight of infringement falls will be the one that will first manifest signs of disease, and through which death will make its conquest over the body.

Besides this weakening of the vessels upon

which the strong impulse of blood from the heart falls at the rate of sixty times a minute, and the very little external support such defective vessels receive from the soft and pulpy brain, there is another source of danger by a break, in the extraordinary ebbs and tides of blood to which the contents of the cranium are subject. During sleep the brain is almost bloodless; its substance seems to shrink into a lifeless mass; but the moment that wakefulness occurs it swells out, gets red, its arteries and veins becoming distended with a great tide of blood. No other part of the body is subject to such droughts and floods in its blood-circulation. This inequality is yet further increased by severe mind-labor. The ardent student is well aware that deep thought heats the head and cools the feet. The brain is then receiving more than an ordinary supply of blood and the feet less.

The first apoplectic stroke, as a rule, is not a severe one. Sometimes the condition of the cerebral circulation is simply that of active congestion; but more commonly a little blood escapes by a tiny vent, the shock to the system slows and enfeebles the action of the heart, the distention of the ruptured vessel is thus lessened, the escape of blood ceases, and Nature, by means of a slight inflammation, heals the part torn, and in due time removes the blood-clot by absorption.

Those who have a family tendency to apoplexy and are desirous to escape it, will, of course, avoid all the causes above referred to, especially those which tend to destroy the elasticity and strength of the blood-channels in the brain, or, in other words, to weaken the structure and life of those parts. But suppose, as is too often the case, that the very sort of life has been led and the very habits indulged in which are most likely to produce a weakness and fragility in the coats of the vessels of the brain. What is to be done? *Clearly to diminish and keep the tension on these vessels by the blood at a low rate all the time.* As remarked at the commencement of this article, this is fully in our power by cutting off the supplies. A prudent fire engineer, when his water-hose are old and weak, would not try to force as much water as he could into them. No; to prevent a rupture he would work them at a low pressure. But men seldom think of carrying out the same simple mechanical principle when there is reason to believe that the vessels of the brain are getting weak and brittle. They eat and drink just as much as they feel inclined to, and sometimes a little more. With a good digestion, nearly all they consume is converted into blood, to the yet further distention of vessels already over-distended. This high-



pressure style of living produces high-pressure results.

A not uncommon condition of the arteries of the brain, especially at its base, in those far advanced in years, is the displacement in places of the middle coat by lime-particles, which, of course, renders them easily torn. So far as known this condition is incurable, as well as unpreventable. It is one of the changes of structure incident to very old age. The only measure that can be relied upon to prevent a rupture under such conditions is to be cautious about distending them with blood. This is, in fact, the great fundamental principle of prevention when the vessels of the brain are weak from any cause.

To effect this, certain regulations in eating and drinking are far better preventives than any medicine, or even occasional bleedings. The latter method is particularly unsafe. After bleeding from the arm, new blood is often made more rapidly than under other circumstances, and so may become, before a person is well aware of it, very abundant, with a dangerous pressure on the weak vessels. The subject of such a practice is very apt to rely on the abstraction of blood for safety, and take no care otherwise of himself. Besides, he has no accurate means of knowing when the pressure of the blood is becoming dangerously great. The periodical bleeding from piles is a very different matter. They often act as a safety valve to the high pressure from within, and regulate themselves on mechanical principles. Full-blooded persons, past middle life, and with a predisposition to apoplexy, should never try to remove such a safety-valve.

As soon as old age puts a decided check on the amount of daily exercise, it is time to put a decided check on the amount of food daily consumed. If the supply of new matter is greater than the waste of the old, an accumulation of surplus blood must be the result. The principle is an important one, yet it is little known and less practised. Men well past middle life, who do not exercise half as much as in their younger years, often eat as freely of highly-nutritious food as they ever did. Such a course is very dangerous. The tension on the vascular system must not be increased, but diminished, if the risk of an apoplectic stroke would be avoided.

The kind of food best adapted to keep down superfluous blood is the vegetable. Animal food makes blood with dangerous rapidity, nearly all its substance dissolving for this purpose in the stomach. Laboring-men, however, may eat of animal food in moderation, as the exercise of their muscles wastes their substance largely, requiring a

good deal of blood to make up for the wear.

The amount of vegetable food should not be so great as in middle life. The true rule is, not to eat to entire satiety. Even those of younger years and sedentary habits will feel lighter and better in every way by leaving the table a little hungry.

All strong liquors are unsuited to those with an apoplectic tendency. One of their prominent effects, as we have seen, is to cause a degeneration in the coating of the blood-vessels, and another is to move more blood than ordinary upon the brain.

## NOTICES.

ALMANAC FOR 1876.

In order to have the Almanac issued in time for the fall Yearly Meetings, it will be necessary that Friends forward *at once* any changes in times or places of holding Friends' meetings, any change in correspondents, Circular Meetings, or other information for insertion therein, directed to Friends' Book Association, 706 Arch street, Philadelphia.

## CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Seventh mo. 18th, Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " " " Woodstown, N. J., 10½ A. M.  
 " " " Penn's Neck, N. J., 3 P. M.  
 " " 25th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.  
 " " " Mullica Hill, N. J., 10 A. M.  
 Eighth mo. 1st, Darby, Pa., 3 P. M.  
 " " " Upper Greenwich, 10 A. M.  
 " " " Woodbury, 3 P. M.

## ITEMS.

FOREIGN POSTAGE.—On the 1st of this month new rates of foreign postage went into effect. We have condensed in the table below the rates upon letters, postal cards and newspapers to all the countries of Europe, and also Egypt and Liberia:

Countries.	Letters per ½ ounce.	Postal Cards each.	Registra- tion fee on Letters.	Newspaper Postage per 4 oz.
	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.
Austria.....	5	2	10	2
Belgium.....	5	2	10	2
Denmark.....	5	2	10	2
Egypt.....	5	2	10	2
France.....	9	..	10	3
Germany.....	5	2	10	2
Gibraltar.....	8	..	10	4
Great Britain and Ireland	5	2	10	2
Greece.....	5	2	10	2
Holland.....	5	2	10	2
Italy.....	5	2	10	2
Liberia.....	15	..	10	4
Moldavia.....	5	2	10	2
Netherlands...	5	2	10	2
Norway.....	5	2	10	2
Poland.....	5	2	10	2
Portugal.....	5	2	10	2
Rus-sia.....	5	2	10	2
Servia.....	5	2	10	2
Spain.....	12	2	10	2
Sweden.....	5	2	10	2
Switzerland....	5	2	10	2
Turkey.....	5	2	10	2
Wallachia.....	5	2	10	2

Prepayment optional in every case, and the postage above given carries the mail matter to destination. Postal cards are not available for France, Gibraltar or Liberia.—*Public Ledger*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 24, 1875.

No. 22

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 323.)

"Seventh month 24th, 1870.—Cape May. I attended a little meeting of Friends at a cottage. After the reading of the Bible, there was a long silence. Then I arose with the language of Paul as expressive of a truth, in which, no doubt, all believed, 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he has built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.'

"I said that there are many professed Christians building upon the name of Christ, but whose building will not stand the test of fire. We find the proof of this in the fact that their religion does not bring them into harmony with one another; but, on the contrary, engages them in conflict, each judging and condemning each other for differences of religious theories. *Believers* in Christ, whose building would stand the fire, must assimilate. The more we rest upon Christ in the heart,

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bringing all our powers into subjection to His holy spirit, the less there will be of self-righteousness. My desire was that we might all be engaged in building that which will endure the fire and bring us the reward. Jesus taught this in His sermon on the Mount, when He said, 'He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them is like the man who built upon the rock,' etc., 'and he that heareth and doeth not is as the man who built upon the sand.' I endeavored to show what I most emphatically believe, that the Gospel of Christ is doing *the will of God*, which is even the same as *the precepts of Christ*.

"I find I have omitted noting, in this poorly-kept journal of a busy life, a delightful occurrence which took place a few weeks since. My daughter invited to dinner a party of our dear aged women Friends. I stole the time from the city to be with them. They were fine spirits, chastened by the Father's hand, 'redeemed from the powers of the world, resting on the banks of the river,' ready for the call to the brighter shore, yet with hearts to enjoy here all the rich blessings of our Father's love. There were eight in all, and three were over eighty. At each plate at table was placed a small bouquet of rosebuds and forget-me-nots attached to a card, with the name of the receiver, and a beautifully appropriate inscription, having reference to the character of each. They, as well



as we, were charmed with the success of the design, and it has left a sweet remembrance that will not pass away.

"I have just received a satisfactory letter from dear B. H., dated Washington, which states everything is working well and promptly there with regard to our Friends and the Indians. I have received interesting letters from my dear friend S. M. Janney, also, from Edward Painter and Albert L. Green. All express satisfaction with the sacrifice they have made, and hope to do good in their respective positions. May He who has touched their hearts with His inspiring love, keep them as in the hollow of His holy hand, and, by the same eternal power, draw into the bond of unison the hearts of His poor children, our red brethren. May the power of love be conspicuously shown in this remarkable event in our nation's history.

"*Ninth month 29th.*—Seventh-day attended select Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Indiana. A pleasant session. In the evening at First-day School Conference. It was well attended, giving evidence of a lively interest in the welfare of the children of our Society.

"At First day school before meeting. About sixty children, and one hundred and fifty visitors. I was deeply interested in beholding the engagement of mind in those employed in the various classes. Bible classes for the men and women, including the aged amongst them, to the infant classes. One spirit seemed to pervade all. I had an opportunity of conversing with one class of bright boys upon the value of a pure and holy life, which they appeared well to understand. Told them of a dear child of thirteen years, who was dying of consumption, and having been taught to believe that she was a sinner, feared she should not get to heaven. One night she was shown in a vision that the angels of heaven were clothed in robes of spotless white, and that her garments being of the same character she should enter and dwell with them. This gave her great joy, and dispelled the gloomy thoughts engendered by improper teaching. She asked forgiveness for everything that she had done wrong, and was now an humble child of God, and numbered daily her blessings, of which she felt very unworthy. From this I endeavored to show that a pure life was acceptable to God, and in the hour of death gave sweet peace to the soul. 'The pure in heart shall see God.'

"From school to meeting, where I was bowed at the throne of grace in, I trust, humble supplication to our Father in Heaven for His blessing upon us. Several communications of excellent character followed.

"In the afternoon at 3 o'clock at meeting again. These meetings were largely attended

by our own and Orthodox Friends, as well as people of other denominations. 'The truth as it is in Jesus' came before me. I arose with this text, and according to the ability given labored for the cause and the testimony, endeavoring to show how this, rightly understood, will lead from all sectarian prejudices, and clothing the mind with charity, which is the love of God, will of necessity lead all who possess the Spirit of Christ into the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace, putting an end to all contentions amongst professing Christians if they are truly in possession of this saving power of Christ within them. I was led to comment upon the extravagance in the erection of places of religious worship, called the houses of God, and the sale of seats therein for Mammon, as incompatible with the Gospel of the Lamb of God, and unworthy His disciples. So far as these costly temples which are throughout the land are the fruits of the pride and ambition of man, they are an abomination in the Divine sight. The great God is not to be worshipped with man's hands. No temple is His holy place, but the temple of the heart. 'Where is the house ye would build unto Me, and where is the place of My rest,' &c. 'To that man will I look who is of a humble and contrite spirit and that trembles at My word.'

"I have no objection whatever to places of worship with every comfort and convenience that is really necessary, but beyond this, the money expended may find a better use in ministering to the wants of the poor and suffering. Our testimony to a free gospel ministry, and to the usefulness of women in the ministry of Christ was, I trust, clearly and thoroughly upheld.

"This meeting was one of deep interest to me, and I humbly trust truth reigned and all were encouraged to seek for and dwell in the one great Almighty Power which is the alone source. The same manifest to the Jews in the flesh, and which is now seeking admittance into the hearts of the children of men—even Jesus Christ in His spiritual appearance, and whom as we accept Him, being cleansed and purified from self, knowing self nailed to the Cross, dead and buried, and Christ to be our resurrection and our life, rising into dominion, sanctifying every power God has given unto us, we shall find the true atonement to consist in thus being made at one with God through Christ.

"Was that evening introduced at a friend's house to one of the ministers of the Orthodox Meeting. He was kind and cordial, and gave us an invitation to visit Earlham College, of which he is President. In the evening was at a religious meeting held by permission at the meeting house. There has been in this

vicinity, what I think, may in reality be called a religious revival of no ordinary character, and with remarkable results. A number of our Friends and others have been led quietly to gather at each others' houses Fifth and First-day evenings for the purpose of social, religious worship, thus maintaining the great testimony of approaching God in the silence of all flesh. There are various other meetings amongst those of other denominations, but which, like those of our people, are open to all, and, I believe, all are alike useful. They harmonize in desiring good for all, and do not permit difference of religious training to lead into conflict of opinions, all agreeing in one thing, doing good to the poor and the outcast, seeking to save that which was lost.

"This Yearly Meeting, held at Richmond, has been of a highly interesting character. Its sessions closed on Fifth-day. We concluded to stay over First-day. During the week we visited, Third-day morning, Earlham College, where we were kindly received. It is an excellent institution, I doubt not, and of great value amongst the Friends who control it. The same day attended the funeral of a dear aged friend, who met her death by being precipitated into a cistern. It was a solemn time—my soul was led into baptism with the sorrowing children and grandchildren. Her life had been one of great trial and affliction, and now, I trust, she is enjoying her good things.

"*First-day*, although the day of the great meeting of the Orthodox Friends, it being their Yearly Meeting, our meeting was largely attended, and it was a solemn and interesting occasion. One Friend opened his lips in public testimony, the first time, with the beautiful language of David, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart, be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer!'

"I was led to relieve my mind of the exercise attending it with much satisfaction. Amos Jones also had an opportunity to convey his feelings fully. Several other communications, and the meeting closed well.

"In the evening were at our home at B. S's, where the social religious meeting was held. The parlors were filled. It was a solemn and precious opportunity, after which we had a general leave-taking of our dear friends. We shall not soon forget Richmond and the many warm, sincere hearts that there throb in unison with ours.

(To be continued.)

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life, are caused by our standing in our light.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

# PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST-DAY SCHOOL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

(Concluded from page 327.)

FROM THE FREEDMEN.

"MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C.

"The people here have erected a neat, little frame meeting-house, by contributions of ten cents, as they could spare the sum. In this building the school assembles—about fifty in number, every First-day morning. We have tried this year to throw some of the responsibility of conducting the exercises upon the older scholars. In this we have had some success and hope some improvement. The scholars who attend day-school most regularly are our best in the First-day school, and with them there is advancement enough to make interesting classes. The poverty of the community (caused by a late frost which destroyed the crop of early vegetables) makes the attendance somewhat smaller, these people imbibing the feeling, too prevalent in all society, that one must be *finely dressed* to appear in public.

"One of the teachers here conducts a Bible class on First-day afternoons, that gathers in the scholars and older persons in the village; so I think we can report that due efforts are being made for the cultivation of the mind on First-day as well as on other days of the week.

"For the information of those not acquainted with this Mount Pleasant school I might say, it was established about nine years ago, and is supported, for the benefit of the Freedmen, by Friends of Philadelphia. The village is opposite the city of Charleston.

"C. HANCOCK.

"Sixth month 4, 1875."

FROM INDIANA.

This report did not arrive in time to be read at the meeting of the General Conference.

"To the General Conference:

"During the last year the schools within Indiana Yearly Meeting have changed but little in number or attendance.

"We have reports from most of our schools, but some of the most distant (300 miles away) have failed to reach us in time for this report.

"There appears to be fourteen schools in session, with an average attendance of 476 scholars, 58 teachers and 75 visitors—making a total of 609.

"In number of schools, we have lost two and gained one, not including one mixed or union school in Kansas, one reading circle, nor the school among the Indians under our care.



"There are six neighborhoods where we have meetings, but without schools, owing to the prejudices of some influential Friends there residing, and the hesitancy of others to engage in the work unless it can go forward in the unity; still others we fear are apathetic both in regard to meetings and schools.

"On the other hand we are able to observe a growth and life in many of our workers and attendants which are fairly the result of the Father's blessing upon His laborers. We have nothing to boast of, for all belongs to Him; yet we feel sure of our penny, and are cheered in our efforts, knowing of and hearing the sound of toil in other fields like our own.

"We therefore send you greeting and a brotherly All hail! hoping the session of the Conference may be a spiritual feast to all who are able to be in attendance.

"On behalf of Indiana First-day School Association, WM. C. STARR,  
"Clerk."

Verbal reports were made by Friends who have engaged in First-day schools at Scipio, South Farmington and Mendon, N. Y., also of the schools at Bloomfield and West Lake, Ontario, all of which were particularly interesting, and gave assurance of a greater regard on the part of the young for our meetings, and interest in the affairs of the Society. It is believed that a closer unity of feeling between the younger members and those who have been accustomed to take the more active part in our religious Society is manifest, and all are awakening to a fuller sense of the responsibility that rests upon them.

As near as can be condensed from the written and verbal reports, there are within the several Yearly Meetings 138 First day schools and eight reading or Bible classes, with 749 teachers and attended by 6,333 children, 945 adults; 15,229 volumes in the libraries; but most of the reports are more or less defective as regards these items.

Besides these there are six Mission sewing-schools and one mothers' meeting, conducted mainly by teachers or pupils connected with the First-day schools.

These are held on Seventh-day, attended by 619 children, 90 adults (the statistics of the school at Baltimore not being furnished, are therefore not included).

From three of the Indian Agencies in the Northern Superintendency four First-day schools are reported, the average of three of them being about 200.

From the Freedmen, one First-day school, attendance 50, and a Bible-class, are reported.

The minutes of the Executive Committee were read, from which the following abstract is made:

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held at Race Street Meeting-house Fifth month 8th, 1875, the Literature Committee reported that a set of texts and poetry cards had been issued since the last meeting, and are on sale at Friends' book-store, 706 Arch street, Philadelphia."

The Clerk was directed to pay over to the Treasurer the balance left of the contribution raised to publish the Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Session of the Conference.

It was decided to recommend to the approaching Conference that the next meeting be held in Philadelphia, and at some other time than during the sessions of the Yearly Meeting.

Then adjourned to meet in Pickering, Canada, at the call of the Clerk.

EMILY H. ATKINSON,  
Clerk.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held in Pickering, Canada, Sixth month 12th, 1875, a general invitation had been extended to all who were in attendance at the Yearly Meeting and desired information, to meet with the Executive Committee.

A large number was present, and manifested much interest in the proceedings and the explanations given.

The Clerk being absent, L. J. Roberts was appointed to serve the meeting. Seven members answered to their names. Sufficient reasons for the absence of a number were given.

Several persons not hitherto uniting with the First-day school movement spoke of the interest the occasion had awakened in their minds. Those who were doubtful of the effort were exhorted to meet with Friends proposing to start schools; the care and caution of such would act as balance-wheels and keep the working force in order. If it is entered upon with right motives, there is little to fear. "The First-day school is no longer an enterprise; it is an established fact, and is second to no human interest."

After an interesting and encouraging interchange of sentiments the Committee adjourned.

L. J. ROBERTS,  
Clerk.

The time for holding the next General Conference, introduced by the reading of the minutes of the Executive Committee, was considered, and, after a free expression, it was concluded to adjourn, to meet in Philadelphia, Pa., in Tenth month, 1876, the meeting to be held two or more days, and the date to be fixed by the Executive Committee so as not to interfere with any of the Yearly Meetings that assemble about that time.

The report of the Treasurer was read,



showing that there remains in his hands \$272.75; no expenses incurred since last report.

It was proposed and united with that the present Treasurer, James S. Hulme, be continued for another year, and to continue the present Executive Committee, with the addition of David S. Phillips, Stewart Brown, Susan V. Lavitts and Serena Minard, from Genesee Yearly Meeting.

No further business claiming attention, after much expression of unity with the objects of the Conference and satisfaction at having the meeting held with Genesee Yearly Meeting, and the exchange of mutual encouragement and good-will, under a precious covering of Divine favor, comparable to a "feast of fat things," the Conference adjourned, to meet next year in Philadelphia, Pa., if so permitted.

BENJ. CHASE,  
MERCY J. GRIFFITH,  
Clerks.

One other meeting of the Executive Committee was held on the 17th. Louisa J. Roberts was appointed Clerk for the year.

A communication from Philadelphia First-day School Association was offered, and read as follows:

"Philadelphia First-day School Association offers the premiums hereafter named for the best-written story of domestic life, for the use of libraries, illustrating and explaining the testimonies and principles of Friends, in language adapted to the understanding of children from ten to fifteen years of age; the story to form a 12mo volume of not less than 200 pages.

"Premium for the best, \$200; for the second best, \$100; for the third best, \$50; and for such other manuscripts as the Association may desire and retain they will pay \$25 each. Manuscripts will be examined by a competent committee. They must be sent, prior to First month 1st, 1876, to Samuel Swain, in care of Friends' Book Association, 706 Arch street, Philadelphia."

The Executive Committee approved the action of Philadelphia Association, and agreed to co-operate with it in this effort to increase our First-day school libraries.

A letter from Mary S. Lippincott, addressed to Genesee Friends, and intended to be read at the meeting of the General Conference, but arrived too late, was now read, and thought of sufficient interest to offer to the Yearly Meeting.

It was decided to offer the minutes of the proceedings of this Conference, for publication, to the editors of *Friends' Intelligencer* and the *Journal*.

Then adjourned, to meet at the call of the Clerk.

LOUISA J. ROBERTS,  
Clerk.

#### ADDRESS FROM BALTIMORE ASSOCIATION.

To the General Conference of the First-day School Association to be held at Genesee:

"DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—Although few of us, comparatively, can be 'present' with you in 'body' at your annual gathering (because of the long distance intervening), we are with you in 'spirit'; and the lively interest we feel in you, and in the important work in which we are fellow-laborers, impels us to address you at this time, and assure you of our loving remembrance and hearty sympathy.

"We have nothing new to tell you; nothing that we have done to boast of; no wise counsel to impart; but, as of old, those who loved the Lord 'spake often one to another,' and sought to 'stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance,' so we would come to you with cordial greetings and encourage you to continued faithfulness in the discharge of your high duties—for a sacred trust has been committed to your charge.

"Believing, as we do, that the First-day school, when *rightly conducted*, is a source of real and lasting good, we feel deeply interested in all that tends to the advancement of the cause, whether by awakening anew, a more earnest zeal in the hearts of those who have hitherto been lukewarm; or by cheering and strengthening those who have been long toiling, 'bearing the burden in the heat of the day.'

"Our associations we have ever found to be profitable—bringing together the earnest workers from distant parts of the Lord's great field of labor; giving opportunity for interchange of thought and feeling, and binding together with the strong tie of fraternal affection and Christian fellowship, those who have been permitted to come up to these annual solemn feasts, and share in the bounteous repasts that have, at times, been spread for their refreshment.

"May you, dear friends, at this your General Conference, be partakers of this blessing; may you know your faith to be increased, and your hearts cheered and strengthened, especially those of you in remote and secluded places, who have felt almost as if 'treading the wine-press alone,' receiving but little outside aid or encouragement, and who, at times, have been ready to question whether you should ever see any good result from your labors. May you return to your homes strong in faith and trust, nerved to toil with renewed vigor; sowing in hope, assured that you *shall reap*, if you faint not.

"Dear fellow-teachers, your work is a responsible one. Of yourselves you can do nothing; it is only as you are taught of the Lord that you can teach the little ones; only



as you clasp His guiding hand can you bring back the lambs of the flock from their wanderings, and gather them into the safe fold of rest and peace, or lead them to the 'green pastures' where 'the 'still waters' flow. The work is the Lord's—from Him 'cometh every good gift'—and He alone can qualify you rightly to discharge the duties devolving upon you.

"He has manifested His loving favor, by putting it into your hearts to engage in this service, making you willing to take up the cross of self-denial, to spend and be spent for others, for His name's sake; see that you render Him not only *willing*, but *efficient*, service.

"Seek earnestly for help and strength from above, so that you may show by your daily life and conversation that you have learned in the 'school of Christ,' teaching by example as well as precept, and keeping yourselves 'unspotted from the world.' Pray that you may be duly qualified for your work—that you may receive an 'unction from the Holy One;' so that, endued with wisdom from above, you may *divine*, in some degree, the spiritual needs of those committed to your charge, and be furnished with the ability to 'speak the word in season,' and out of your abundance to minister to their necessities.

"So may you fill up the measure of duty, and know your work 'owned of the Lord,' confident that whether or not you are permitted to see the good you have accomplished, your reward is *sure*; and the bread you have, in *faith*, 'cast upon the waters' will bring forth an abundant harvest to the honor and glory of the Great Husbandman in whose service ye have sought to labor.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and ever."

"May we with you, dear fellow-teachers, know this blessing to rest upon our efforts; and while we gratefully acknowledge the favors received in the past, from the bounteous hand of a gracious Father, let us humbly ask not only a *continuance* of these favors, but that He will make us even *more* faithful stewards of the treasures committed to our keeping, and pour out His blessings upon us in yet fuller measure.

"With renewed salutations of love, we remain your friends.

"Signed by direction and on behalf of  
Baltimore Yearly Meeting First-day School  
Association.

"EDWIN BLACKBURN,

LYDIA C. STABLER,

"Clerks.

'Baltimore, Third mo. 8th, 1785.'

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### PHYSIOLOGY AND THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

I cannot refrain from expressing my entire unity with the sentiments of J. H. J. "On the Educational Subject," published in last week's *Intelligencer*, inasmuch as they express the views I have so long entertained, that "the care of health, the formation of correct personal habits, and of sound morals—all being dependent upon a knowledge of physiology, and the laws governing the human organism—are of too great importance to be omitted or crowded into the background to give place to other branches of school study of less *practical* value."

We often hear it remarked that the present generation is far inferior in point of physical endurance and power of resisting disease to that which has preceded it; and we may well pause and ask ourselves the cause of this physical degeneration.

In an era marked by the greatest advancement in the arts and sciences, and in the knowledge of those phenomena of Nature which point out to us the wondrous workings of the Divine laws of creation, we might suppose the *laws of health* would be most frequently studied and closely applied, so that, with an increase of happiness which a higher education brings, we might have also added greater health and increased longevity; but it is evident that the opposite of this is true.

There is a great thirst for knowledge, but that knowledge which is of most benefit to the human family has been already too long withheld. Those who, from their tender and sympathetic natures, must be ever called upon to nurse the sick and rear the young, have been taught too little of the laws of health and disease.

Is it not lamentable that the knowledge the young mother acquires in nursing the sick or providing for her tender offspring has often to be obtained through mistakes and errors unwittingly made? so that, as she wonders all alone amid the mazes of uncertainty and doubt, separated from those to whom she would fain flee for council, her arms at times fall powerless, as it were, amid the heart-aches that surround her when those most near and dear to her call loudest for her aid.

With a better understanding of physiology and the laws of health, many of the excesses that are carrying numberless victims to premature graves, would be avoided.

Show the young man, by the aid of diagrams, the effect alcoholic liquors have upon the delicate mucous membrane of the stomach—how it becomes red, inflamed, congested and destroyed, and you leave an impression that will remain long after the remembrance

of the most eloquent moral lecture on temperance has faded from memory. In the same way, when we explain to the young the processes of digestion, the influence the nervous system has over the functions in health and disease, the reason why warmth, cleanliness and fresh air are absolutely necessary, they will see that it is "no real sacrifice or act of penance to obey the Creator's laws, but, on the contrary, that their observance leads in the pathway of surest gain in physical comfort and elevating enjoyment through all time." B. S. BETTS.

THE world is inexorably conditioned, and conditions us; and we sometimes weary of our estate and pine as in bondage. The homesick soul demands its release. Oh, that we had wings to lift us above the confining tasks and drudgery of life! The only way to escape this bondage is to give ourselves to it with mind and heart; to find our life in our task, our freedom in our obligations; to make our good-will as broad as our necessity. Resist the law of duty and it galls you with an iron grip; seek to evade it, it pursues you with a merciless lash; accept it and it becomes a law of liberty.—*F. H. Hedge.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
"THE PREMIUMS."

We have been requested to insert the following explanation, in reference to "The Premiums" offered by the Philadelphia First-day School Association.—EDS.

As there appears to be some diversity of opinion in regard to the style in which the MSS. to be submitted in competition for the premiums offered by the First-day School Association are to be written, the Committee further add:

"That the MSS. must be written in good English, and in the forms of expression used by the classes of persons introduced into the narrative. If the conversations given are between Friends, the pronouns will be expected to conform to the correct usage of Friends, but not in such a manner as to bring into prominence any peculiarities, except for illustration.

"If other persons, or those who use the plural pronouns indiscriminately, are the leading characters, it follows that they be allowed to speak in the language familiar to themselves; this to include idioms and phrases in common use among the foreign element which so preponderates in the domestic service of our cities and larger towns.

"The design is to present an ideal picture of the best life as it is seen in the home circle; gathering here and there, as far as practicable,

from the real and actual, that which, when combined, shall show what may be attained, if diligently sought after, by those who meet around the same hearth stone.

"By order of the Literature Committee."

THE highest attainable knowledge is that which is rightly chosen, rightly compounded, acquired by right methods, employed to right purposes, and pervaded by the influence of the Spirit of God. The highest education is that which not only provides food for the pupil's memory, but training for his judgment, discipline for his affections, guidance for his conduct, and objects for his faith.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

NEBRASKA, Sixth month 21st, 1875.

Thine of the 11th came Seventh-day. Disaster is again upon us. The grasshoppers commenced passing north on the 16th, and continued till noon of the 17th, when a north wind, accompanied by a heavy storm, drove them back south. They lit on the south part of our settlement, destroying all the crops but grass, and have been moving steadily onward until they are now within a mile of us. We can not expect to be left alone. Our garden is now splendid. We have a great abundance of peas, and ate our first new potatoes the 18th inst. We have beets, onions, radishes, and everything else flourishing.

Ten families are reported as leaving this part of the country to day, and others will leave as soon as they can. It has been a heavy blow this time. If I had not put so much here, I would leave instanter. This country must be settled by men with capital enough to make their money out of stock-sheep, cattle and hogs. The hay crop is always a success. Peas, sugar-beets and sorghum are always to be relied upon. But woe to the man who putteth his trust in corn and small grain, for the grasshopper cometh and devours all. We propose to wait until Fall, and can probably find provisions to last till then. We will see our place safe from prairie fires and then leave for Wisconsin. If I can't follow my profession there, will work at day labor, if nothing else turns up. I cannot stay here harrassed by debt. We cannot expect to collect the money due us from last year.

We cannot look now upon our sojourn here but as a failure so far. The country and soil are all right, but unless something turns up to destroy or prevent grasshoppers, it is useless for people to think of farming here. You no doubt, have heard of the destruction



in Missouri, and in other places. It seems to be more thorough and wide spread than ever before. I am afraid it will amount to almost a famine. Grasshoppers have been increasing in numbers the past five years. I did not know anything about them in 1870 and '71, but have seen them every year increasing since. The potato-bug was not known east of here when I came. They appeared at Santee Agency, in 1871, and have steadily advanced toward the Atlantic. They do not trouble us much; we have had but a very few this year. Paris green keeps them in check.

A beautiful, but terrible water-spout passed through our settlement Sixth month 18th. We witnessed its appearance and saw it go up in a cloud about two miles from our house. We were in its track, and had it not expended our property would have shared the fate of the Episcopal Mission building, in 1870. A stable was the only thing in its track, and it was demolished.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 24, 1875.

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**MID-WEEK MEETINGS.**—In all our meetings for the transaction of business, the importance of the first Query of our Book of Discipline is acknowledged, and faithfulness in the attendance of meetings urged upon the consideration of the members. No organization can enjoy that degree of prosperity which is desirable, if those who compose it absent themselves from its stated gatherings. There must be a rallying to the standard set up—a commingling of thought and purpose, and a hearty adherence to the principles upon which the society or organization is based, if any measure of success is attained; apathy or indifference in respect to the attendance at stated times appointed by the body, is warrantable evidence that the bond of union has never been drawn close enough to bring heart and heart together.

And just here is a weakness in our religious Society. "The tie that binds" is held so loosely that comparatively few who profess its principles feel its pressure, and respond to its touch. This laxity lies very near the foundations of the Society, and is manifested in the want of an oversight, that its peculiar form of church fellowship and government does not provide for, and the unwillingness

on the part of the official members to interfere with or question the religious status of those holding the right of membership. In the entire freedom of conscience accorded to every one, the Scripture exhortation to the elders, and to those who have the care of the flock, receives less consideration than its importance deserves; and while we are trusting to the guiding hand of Infinite Wisdom to direct the steps of the inexperienced, leaving the work that He has laid upon our shoulders to be accomplished as best it may, the lambs are too often suffered to wander upon the barren mountains of an empty profession.

It is only as an individual becomes convinced of a duty or obligation, that there arises any degree of willingness to perform it, and secure that peace of mind which the soul craves. First belief, then action, is the order of life; all possible things are possible only to those who believe; there must be a consciousness of need before there is a seeking after that which will supply the want, this, the every-day life of each one clearly illustrates.

In corporations and confederations organized for profit or outward welfare, if the aim of those having the control is to adopt that form of government which will most effectually accomplish the objects sought, there will be a careful and thorough examination of every article and by-law by which it is proposed to conduct their affairs.

So, too, with the mechanisms by which our comforts and conveniences, are multiplied—every wheel and pivot—every rod and piston must be in perfect order, able to bear its due proportion of strain, and contribute its full share of power or force; if a single part fails, the whole may be thrown into the direst confusion, though that which fails may be small and insignificant.

This is true of every department in the physical world; we are constantly reminded by casualties of the most distressing character, of the necessity that exists for untiring watchfulness and attention to "the little things."

Let us bring the lessons taught by nature and art to the examination of our religious

affairs. And here we must be allowed to affirm the old, old maxim, that loses nothing with the lapse of ages, either by the researches of philologists or the investigations of philosophers, that "man is a religious being," subject in his spiritual entity to the same law of need that is observed in the outward or physical; there must be a partaking of spiritual food to nourish a spiritual existence. This, it is not denied, is freely bestowed whenever it is sought after, no matter whether the individual is alone or in the companionship of others. Our Heavenly Father is ever ready to bestow His good gifts upon His seeking children; and while His promises reach out to the solitary with offers of abundance, it stands recorded that with the smallest number—the two or three—that may gather in His name He will be there "to bless."

Our religious organization was instituted to be a blessing to the many. Its form of discipline recognizes the importance and advantage that arise from a frequent gathering, in solemn silence, in our houses set apart for public worship. It enjoins faithfulness, on the part of those who constitute a meeting, in the attendance on its appointments, thus indirectly admitting that the perpetuity of the Society depends upon the maintenance of its meetings for worship. It is the aggregation of the units that make the sum total; drop runs to drop, and so the rivulet is formed, which in turn joins with others, and flowing onward, swells into a mighty current; yet the broad river could not be what it is if the tiny globules failed to flow together.

What a lesson this for the rational, reasoning mind! How are we taught by everything that surrounds us, the strength that lies in unity! It was when gathered, *with one accord, in one place*, that the Pentecostal blessing descended upon the apostles. Do we want a share of the same holy gift? We may realize its fulfillment in our individual experiences, if we come together in the same accord.

Let all who are conscious of delinquency, and whose cravings are unsatisfied, take our Heavenly Father at His word, as uttered by the chosen One, gathering together with full purpose of heart, waiting upon Him in rever-

ent stillness; see if He will not be true to the promise, and fulfill every desire. Those who do thus meet, though but as a handful, can bear testimony that He is a covenant-keeping God; for they know of His presence in their midst, having felt the incomes of Divine love.

## DIED.

BANER.—On the 9th of Fifth month, 1875. Deborah Baner, in the 89th year of her age; a member of Greenwich Monthly Meeting, N. J.

This dear friend lived a long, useful and consistent life, her influence being great for good; and at her funeral testimonies were borne to the efficacy of such a Christian character. She was truly one of the meek, and the benediction, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," was illustrated in her case, for though not rich in this world's goods she had a sufficiency, and was able to entertain her many friends who frequently visited her. She was blessed with a kind husband and ten upright children, all of whom survived her except her husband, who died at the age of seventy-two. Through the united sympathies and concern of herself and family, the meeting familiarly known as the "Little Cape May Meeting" has been for many years sustained. Her funeral took place on the 11th of the month, and was a solemn occasion.

BARROW.—At his residence, Washington, Dutchess county, N. Y., on the 29th of Fifth month, 1875, Lawrence Barrow, in the 78th year of his age; an exemplary and valued member and elder of Nine Partners Monthly Meeting.

WHITE.—At the Giant's Causeway, Ireland, on the 24th of Sixth month, 1875, of diphtheria, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late George F. White.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 57.

(Continued from page 333.)

AT NAPLES AND POMPEII.

A moonlight ride of about twenty-five minutes from the railway station to the Hotel de Russie, over beautifully smooth streets gaily lighted, and by the curving marge of the bay in which are mirrored long lines of blazing lamps, is a pleasant introduction to the fair city of Naples. We find a welcome, though the hotel is crowded with guests, and are soon in dream-land, from which we return at the dawning to take a day of Sabbath rest in this gloriously-placed city by the sea. A long and loud salvo of artillery announces the fact that this, the 14th of March, is the birth-day of Victor Emanuel, King of United Italy, and that this is to be a day of civic and military rejoicing.

The weather is most propitious, and after breakfast we sally forth on the picturesque Strada S. Lucia, above which towers the



rocky height of Pizzofalcone. Before us is the world-famous Bay of Naples, with its mountain barriers, and beyond rises Vesuvius calmly smoky, looking as if he never would be roused to furious action, boil over with fiery wrath, and overwhelm the frightened cities, which have nestled trustingly at his awful feet.

The city of Naples lies on the northern side of the Bay, which extends for a distance of about 35 miles from its northwestern to its southeastern cape, and is separated from the open sea by the islands of Porcida and Ischia toward the north, and Capri toward the south. To the southeast of the Bay extends a mountain ridge, Monte San Angelo, a spur of the Apennines, nearly 5,000 feet in height, which is now capped with snow. Vesuvius rises from a luxuriantly-fertile plain to the east of Naples, which is said to be one of the most densely-peopled districts in the world. Naples itself is built on slight volcanic eminences, which rise from the sea in amphitheatre like form, and is divided into two unequal portions by the projecting angle of Capo di Monte, the height crowned with a royal palace just north of us, the Rock of Pizzofalcone just by us, and the narrow ridge projecting into the sea and surmounted by the Castello dell' Ora. The larger and older portion of the city lies to the east of this line, while to the west of it are many of the later improvements.

We wander along the broad and pleasant quay, and pause at length at the foot of the fortress-like rock, Pizzofalcone, to speculate upon its neat and strong casing of masonry, and the zigzagging stairway of easy incline which ascends it. It appears that, in January, 1868, a landslip destroyed many houses at the base of the promontory, and the recurrence of similar disasters has been guarded against by these strong inclined walls. Scenes of life, which are generally enacted with closed doors in ceiled houses, are here going on in the open streets. Women are dressing their long, tangled hair, regardless of public gaze, and doing all manner of household work; and children with garments so tattered and utterly inadequate that they seem almost unclad, swarm around us begging, and playing their wild antics. On the side of the quay next the sea are stalls where oysters, sea-urchins, crabs, and a variety of bi-valves not commonly used for food in other lands, are offered for sale. The Neapolitans call these creatures *frutti di mare* (fruit of the sea). To the southward, on a little island connected with the mainland by a break-water rises the Castel dell' Ova, first erected in 1154. Here Charles III of Durazzo kept Queen Johanna I a prisoner in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and here he was

himself besieged. It is now chiefly employed as a prison.

As we pass around the dividing eminence (Pizzofalcone) a powerful blast of wind disputes the passage, but we are able to stand against it, and are soon in the broad and elegant Chiaja, a long street bordering on the sea, which is accounted preferable to all other situations in Naples on account of the purity of the air and the beauty of the view. For a long distance the seaward side of the Chiaja is bordered with fine gardens, and here the beauty and fashion of Naples especially love to display themselves. Statues, fountains, trees and flowers make it a place of great charm, but the stone seats are not inviting during this weather, which has much of the sting of March. Naples is situated in latitude  $40^{\circ} 52'$ , and has a mean temperature of about  $62^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, the extreme heat of summer rarely attaining  $100^{\circ}$ , and the extreme cold of winter being  $28^{\circ}$ .

The scene upon the Chiaja to-day is varied and interesting, contrasting strongly with the sedate calm which pervades American cities on the first day of the week. Here comes a group of priests in robes ecclesiastical and broad-brimmed beaver hats, turned up in a hideous fashion. Their looks are downcast and rather stern, contrasting unfavorably with the genial, kindly bearing of the pastors of the Greek church, who mingle affectionately with the people on all occasions. Here are ladies, with fine dresses sweeping the moist earth, chatting joyously; and yonder is a group, who are evidently travelers, walking thoughtfully along, examining the statuary which adorns the place. The street is so filled with swift-moving carriages that it seems useless to endeavor to cross it, and I believe a connoisseur in such matters would see much to admire among the strong, fleet horses which are bearing Neapolitans along the Chiaja to-day. We pass a broad, tented space, where we learn there will be gymnastic sports and other amusements for the people this afternoon, in honor of the King's birthday.

King Victor has a review of the military somewhere in Naples, and bands of soldiers march with rhythmic tread toward the appointed place. It is a sad necessity, or supposed necessity, which requires Italy at this time to keep so many of her sons in military training, lest stronger nations should again put a yoke upon her neck, and sever the kindred states from one another. This land has a history which, like its volcanic hills and plains, has been chequered by many internal convulsions; and now her needs seems to be repose and the development of civilization. But the wounds left by tyranny and priest



craft heal slowly. The present government, which has the great merit of being that of her own free choice, is adopting a very wise course in endeavoring to raise the standard of national education, in using every endeavor to suppress brigandage, and in adopting such other reforms as are adapted to the advancement of the liberated and united nation.

A conspicuous feature of life in the city of Naples is said to be, love of the pleasure of the moment. The people are accounted the most joyous and the most careless, the most indolent and the most squalid of the human race, nothing permanently depressing their spirits. Their attainments in literature and the arts have not been high, though the name of Thomas Aquinas is among their philosophers, and that of Salvator Rosa, their painters.

Our second day in Naples, the 15th, was very rainy, and our only progress toward an exploration of the city, was a visit to the great Aquarium, which occupies the ground floor of an imposing edifice in the center of the garden of the Rivieri di Chiaja, and was built to furnish the scientific world with a grand zoölogical repository, and more especially to facilitate the studies of marine animals, of which the bay of Naples is full. This Aquarium surpasses in size those of Berlin, of Homburg and of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, being only exceeded by that of Brighton, England. A slight fee admits us to the presence of the strange and gorgeous creatures who luxuriate in the mild waters of the southern seas. Descending into the darkened gallery, we pause first before the compartment which is mainly devoted to the Madreporæ coral. The little orange-colored radiates are all alive, and their soft arms are seeking the nutriment which the kindly water yields them, and distributed among them to vary the society a little, are countless specimens of the more delicate sea anemones. Some of these are white and semi-transparent, some softly tinted with purple, and some are of delicate brownish hues. Their fairy arms are gently moving to and fro, and there is every appearance of their enjoyment of this tranquil life in the mimic ocean. The next compartment, marked *Actinia mesembryanthemum*, is peopled with all sizes of the sea anemones—some reaching a foot in diameter, some poetically minute, and all semi-transparent and purely tinted. They are denominated "bearded" from their long drooping rays. Here is a stout reed planted among the coral rocks, and upon it, fixed by the stem-like foot, are an uncounted multitude of lively ship barnacles, (*Lepas anatifera*) little muscle-like bivalves, with fine divided antennæ, opening and closing evermore, and gath-

ering nutriment from the water. Here, too, we find the tiny, inexpressibly delicate jelly fish (the Beroë), with which, or with one of its near kinsmen, we first made acquaintance on the coast of the island of Mount Desert, watching its fairy movements in a goblet of sea-water, and taking note of its iridescent sparkle by lamp-light one evening, and then finding it had dissolved into its original elements the next morning—nothing but clear water remaining in the glass. But this little oval mass of purest jelly is living a cheerful life in this sheltered case within the great aquarium—and I am interested to note that the colors reflected by the trembling, radiating lines which give a melon-like division to his body, are complementary—red alternating with green.

Wondrous medusæ (jelly fish), large and small, of all manner of exquisite fairy tints, enliven the upper regions of many of the tanks, and the long depending rays, armed with suckers, suggest the snake-like arms of the dread octopus (*sepiæ*, or cuttle-fish) which is stealthily uncoiling in yonder tank. His projecting eyes are gazing on us fixedly as he restlessly folds and unfolds his serpentine weapons of offence.

Farther on, in another tank, is the Gorgon coral, slenderly branching like a giant seaweed standing erect, and invested with a living film of animal existence. Some are deep orange, some bright yellow, and some have darker and graver tints. Lower down in the same tank are specimens of precious corals, pink, red and white, all alive with their radiate builders. By their side is seen the tender looking alcyonium, tube-like, with delicate suckers extended, slender-armed crinoids, spiral *Sepulæ* mounted on long flexible pillars, fishes of all rainbow hues, and of most varied forms, living in a state of ichthic enjoyment, and displaying their charms by continuous gentle movement. The electric torpedo, a broad, flat creature, is of special interest to me, but I have no chance to see any exhibition of his strange power. As we stand watching this scene of happy ocean life, this gorgeous marine landscape, a little bivalve seems to spring from his rocky bed with his investing lids slightly parted, and to fly snapping his way through the waters to another resting place. This is very lively locomotion for the tranquil cockle, and such as I have never witnessed before.

Great numbers of the sea cucumber (*Holothuria*) are seen in every attitude—lying stupidly quiescent on the floor of the mimic ocean, or erecting his sack-like body on a rock, opening his mouth and extending his alga-like rays which gather into his body the elements of growth. The crab, bearing on



his devoted back not one alone, but whole families of sea anemones, seems an overburdened creature. Here is one toiling along with seven flower animals of various sizes sitting in loving proximity on his shell. When only one lives upon a crab, this one is apt to grow mightily and increase till the poor locomotor subsides under the cruel load.

But I must hasten on and hardly mention the deep purple-tinted sea urchins, and other familiar creatures. The display is so rich and varied as to seem almost endless, but my story must have an ending.

The upper part of the building is occupied by the Laboratories, the Library, and the lodging rooms of the naturalists who direct the establishment. The founder and director of the institution is a young German, Dr. Anton Dohrn. He erected the edifice at his own expense, aided by an appropriation from the imperial government of Germany.

The municipality of Naples ceded the land for the site, and in return, if I correctly understood, will claim possession of the entire establishment after thirty years. The revenues of the Institute are all appropriated to facilitate zoological studies of every kind.

This is said to be the only establishment of the sort in existence, and surely reflects great credit on the founder.

The next day the storm having passed away, we next turned our attention to Pompeii. A railway ride of fifty minutes through the suburbs of Naples, and over a densely-peopled district by the coast of the beautiful bay of which we enjoy an ever varying prospect; through the huge lava stream of 1794, forty feet in thickness, and 2,000 in breadth; by populous towns which flourish over the ashes of past eruptions we go. At length the train stops and Pompeii is announced. We descend and a five minutes' walk brings us to the little Hotel du Soleil, whence we can look down into the wondrous disinterred city.

The Pompeii which lies before us is mentioned in history for the first time B. C. 310, but its monuments and temples prove it of much greater antiquity. It was a Greek city and became subject to Rome after the Samnite wars, and in course of time became thoroughly Romanized. It was favored by the emperors, and many of the wealthy Romans purchased estates in the vicinity. In the year A. D. 63, an earthquake occurred which ruined the greater part of Pompeii, destroying its temples, colonnades, theatres, and private houses; but the town was soon rebuilt in a style more conformable to the improved architecture of imperial Rome.

In the year 79, the great catastrophe that forever silenced the populous and elegant city of Pompeii occurred. A dense shower of

ashes from the furious mountain, covering the town with a stratum three feet thick, and allowing the people time to escape, was the first symptom. But it is believed many returned, (some doubtless to rescue their valuables, others paralyzed with fear and uncertain what course to pursue), and were overwhelmed by the succeeding stupendous shower of red-hot fragments of pumice-stone of all sizes, which covered the town to a depth of 7 to 8 feet. Then came more ashes and more of the pumice stone until the town was utterly lost to view.

A little village which sprang up near the site served to preserve the name, and in ancient times, many excavations were made; but during the middle ages Pompeii was quite forgotten. In 1592, a water conduit was constructed, actually intersecting the ruins and yet in use; but no further investigation was attempted.

In 1748, the first Bourbon king, Charles III, caused excavations to be made, and the amphitheatre, theatre and other portions were then uncovered.

"What wonder this?—we ask the limpid well,  
O Earth! of thee—and from thy solemn womb  
What yieldest thou?—Is life in the abyss—  
Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?  
Returns the past, awakening from the tomb?"

The earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all!"

The town was built in the form of an irregular oval, extending from east to west, the circumference of the walls amounting to 2925 yards. Only about one-third of the city has been excavated, and the work is now going on under able superintendence, and with very satisfactory results,—the present government appropriating 60,000 francs annually for the prosecution of the excavations.

As we look down upon the remains of Pompeii from the windows of the hotel, it appears not unlike any other city destroyed by fire, the roofs being quite gone, and the walls presenting a ragged appearance; but when we descend into the city, we realize the nature of the destruction which ruined and yet preserved.

We find ourselves in a narrow, straight avenue, beautifully paved with large polygonal blocks of lava, which are frequently crossed by high stepping stones, some of them three feet long, which bear the marks of the horses' hoofs that must have scrambled over them many a time and oft.

The side walls are narrow and considerably elevated above the street and seem to have been paved with a kind of mosaic in some cases. Deep ruts occur in some of the streets, attesting long use of the highways by wheeled vehicles, and in some cases the great lava



blocks are quite worn through, suggesting the need of repairs.

A little farther on is seen a place where the street builders of the ancient days have been at work. Great smooth blocks, cut to suit the cavity were nicely fitted in, and the pave was again good as new. At the corners of the streets were public fountains, generally decorated with the head of a god, a mask, or similar ornament.

Most of the houses are entered from the street, by a narrow passage (*vestibulum*) leading to the court (*atrium*), surrounded by a covered passage, and having an impluvium, or reservoir, for rain-water in the center. Beyond the *atrium* is a large apartment opening on to it, termed the *tablinum*, which was devoted to intercourse with the external world. The other portion was destined for the use of the family; and its center consisted of an open court enclosed by columns, while the middle was laid out as a garden. Besides these, there were sleeping and eating-rooms, slaves' rooms, kitchen, cellar, &c., and all the private apartments were very small and without glass windows. Volcanic stone or brick, cemented by mortar, and not often marble, was employed by those ancient builders—though, for decorative purposes, some mosaics of different colored marbles were used, and the impluvium was almost always of this material. The stucco employed must have been something far more enduring than anything of the kind used in the present day, and the smooth, hard surface afforded ample scope for most elegant and varied mural paintings. Though the best of these have been removed to the museum at Naples, enough, and more than enough, remains to give an idea of the brightness and richness of a Pompeian house. The lower halves of the columns are generally red, and the capitals tastefully painted.

Among the first objects to which my attention was called were the casts of the bodies of four persons found in 1863. When they were discovered, in the course of the excavations, plaster of Paris was carefully poured into the cavities in which they had lain, and the figures and attitudes, as well as the very expression of the deceased in their last fearful battle for life, were obtained. Here they lie in glass cases, forming a sad processional line in the hall, and we may examine them at leisure. One of them is a man with his garments gathered round him for flight, and another group is denominated the mother and daughter. One appears to be of mature age and has commanding form, and the other has the appearance of a girl of twelve or thirteen. Another figure is lying on its face, showing by distortion of the body a death of

extreme anguish. There is an opening in the floor of the room, and we may descend and, from below, observe the clenched hands and the face of bitter agony—eloquent of woe, even after 1800 years.

It were long and quite needless for me to describe the forums, the theatres, the many temples and palaces of Pompeii. It has been done so often and so ably that I may well omit it from my record. Beautiful vegetable life is springing into existence everywhere among the ruins—

"Ever upon old decay, the greenest mosses cling"—

and greener mosses never grew and fruited on forest turf or on thatched roof than are here creeping everywhere, over well and fountain; and, entering the shaded vestibule, are carpeting the damp floors, and supplementing the decaying mosaics. The little white crucifer, we call sweet allysum, cherished in garden beds, is springing up all around in great luxuriance, and I plucked the richest heads of mignonnette I ever saw from the sunny side of the Amphitheatre. The pretty maiden's hair fern (*Adiantum*) is to be found at every step, and I have beautifully-fruited specimens plucked from the damp inner wall of the interesting well in the temple of Isis. It is wonderful to see the abounding fertility of this volcanic soil, and the avidity with which vegetation seizes upon its rightful heritage, the earth, as soon as it is exposed to the light.

Turning my steps to the quarter where the explorers are busy at work, the House of Orpheus, which has been just cleared of its rubbish, invites inspection. I walk into the stately doorway and through a short passage into the noble square hall of the house, where is a fine white marble impluvium, with a little table on its farther marge, which looks like an altar, and a thoughtful Roman looking down from his pedestal of marble, as perfect and expressive as in the long ago when his descendants passed and repassed before him over the still perfect mosaic floor. On the right hand, a doorway leads into a series of apartments that appear to have been thoroughly ruined by the great calamity; but those on the left retain much of their antique elegance, having delicately elaborated floors and bright tinted walls, adorned with graceful paintings. I pass onward from the great open hall to a smaller one, which is the antechamber to a rich-columned saloon beyond, where, on the great wall facing the entrance, is a large painting, quite well preserved, of Orpheus charming the savage beasts of the earth by the gentle power of the lyre. On his right hand sits a lordly lion in the attitude of pleased attention, while madame



lioness looks up, wide mouthed, from the other side. A pair of happy-looking water-fowl with gay plumage, float tranquilly in the pool at his feet, while a stag, a wild boar and a timid little hare are listening, in close proximity to each other, in the foreground. Passing on from the pillared hall of Orpheus, I find still another fine apartment, of which the central decoration is a suggestive landscape piece, which seems to have reference to the vestal rites (?). There is pictured a little temple which contains an altar, on which a fire is blazing, and a female figure behind seems to be feeding the flames. Above, in the middle heaven, floats the goddess, who looks down most lovingly upon her votaries. In the foreground is a parting scene, while we observe a flying maiden on the right hand, and an armed warrior on the left.

It can readily be imagined with what feelings I stood in these stately halls which display so vividly the taste and elegance of the Roman home at the time of the Christian era. Here, perhaps, dwelt the patrician who enjoyed refinements and luxuries to the full in his own home, but yet loved to sit in the wide amphitheatre and see captive barbarians slay each other in needless mimic war, or to behold the famished beasts of the desert tear and rend the Christian confessor. Perhaps the master of these halls was the being imagined by the poet who built his soul a lordly pleasure house wherein to dwell at ease for aye—a being

"Large in heart and brain,  
That did love Beauty only (Beauty seen  
In all varieties of mould and mind),  
And Knowledge for its beauty, or if Good,  
Good only for its beauty, seeing not  
That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters  
That dote upon each other, friends to man,  
Living together under the same roof,  
And never can be sundered without tears.  
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be  
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,  
Howling in darkness."

S. R.

Third month 17th, 1875.

Selected.

## BEARING LIFE'S BURDENS.

BY PHEBE CARY.

Oh, there are moments for us here, when seeing  
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,  
The burdens laid upon our mortal being  
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

For there are ills that come without foreboding,  
Lightnings that fall before the thunder's roll,  
And there are festering cares, that, by corroding,  
Eat silently their way into the soul.

And for the evils that our race inherit,  
What strength is given us that we may endure!  
Surely the God and father of our spirit  
Sends not afflictions which He cannot cure?

No: there is a Physician, there is healing,  
And light that beams upon life's darkest day,  
To him whose heart is right with God, revealing  
The wisdom and the justice of His way.

Selected.

## WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

When courting slumber,  
The hours I number,  
The sad cares cumber  
My wearied mind;  
This thought shall cheer me,  
That Thou art near me,  
Whose ear to hear me  
Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,  
Who never sleepest;  
'Mid gloom the deepest,  
There's light above.  
Thine eyes behold me,  
Thine arms enfold me,  
Thy word has told me  
That God is love.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## THE COLORADO POTATO BEETLE.

## IS THERE DANGER FROM PARIS GREEN?

As there has been some inaccurate information given in the daily journals about this little visitor, a few lines on the subject from one who has had two years' experience may be acceptable to such readers of the *Intelligencer* as have not yet made its acquaintance.

"It is the unknown that terrifies." When we first hear of the approach of this insect, and of the ravages attendant upon its advance, we are inclined to fold our hands and with oriental apathy accept the visitation as a fatality not to be avoided.

This, like many other difficulties, however, can be met by industry and perseverance.

Having become familiar with its appearance and habits, many of the farmers in this section are raising almost their usual crops of potatoes, and there is no reason why this valuable vegetable should be less abundant than common.

The beetle and its young are, no doubt, by this time known to most farmers and gardeners.

Our custom is to go over the patch of potatoes about three times a week, from the time the plants first peep through the ground, picking the beetles off by hand, and destroying them by scalding or crushing.

Two years' experience has proved that there is no danger from handling them. As soon as the young appear upon the leaves, it is best to dust them with a mixture of Paris green and plaster, one part of the former to fifty of the latter, thoroughly mixed. This is most simply done by means of an old tomato-can with holes punched in the bottom like a pepper-box, and fastened to a handle about four feet long. The apparatus can be made in ten

minutes. This form of application is better than with water or flour, being less troublesome than the former, and cheaper than the latter, and the plaster benefitting the plants. The mixture need only be dusted upon the plants where the young are. A patch of two acres can be gone over in about two hours, and after a few applications, it will not need it more than twice in one week, and later still, once in a week will suffice.

Some of our best farmers apply the mixture to every vine when the beetle makes its appearance, and say that they are not required to go over the patch more than once in two weeks.

The cost per acre, including labor and materials is about \$2.50 for the season.

Our potato vines now present a luxuriant and beautiful appearance, and we have potatoes ready for table use.

#### IS THERE DANGER FROM THE USE OF PARIS GREEN?

Wm. McMurtie, the Chemist of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, has performed a series of accurate experiments to determine:

1st. If applied to the soil, can arsenic or arsenious acid be absorbed and assimilated in the economy of plant growth?

2d. If absorbed and assimilated, can it be taken up in sufficient quantities to become prejudicial or injurious to the health of consumers?

3d. If not taken up by the plant during growth, does it by its presence in the soil, exert a poisonous influence upon the plant itself?

4th. If it exerts a poisonous influence upon the plant, to what extent may it exist in the soil before it becomes injurious?

He proves conclusively that there is no possibility of the accumulation of arsenic in sufficient quantity to be dangerous by regular applications of what is needed for the destruction of the beetle.

All the plants grown were examined by Marsh's test, which failed in any case to show a trace of arsenic.

He also examined potatoes which had been subjected to applications of Paris green, and failed in any case to detect the presence of arsenic.

He concludes his article as follows, viz:

"With these facts before us, and without considering what might be the result of a series of experiments continued through a number of years, we must conclude that plants have not the power to absorb and assimilate from the soil compounds of arsenic, and that though arsenical compounds exert an injurious influence upon vegetation, yet this is without effect until the quantity present reaches,

for Paris green, about 900 lbs. per acre; for arsenite of potassa, about 400 lbs. per acre; for arseniate of potassa, about 150 lbs. per acre."

Of course, care must be taken in handling the poison, and it should not be entrusted to injudicious persons. In this new foe of the farmer, we have another illustration of the fact that the enemy, not feared, is already half conquered.

HENRY C. HALLOWELL.

*Sandy Spring, Md., Seventh month 11th, 1875.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### SUMMER TRAVEL.

If the following extracts from a genuine "home" letter, written for home eyes only, should induce any reader to seek for the wonders and beauties of nature in our own country, until fully conversant with them, in preference to foreign travel, it will repay the slight trouble of transcribing. They are furnished over the initials of the writer without her knowledge, she being still absent from home:

"OWEGO, N. Y., Seventh mo, 10th, 1875.

"Here we are, after a most delightful trip of two days. The weather has been everything that could be desired, cool and pleasant. We had a very enjoyable ride to Mauch Chunk, in spite of the tunnels, which are my especial dislike. F. (a child nearly ten years of age) was irrepressible, I do not think he sat on his seat any five minutes at a time: it was, 'What's that?' 'Look here!' 'See that!' &c., incessantly. The cars were not full, so we changed from side to side just as we wished.

"After an early supper, we started for a walk, and to see the town. We went as far as the prison, and around some of the nearer cross-streets. I understand the people pride themselves on their gardens, and, I think, I never saw a greater variety, or prettier flowers than are everywhere here. Returning about eight o'clock, we sat on the porch awhile and then retired, glad to creep under a blanket."

"The next morning we took the noted *Switchback* ride. It is glorious and fearful. You feel very glad when you are safe on the top of those awful planes; but the gravity rides are exhilarating, the mountain air blowing, everything so fresh and green, and the magnificent views as you go flying along without any apparent cause. That part came to an end only too soon.

"When we reached the depot again, we preferred walking down to the hotel, so as to visit Ex-Governor Packer's place, which is open to strangers. He has a garden after my own heart, not laid out on level ground where you can see the whole of the arrange-



ments at a single glance. Everything has to be hunted up, as it were. At one turn we would find a rockery with its lovely creeping plants and *Virginias*; in some other corner a gorgeous bed of geraniums, or a sunny circle of portulacas—a fountain here, or a summer house there, or, mayhap, a rustic seat at some other unexpected place. I did not see half enough of it, as our time was short, having to leave in the 11.45 train for *Glen Onoko*, a ride of only ten or fifteen minutes.

"Here we have an hour and a half to explore the miniature '*Watkins*,' to which some think it is quite equal in beauty, though not in extent, it being one and a quarter miles to the head. Equal or not, it is the loveliest thing I have seen this many a day. The children were greatly pleased, and we had to leave it all too soon and take the train for Wilkesbarre, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, passing all the time through the most entrancing scenery. To one who has never seen it, there are no words with which to paint it; those who have been through it, understand how all words fail you.

"We put up at the Valley House, and, after tea, went in quest of some of our friends, residents here, in which we succeeded, and with whom we made arrangements for some little sight-seeing in the morning, including a ride all round the town. After dinner we took the train for Owego, and, as soon as we stepped on board, we met George Truman, wife and daughter on their way to *Watkins' Glen*. We thus had very pleasant companions nearly all the way.

"Upon arriving at this place we were met by our friends (with whom we anticipate spending several days) with open arms and genuine unaffected welcome. This morning we had a nice drive all round the suburbs of Owego and through the town, seeing their elegant new court-house, churches, &c., &c. They have a little steamer running up the Susquehanna river twice a week, and as this is one of the days, we have made up a party to go up this afternoon and return in the cool of the evening.

"We expect to go to *Watkins'* on Third-day, and leave on Fifth-day for the *Water Gap*. I will write again. M. C. G."

NOTICES.

PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING will be held Eighth month 3d, 1875, at 10 A. M., in the Valley Meeting-house. Special arrangements have been made to convey Friends on that day to Ellwood Thomas' lane, about a quarter of a mile from the meeting-house.

Trains leave the Reading Depot, Thirteenth and Callowhill streets at 7½ o'clock, A. M., on Third-day.

Members of the Select Meeting will take the one o'clock P. M. train on Second-day from the same

depot, for Port Kennedy, where Friends will meet them.

The return train will leave for the city about five o'clock P. M., on Third-day afternoon. Tickets good both going and returning on Second and Third-days will be issued at sixty-five cents the trip.

Ask for Quarterly Meeting tickets.

Quarterly Meetings are held as follows:

- 7th mo. 27th, Concord, at Concord, Pa.
- " " 28th, Purchase, at Purchase, N. Y.
- 8th mo. 3d, Philadelphia, at Valley, Pa.
- " " " " Nine Partners, at Oblong, N. Y.
- " " 4th, Farmington, at East Hamburg, N. Y.
- " " 5th, Abington, at Gwynedd, Pa.
- " " 6th, Stanford, at Ghent, N. Y.
- " " 12th, Shrewsbury and Rahway, at Rahway, N. J.
- " " 14th, Salem, at Salem Ohio,
- " " " " Miami, at Waynesville, O.
- " " 16th, Fairfax, at Goose Creek, Va.
- " " 21st, Short Creek, at Mount Pleasant, O.
- " " " " Pelham Half Y. M., at Yarmouth, Ontario.
- " " 23d, Warrington Q. M., at Monahan, Pa.
- " " 25th, Easton and Saratoga Q. M., at Granville, N. Y.
- " " " " Southern, at Easton, Md.
- " " " " Stillwater, at Plainfield, Ohio.

ITEMS.

HEAVY rains have done great damage in England and Wales. By the bursting of Monmouthshire Reservoir a factory and several dwellings were destroyed. Bristol was partly under water, and thousands of acres of land between the Frome, Wye and Severn were flooded.

THE Secretary of the Treasury states that the importation of dutiable articles into the United States by means of newspapers or letters through the mails, subjects the articles to forfeiture, and the parties sending or knowingly receiving such articles, to the penalties of the law.

THERE are now no less than five lines of telegraphic communication between Europe and America. The following list of the principal ocean cables now in use is from an article in the "*Journal of the Telegraph*," written by George B. Prescott:

Date.	From	Length in miles.
1867—	Malta to Alexandria, Egypt.....	925
1869—	Bushire, Persia, to Jack, Beloochistan.....	505
	St. Pierre to Duxbury.....	749
1870—	Suez to Aden, Arabia.....	1,460
	Aden to Bombay, India.....	1,818
	Portheurno, England, to Lisbon.....	823
	Gibraltar to Malta.....	1,120
	Madras to Penang.....	1,408
	Singapore to Batavia.....	557
	Malta to Alexandria, Egypt.....	904
	Batubano, Cuba, to Santiago, Cuba.....	520
	Java to Australia.....	1,082
1871—	Singapore to Coochin China.....	620
	Saigon to Hong Kong.....	975
	Hong Kong to Shanghai.....	1,100
	Shanghai to Japan, thence to Siberia.....	1,200
	Antigua to Demerara, West Indies.....	1,028
	Porto Rico to Jamaica.....	582
1873—	Falmouth, England, to Lisbon.....	1,150
	France to Denmark.....	550
	Pernambuco to Para, Brazil.....	1,382
	Alexandria, Egypt, to Brindisi, Italy.....	930
1874—	Lisbon to Madeira.....	633
	Madeira to St. Vincent.....	1,360
	St. Vincent to Brazil.....	1,958
	Jamaica to Colon, S. A.....	660
	Brazil to Rio Janeiro.....	1,240
	Jamaica to Porto Rico.....	582
	Rio Janeiro to Rio Grande del Sul.....	840

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.  
 Joseph S. Cohn, New York.  
 Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
 WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 339.)

"*Twelfth month 8th, 1870.*—Attended the funeral of S. H. It was a season of deep solemnity, which I think will never be forgotten by any present. Impressive silence covered the gathered company; and, as I beheld the hushed manner in which old and young thronged to gaze once more upon the form of the noble boy, the language arose in my heart, "Behold how He loved him!" to which I gave vocal utterance, and endeavored to show how the Divine power manifest in the flesh tenderly felt for the suffering of those around Him, and although His visible presence was not here to call to life the dead, still He was present to comfort those who mourn, and bind up the broken and bruised hearts. I recalled, also, His blessed promise to those who are weary and heavy laden; the promised rest for the soul of the believer will never fail him. Christ is the refuge for all; and, though in the world we shall find tribulation, in Him is peace.

"To the dear young friends the call was extended to give heed to the ministration of the hour. The mute eloquence of those lips, forever sealed in death, was mightier than any language that could be uttered by any yet in life.

"*Second month, 1871.*—On the 14th of last

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month I accompanied some friends to Washington, to present President Grant, Secretary Delano and Commissioner Parker a paper containing the views of a convention of Friends representing the six different Yearly Meetings, upon Indian affairs. We were received with great consideration; and, in accordance with the promise then given by the President, he has since exerted his influence in endeavoring to have our views fully carried out by Congressional enactment.

"*Third month.*—Business improving slightly. My faith is tried in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. Keep me near Thee, Father. My prayer has been, Thou knowest, for neither "poverty nor riches"—a clear name, that the truth I profess may not be brought into disrepute by my infirmities!

"*Fourth month 1st.*—Witnessed the adjourning of the sewing-school at Race Street Meeting-house. One hundred and fifteen children made happy with a feast of good things provided by their friends.

"*Seventh month.*—On Second-day, accompanied by my dear friend Benjamin Hallowell, went to Washington on Indian business, and presented S. M. Janney's resignation as Superintendent, also the name of Barclay White, of New Jersey, as a Friend well qualified to succeed Samuel in his responsible position. Commissioner Parker kindly offered



his aid, and promised to give the requisite attention to the subject.

*"Ninth month 10th.*—At Sandy Spring. First-day morning, at meeting, my testimony was simply to draw the mind from all external dependence, to the only true rest and peace, Christ within the soul. The same power which dwelt in the flesh of Jesus, and did the mighty works recorded of him, but which leads the believer not in any way to undervalue these outward works, but which testifies of all things that He did, and leads to an entire unity. As both are of God, one is not inferior to the other.

*"Whilst the developments of science are left to the slow process of ages, as they concern the physical condition of man, God gave the law of salvation to our first parents, which law is to be developed during each man's mortal life. He therefore gave man an evidence of himself in the flesh by the perfect man Jesus Christ, who manifested in His life entire obedience to this inwardly revealed law. I called away from scientific research as the means of attaining the knowledge of God, because this is requisite for the poor and illiterate, as well as the gifted and cultivated. Whatever the philosopher may discover in science pertains not to the saving of the soul, which is a separate work, and to which all things else must be subject. The wisdom of God is a power to direct in all things pertaining to the eternal benefit of man.*

*"Ninth month 16th.*—Representative Committee met. I excused myself to attend the funeral of a Friend, who died suddenly on the night of the 13th inst. A peaceful feeling clothed my spirit, and I gave expression to it in the room with the family, calling to the inward hope of rest, even Jesus Christ the eternal power of God's salvation. He is the supporter, comforter, helper of man, keeping us in the hour of temptation, a High Priest, having a sense of our infirmities.

*"Several communications followed, when I felt bound to address my contemporaries in life—men associated with the deceased in engrossing pursuits.*

*"Ninth month 21st.*—On my way to my office the thought presented, that as we draw nearer to God in this life we will know a shortening of the space over the valley of the shadow of death, and a clearer view of the bright glories of the eternal world.

*"Eleventh month 5th.*—We have had a fearful calamity in the devouring fires which, in the past few weeks, have destroyed a large portion of the city of Chicago, and also, immense tracts of prairie, with several country towns through the Northwest. The heart of the world had seemed to melt in sympathy

for the sufferers. Millions of dollars have freely been given for their aid, and more clothing than was needed.

*"Second month, 1872.*—For some time I have been confined at home on account of indisposition, during which time my dearly loved friend Elizabeth Newport has died. Gone sweet sainted mother, to thy eternal rest. She was one of the most spiritually gifted Friends I ever knew. It has been at times my privilege to travel with her in the ministry, and precious seasons they were.

*"Second month 19th.*—First day. At meeting this morning. A precious time of prayer I believe, to others as well as myself. 'Oh come let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our maker, for we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.' With this language of the psalmist my spirit was humbled in vocal and, I trust, spiritual prayer to the God of my life in gratitude for the past, and desires for His continued blessings. Many have been called from their earthly stewardship, and the solemn admonition is to those who yet remain that we so order our lives by direction of the Holy Spirit, that we fix not our affections upon the things which are seen and are temporal, but rather center them upon the things that are unseen and eternal, so that when our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved we may know that we have a building of God 'a house not made by hands eternal in the heavens.'

*"As my days are drawing to the end, I feel no greater joy than in mingling with those who are in affliction, and desire that I may according to the grace bestowed, be the medium of comfort to the sorrowful hearts suffering under the chastening of our Heavenly Father.*

*"Yesterday I received an interesting document from Washington, the third annual report of the Indian Peace Commission. I have been much occupied in this work, since our excellent President called Friends to his aid in carrying out his merciful policy. It has been an eminent success, and now others besides Friends are arduously engaged in the good cause of justice to the Indians. Friends have done their part nobly, as the reports show, and are continuing their labors in this laudable duty. We owe to the natives of this country, who received our early Friends with such great brotherly love, a debt of gratitude which it is our pleasure to repay.*

*"Fourth-day meeting very largely attended by the pupils of the schools. I think 600 were present. It was a solemn and impressive occasion. Two Friends addressed the children upon the responsibilities of life, exhorted them to seek the Lord early, that they*

may be fortified against the power of temptation in their earthly pilgrimage. My spirit was bowed in prayer, to which I gave vocal utterance, returning thanks to our Heavenly Father for His assistance to some who are unable to sing the songs of praise on the banks of deliverance, and to ask that His arm of mercy may be the support of those who may yet be struggling in the depths of Jordan, that they too may be enabled to join in thanksgiving and praise for their signal deliverance. For those too who are bowed beneath the chastening rod of His merciful love, and, finally, for the dear children, that they may open their hearts to the visitations of the Day Spring from on high; and those amongst us to whom the language has been addressed, 'arise, shine, for thy light has come; the glory of the Lord has arisen upon thee!' that they may no longer sit in darkness, but come forth as valiants in the Lord's warfare, the field being white unto harvest, but the laborers few. O Lord, that Thou wouldst send forth more laborers!

(To be continued.)

#### RELIGIOUS ELOQUENCE.

The life of doctrine is not given in the mere eloquence of the speaker, but rather in the living and hearty faith which prompts to speech; and without this faith there can be no genuine religious eloquence. It is in the largest sense only that eloquence can be directly useful to religion, that which includes the having something to say along with facility and power of utterance. The faith which is great enough, deep enough, and honest enough to make a prophet, will create an eloquence of its own, such as can be created in no other way. And it is faith, conviction, inspiration which our age wants rather than any mere eloquence or mere learning. It will be of no use to polish into "accomplished scholarship" at Amherst and Andover the coffin lid under which the dust that remains of Calvinism is cheerfully carried about by orthodox make-believe. The trumpet of Gabriel would find nothing to raise in a creed which has been dead so long that even the fluvia of decay ceases to offend, as it offended our fathers, while from every quarter blow sweet airs of charity and natural trust in the living God.

That which the age needs is new form for new faith; a large, learned and reasoned development of the new convictions of a new age. No school of eloquence can meet the demand; a school of philosophy and eloquence might. The task is imposed upon the age, on whose threshold we stand, of carrying through a complete regeneration of both the method and the matter of religious faith,

according to the new sympathies and the new learning which have taken so strong a hold on the instincts and feelings and imagination of Christian mankind, but have not yet found large and definite statement adequate to take the place of dead and dying systems of creed and church. To completely regenerate the reasoned and studied interpretation of Christianity, so as to give a body to the new spirit which breathes everywhere, and bring the mind of Christ, rightly appreciated, into full relation with the modern mind, will alone cure both the indifference and the superstition which have become marked tendencies of our time. It is a prodigious task, and one far more of insight and genius than of any accomplished talent made in schools and colleges. There has never been in the history of mankind such an opportunity for mastery of ideas, for prophetic grasp of the original elements of faith, and for definition and argument of Divine revelation. It is nothing less than to go back to that space which was at the first left between the mind of Christ and the creed of the two Jewish apostles, and reason from its foundations the truth of Christ, as it was in the simple and pure verity of the incomparable teacher and example. The idea of doing this possesses all earnest minds; the insight to do it correctly and effectively would make a reformer greater far than Luther, and an apostle above Paul.—*Christian Register*.

#### INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE.

NEW YORK, Seventh month 17th, 1875.

To the Editors of *Friends Intelligencer*:

DEAR FRIENDS,—At our late Yearly Meeting a proposition was made to address a communication to the Peace Conference that is to meet at the Hague, in Ninth month next, in favor of settling international disputes by arbitration rather than resorting to the sword.

The subject was referred to our Representative Committee for consideration; but way did not open in their deliberations to sanction the preparation of the proposed communication.

I have felt so much interest in this matter that I have individually forwarded a paper to be presented to the Conference, and herewith inclose a copy; and, if you think it worth while, the same may appear in the *Intelligencer*.  
S. W.

To the International Peace Conference to assemble at the Hague in Ninth month (September) next:

DEAR FRIENDS,—In the spirit of Christian love, I send you fraternal greeting.

The religious Society of Friends (of which I am a member) has always found it to be its duty to bear its testimony against war, be-



believing that considerations of humanity and individual and national welfare, all demand a peaceful adjustment of differences; and that such a testimony is in accordance with the teaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which breathes "peace on earth and good will toward men."

I therefore feel a deep interest in the object of your labors; and hope that the time has come when rightly-directed efforts may be successful in making war less frequent, by substituting arbitration in the settlement of disputes between nations.

I would propose, for your consideration, as a practicable measure tending to the attainment of this result, that suitable representations be made to the various governments, asking them to have inserted in all future treaties a clause agreeing to submit to arbitration any differences that may arise.

I extend to you my heartfelt sympathy, and desire earnestly that you may be guided by Divine wisdom, through right methods, to effect beneficent results.

Very respectfully, your friend, S. W.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MINISTERIAL VISITS.

No. 2.

How little mingling there is amongst Friends of the different meetings to what should be the case, may be illustrated by a circumstance which happened not very long ago.

Two places are situated on opposite banks of a stream, with frequent daily communications; each has a Friends' meeting-house; at one there is no ministry, and it is seldom visited, especially by ministering Friends.

This meeting was a small one, and a conference was appointed there to encourage the establishment of a First-day school. Amongst others who attended was a ministering Friend from the neighboring meeting before alluded to, who, in the course of the meeting for worship, was drawn forth very acceptably in testimony.

At its close, a Friend, holding a position in the visited meeting, expressed his surprise at learning that their neighbors had such a minister amongst them. There was so little visiting, and it had been so long since any minister from the opposite bank had been amongst them (although, perhaps, only half an hour apart) that they had become almost as much strangers as if a hundred miles intervened.

I will now call attention to some other localities where visits will be very acceptable, and, I doubt not, profitable.

Trains leave by the Reading Railroad from Thirteenth and Callowhill streets, Phila-

delphia, on First-day, at 8 A. M. At Po Kennedy Friends will be met, by addressing Ellwood Thomas, King of Prussia P. O., and conveyed to the Valley Meeting, about two miles distant, which is the largest of the five belonging to Radnor Monthly Meeting, and is an interesting body of Friends.

Continuing on in the same train to Phoenixville, those desiring to visit Schuylkill Meeting, a little over a mile distant, will be met by Elijah F. Pennypacker, Phoenixville P. O. is addressed.

This is one of our smallest meetings, to membership, and previous to the establishment of a First-day school, was often attended by only two or three persons. On a recent visit there, the opinion seemed to prevail with some that Friends did not pay them that attention which they needed, and that ministering Friends especially, even at circular meetings, were less frequent than at other places. A cordial welcome will be extended to all who feel drawn thither.

The same train conveys to Reading, and arrives about the time for the close of the meeting. Therefore, Friends desiring to visit it should go on Seventh-day afternoon, 3.40; and, by addressing Wm. P. Reid Mary Steinbach, Reading, Pa., they will meet at the depot. Excursion tickets, good from Seventh to Second-day, are issued in places named at a reduced rate. By continuing in this 3.40 train to Leesport, where, writing to Thos. Lightfoot, Maiden Creek Berks county, those visiting Maiden Creek Meeting will be met; or by leaving Reading on First-day morning by the E. Penna. R. stopping at Blandon station, they will be time for meeting.

This is a very small meeting, and, unluckily renovated, the house is in much need of being modernized and made more comfortable.

The Reading Road is the one that is traveled in going to the meetings within the limits of Fishing Creek Half-Years Meeting, and as, on the 15th of the coming month (Eighth month 15th), there will be circular meetings held at Roaring Creek and Cassawissa, I embrace this opportunity of urging on our ministering Friends to consider whether some of them may not feel it in the line of their duty to be with them on these occasions. Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting held on the 14th at Shamokin, the meeting with which our beloved friends Perry and Rebecca John are connected. Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting is held on the following Fourth-day.

Those wishing to visit all these, by addressing Perry John, Bear Gap P. O., Northumberland county, Pa., can ascertain the ex-

direction for getting to Shamokin neighborhood.

To attend the circular meetings above spoken of, Friends will purchase excursion tickets to Rupert, costing about six dollars (to Catawissa the price is \$5.80), then taking an omnibus to John Hicks', Bloomsburg, who will receive them hospitably.

The usual meeting at Roaring Creek is held at a private residence, which in my view is a mistake; for, although only two or three may attend it, there would be much more freedom on the part of others to sit with them in meeting-house than at a private residence.

The meeting at Catawissa is laid down, the few Friends residing there not feeling strength enough to keep it up, which is to be regretted. The Monthly Meeting is held there six months a the year, and at the time of circular meetings the house is crowded. The graveyard attached to the meeting is very much filled with tomb-stones of those not of our communion, but related by consanguinity.

Rupert is the station where those intending to visit Fishing Creek Particular Meeting are met, if Ellis Eves, Millville, Columbia county, Pa., is written to.

Berwick Meeting is laid down, and only a circular meeting held there once in the year (Eleventh month). It is about fifteen miles from Rupert.

In most of these localities, as is generally the case where Friends are or have been located, there are many whose sympathies are with us. Oftimes these are descendants or relatives of those who have belonged amongst Friends. This is no new thing; as, if I rightly remember, it was John Parrish (uncle of the late Dr. Joseph Parrish) who remarked, after returning from a religious visit to some parts of our Yearly Meeting, that he found more sheep outside the fold than here were in it."

It is time we were paying more attention to this class, and seeking to gather them in, as I believe it will be a strength both to themselves and to us. Were we animated by as much of a proselyting spirit as were our early ancestors, it would be better. They did not hesitate to spend and be spent in their endeavors to convince persons of the truths of Christianity as held by them, and when thus convinced they were not afraid of claiming such as their members.

We repudiate George Keith, and yet we have in this respect adopted his view—that persons must reach a perfect standard ere they are admitted amongst us. We rather should encourage them to join our Society, in order that they may be strengthened in their religious progress.

In the case of Pennsbury Meeting, we see the

interest exhibited by this class. Here was a meeting laid down, very probably for the reason that there were but few *actual* members convenient to it; yet, as appears, there were many in this locality who were in sympathy with Friends, and the application for the re-establishment of the meeting came from them alone, if I have understood rightly.

There is also too much of a disposition to lay down meetings because they are *small*, thus disregarding the doctrine we hold, that where two or three are rightly gathered in the Master's name there will He be in the midst.

I well remember the remark of the late John P. Hoopes, who, when left to spend an evening alone, remarked that he had come to the conclusion that "*it only took one to make a meeting.*" His mind had been so centred and influenced by the Divine life that he felt it had been a good meeting to him although alone as to the outward.

A meeting was laid down a few years ago, and only a circular meeting is held there now. It has been stated to me that there are now six families within its limits, including forty children, of whom eight or ten are members.

The cause of Quakerism certainly cannot make much progress in such a condition of affairs.

At Pottsville a meeting was formerly held, but it was discontinued many years since, and the house has gone to decay, but the graveyard still belongs to Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting. A few friends have more recently moved there, and I have understood that, if any Friends should feel like appointing a meeting in that place, it would be largely attended, and doubtless would do good. It is reached by the Reading Railroad.

J. M. T.

#### GOD IN THE SOUL.

What a comfort it is, O my God! to think that everything is the work of Thy hand, even that which is within me as much as that without. Thou art always with me. When I do evil Thou art with me reproaching me for the evil I do, and making me regret the good I forsake, and letting me see merciful arms stretched out to receive me. When I do good it is Thou inspirest me with the desire of it, and doest it in me.

Thou art therefore (and I am even ravished with the thought of it) operating without ceasing in the midst of my heart. Thou workest there invisibly. Thou doest everything, and yet the bulk of men see Thee not. They ascribe nothing to Thee; I myself wandered and strove in vain to find Thee at a distance from myself. I tried, by collecting



together in my mind all the wonderful works of nature, to frame an idea of Thy grandeur. I sought Thee among Thy creatures, and did not think of finding Thee in my own heart, where Thou art never absent. No; there is no need, O my God! to descend into the deep, nor to go over the sea, as say the Holy Scriptures, nor to ascend into Heaven to find Thee, for Thou art nearer to us than we are to ourselves.

Oh Lord! who art so great, and yet so familiar; so high above the heavens, and yet fitting Thyself so to the lowest of Thy creatures; so infinite, and yet so intimately enclosed in my heart; so terrible, and yet so lovely; so jealous, and yet so easy of access to those who freely approach Thee with pure love! Oh! when will the time come that Thy children shall be no longer unacquainted with Thee! Oh, that I had a voice capable and strong enough to reprove the whole world for their blindness, and to declare with authority what Thou *really* art! To bid men look for Thee in their own hearts, is like bidding them look for Thee in the most remote and unknown parts of the earth; for what is more remote and unknown to the generality of vain and heedless mortals, than the secret and quiet recesses of their own hearts? Do they know what it is to look into themselves? Have they ever tried the Way to it? Can they so much as imagine what that INWARD SANCTUARY, that impenetrable centre of the soul is, where Thou art worshipped in spirit and in truth? They are always at a distance from themselves, among the objects of their ambition or diversions. Alas! how should they understand Heavenly truths, when, as Jesus Christ said, They understand not those of this world? They cannot conceive what it is to enter into themselves by serious reflections; what then would they say if one should bid them be emptied of themselves, and absorbed in God? — *Fénélon.*

#### THE LESSON OF THE SEASON.

Summer is naturally the season of adventure, the time when all parts of human nature expand and meet with varied experiences. Just as winter draws every one to the fireside and life within the home-circle, so the warm months scatter communities to all parts. In the changes of scene and the contact with different characters and dispositions, the mind is filled with new ideas and receives impressions which freshen and invigorate it. Like the coming of birds in the spring from mellow climes, with their songs, their nest making and young hatching, is the flood of excellent thoughts which sweep over the heart in summer with its kindly influence, of which is

born generous impulses and fair deeds that resound to the praise of the Giver of the glorious sun which fringes the forest and brings the rich harvest. Not only does the body become rejuvenated and healthy by exposure to fresh air, by the exercise of walking and driving where odors are of the upturned soil, the sweet clover and new-mown hay, and where a wholesome diet of fresh vegetables, fruit and milk give solid flesh and strength to the human frame, but the mind is taught and disciplined and made beautiful by the homely sights of rude life on the farm, by the loveliness of pastoral scenery, by the poetry of light and shadow. It is not altogether in rural life in summer time that mind and heart are benefitted. In the large and crowded watering place there is not alone diversion, but opportunity for improvement of character by teaching ourselves to avoid eccentricities, to soften asperities, and to obliterate those angular defects contracted in limited circles, which, in jostling amid the throng, we find come into collision with our fellow-beings, to their amusement and our detriment. Nothing is better calculated to bring out the finer qualities of our nature than the intermingling of multitudes in the great hotels at summer resorts. Although these places are generally decried as fashionable, frivolous, enervating and demoralizing, there are large lumps of heaven found in them, and there is grand opportunity to throw broadcast the seed of good example. In the crowd we find entire strangers, drawn together by the common need of human sympathy, acting the part of the good Samaritan to the sick, of consoler to the bereaved, and protector to the desolate. It is not only in the broad-faced, honest-eyed farmer's wife that are found generous motherly traits. In circles of the rich and influential are women lowly-minded, and filled with sweet womanly graces. How delightful to be surprised by discovering the higher attributes in parties supposed by their wealth and position to be worldly and superficial! For we do not look for the chief Christian graces in persons of fortune and power, and when we meet in them the precious traits born of faith, hope and love, it is doubly gratifying. The experiences of the summer to those who have been detained in town are far different from the ones undergone by those who have been roaming. Many have sacrificed the summer tour for the sake of economy. We trust they will not pay what they have saved to the doctor. It is poor economy to keep children in town during the warm months; for the little ones who have been deprived of an airing in the meadows are the ones who suffer with catarrhs, eruptive diseases and neuralgias in cold

weather. Yet there are households who have been self-denying the past season, and have gained in that excellent grace.

Wherever we may have passed the delightful summer, if we do not enter upon the autumn ruddier in health and character we have cheated ourselves of the harvest which should have been garnered for the coming season. The mind and memory are like a great barn, which should be stocked full of golden grain gathered in field and meadow, and be bursting out with thoughts of love, of generous feeling, for the weaker creatures of earth to feed upon. Those of us who have summered where blossoms and fruits of the soil have been luxuriant, who have brushed our paths through mossy rocks and fanciful ferns, or have been refreshed by the salt breeze and awed by the solemn roar of the mighty ocean, should bring the strength, savor and beauty of all home, to scatter abroad to God's glory. In this way shall we have learned the lesson of the season, and our summer, enjoyed in its flight, have left a blessing behind.—*Christian at Work.*

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

BENJAMINVILLE, Seventh month 13th, 1875.

On the morning of the 7th, Sarah Hunt and companion, Ann Shoemaker, accompanied by Joseph Schofield, of Indiana, arrived here. Many of our hearts rejoiced at once more meeting this mother in Israel and servant of the Most High God. They visited many of the families in this meeting before our Monthly Meeting, held on the 10th inst.

The evening of the 9th, Elihu Durfee and companion, Joseph Wood, arrived. A concern was expressed in the Monthly Meeting to have a meeting on First-day afternoon, which was united with, and 4½ o'clock fixed to hold it. On First-day morning Sarah Hunt called us to a closer walk with God, that we might have more of spiritual life and be baptized with the baptism of Christ.

Elihu Durfee spoke of the freedom we enjoy in worshipping God according to our conscience that it emanated from God.

The afternoon meeting, though not as large as the morning, was one of great interest, and will not soon be forgotten by many of those in attendance.

Excellent counsel fell from the lips of Sarah Hunt, Elihu Durfee, Joseph Wood and Joseph Schofield.

S. H. and companions left here on Second-day morning for Hoopston; thence to Honey Creek; from thence to Highland Creek; then to finish her visit in Indiana, and return to her friends at home.

E. D. has not finished in northern Illinois. After he is through he will return to Chicago,

where his wife is stopping with his daughter.  
W. L. DORLAND.

#### SCHUYLKILL MEETING.

This is a small, but very interesting meeting. About one year ago, a First-day school was started, which has added considerably to the size of the First-day morning meeting.

On the 19th the circular meeting was held; quite a number of the committee was in attendance, and the gathering, though not as large as it sometimes is, was of good size, and mainly composed of persons not accustomed to meet with Friends.

The few words of encouragement that were offered were listened to with attention, and the feeling that spread over the meeting was that these opportunities of mingling with Friends in their small and isolated gatherings are profitable seasons.

There is much hungering for the spoken word among the young, who form the larger part of the meeting. Visits from ministers and others whose voices are often heard in our assemblies, are much desired. There seems to be a work in this direction for some who are called to the ministry, which, it is hoped, will not be neglected. R.

## SCRAPs

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We left Jersey City at 3.45, in a palaces-car, and enjoyed for the next three and a half hours the charmingly-diversified scenery, beautiful, even through the rain which fell most of the afternoon, but which ceased a little while before we arrived at New Paltz, and gave us a gleam of sunshine for a few minutes. On enquiry of the conductor, he gave us no hope of finding comfortable quarters in the village for the night, in case of necessity; but happily that contingency did not occur, for we found A. Smiley's wagon awaiting our arrival, with two good stout horses which carried us very comfortably up to the Mountain House by 9 o'clock. The road was excellent, very wide most of the distance and of quite a gentle ascent. Of course, we could do nothing that evening but take supper, which we both enjoyed. As for the charms of the place I do not know what to say of them excepting that "the half has not been told us;" in Europe it would, I am sure, be pronounced "something wonderful;" and it seemed to me that such a combination of the sublime and majestic with the lovely and the peaceful is seldom met with anywhere. We took quite a long walk this morning, and were reminded constantly of Switzerland—the Gorge de Trient, with its winding galle-



ries coming most frequently before us, while the quiet lake on one side of the house, and a magnificent view extending 150 miles on the other, with rocks and wooded cliffs of every imaginable variety of size, form and position, are altogether more than I could pretend to give an idea of—it must indeed be seen to be understood. The *great* view from the sky-top peak we have not yet seen, but the one from the house (which is surrounded with large piazzas and balconies) is more lovely, we think, than Catskill, though not of course nearly so extensive, while on the other side (where our room lies) the exquisite picturesqueness of the lake and rocks and woodland paths is at the very door, and all who are able to walk a dozen yards could, by turning their backs to the house, imagine themselves far away from “the world” and in the midst of the most delightful surroundings that nature is capable of producing—this is, indeed, one of the crowning charms of the place, for it is so seldom that these romantic spots are accessible, save to strong climbers—here one can go just as far as one pleases and be sure to find constantly, some lovely little rustic shelter or shady seat to rest upon and look on the beauties around.

We had a little talk with Alfred Smiley this morning, and he tells us that he and his brother (the Principal of the school at Providence) are both enthusiastically fond of natural beauties; and he is constantly engaged in adding to and improving this charming spot, which has cost him, since he came here five years ago, about \$115,000. And we can well realize it, when we consider even the comparatively small work in the walks and galleries, and rustic stairs and arbors, and all the little delightful things that go to make up the whole. The house itself is a large, irregular, picturesque structure, capable of accommodating 200 people, with a parlor comfortably carpeted and furnished, and this morning we found a cheerful wood-fire besides, though we do not yet discover it much colder than when we left home. The thermometer now stands at 70° on our balcony, and I am writing at our chamber-door, which is wide open.

*Lake Mohonk, Ulster co., N. Y., Sixth mo., 1875.*

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 31, 1875.

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SUMMER RECREATIONS.—It is, perhaps, not too late in the season to offer suggestions on this subject to those of our readers who find it necessary to take a respite from the cares of business or the wear of domestic

duties during the heat of mid-summer. That some relaxation from the strain and turmoil of active life is a necessity, requires no demonstration; a few weeks or days, as the case may be, or even an occasional day given up to perfect freedom from ordinary pursuits, is of more value to nerve and sinew than can be easily estimated.

There is no class of our business community to which this relaxation is so essential as to the teachers. Months of continuous, unflagging brain-work leaves the nerve-centers exhausted and the tone of the system reduced. This waste of vital force must be replenished if the teacher expects to resume the labor of the school-room with strength and energy equal to the duties to be performed. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance in deciding where and how the vacation shall be spent, that rest, entire rest, be the first consideration. It is a mistaken idea to suppose this may be gained by travel, or in abandonment to the pleasures and fascinations of hotel-life at the sea-side or other popular summer resorts.

To those who have nothing to do at any time, the change of scene and the tonic influence of open-air amusements, even with all the dress and parade attendant, doubtless has a beneficial effect; but our interest is awakened for those who are worn and exhausted in the struggle for the means of support, who expend *themselves* for their daily bread. To such, the prevailing customs at fashionable watering-places and on the lines of summer travel, make the routine of dress, promenades and drives almost as wasting to the nervous system as the labors from which they seek relief. They offer change, it is true, but a change that draws heavily on the vital forces and the freshness of sea-breeze or mountain air cannot go to the replenishing of overtaxed energies while any unnecessary physical or mental exertion is indulged.

There are numberless ways in which quiet repose, rest, all of which are recuperative may be enjoyed and the brain and body grown stronger and healthier under the process and there are no more fitting places for the weary and overtaxed to seek for these than the sea-side and the mountains. But ther

must be a strength of will sufficient to resist the temptations to participate in the follies and frivolities that make up so large a portion of the summer life at these resorts.

And the children, too, equally with the older ones and their teachers, need to lead a simple, quiet life, far removed from exciting and exhausting amusements that interfere with sound, wholesome sleep and healthy exercise.

The summer vacation to all may be made a rich season of renewal, growth and instruction; but only as we listen to the voice of Nature, and follow through ample colonnades of her own building the silver tones with which she woos us to sit apart from the works and ways of man, and hold intercourse with diviner forms, studying anew the miracle of life, taking in deeper lessons of its significance and growing stronger in faith and hope, as she responds to our longings, with promises of the greater treasures that may be ours, if we follow where she leads.

We Americans, perhaps, of all the peoples of the earth, are most prone to run into excess in everything we undertake. We overdo in our business and we overdo in our pleasures. While we work, we give ourselves up to dollars and cents, to weights and measures, almost as if our present and eternal happiness depended upon the amount of sales effected, or the percentage our money brings us. So, too, with the various ways in which we seek to banish care for the time and recuperate our worn-out bodies. We go sight-seeing, making exhausting journeys, living on the fare of over-crowded hotels, much of which, in our own homes, we would condemn as unfit to be set before us; and when the weeks we have half reluctantly set apart for ourselves are passed, and we take up the thread of busy life where we left off, we find ourselves no fresher or stronger for the time and money our summer relaxation has cost us, and sometimes conclude we would have done quite as well to have stayed at home.

We know there are those who mean to have and do find rest, perfect rest and recuperation. With note and sketch-book and pencil, or in the abandonment of all books, they seek the quiet retreats of the sea-coast, the mountain

or the valley—anywhere to get away from the noise and turmoil of business; and what fullness of repose is theirs, what long, unbroken sleep falls upon them like a benediction, with what appetites they sit down to the simple and wholesome viands placed before them, what freshness and elasticity flow into the life-currents, what strength of nerve, what vigor of thought and action follow! These are the persons who find the true secret that lies hidden in a summer vacation.

GENESEE YEARLY MEETING.—The extracts from the minutes of this meeting have been forwarded to us. We have already furnished our readers with a synopsis of the proceedings, and now copy a few paragraphs from the exercises of both branches.

In Men's branch, the answers to the First Query gave rise to much excellent counsel.

"We were reminded that the existence of any association depended upon the interest its members took in the attendance of its meetings, and that the same truth was applicable to us as a religious body; that it was important for our existence that each member should feel his obligations to attend all our meetings; but, in order that each should derive a benefit from such an attendance, we must go with a purpose to seek Divine aid and instruction, and endeavor to have our minds brought under the sweet influence of Divine love; and when this condition was experienced, our meetings would be seasons of blessings to us; and then, whatever may be the sacrifice which we may have to make in temporal affairs, there will really be no loss. The gain in spiritual strength, the growth of the soul in its higher life, would amply compensate for the apparent sacrifice. It was feelingly shown, that as we sought to obey the injunction of the blessed Jesus, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you'; that as the great Shepherd had a watchful care over all, our efforts would be so directed that our temporal duties would be properly performed; and, as the attendance of our religious meetings was one of the means through which we are strengthened in this search, and in the performance of the obligations thus required, we should be careful not to let anything of minor importance prevent us from thus assembling with our brethren for public Divine worship. Those who are situated where their meetings are small and usually silent, were encouraged not to give way to depression or discouragement, but remember that the promise was that 'where two or three are gathered in My name there will I be in their midst.' They were



exhorted to continued faithfulness, even though but little apparent progress had been made, and were shown that these opportunities were, if attended with true desire to be instructed and benefited, like feasts at which the spiritual powers were nourished and strengthened to meet the trials and temptations which assail us along the journey of life."

In Women's branch, some of the exercises called forth by the reading of the answers to the Queries are as follows:

"We must know of love to so abound that there is no room for hatred or ill-will to find a dwelling-place there. Then the tongue would never be heard to speak ill of another, let them be ever so much in error, but a feeling of charity would be felt towards them, desiring that they may see the error of their way and learn to do well.

"Mothers were counseled to endeavor to set a good example before their children, that as they come to years of understanding, they may be willing to seek the pearl of great price, preferring it to the perishable things of time, which must soon pass away, while the immortal, never-dying soul lives on through the endless ages of eternity.

"The youth were shown the beauty of a life of true dedication to their God; that no good thing would be withheld from them that would tend to increase their happiness in this life or when done with the things of time. We would be better enabled to bear the crosses and disappointments of life if we could feel that His watchful care is ever around, shielding us from harm, permitting nothing to overtake us, except to refine and purify our souls and make them fit receptacles wherein the Holy and Divine Spirit may dwell.

"Testimony was borne to the beauty of yielding our talents to Divine direction in early life, ere the clouds of care envelop or the chains of habit bind us, and we become so much engrossed with the things of time that we neglect the great work of the Spirit of Life, which ought to be a greater consideration to us than anything else, remembering that practical every-day religion is required in order to be acceptable worshippers of God.

"The subject of First-day schools was feelingly introduced, and should any feel that they have a work to do in this respect they were encouraged to faithfulness, believing that good will result from every rightly-directed effort.

"We were shown that the fields were already white unto harvest, but the laborers were few; all were invited to enter in and labor, as there is work for each to do, and they would receive the reward of the Heavenly Father's love."

THERE are two things about which we should never worry: Things we can help and things we cannot help.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 58.

(Continued from page 350.)

AT NAPLES.

In the National Museum at Naples, observations at Pompeii are admirably supplemented; and one wanders, delighted and amazed, along the halls, where are arranged mural paintings from Herculaneum, Pompeii, &c., admiring the taste, ease and skill with which they have been executed. In those days the artisan was an artist. The rapid, easy character of the work, and the absence of minute detail, prove they were intended for effect and not for close inspection.

Whenever household utensils or ornamental sculpture have been found, they have been preserved in the Museum, and many interesting statues in marble and in bronze have been collected from time to time, which formerly peopled the halls of the buried cities, and now have found a new home in this great treasure-house. Here, too, are shown the weapons of war and remains of defensive armor which have been found; but more striking than these is the collection of articles of food from Pompeii: nuts, figs, dried oil, eggs and loaves marked with the name of the baker. These objects are charred, but retain their forms very perfectly. We see also remnants of fishing-nets and of ropes, a purse and other relics, which seem to bring the observer very near the ancient days. Attention is specially demanded for the great onyx, six or eight inches in diameter, with fine reliefs on both sides, said to be the largest in existence, and for numberless articles of fine jewelry—relics of the taste and luxury of the days of old, which have been obtained at various times. The charred papyrus rolls, which were found in Herculaneum, are among the most interesting objects of the Museum. By an ingenious process, many of these have been unrolled and read, and the learned may now see, as they stroll along through the halls of the papyri, what manner of books the savants of the first century wrote, and what kind of literature the magnates of imperial Rome collected in their private libraries. About 3,000 rolls were found, of which 1,800 only have been preserved.

The officials of the Museum meet us at every turn, and most courteously give all desired information concerning the collection in French or Italian, while we are informed by conspicuously-posted notices that all gratuities are forbidden.

The picture galleries contain more than

800 paintings, many of which are precious works of the great masters; and many artists are busy making copies and studies of these. The most popular picture of all, on the day of my visit, appeared to be the "Woman of Samaria," by Fontana. Six painters were all round it, and as many copies were in various stages of progress, while quite a number, entirely finished pictures were standing round. The Christ is sitting in an attitude of great weariness by the ancient well, very like many of those we saw in Syria; and looks up, with grave and gentle face to the handsome, buoyant-looking young woman who has come to draw water, and asks a draught of her. Her surprise at being addressed in this way by a Jew is depicted on her face, and, indeed, her whole attitude seems impulsively to ask why he, being of the proud, exclusive race, condescends to ask a favor of a despised woman of Samaria.

Standing before the picture, one almost expects to hear the gracious message that so soon was announced to this erring daughter of Israel, that the days of bigoted ritualism were passing away, and that the true worship of the Father Eternal did not consist in the ceremonial observances, either on the Samaritan hill or in the majestic temple of the Jews, but in the dedication of the heart to the Divine service—the worship in spirit and in truth.

Every hall is furnished with a number of convenient tablets, with handles, after the manner of fans, for the use of visitors, on which are the names of all the pictures in that apartment, and also the names of the artists. This renders a catalogue to the gallery hardly a necessity, and is a great convenience.

The ancient bronzes of this Museum are of exceeding interest and beauty, and form, it is said, the finest collection in the world; and the marbles include many renowned masterpieces of ancient art. The celebrated group, called the "Farnese Bull," a work of Apollonius and Tauriscus, the Rhodian sculptors, was found in the Thermæ of Caracalla, in a greatly mutilated condition, and restored under the superintendence of Michael Angelo. The two sons of Antiope are seeking to avenge the wrongs of their mother, by binding Dirce, who had withdrawn the affections of their father from Antiope, to the horns of a wild bull. The injured wife in the background exhorts the young men to forgiveness, and the prostrate Dirce clings to the knees of her captors, seemingly in a wild appeal for pity. The appeal is not in vain, and they are restraining the furious animal which was to have been the instrument of their vengeance, and are loosening the ropes by which Dirce is bound to the horns. The boldness and life-

like character of the group, which was originally hewn out of a single block of marble, is truly wonderful, not being surpassed, say the critics, by any work of the kind in existence.

The "Farnese Hercules," the work of the Athenian Glycon, also from the baths of Caracalla, stands on the opposite side of the same hall, and seems the very embodiment of beneficent and heroic strength. It typifies the bold reformer, destined to slay monsters, cleanse Augean stables, unload heavy burdens, and serve and bless those who will perchance repay such service with ingratitude. Doubtless, no age has been without its Hercules.

Seven rooms of the great Museum are devoted to the collection of Vases, which is of great value. Many of them are of imposing size, and are painted with scenes from ancient Greek tragedy.

We found time to visit a few of the 300 churches of Naples, and took a hasty view of the art treasures garnered in them. In San Severo is an allegorical sculpture which is a curiosity of art. A man is represented as quite helplessly entangled in the meshes of a strong net of ropes, and a crowned genius (a pretty little beneficent angel who typifies Reason) is gently setting him free. I know not why the group is condemned as being in bad taste; it seemed to me to be a very interesting and striking work of art, and to have a beautiful spiritual significance. It is the work of Francesco Queirola, of Genoa, and contains an allusion to Antonia di Sangro, who renounced the world and became a monk after the loss of a beloved wife. The departed consort is represented by a marble statue of Pudicitia (modesty), nude, with a slight, seemingly transparent, marble semblance of a veil.

The church of St. Domenico is an ancient and imposing structure, and is a repository of early Renaissance sculptures. In this church are the remains of ten princes of the house of Aragon, who died in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Many famous works of art are contained in the various chapels, and a monk comes with a key and unlocks the closed gates for us, volunteering many explanations which I could only understand very partially. I was interested to know that in the adjacent monastery the celebrated Thomas Aquinas lived in 1272, as professor of philosophy at the university which was then founded. Charles I directed that he should receive a salary of one ounce of gold per month. Men of the highest rank, even the king himself, were among his auditors. His cell, now a chapel, and his lecture room are still shown.



In the cathedral beneath the high altar, is the richly decorated "Shrine of St. Januarius," with ancient columns and beautiful marble covering. Facing the shrine to the left is the kneeling figure of Cardinal Oliviero Carafa, who erected the chapel in 1492-1506. Many relics and memorials of the saint are preserved in the cathedral, and in the tabernacle of the high-altar, which is adorned with a carefully covered relief in silver, representing the arrival of his remains, are preserved two vessels, purporting to contain the blood of St. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento, who, according to tradition, was exposed to lions in the amphitheater of Pozzuoli, by order of Diocletian, in 305. The animals, we are told, crouched submissively at the feet of the confessor, refusing to do the cruel work of the tyrants. Januarius was then beheaded, and his remains were buried at Pozzuoli, till, in the days of Constantine, the Bishop Severus caused the body to be conveyed to Naples, and reinterred in the church of St. Januarius. It is said, that shortly after this, a woman brought him two phials containing a quantity of the saint's blood, which immediately became liquid as he received it. At the time of a plague in 1497, the remains of Januarius were solemnly transported by the Archbishop, Cardinal Alessandro Carafa, to the cathedral.

The miraculous liquefaction of the blood is now the greatest festival of Naples, and it is asserted to take place three times annually during several successive days, in May, September and December. The protection of the saint is invoked during times of war-pestilence, famine, or an eruption of Vesuvius, and if it is not granted, great wrath as well as disappointment is manifested by the people. Such are the superstitions which a cunning priesthood wind like a net around the consciences of an ignorant people.

An afternoon ride from the Riviera up the winding, ascending highway, called the Corso Victor Emmanuel, to the lofty site of the castle of St. Elmo, was rendered especially memorable by the glorious view I obtained of the magnificent bay and its surroundings, bathed in the golden light of a remarkably favored sunset. In the cruel-looking, frowning citadel, which yet stands here in all its prodigious strength, were enacted many of the atrocities which have covered the memory of the later Bourbon princes with infamy, while from the battlements above, the tyrants might look afar over land and sea, and enjoy one of the loveliest panoramas which earth can boast. One would suppose that all this beauty and grandeur, this beneficence of nature, would inspire actions of gentleness, mercy and love, rather than those of hate and fear.

The Castle of St. Elmo was erected under Robert the Wise, in 1343, and alterations and additions were made during subsequent reigns. It is now dismantled, and is employed as a military prison. The Carthusian monastery of St. Martino, upon the heights, adorned with many pictures of the Neapolitan school, is closed this evening, and thus I miss a view of its treasures; but the snowy Apennines, the purple cone of Vesuvius, the glittering bay, the fairy-tinted islands, and the dying glory of the day are quite enough for to-night.

During our sojourn at Naples, one delightful day (Third mo. 22d) was spent in taking a ride through the district west of Naples, and along the shores of the bay to the town and ruins of Baia.

This tract has, from the earliest times known to history, been the scene of great volcanic disturbances, and traces of these meet the eye of the traveler at every point. The region is also of great historic interest, for here Greek civilization first gained a footing in Italy; and with these coasts, the legends of Hellenic tradition are very often associated.

We are blessed with a perfect day and most congenial company, and ride merrily away along the Riviera di Chiaja, by the Strada di Peidigrotto, to the entrance of the grotto of Posilipo, a tunnel probably channelled through the solid rock in the reign of Augustus.

Among the vineyards on the height, to the left of the entrance, is pointed out the reputed tomb of Virgil. I had previously made a pilgrimage to the resting-place of the prince of poets, and so felt authorized in telling my fellow-travelers that the climb up the innumerable stairs is rather hard; that the monumental stone which marks the supposed grave is not at all ancient in appearance, and that the digression would occupy three-quarters of an hour. Accordingly, we pass on and enter the lofty Grotto of Posilipo, a narrow and gloomy channel, one-half mile in length, varying from ninety to twenty feet in height, and from twenty-five to thirty feet in width. A train of well laden mules, with their drivers, and a great drove of sheep, accompany us in our passage, and the men who are driving the animals amuse themselves by raising deafening shouts as we pass along the resounding tunnel.

At length we emerge into the sunshine, and our way lies through vineyards and gardens, and most fertile fields. The mulberry and the vine are growing together in friendly companionship, the vines being trained up to the trees about six or eight feet, and the branches reaching across clasp hands, and



form a regular net-work over the wheat, which spreads a green carpet beneath. The olive and the orange and lemon are well represented, and vegetation of all kinds is of exceeding luxuriance.

And now the carriage halts, and the driver announces that we have reached the vicinity of Lago d'Agnano. This is an ancient crater, of irregular form, about two miles in circumference, once filled with water, but now almost drained. On the southeast bank are the Stufe di San Germano, ancient receptacles in which warm, sulphurous vapor from the volcanic earth is collected for the use of patients, and we are taken into the old vapor-bath-houses to see for ourselves how near we are to the regions of fire. The little old rooms are dreary, hot, sulphurous, and quite without any visible accommodations for invalids, and I gladly escape from them to the outer world again.

We are but a few minutes' walk from the Grotto del Cani, and are soon within the gate which admits us into the antechamber of the cave so deadly to dogs. On a bench in the sunshine lies an amiable-looking, little white dog, whose vocation is, to be martyred for the benefit of visitors who are willing to pay for the operation. The opening into the cavern is like an entrance to a dark cellar, and the carbonic acid fills it to the level of the floor of the ante-room, as we tested with torches. And now one of the company demands the canine experiment, and the unresisting little creature is placed at the entrance of the cavern, and held by the guide while he inhales the deadly fumes. He opens his mouth very wide, coughs convulsively, and very soon seems to lose consciousness, when he is carried out and laid on his side on the ground. The life-giving oxygen returns to the poor little lungs, he breathes again very soon, and ere long is himself once more, ready to return gratefully the caresses bestowed upon him by remorseless travelers.

For about a mile and a half before reaching Pozzuoli our way lies along the sea, and the scenery is passing beautiful. Just before reaching the town we pass an extensive quarry in the rock of lava which projects toward the sea, in which it is said two hundred galley slaves are employed, but we saw none as we rode rapidly by.

And now we have reached the town, the Puteoli of old days, memorable as being the landing-place of St. Paul after the perils and trials of a stormy voyage. He comes a helpless prisoner, soon to stand before the judgment-seat of the ruler of the vast Roman world, and his missionary labors are well nigh over. A different scene met his gaze as

he stood here 1800 years ago from that which we see to-day.

Puteoli, now a dull, dirty town, of no special importance, was then an opulent, commercial city, and the principal depot for the traffic with Asia and Africa. At the quay we may see the remains of the ancient pier, called the Ponte di Caligola. Of the original twenty-five buttresses, which supported twenty-four arches, sixteen remain, but three are now under water, indicating a change in the elevation of this wavering volcanic soil.

But to me, far more interesting are the remains of the Temple of Serapis, which were excavated in 1750. Three of the six Corinthian pillars of the portico, surmounted by a rich frieze, yet stand to attest the grandeur of the edifice, and to bear record in a remarkable way of the variations which volcanic agency has produced in this wavering coast. I read that "interesting observations may be made here with respect to the alterations which have at different periods taken place in the level of the sea. That it had risen considerably, even in ancient days, is proved by the fact that mosaics have been found six feet below the present level of the pavement. After the decline of heathenism, the sea continued to rise, as the different water-marks testify."

A few pillars, rising from the sea to the west of the Serapeum, are denominated, from their present position, doubtless, the Temple of Neptune; and another submarine ruin, in the vicinity, from which many columns and sculptures have been recovered, is called the Temple of the Nymphs. Farther on, our attention is directed to a few fragments which are believed to indicate the site of the villa of Cicero. The most perfect of all the ruins of Puteoli is the Amphitheatre, on an eminence behind the town. This was the theatre of the celebrated gladiator-combats under Nero, when he received the King of Armenia as a guest. The Emperor himself entered the arena, and illustrated his prowess by deeds of daring. Here, too, we see the place where the wild beasts refused to be the executioners of Januarius, in the days of Diocletian.

The ancient crater of Solfatara is near at hand, and we are admitted by a gateway to the basin which the ancients termed the Forum of Vulcan. The ground sounds hollow to the tread, and the enclosing hills of pumice-stone yet emit vapors and sulphurous gas from fissures. Our guide takes us first into a low building, where the manufacture of stucco is being carried on. A tall and beautiful heath, clad in a rich profusion of white bells, has found a congenial home here, and a yet taller, broom-like plant, also com-



ing into golden bloom, is rejoicing in the sunshine. On the side farthest from the entrance we reach the most important volcanic chimney which yet remains in the crater. It is a roaring, cavernous, opening about six feet in diameter, from which a fiery tempest of sulphurous gas escapes evermore, and the walls of the cavity are decked with a profusion of crystals of sulphur. The ground around is very warm and seems saturated with gas, which comes puffing out in the most unexpected places. The guide is mindful of his own interest, and hurries us away from the interesting spot, warning us that there is much yet to be accomplished in the day before us.

Leaving Pozzuoli, we proceed westward by the shore of the bay, and soon reach Monte Nuova, a volcanic hill which was suddenly upheaved in 1538, after a violent earthquake. The hill (456 feet high) is in the form of a cone, in the center of which is an extinct crater of considerable depth, distinctly indicating its origin. The ascent is said to be most interesting, but we do not attempt it.

Turning to the left, we now traverse the narrow strip of land which separates Lake Lacrinus (once famed for its oysters) from the sea, and soon reach Baia (the ancient Baïæ). The attention is continually arrested as we approach by the profusion of the ruins, which attest the ancient splendor of this Roman watering-place of the days of Cicero, Augustus, Nero and Hadrian. The situation is one of unsurpassed loveliness, and edifices of great magnificence once occupied these noble eminences, of which the imposing and most substantial foundations yet endure. Luxury and profligacy, we are told, characterized the place and marred the beauty and excellence of the spot which nature had made so fair, and "the desolate ruins which now alone encounter the eye point the usual moral."

A great circular domed building of brick, believed to be a bath, but styled a Temple of Mercury, stands to the right of the road in a vineyard, and we are conducted to it by one of the ever-ready guides. A curiously perfect echo resounds from the vaulted hall, startling in its weird effects, reflecting every laugh and exclamation with remarkable distinctness. It is also a surprisingly effective whispering gallery, the best I have ever seen. As we are experimenting on the acoustic qualities of this ruin, a party of peasant people make their appearance, and to the accompaniment of rude, wild music, dance the tarantella for our edification. There is joyous, rhythmic movement, full of grace and energy, and the merry dancers seem to enjoy the pastime fully as much as the spectators do.

I, at least, am so utterly ignorant of the laws of the dance as to be unable to judge of its merits.

We are next taken to the celebrated Lake Avernus, a little distance inland, which the ancients professed to regard as the entrance to the infernal regions. It was alleged that no bird could fly over it and live. It is a pretty, circular basin now, having lost all the weirdness which gave it its antique reputation; and among the luxuriant vegetation which smiles down from its banks, I gathered the finest allium, with large, pure white, drooping flowers, I have ever seen. An ancient grotto, 280 paces deep in the bank, long, damp, dark, and utterly dismal, is denominated the "Grotto of the Sibyl;" but a journey into its depths was anything but compensating; neither were the Baths of Nero, to which we were next conducted, very edifying. But the ride homeward to Naples, in the dying light of a perfect day, was full of charm, and is to be joyfully remembered long after the damp and dismal grotto is forgotten.

The sunset views of the bay of Naples and its magnificent surroundings, surpass the utmost flights of the imagination. Even the beggars, who clutch the side of the carriage, assuring us that they are dying with hunger, are picturesque and amusing. It is impossible to avoid laughing at their extravagant assertions, in view of their decidedly jolly appearance, when they laugh, too, appreciating the absurdity of the position. Their good-humored impertinence and "much-speaking," win them many a gratuity from kindly travelers; but it is at least questionable whether such benevolence has any tendency to elevate the lazzaroni of Naples. S. R.

*Third month 22d, 1875.*

#### TO MY MOTHER UPON MY THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTH-DAY.

BY M. J. C.

Mother, my heart is full to-day  
With thoughts of years long flown,  
Since first in thy dear arms I lay  
In our loved childhood's home—  
That sweet,  
That well-loved childhood's home.

Thy own calm life had reached its noon  
Through care and labor bound;  
Thine olive plants to watch and prune,  
Yet with true patience crowned,—  
With pure  
Angelic patience crowned.

While he who walked thy path beside  
Through years of toil and care,  
Our ever faithful friend and guide  
Has left a vacant chair—  
Alas!  
We mourn his vacant chair.

And one there was, with broken wing,  
With bleeding heart and sore,  
Who passed thro' pain and suffering  
To heaven's eternal shore;

That calm,  
That restful, heavenly shore.

With broken ranks, to *stranger's* hand,  
Our heart and home are given;  
We'll meet as an unbroken band  
No more this side of heaven;

No more  
This side the gates of heaven.

Thy long day's journey well nigh run,  
The evening bringeth rest;  
Thy life-work well and nobly done,  
Thy children call thee blest;

Yes, all  
Rise up and call thee blest.

Mother, thy arms may rest to-day,  
Thy nestling needs no care;  
The bird has flown far, far away,  
Yet pines to nestle there—

To feel  
Once more thy tenderest care.

Oh! *mother-love*! How strong, how free,  
I probe its depths each day,  
For children crowd about my knee—  
Was I so loved as they?

Was I  
So fondly loved as they?

Then, mother, pray thine absent one,  
In child-like faith grown stronger,  
May learn with each revolving sun,  
To lean on reeds no longer—

To trust  
In broken reeds no longer.

May God's dear Son in mercy sweet,  
Lead us to heaven's bright shore,  
Where young and old we all may meet  
The loved ones gone before—

To greet  
The dear ones gone before.

*Des Moines.*

THEY chide us for praying—half in scorn,  
And half in sadness,—pointing to their light  
Of newly risen knowledge, whose clear dawn  
Scatters the ghostly phantoms of our night,  
Which we have made our gods and knelt before,  
And their cold mockery wrongs our praying less  
Than we wrong prayer, who pray for earthly store  
Of health, and wealth, and mortal happiness.  
Prayer is no child of fleeting hopes and fears,  
But of the inmost heart's eternity,  
That with dim, passionate striving all its years,  
Years after God and cries for light to see.  
And there's one prayer no scorn can ever move—  
The endless prayer of a long life of love.

E. G. A. HOLMES.

#### DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

On the 13th inst. died at the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, Belmont and Girard avenues, "Aunt Sally Baynor," who, when admitted in 1870, was reported to be 110 years old, consequently 115 at her death. This would make her 16 years old when the Declaration of Independence was

adopted, and may safely be termed "extreme old age." Whether she was really as old as this is not easy to determine, but there are circumstances besides her appearance which render it quite certain she was past 100 years. Her hair was white as the purest snow and very fine and silky, and though years had much bent her form, yet she was active, tripping up and down stairs like a much younger person. Her mind remained clear and sight good till near her close, and until within a few months she could thread a needle and hem and sew as in her earlier days, never having needed the use of spectacles. Born a slave in Cecil county, Md., she told one of the managers that her early life was one of hard labor, rising very early to attend to a large dairy, and then after a hasty breakfast to labor in the corn-field, adding, "hard work never hurt Aunt Sally." She was very industrious, would brush her room, and up to within a few months insisted on cleaning all the knives in the establishment, and when her feebleness prevented this, seemed to feel that she was not attending to her duties, and appeared uncomfortable about it. She always enjoyed good health, even to the last, and gradually passed away without any ailment except old age. Admitted to the Home through the liberality of the venerable James Laws, who had known her in his earlier days, she was grateful for his kindness, and appreciated favors received from others.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE ALTITUDE AT WHICH MEN CAN LIVE.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the altitude at which human beings can exist, and Mr. Glaisher himself can tell us as much about it as anybody. In July, 1872, he and Mr. Coxwell ascended in a balloon to the enormous height of 38,000 feet (?). Previous to the start Mr. Glaisher's pulse stood at 76 beats a minute, Coxwell's at 74. At 17,000 feet the pulse of the former was at 84, that of the latter at 100. At 19,000 feet Glaisher's hands and lips were quite blue, but not his face. At 21,000 feet he heard his heart beating, and his breathing became oppressed. At 29,000 he became senseless; notwithstanding which the aeronaut, in the interest of science, went up another 8,000 feet, till he could no longer use his hands, and had to pull the strings of the valve with his teeth. Aeronauts who have to make no exertions have, of course, a great advantage over members of the Alpine Club and those who trust their legs; even at 13,000 feet, those climbers feel very uncomfortable, more so in the Alps, it seems, than elsewhere. At the monastery of St. Bernard, 8,117 feet high, the monks become asthmatic, and are compelled



frequently to descend into the Valley of the Rhone for—anything but a breath of fresh air; and, at the end of ten years' service, are obliged to give up their high living, and come down to their usual level. At the same time, in South America there are towns, such as Potosi, placed as high as the top of Mont Blanc, the inhabitants of which feel no inconvenience. The highest inhabited spot in the world is, however, the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet. The brothers Schlaginsweit, when they explored the glaciers of the Ibi-Gamin, in the same country, encamped at 21,000 feet, the highest altitude at which a European ever passed the night. Even at the top of Mont Blanc Professor Tyndall's guides found it very unpleasant to do this, though the Professor himself did not confess to feeling so bad as they. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest (Himalaya), 29,003 feet, and the condor has been seen "winging the blue air" 500 feet higher. The air, by the bye, is not "blue," or else, as De Saussure pointed out, "the distant mountains, which are covered with snow, would appear blue also;" its apparent color being due to the reflection of light. What light can do, and does, is marvelous; and not the least is its power of attraction to humanity.

### NOTICES.

#### *To the Society of Friends:*

This is to notify Friends interested that, owing to the Committees of the two Yearly Meetings arranging the time of the Illinois Yearly Meeting, to convene on the day when the Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting would have been held in the regular order, it was decided by Friends in Iowa to hold the next Quarter, preceding the Yearly Meeting, on the third Seventh-day in the Eighth month, 1875, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. at West Liberty (Wapsinona). Ministers and Elders the day preceding, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,  
*Correspondent of the Q. M.*

#### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Eighth mo. 1st,	Darby, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " "	Upper Greenwich, N. J., 10 A. M.
" " "	Woodbury, N. J., 3 P. M.
" " 15th,	Haverford, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " "	Whitemarsh, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " "	Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.
" " "	Catawissa, Pa., 3 P. M.
" " "	Bridgeport, N. J., 3 P. M.
" " 22d,	Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
" " "	Cape May, N. J., 3 P. M.

Western First-day School Union will meet at London Grove, on Seventh-day, Eighth month 7th, at 10 A. M. Class exercises and essays are desired, but should be such as can be distinctly heard. It is hoped that every school in the Union will send a report.

THOS. F. SEAL, *Clerk*

#### PHILADELPHIA FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet at London Grove Meeting-house, on Seventh-day, Eighth mo. 7th, at 1 o'clock—being the same day that Western Union meets there. Full attendance, also, of the Co-operative Visiting Committee. Members of the latter and the Visiting Committee will please send reports of what attention has been given to their duties, to be forwarded by the 4th prox. to Louisa J. Roberts, No. 421 N. Sixth street, Philadelphia.

JAMES GASKILL, *Clerk.*

### ITEMS.

LADY JANE FRANKLIN died on the 18th inst. Lady Jane Franklin was the second daughter of John Griffin, a London gentleman of French Huguenot extraction. She was born in the year 1805, and married to Sir John Franklin, the Arctic Explorer, in 1828. In 1836 she accompanied Sir John to Van Diemand's Land, on his appointment to the Governorship of that colony. Nine years later, when he was on his third expedition to the Polar seas, her name became familiar to the public through the efforts she made to save him or ascertain definitely his fate. In 1848 she offered heavy rewards for trustworthy tidings concerning himself and party, and in the following year addressed a strong appeal to the people of the United States, through the President, for active co-operation in the search. This was nobly responded to by Henry Grinnell, of New York, who purchased the brigs *Advance* and *Rescue*, which the British Government fitted out, and sent, under the command of Captain Hayes, for Sir John's relief or discovery. They returned without success. Other expeditions followed, the funds for which were furnished by Lady Franklin and the Government of Great Britain.

Finally, the *Fox*, commanded by Captain McClintock, returned in 1857, with proof that the unfortunate Sir John and his party had perished previous to June, 1847. They, moreover, discovered the existence of a northwest passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific. In addition to a present of £8,000 to the officers and crew of the *Fox*, the House of Commons voted £2,000 towards a statue of Sir John Franklin, to be erected in London, and the Royal Geographical Society, in 1860, conferred a gold medal upon Lady Franklin.

Lady Franklin visited this country twice, and excited much interest and sympathy on both occasions. On the second trip to the United States she visited Alaska and California, and journeyed from there overland to New York, stopping several days at Cincinnati, where she received much attention. She there found the late Captain Hall, who had then made two voyages to the Arctic regions, and had discovered many traces of her husband's last expedition.

Lady Franklin was possessed of great wealth, but expended nearly all her fortune in the fruitless search for her husband, and until the hour of her death had not ceased for one moment in the search for relics, tokens, or certain news of his death. Indeed, her last act was bidding farewell to Allen Young, the commander of the *Pandora*, and the originator of the Arctic expedition which has just sailed from England in the hopes of discovering still further evidence of Sir John Franklin's fate. In February, 1872, she bought the Franklin House, in Lincolnshire, England, intending to collect there any relics that may be discovered of Sir John's expeditions.—*Ev. Bulletin.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 7, 1875.

No. 24

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.  
 Joseph S. Cohn, New York.  
 Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
 WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 355.)

*Third month 6th.*—He started for Florida  
 with some of his family, where he spent two  
 months very pleasantly.

At Palatka, Third month 17th, he writes :  
 "First-day morning, another lovely day. We  
 attended the colored Methodist Meeting and  
 Sabbath school. Heard an excellent sermon  
 from their minister, John Thomas. His text  
 was from our Lord's Prayer, 'Thy kingdom  
 come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in  
 heaven.' He showed them that their religion  
 was vain, unless they daily experienced sub-  
 mission to the will of God in their hearts.  
 They sang very well some beautiful hymns,  
 'Oh! for a closer walk with God,' &c. I was  
 so much interested that I concluded to attend  
 in the afternoon. The same person preached  
 upon the text from Paul, 'Other foundation  
 can no man lay,' &c., and that every man's  
 work must be tried by fire, &c. This suited  
 me exactly. He handled his subject ably  
 and practically; assured them that 'shout-  
 ing to the Lord and getting happy' did not  
 amount to anything—their works must be of  
 pure gold, or they would surely suffer loss,  
 however much they might profess. When he  
 finished, I asked permission to say a few  
 words, which were confirmatory of what had  
 been said.

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"Fourth month 10th.—At St. Augustine.  
 Called on some old colored people, one named  
 Jack Smith and one Julianna. Had a pleas-  
 ant chat with them. She is very lame, and  
 crawls with difficulty on crutches, but says  
 she is happy in her Saviour, and delights in  
 speaking of His goodness to her, a poor sin-  
 ner. She had been owned by a hard master,  
 who kicked and beat her like a dog. They  
 were stolen from Africa when they were chil-  
 dren, and can only remember that they did  
 not know where they were going. Uncle Jack  
 is a sensible old man, and says his back was  
 never weltd by the driver's whip. He is an  
 exhorter in the Methodist church, and says  
 he knows that his Redeemer liveth. He was  
 much delighted to converse upon the Bible.  
 The faith of those poor people cheered my  
 soul.

"First day.—At the colored Sunday school.  
 I was deeply interested, and told the children  
 the story of little Florrie, which was listened  
 to with much attention. The minister gave  
 me an invitation to preach for them in the  
 afternoon, which, however, I did not feel it  
 incumbent upon me to accept. The school  
 is taught by some excellent white ladies liv-  
 ing here from the North, the principal a de-  
 scendant of Cotton Mather. Her whole heart  
 is in the work. What a blessing I feel it,  
 that everywhere I can speak unchecked the  
 thoughts of my heart on the subject of slavery,



the great curse that has so long blighted our country, North as well as South. Here we behold its deadly influence on every hand, and the people seem awaking from a sleep of death to a view of life, to which they have not yet become familiar. They greatly need guiding hands to teach them in love and kindness the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, which sets free from the law of sin and death. Oh, that Christians would, instead of preaching creeds, preach Jesus Christ and the necessity of His being revealed to the soul by our Father in heaven, a life of purity and holiness as the great fundamental of a Christian! The constant occupancy of the brain by systems of theology, seems to me like spreading wide the sail of a vessel without carefully watching the helm. Unless the good Pilot keeps this we may founder on shoals, rocks or quicksands, and are in danger of shipwreck, and of being numbered with those who daily cry, 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things which He says."

"*Fourth month 13th*—I have been over to the hut of old Julianna, reading her the 14th, 15th and 17th chapters of St. John's gospel, and some psalms, which she seemed to enjoy. She said she did not know how to pray, but that she tried to give her whole heart to God. I had a precious little meeting with her under an orange-tree beside her cottage. She is a Catholic, having been owned by a Romanist. I am informed that it was the universal practice of the Roman Catholic church the moment its members bought a slave to compel them to have that slave baptized in the church. In this respect they were far truer to their faith than Protestants, who too often ignored and despised all laws, human and divine, with regard to the spiritual and moral welfare of their slaves. Of course, there were exceptions in both ways and both cases.

"On First-day again visited the colored church. It is interesting to witness the earnestness of both teachers and pupils. Last First-day the pastor asked me to preach for them; to-day I told him I would attend their evening meeting, and perhaps might have a few words to say. He seemed pleased, and said he would be very glad indeed, as it might be the last opportunity of doing a little good before I left.

"I here record my gratitude to God for His continued blessings. O Father, may my whole heart be more fully given to Thee, and wilt Thou be pleased to give me the faith by which I may be made whole spiritually, and, with perfect trust in Thee, be redeemed from the power of doubts and fears which belong not to one who is favored to look with perfect hope above the vicissitudes of this uncertain

life! Oh, that I may here lay hold on life eternal, knowing my Lord Jesus Christ to be my resurrection and my life! Grant me strength to endure all unto the end! Dearest Father, Thou only knowest the strife, the conflict that Thy children must experience; but, blessed be Thy holy name, they must come off victorious if they desert not the great Captain of their salvation—the eternal standard which insures protection to all who rally closely and never wander from it.

"I would not convey a gloomy view of the Christian warfare—by no means—for no joy is like unto the joy that pours into the soul of the humble, faithful Christian. Worldly joys and greatness, as well as the dearest delights of earth, are passing away; but the joys of God's salvation are eternal, and we have the assurance through them of a foretaste here of what awaits us hereafter.

"Last evening attended the colored Methodist meeting. After a hymn and prayer from the minister I spoke to them upon the great profession that is made by the Christian churches of the name of Jesus, and the great deficiency there is of the love and power of His spirit in the hearts of many of the people who so loudly proclaim their faith in Christ. This I did by placing side by side this high profession, and the fruits so manifest among the sects, of strife and contention. The spirit of Christ abounding in charity could never tolerate this spirit of prejudice and bitterness; but that it would lead us to love God above all and our neighbor as ourselves. Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost; and the evidences of His mission was found in His unselfish devotion to His Father's will. The blind saw, the deaf heard, the lame walked, the sick were healed, the dead were raised, and to the poor the Gospel was preached. I referred them to His sermon on the Mount as the great text of His Gospel.

"Afterward the pastor told me I could not have struck upon a course of reasoning with them more greatly needed, for the churches here are torn by the spirit of dissension.

"*Fourth month 16th*.—Another beautiful day like the Sixth month at the North. Was much interested this morning by attending the Peabody school, or rather the public school for white children, for which they receive a thousand dollars a year from the Peabody fund. They pay this sum to their principal teacher, and employ three women teachers in addition. They are doing a good and needed work. Education is the means by which the whites as well as the colored people must be raised from their degraded ignorance. As the people are mostly Romanists, it is with difficulty those interested in this

school can prevail upon the people to allow their children to come.

"*Sixth month.*—At meeting spoke upon the subject of the jailer's conversion through the instrumentality of Paul and Silas, and the miraculous power shown in their deliverance. 'What shall I do to be saved?' was the question with him. It is the question now with others, and the means of salvation are the same now as then, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' which the jailer and his house did, so thoroughly that he was immediately changed from an instrument of cruelty to an humble and devoted servant of our Lord. I endeavored to show that his was a faith which works by love, and purifies the heart.

"*Sixth month 26th.*—Commemoration day at Swarthmore College. An interesting occasion, on which President E. H. Magill was inaugurated. The declamations and original essays by the pupils were good and well delivered.

"*Eleventh month 3d.*—Yesterday I came to Swarthmore to remain till Second-day morning. First-day morning at meeting with teachers, faculty and pupils in the large study-room. It is a trial as well as a pleasure to address the young, inquiring minds upon the duties of life. Should I utter aught that is unrued, and a single mind should be turned aside from the way of truth thereby, how fearful the responsibility! We had a solemn meeting. I endeavored to show them the great necessity for all to build only on the one foundation that is laid, as there is none other upon which the building of a life can stand in the hour of trial. The great test will come to all alike, and it matters not how beautiful the building in our own estimation, or in the eyes of others, nothing can save it except it be founded on the eternal Rock of Ages. On the other hand, however lowly or humble the structure, though it claim not the attention of the admiring throng of the worldly-wise, it will be beautiful in the Divine sight. Our faith must be in Him who controls the winds and the waves of the spiritual voyage as well as the laws which govern the universe, the work of His hands. The spiritual laws we behold perfected in the beloved Son of God. He is the standard of holiness."

(To be continued.)

#### PROPOSED DISINTERMENT OF GEORGE FOX'S BONES.

"A member of the Society of Friends" writes to the *London Daily News*:

"An instance that the necessities of the living sometimes crowd in upon the repose of the dead is found in the proposed disinterment of the bones of George Fox, the founder of

the Society of Friends. When Fox died nine score years ago he was borne to Bunhill-fields for interment, and 3,000 Friends followed in solemn procession to the grave the body of him, who was in life their leader, and who was in death, Penn said, 'the most pleasant corpse' he ever looked upon. The Quakers' burial ground adjoining Coleman street, Bunhill row, has long been closed for burial, and houses and high walls surround the classic 'God's acre' of the sect. A tradition lingers that about 120 years ago workmen removing a wall came upon the coffin of the Quaker leader; and in curiosity they removed a part of the inner leaden casing and saw the features of the dead, well preserved, but crumbling after the admission of air. The remains, it is said, were reinterred; and a plain tablet with the initials 'G. F.' marks the spot. The site of the burial ground is now to be given up in part; and the prospect of the erection of a school there by the London School Board necessitates the removal of the remains. Fox's spiritual descendants are not superstitious, but they have ever revered the memory of their founder; and to them may safely be trusted the decent reinterment of all that remains of the great Quaker. That disinterment is, however, in a measure, of interest to the countrymen of Fox, for in the two centuries that have nearly passed since he moved the religious world more than we now dream of, a disposition has arisen to do tardy justice to his memory. . . . When life fled from the body whose remains are shortly to see the light of day again, priestcraft had received a severe, if not a mortal wound; forgotten truths that had been hidden for centuries had been revived; and Nonconformity had won by blood and suffering the right to meet under its own metaphoric fig-tree. In large decree this is due to Fox and his friends, and to the ordinary Englishman this will be cause for remembrance of him much more than that he founded an unique sect; just as his colleague, Penn, will be esteemed more for his boldness in a famous trial than for his sufferings in the propagation of a faith then everywhere despised. The frail remnants of a mortal body which was the envelope of a soul that knew no fear of man will carry our memories across two brawling centuries to an England widely different to the one we know—to the one which, as Macaulay opined, 'we should not know one landscape in a hundred or one building in ten thousand'; but it will carry us to a state of religious life similar in many respects to that of to-day."—*Evening Bulletin*.

VIRIUE offers the only path which, in this life, leads to tranquillity—true peace of mind.



## DOING AND BEING.

What have I done, we say, and what can I do? These are useful questions. Our work is part of ourselves, and it is a very useful question, What can I do? But we are apt to give it too outward a meaning. We want to ask also, What can I *be*? And the latter is the deeper question. What can I do, we think. My time is scanty, my money scanty, my opportunities few. If we say, Though I may do but little, I will yet do what I can, and carry out our thought, our action is very noble. We cannot have too much of that spirit of faithful action. The other question does not conflict with it, but adds to it and compensates it. Our power of action is sadly limited. If we be charitably disposed, for instance, we can only feed a few hungry mouths, and clothe a few poor bodies, and so on; and unless we are very careful our kind intention creates more want than it cures. If we persevere in face of our own weakness and the difficulties of the case, then is our action very deeply beautiful. I would not breathe a word against any worthy activity; there cannot be too much of it. But this question, What can I *be*? has also its meaning. I meet a friend, say, who likes me, and whom I should like to serve. He does not need money nor advice; what can I do for him? If I should ask him the question, he would probably say, I want nothing of you. I like *you*; there is nothing that you have that I particularly care for. I like to know you and be with you. Now the greatest and best part of our life is on such terms as these. It is not what a friend does, but what he is to us. What we are to those around us is generally much more than what we actively do for them. But though our friend says we can do nothing for him, we know what he would like us to do. He would like us to be more gentle, true and kindly, more manly, warmer-hearted, wiser and larger; in short, better. That is the best thing we can do for him, the most precious service we can render him or he us. It may be that he is a good friend to us and that we love him. If he had more faults we should love him still; but when we ask ourselves what he could do for us, we find ourselves thinking, I wish you were a little wiser; why do you not take more pains to know something? or, I wish you were a little gentler, or firmer, or considerate; that is the chief good he can do us, to be his best self; and other people think the same of us; that is the chief good we can do them, to become better men and women.—*Francis T. Washburn.*

OUR nature is a whole—a beautiful whole—and no part can be spared.

## DEARTH OF GOOD READERS.

At the late meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, Joseph White, LL.D., speaking of the qualifications of teachers, said that he had never known more than two or three good readers,—at most not more than ten or a dozen. To be a good reader he thought to be more difficult than to be an acceptable speaker. Dr. White, in this statement, emphasizes a deplorable fact. The most elegant and the most durable accomplishment that a lady or a gentleman can possess, is that of reading well. Nor is it an accomplishment only, but it is an acquirement that will prove of the highest practical value to the family and to society. Why it is so rare is perhaps due to the fact that of all the studies at school, that of reading is the one most neglected, and of all the methods of amusement or instruction in the family, or social circle, that of reading aloud is the least practiced. If reading aloud were esteemed as it ought to be in the school and in the family, we should not merit such a stinging reproach as that uttered by Dr. White. Nor only this, but, in addition thereto, many a home that is now periodically invaded by dullness, or *ennui*, would be wonderfully brightened and refined, and its inmates be made incomparably more happy by this gracious and winning accomplishment. At the same time, while all are entertained and made cheerful, the young in especial would be improved and kept out of the way of the temptations incident to long and tiresome evenings.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## "UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION."

The subjoined extracts from the Ninth Annual Report of the American Branch of this organization, which we take from the "Voice of Peace" for Sixth month, have been crowded out from our columns until now.

The subject of peace is one that every reader of our paper must be interested in, and we feel that the progress the world is making in its estimate of the value of a peaceful settlement of national difficulties is most encouraging.—EDS.

The progress of the race in all departments of life may be compared to the waves of the ocean, moving forward and then receding, sometimes presenting an appearance that would indicate that the latter was greater than the former, but this is not so; for, onward through the strides of the ages, the race is moving to higher and better conditions.

It is well, however earnest may be our labors, to pause at times and review the work

that is thus going on, and these annual gatherings afford a good opportunity to do this. We are glad to know that, although rumors and threatenings of wars prevail, yet it may be said that at this time there is less actual warfare among the nations of the earth, and fewer intestine feuds than have commonly marked the history of the past. The more general diffusion of knowledge, the wider extension of commerce, whose white-winged ships and busy-plying steamers are messengers of peace, no less than prosperity and wealth, is cause of congratulation. The increased intercourse between the various nations which mark this era, together with the free and friendly discussion of international topics, distinguishes this from all former periods. The grand event of our day is the settlement of the difficulties between Great Britain and this nation by the treaty of Washington, which not only relieves the two countries from much anxiety, but sends down the ages a precedent of unparalleled power. Following close upon this is the establishment, upon what we hope may prove a permanent basis, of the "Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law," in which this Society was represented by Dr. J. B. Miles, which met during the past year at Brussels, and is to meet in Europe during the present year, and, we trust, will meet next year in the United States of America, and in Philadelphia on the occasion of the Centennial Exposition.

On the 17th of June, 1874, Congress passed the following :

"Resolved, That the people of the United States, being devoted to the policy of Peace with all mankind, enjoying its blessings and praying for its permanence and its universal adoption, hereby, through their Representatives in Congress, recommend such arbitration as a national substitute for war; and they further recommend to the treaty-making power of the Government to provide, if practicable, that hereafter in treaties made between the United States and foreign powers, war shall not be declared by either of the contracting powers against the other until efforts shall have been made to adjust all alleged causes of difficulty by impartial arbitration."

We rejoice to know that the friends of peace in England and on the continent of Europe, who constitute branches of the Universal Peace Union, are earnestly laboring in this great work, which is to aid in spreading the blessings of peace throughout the world. Our branch societies have held numerous meetings during the past year, and we desire to impress upon them the importance of making regular reports to the annual meetings, in order that we may more clearly understand the condition of the cause in various sections of the country, and also that we

may encourage each other to renewed and increased labors.

We are glad to know that there are many other societies, some of them connected with religious associations, which are aiming at the same desirable end, "Peace on earth, and good will among mankind." To all these we would offer encouragement to press forward towards the attainment of the blessings which must ever follow in the train of Peace.

Your Board have met regularly each month, and have, through a committee, published *The Voice of Peace*, which, as an exponent of Radical Peace, has met with encouragement, but which should be much more widely circulated, and we hope our friends in various sections of the country will aid us in placing this paper upon a firm basis and extending its usefulness. If the Friends in different sections of the country will exert their influence they may do great service to the cause.

Among the important and interesting events of the past year, was the celebration of "Mother's day," or "Woman's Peace Festival," instituted by Julia Ward Howe. In this celebration many of our branches took an active part.

An important event is the emigration to this country of the Mennonites, a body of people whose faithfulness in regard to Peace has awakened a wide-spread interest. They received a release from military services from the Russian Government, which was afterwards revoked; and they decided to leave the country unless their conscientious rights were respected, and many of them had left their country, when the Czar revoked the order. One of our papers said:

"One of the most absolute and aristocratic of all governments has been conquered by sheer force of will on the part of an humble and non-resisting sect, and conscience has been found more powerful than law and court. If the cable reports the matter correctly, 'the people called Quakers' have won such a victory as their peaceful spirit would most desire. The Mennonites bear the same testimony against war and the carrying of arms as the English Friends, and finding that their conscientious convictions were not to be respected by the Russian authorities, prepared to leave their native land and form a new settlement in a foreign but more congenial clime. Already, as we know, large numbers of these people left Russia for the United States, and the entire balance of the sect was expected speedily to follow. Russia at last became aware of the positive nature of the loss she was suffering. These were immigrants of no ordinary kind. The Mennonites are people of the highest character and intelligence, and many of them persons of great wealth. While a country may find a thinning out of its poorer classes a benefit, it is likely to find a wholesale departure of such an element of wealth, influence and responsibility as the Mennonite population a positive injury. Clearly, if something were not done, Russia would lose it all, and the



United States would be the gainer; and therefore the order seems to have been given of which yesterday's dispatches state the point. The convictions of the Czar's Quakers are to be respected, and they are to be excused from conscription and all military duty. They, however, are still liable to hospital service, as stewards, nurses, &c., and this proviso, it is stated, they are willing to accept. At first sight this appears to be a compromise on the part of the Russian Friends, but they may explain the co-operation as being a work of charity, and instead of a breach of doctrine, a Christian work for the relief of suffering. Friends in this country would not make even this much of a concession to authority, but when we consider the different conditions of life here and in Russia, the triumph of the Mennonites must be called remarkable. They will be missed in the United States, but their independence and courage will make them more than ever valued in the land of their nativity.

"To submit to be forced to serve sick and wounded soldiers, as an alternative, would be a concession of conscience with some, but those who are truly conscientious do not require to be asked to serve suffering humanity, but are already engaged in the work when the necessity arises."

Our interest and labors for the Indians have continued.

We are glad to learn that capital punishment has been totally abolished in Switzerland, and we trust the time is not far distant when the several States of the Union will abolish this relic of barbarism.

#### SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 2.

OWEGO, Seventh month, 1875.

On Seventh-day evening we took our anticipated ride up the Susquehanna to an island, which is fitted up for picnic parties.

The next evening we visited the cemetery near this place, obtained access to it up a steep mountain side, so steep that the horses can hardly drag the carriage; indeed, we walk all the upper part. We have a lovely bird's-eye view of Owego when at the top. We saw the grave of an Indian girl who was run over on the railroad and killed.

We also joined a party on Second-day to go to the trout ponds near Elmira. It is a lovely place, fitted up for picnics, having a large pavilion that can be used as an eating-saloon, with delightful little arbors or enclosed houses set on prominent points, where you can set your lunch out. The trout are very pretty things, and so tame they will feed out of your hands or a spoon. They give them fresh meat chopped fine. Permission is given here to fish for the trout at the rate of *one dollar per pound* for all caught! A lady with one or two children caught *eleven pounds*. Rather dear sport methinks.

We took a trip to Elmira, procured a carriage, and were driven all over the city. Saw the female college, new prison, court-

house and all the most prominent buildings, as well as many elegant residences. Then we drove out to Eldrige's Park, one of the loveliest spots near here. It reminds one of Central Park.

It is said the owner spends annually twenty thousand dollars on it keeping it in good order, building summer houses, pavilions, artificial lakes, with steam-yachts, steam-boats, row-boats, &c., &c. He charges no admission fee, and only asks that no damage be done to his property. Statues and flowers abound everywhere. While we were there, a large church picnic was in attendance.

Returning to the town, we dined, and were ready to proceed on our journey, but, meanwhile, the clouds had been gathering unobserved, and in a few minutes down came the pouring rain, and we with no other protection than our sun umbrellas afforded.

We were en route for the cars and had but little time; but seeking the shelter of a friendly porch, we stood waiting as patiently as possible for the deluge to stop, while the precious intervening twenty minutes were fast slipping away. Fortunately a coach passing, the driver was hailed, and we were thus rescued from our difficulty. The depot was reached, while it continued to pour, with a leaden-colored sky, but we entered the cars in faith that it would stop, and this faith was soon rewarded, as we had not traveled far before it cleared up as suddenly as the storm had commenced, and we had one of the loveliest of afternoons.

We reached *Watkins'* about a quarter past one o'clock, and entered at once the Lower Glen; and then, such climbing over rocks, up steep stairs and along narrow passes, where the path was so wet and slippery that we scarcely were able to keep our feet! We wandered along the paths, now reaching up, and still up; now admiring *this* fall, and now struck dumb by the immensity of rocks in *that* glen, &c., &c.

I was disappointed in the water falls and cataracts. They are not nearly as high nor so large as I expected.\* Those at Glen Onoko are far prettier—but, for rocks and steep, almost impenetrable passes, glens, and caverns, and immeasurable pools, the *Watkins'* more than comes up to your anticipations. We kept on right up through the Upper Glen, only pausing at the bazaar to rest a little and

\*The writer appears to have lost sight of the fact that this has been an excessively dry season—for although most of the falls are contracted as to surface, the volume, after heavy rains, sometimes makes portions of the Glen almost dangerous, as was the case two years since, when the recipient of these letters spent ten days there very pleasantly.

buy the children and K—— something as a memorial.

I think the worst part by far is in the Upper Glen. The "*Narrow Way*" and "*Pluto Falls*" are almost dreadful. I was not afraid, but it requires careful walking, and the injunction, "Take heed to your steps lest ye fall" is very applicable here. The "*Rainbow Falls*," under which you must pass, are the most beautiful of any. You must not mind the wetting you get. We hoisted our umbrellas as a partial protection; but, such shoes, stockings and skirts!

Returning, we reached the Mountain House just before six o'clock, rested a little while on the porch in conversation with a friend we met there; then wended our way to the village, by way of the cemetery and observatory. We saw the boat go up Lake Seneca, and wished we were of the party. Oh, that lovely Lake! it seems to go out, out, into forever. Tired, but pleased and satisfied, we took the train again at seven and a half and reached our stopping place at eleven o'clock P. M.

Adieu, M. C. G.

IN general, persons of an excitable temperament should take care beforehand not to fall into a passion. After a spark has fallen upon gunpowder, it is vain to attempt any control of its explosion. The only safety lies in keeping the powder where sparks shall not reach it. If men of violent tempers would carry their tempers as hunters carry their ammunition, there would be little danger. The habit of giving way to passion increases the force of the gust. The habit of keeping still under provocation at length makes one almost fire-proof.

#### CHRISTIANITY IN POLITICS.

Edward Jenkins, M. P., in a recent address in London, mentioned as an illustration of the power and influence of Christianity, the prevention of war within the past few weeks between France and Germany. "When," said he, "Prince Bismarck's determination became known to stop the preparations going on in France, and to crush her once more by sending German troops across the Rhine, did the nations of Europe stand forth, and protest against such an outrage, and intimate that they would stand by France rather than see her crushed? No.—What was it, then, that prevented the catastrophe of another European war? A simple circular was sent from London, pleading on behalf of truth, justice, peace and Christianity, and the simple circular went the round of the Courts of Europe, and did more to prevent that impending war than the words an action of any foreign potentate. Such a result would not

have followed in olden times, and its success in these days was due to the fact that the influences of Christianity had deeply permeated society, and men were more and more applying its principles, not only in their own affairs, but to home and international politics."—*Delaware County Republican*.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

At this ocean-home we are surrounded by those of other names who may look upon us as "outside the true fold," but most of them show a disposition to be kind, and even friendly. We feel that we are in our right place in thus seeking health and recreation, and I am grateful in being able to inhale the invigorating ocean breeze.

I have been interested in hearing a young person relate a circumstance that occurred a few weeks ago. A Mennonite was here with his wife and son. On First-day morning, they with their little boy sought a remote corner of the long entry up stairs, sat down in silence together, and held their meeting. The young person who related this to us, spoke of the solemnity and sweetness of spirit which seemed to clothe them, saying, surely that was silent worship, to which I could fully respond. What is equal to that worship wherein we are brought under a feeling that bears evidence that the Father's presence is with us? I long to see that kind of stillness better understood by us as a people. Waiting upon the Lord in silence strengthens us and gives us spiritual life. My heart is often raised in desire for our beloved young people as well as older, that they may come to a state wherein they may more abundantly witness the over-shadowing of the Father's presence, giving life and vigor to their seeking souls.

We surely lose much true enjoyment, as well as spiritual refreshment, by allowing ourselves to be in a constant whirl of worldly pursuits, whether the object in view be the riches or the pleasures or attention to the unavoidable cares of life. There is a place for all these; but if they are suffered to engross all our thoughts and use up all our energies, they are not then kept in their right place and must interfere with the rights of the spiritual part, which needs that sustenance which comes through secret communion with the Divine mind. Oh, there is a great meaning in the exhortation, "Keep silence before Me, O ye islands, and let the people renew their strength!"

I would not wish the inference to be drawn from what I have said that a withdrawal from



the outside world is necessary before we can enjoy this kind of silence, for there may be a true introversion of spirit while engaged in our daily avocations; and not only so, but this introversion greatly helps us in the right performance of our every-day duties. Through it we renew our strength, and are able to realize the blessed Truth that there is an ever-present Friend and Helper, who sticketh closer than a brother, before whom we may spread our case in all times of trial, even as did one formerly, when she said, "Thou, God, seest me."

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 7, 1875.

"INSTEAD OF THY FATHERS SHALL BE THY CHILDREN." Ps. 45 : 16.—This language of prophesy has come into view as a word in season to relieve the discouraged feeling that wells up in remembrance of the recent removal from the Church Militant within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of several very dear and valued members.

We accept the encouragement, believing the "signs of the times" surely give promise of a succession of standard-bearers.

We desire that in this succession there may be found the same earnest faith in, and submission to, the guidance of the Divine mind that characterized their predecessors; then they, too, will know the excellency of those restraints, which are both preserving and qualifying, and also realize the truth of the declaration, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob (a state of littleness), and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" (a state of quiet trust). Here the Lord is known as a refuge.

Among these late removals we wish to notice that of our friend Margaret E. Hallowell, an elder of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting, Maryland, and Mary B. Brooke, also an elder, between whom there had existed a sisterly affection and close intimacy from girlhood.

The removal of the latter preceded the former about two weeks, leaving a great blank in their immediate neighborhood.

Margaret E. Hallowell, who was in feeble health for several months previous to her death, was for many years Clerk of Balti-

more Yearly Meeting of Women Friends. Her services were eminently efficient, her bearing at the Clerk's table being characterized by a rare combination of dignity and submission.

Connected with the memory of this dear Friend is the adoption of the name (suggested by her) of "Swarthmore" for our recently established College, in the success of which, as testing the advisability of the co-education of boys and girls, she manifested a lively interest.

In this connection we recur again to the testimony with which our editorial opened, and express our hope that in this institution (Swarthmore College) our boys and girls, our young men and women will receive such intellectual, physical and moral training as will fit them for the reception of those higher teachings which promote the growth of the spiritual life, and will enable them to come up as the worthy successors of those, who, having finished their work in the Church militant, are now members of the Church triumphant.

ERRATUM.—On page 337, No. 22, tenth line from bottom, second column, for "fine spirits," read "refined spirits."

### DIED.

BROWN.—In Richmond, Indiana, Seventh month 25th, 1875, Arthur Edward, infant son of Jesse H. and Fannie Brown, aged 6 months and 13 days.

COX.—In Willistown, Chester county, Pa., Seventh month 7th, 1875, of diphtheria, Gulielma S., youngest daughter of William G. and Sarah J. Cox, in the 6th year of her age.

HENDRICKS.—At his residence, Columbiana county, Ohio, on Seventh month 9th, 1875, after a lingering illness, Joel Hendricks, in the 66th year of his age; a member of West Monthly Meeting, and formerly of Adams county, Pa.

HERITAGE.—Suddenly, on First-day, the 17th of Fourth month, 1875, Elizabeth M., wife of George Heritage, and daughter of Elizabeth T. and the late James Andrews, in the 30th year of her age; a member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting.

UNDERHILL.—At Chappaqua, West Chester county, N. Y., Seventh month 12th, 1875, Rebecca T., wife of Alfred Underhill, aged 53 years.

Having had repeated attacks of paralysis during the past three years, and often brought very low, she never repined, but evinced great patience and resignation, saying she believed it was all right. Whenever her feeble health permitted, she was diligent in the attendance of meetings, and enjoyed mingling socially with her friends and neighbors, by whom she was much beloved.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 59.

(Continued from page 366.)

*ONWARD TO THE CITY OF THE CÆSARS, AND THE  
FIRST THREE DAYS WITHIN ITS WALLS.*

It is a sad necessity which obliges us to hasten through our sight-seeing at Naples; or, notwithstanding all that has been said and written against it, this is, to me, a very charming city. The time of the Easter festivities is approaching, and it seems, desirable to be in Rome when the papal church celebrates the resurrection. Accordingly, on the 25th of Third month, we depart from Naples in the early morning, with the purpose of spending a few hours in visiting the royal palace of Caserta, a grand edifice, erected in 1752 by king Charles III, considered a specimen of the richest palatial style of Italian architecture. The morning is windy and cold, and the snowy Apennines look very chill indeed, as we walk the short distance up to the portals of the stately palace; but the wait for a guide in the long, cold archway which the life-giving, comforting sunbeam never visits, but through which the blast from the mountains sweeps triumphantly, is drear enough. One can see the palace garden beyond, adorned with countless marbles, and shadowed with close-trimmed groves after the French fashion; and we get a fine distant view of the splendid stream which has been conducted from its destined bed and induced to plunge down yon rocky mountain slope, and then leap joyously from basin to basin through the garden. But here comes the guide to take us in charge, and show us the glories of the "Versailles of Naples." The south side of the palace is 830 feet long and 133 feet high, and it is built in a rectangle. The courts are traversed by a colonnade, from the center of which the staircase ascends. A most majestic staircase it is, and of such easy incline that one forgets for the moment that it is an ascent at all, only a splendid gallery of architectural and sculptured wonders. Of our long walk through the many halls and saloons of the lordly pleasure-house of the rejected Bourbons, and of the fine frescoes and oil-paintings with which they are adorned, it were long to tell. Everything is here that comfort or luxury can suggest, and everything that refined artistic taste could desire; but no one dwells now in this palace of delights, and no eye except that of the occasional visitor enjoys the noble scenery which is revealed from window and terrace. We are shown the little theatre within the palace which boasts sixteen Corinthian columns of

African marble from the temple of Serapis, at Pozzuoli, and then are permitted to rest awhile in the chapel, which is also a part of the building, and admire its costly and lavish decorations, its wealth of marbles, lapis lazuli, and gold.

Returning to the palace court, we take a gay little carriage that awaits us, and are driven through the garden, following the road which leads by the side of the long succession of cascades to the upper end and then returning by the same way. One cannot too much admire the fine effects that have been attained by thus beguiling the wild mountain torrent from its lonely gorges, and teaching it to harmonize with the works which the taste and genius of man have created. Here the stream descends in a broad, thin sheet, which become delicate lace-work before it reaches the basin below; and here it comes gushing violently from the nostrils and throats of bronze monsters, and then again it falls with rhythmic cadence, unvexed, into tranquil pools, where bright-plumaged water-fowl are rejoicing in the sunbeams, until at length it reaches the common level of the earth, and is conducted away in some unseen channel "to fatten lower lands."

At one o'clock the train for Rome comes, and we are quite ready to say good-bye to Caserta. And now away we go through the long afternoon, by fertile fields, vineyards, groves, gardens, past the site of the historic Capua, memorable for its alliance with Hannibal during the second Punic war (216 B. C.), and memorable, too, as being the place where the dangerous war of the Gladiators, under Spartacus, the Thracian, broke out B. C. 73. Temples to the gods once crowned the heights and nestled in the vales, where now monastery and chapel have found sites. The little river beyond Capua, over which we go, is the Volturno, and yon little town on the hill-top, is Calvi, the ancient Cales, famed for its wines. As we whirl onward, fine views of the distant mountains are obtained, and we traverse a richly-cultivated defile, and under the valley of the Garigliano. Yonder, on a bleak mountain ridge to the right, stands the monastery of Monte Casino, founded by Saint Benedict in 529, on the sight of an ancient temple of Apollo. It looks like a castle on its lofty perch, and is said to be a very interesting place to visit, being conspicuous amongst the monasteries of Christendom, not only for its literary and art treasures, but for the admirable manner in which its higher duties have always been discharged. It is interesting to know that these Benedictines of Monte Casino have, for many years, occupied a peculiar position in the ecclesiastical world. Long before the events of 1859, we are told



that Monte Casino was the refuge of liberal principles. While under the Bourbon rule—while others of the clergy of the nation acquiesced in their injustice and tyranny, the mountain Abbey of Casino maintained a noble independence. Tosti, a very distinguished and enlightened scholar, the historian of literature, is the great ornament of the monastery. All the monastic establishments in Italy are now condemned to dissolution, but it is hoped by some that this will be permitted to exist as an educational establishment. The picturesque town two or three miles farther on, looking down from a hill-top perch, was the birth place of Thomas Aquinas, in 1224. This illustrious man was educated at Monte Casino.

Day now is declining, and soon the sun has quite disappeared behind the hills, and everything grows indistinct as we speed onward over hill and dale, through tunnels, by villages and towns, halting ever and anon at brightly illuminated stations. It is about nine o'clock when we near the Eternal City, and by the rising moon we can see, as we pass, the arches of the aqueducts of Rome, looming up by the way-side. Soon we enter the gates, and then the train stops, and "Roma" is loudly announced. We descend and make our way to the line of omnibuses, enquire of the commissionaire of the United States hotel if there are rooms unoccupied in that house. Receiving a favorable answer, we, with other travelers similarly situated, take our seats and are driven to the portal of the hotel. The porter meets us with a grave sad face and shakes his head—"There are no rooms here!" "But what are we to do?" "We will send you to other houses; and perhaps there are vacancies somewhere."

So away we go in the rumbling omnibus, first to one hotel, then to another, till ten have been solicited, when we are driven back to the United States. Here we stop in despair, and inform the kindly but troubled officials that we must depend on their hospitality—they *must* take us in. They help us in despairingly, telling us that they can only offer us couches in the dining-room to-night. In the sitting-room we find an American gentleman, who hears with amused sympathy of the dire extremity which has befallen his four countrywomen. He promptly insists that they shall take his room for the night, while he encamps in the dining-saloon—and so our nocturnal trial of faith ends, and we are soon in the cloudy land of dreams. I mention this incident as a warning to future pilgrims to Rome, not to come to the Eternal City in the night during "Holy Week" without having made previous arrangements for a resting place within its walls. The next day we find

delightful accommodations at the new Hotel Quirinal, which is only mentioned in the latest guide-books, and now may proceed to examine this most venerable and interesting city. The 26th of Third month is "Good Friday," and the proper use to be made of it is, of course, to visit the greatest ecclesiastical edifice ever reared by man, and to observe how the venerable Romish church celebrates the saddest and most solemn anniversary of Christendom.

To undertake any description of this most majestic of temples is almost needless, since the pen of genius and of culture has so often fulfilled the gracious task; but nothing I ever read or imagined prepared me for the first sight of St. Peter's. We drive across the city, through deep shaded streets, over the yellow Tiber into the presence of "the Mole which Hadrian reared on high," the circular castle of St. Angelo, the great Papal fortress of Rome in modern times. This most massive structure was erected by the Emperor Hadrian A. D. 130, and here his ashes were deposited. But we tarry not to-day to inspect the mighty mausoleum. Onward we go, and very soon we reach the Piazza di San Pietro, and alight from the carriage in the noble court formed by the semi-circular colonnades, through which is the approach to the majestic temple. Great fountains send up columns of spray into the sunshine, and a vast multitude of people are pouring into the building through the five mighty entrances.

Standing a few minutes in the mighty cathedral, one remembers the striking lines from Childe Harold :

"Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;  
And why ? it is not lessened ; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal ———."

The multitude pouring in at the doors have ample space, and our own movements are quite unrestricted. We may go and stand among the crowd of worshippers and spectators, who are assembled in the choir to hear the singing of the "Miserere," or first make a tour of the church to get a general idea of its glories. I prefer to walk immediately forward and stand beneath the great dome, which is the object of so much wonder and admiration. The stupendous vault rests on four colossal piers, and its sublime effect is indescribable.

Of the many sepulchral monuments, some of them works of the greatest masters, it were long to tell ; but I pause before the *Monument of the Stuarts*, by Canova. It represents the entrance to a pyramidal mausoleum, guarded by genii. The principal expense of this monument was defrayed from the private purse of George IV, and it commemorates



"James III, Charles III and Henry IX," pretenders to the English crown, who were rejected by the English nation principally because of their adherence to the Romish faith. Says Lord Mahon: "The tomb is of a race justly expelled; the magnificent temple that enshrines it is of a faith wisely reformed; yet who, gazing upon it, would harshly remember the errors of either; and who might not join in the prayer even of that erring church for the departed, 'Requiescat in pace!'"

Almost opposite to this memorial of the pretenders is placed the bronze relief portrait of Christina, Queen of Sweden, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, who abdicated her throne on becoming a convert to the Romish faith. One is almost inclined to suspect that the mighty Gustavus was neglectful of the education of his intellectual and strong-willed daughter, or she would have been wise enough to have kept to the purer worship and simpler creed of her own land, instead of gravitating back to Romish superstition.

The daylight is nearly gone from these aisles, and we repair to the part of the edifice in which the service of sacred song is going on, and stand long amid the motley throng, who listen to the chanting of the sad *Miserere*. I know so little of the art of music that I cannot judge intelligently of the performance, but will only say I was not impressed with it as I had expected. Neither did I see the intensity of devotional enthusiasm of which I have often heard. Since the political changes in Italy and the extinction of the temporal power of the Pope, he has confined himself to his palace, the Vatican, and no longer appears to dispense blessings, and to lead the worship of the people as of yore, professing himself a kind of prisoner in the Papal city.

Our second day in Rome was spent in riding about, and in visiting very superficially the wonderful remains of antiquity, and in getting a first glance at the principal features of the Eternal City. Most impressive is a first view of the Coliseum—that wondrous amphitheater where 100,000 Romans could witness at once the dread sports which suited the cruel and barbarous spirit of their age.

It is indeed a vast and wondrous monument of the days of old—solemn, venerable, colossal; awing, delighting and overwhelming the beholder. It covers an area whose circumference is upwards of a third of a mile; and the wall, encompassing this mighty ellipse, towers to the astonishing height of 164 feet, exhibiting on the interior three rows of arches flanked with half columns, the lower being Doric, the next Ionic and the third Corinthian. The walls were constructed of large

blocks of volcanic rock, some of which are six feet long, five and a half broad and two and a half thick. We descend from the carriage and walk into the arena through one of the many archways, and look up to the lofty barrier which has so bravely withstood the assaults of time. Much of the outer wall has been used for other buildings:

"From its mass

Walls, palaces, half cities have been reared,  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass  
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared  
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?"

The work of excavation is going on continuously, and as we traverse the arena, ever and anon we find ourselves upon the brink of deep cavities, where wild beasts were kept for the sports, or where the human victims, destined to bleed and die to make a Roman holiday, were detained. Over all the drear desolation, one marks the tender effort of nature to throw her mantle of eternally renewed freshness and beauty. Wherever the explorer throws up the long-buried soil to the warm sunshine and the pure air, vegetation in a thousand fair and gracious forms springs into joyous life. We note crucifers, geraniums, daisies, the delicate old fumitory, and ferns so graceful and abundant as to transform damp cavernous archways into fairy-like grottoes. How some of our nature loving friends would enjoy a day's botanizing in the vast old amphitheater, where every nook and cranny of the mighty fabric glows with the brightest tints—white, yellow, pink, purple and tender-living green. It is said that two hundred and sixty different species of plants grow upon the walls, and even large trees have sprung up between the fissures of ruin.

The Coliseum was built during the first century of the Christian era, and many of the confessors of the early church here sealed their testimony with their blood. Timid, shrinking women, children and gray-haired, tottering old men, as well as bold warriors of the truth, met death calmly—death in one of its most dreadful forms—rather than sprinkle a little salt on the altar of Jupiter. It is said that the last martyr of the Coliseum was the good monk, Telemachus. Even after the adoption of Christianity by the rulers of the Roman world, gladiatorial combats continued to be the favorite pastime of the people, though Constantine sought to prohibit them. One day, as the fight was about to commence, Telemachus rushed down into the arena and separated the combatants. Then the people, in their cruel wrath, tore up the marble benches, and hurled them down upon him from the amphitheatre. But the death of the good man was crowned with victory; the rage of the multitude was turned to admir-



ation, and gladiatorial combats ceased forever, though the battles of wild beasts continued till the sixth century.

We were next driven to the Pantheon—the best preserved of all the Roman temples. We emerge from narrow and intricate streets suddenly into the presence of this noble structure, which bears eloquent witness to the imperial grandeur of old Rome:

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,  
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods."

The Pantheon was built in the reign of Augustus, 27 B.C. The niches of the temple, once occupied with statues of the gods, are now Roman Catholic altars, and images of the saints have replaced the idols of the heathen. The rotunda is 142 feet in diameter, and from the pavement to the summit of the dome is 143 feet.

None of the temples of antiquity which I have visited impressed me as does this

"Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!  
Despoiled, yet perfect, with its circle spreads  
A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
To art a model; and to him who treads  
Rome for the sake of ages, glory sheds  
Her light through its sole aperture; to those  
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;  
And they who feel for genius may repose  
Their eyes on honored forms, whose busts around  
them close."

The 28th is Easter, and again we repair to St. Peter's to see the more joyful ceremonial with which the anniversary of the Resurrection is hailed. A great multitude are again assembled in the spacious temple, and the beautiful mosaics, copies of the celebrated paintings of the great masters, are unveiled. The days of mourning are over, and joyous music, fragrant flowers and glad array make an atmosphere of rejoicing in the ecclesiastical city.

But Pius IX comes forth no more to celebrate mass at the high altar, to receive the homage of high dignitaries of the church, and to dispense blessings from the gallery over the great portico. One has a strange feeling now, that the gorgeous and imposing ceremonial, so often described by travelers, is vanishing in the distance, and will soon be quite a thing of the past. The vast and splendid basilica and the great multitude of visitors and worshippers are so interesting to me, that I hardly find time to wish for the Papal procession, the Homage, the Pontifical High Mass, the Benediction and the distribution of Indulgences, which formerly made the Easter time so grand an occasion. The glad melodies of the choir at length are ended, and the mystic rites are concluded; and, as we stand expectant under the central dome, a gorgeously-attired ecclesiastic appears upon the bal-

cony above the statue of St. Veronica, and the exhibition of the sacred relics begins. The piece of the true Cross is quite undistinguishable from the elevation, while the handkerchief with which the suffering Saviour wiped His bleeding brows, looks like some dimmed old picture in its richly-jewelled frame. It was slowly raised up and turned round in every direction toward the multitude, that all might be benefitted by the sight. Church traditions say, that during the excavations on the Mount of Crucifixion, the Empress Helena discovered three crosses, but was perplexed to know which was that of the Saviour. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, in order to test their qualities, had the three brought to the bed-side of a sick lady. The first was exhibited without any result, and the second was equally powerless, but when the third was presented, the dying woman leaped from her couch, perfectly cured! Then Helena, we are told, enclosed a portion of the sacred wood in a silver box, and brought it reverently to Rome.

As the relics were being exhibited, I was again struck with the want of interest on the part of by far the greater number of the multitude around me. There was not the least rudeness or disrespect, but decided coolness and apathy.

I could not help questioning if, indeed, the old superstitions are passing away from this venerable center of the Catholic world, and a better day of enlightened, rational faith—faith in a righteous and beneficent eternal Father, and in an ever-present Saviour, Comforter and daily Judge—is dawning. Religion, which has its root in the needs and aspirations of the human soul, can never pass away from among men; but, "as the generations behind us have transformed while transmitting the grosser ancient into the grander modern religions, so our age will purify and exalt its faith while handing it on to the future, and after ages will continue the work until, perhaps, in some distant time the old conflict between Science and Religion will cease, and the knowledge of nature and of man be found in their ultimate analysis to be—knowledge of the living yet immanent God."\*  
S. R.

*Fourth month 1st, 1875.*

GOOD, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flower or fruitful tree falling by the wayside, borne by some birds afar, haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.

\*Fairbairn.



## GENESEE YEARLY MEETING.

## REPORT OF THE VISIT TO THE SANTEE INDIANS.

The financial affairs of this Agency your Committee feel warranted in saying are honestly and judiciously administered; that all funds received have been carefully noted and justly and economically disbursed, both for the best interest of the Government and the Indians.

By a somewhat minute examination of the accounts between the Agent and the Indian Department for the present fiscal year, we find there has been received from the Government, for various purposes—including the support of schools, payment of Agent and employés, purchasing materials for building and repairing, farm implements, supplies of cattle, horses, cows, &c., with incidental expenses pertaining to the business of the Agency—the sum of thirty-one thousand six hundred and ten dollars and thirty-eight cents. Of this there has been disbursed during the three first quarters of the present fiscal year, fifteen thousand and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-five cents, ending the 1st of Fourth month, 1875.

Through the prompt exertions of the Agent in the strict enforcement of the law, the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indians for the past year has been nearly discontinued, thus relieving them of what has heretofore been a source of much trouble and vexation.

The destruction of the crops on the Reservation by drought and grasshoppers, last season, greatly discouraged the Indians from making extensive attempts at agriculture, with some exceptions. In addition to this, on the day previous to our arrival (the 27th of last month) there occurred an almost unprecedented heavy rain, which flooded nearly all their farms and gardens on the bottom lands, and washed out the planted crops to a considerable extent on the more elevated portions of the Reservation, as well as greatly damaging the roads or wagon trails, rendering them in some places quite impassable; but as their recent hunt had proved almost an entire failure, they went to work with renewed activity to plant more and replant that which had been destroyed.

We invariably endeavored to impress them with the necessity of industry and perseverance in agricultural pursuits, and told them the white people sometimes met with losses and disappointments in their most laudable efforts in all branches of business, and that these were mere incidents in the great journey of life, and encouraged them to plant and cultivate all the land they could. They seemed much pleased with the interest Friends are taking in them, to send us so far to look

after and encourage them, and wanted to assure us that they were doing all they could for self-support, which, undoubtedly, from their stand-point, they think is true; but we think there is room for great improvement in that direction. We found some of their houses and cabins really neat, giving evidences of good taste and judgment in house-keeping, while others were tolerably comfortable, and a few were filthy and uninviting.

To the untiring efforts of the Village Matron, we think, is due, in a great degree, the marked improvement in the personal appearance and housekeeping of most of the Indians on the Reservation. She has succeeded in teaching many of them to cut and make their own dresses, and some of them to cut and make clothes for the men. She has also prevailed on many of the women to wear the sun-bonnet in warm weather, instead of their heavy blankets, and has issued quite a number to them ready made, while to the more enterprising ones she has given the material to make them for themselves.

Some time in Ninth month last the Commissioner of Indian Affairs sent an improved hand-loom with a woman to introduce it and instruct the Indian women in the art of weaving. But about the time of the arrival of the material, the woman was ordered to another Agency, leaving the entire charge of the experiment in the hands of the Village Matron, who has succeeded in teaching some of them to weave quite well. They have woven in all some 350 yards of coarse cotton cloth, but we cannot see any practical advantage to the Indians or the Government, even though they acquire a thorough knowledge of the business, except for rag-carpet weaving, as the cost of the material is more than the value of the cloth after it is woven; and as all such manufactures are carried on by improved machinery, propelled by both steam and water-power, there will never be any extensive demand for such labor.

The School, which is under the immediate supervision of Mary K. Brosius, the Matron, is well conducted. We visited it on Second-day, Fifth month 31st, and spent the forenoon there, much to our satisfaction. There were present ten boys and four girls; one boy absent from sickness, and one without excuse, and one girl sick, and one at work—the average attendance being equal to our common district schools. The children all seemed to manifest a commendable interest in their studies. We also, by invitation of A. L. Riggs, the Congregational Missionary, visited his school, situated about one-half mile westerly and in sight of ours. On Sixth day, Sixth month 4th, visited the Episcopal school, about four miles east of the Agency office. In all of



these we found unmistakable evidence that the Indian is not only susceptible of civilization, but is capable, in an eminent degree, of culture and refinement. Agent Webster informs us that he has experienced some difficulty in the regular attendance of the pupils at the different schools; they would sometimes attend one and sometimes another, so that he was induced to issue an order, extending to them the privilege of deciding which school they would attend, and then requiring them to remain at that one steadily, which we think will greatly accelerate the success of the schools.

We were present at the issuing of the weekly rations, on Seventh-day, the 29th of last month, and were much pleased with the order and system that prevailed during that interesting occasion. There were 704 rations issued in the following quantities, viz.: To each Indian, except able bodied males, between the ages of 18 and 45 years—of beef,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; flour,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; pork,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  oz.; sugar, 3 oz.; coffee, 3 oz.; tobacco,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  oz.; soap,  $8\frac{1}{8}$  oz.

We would here suggest for the consideration of Friends, the propriety of making an effort to induce the Indian Department, if lawful, to withhold the supply of tobacco, and issue in its stead the same value in soap, as the Indians are very much in need of the latter. About a year ago the Commissioner of Indian Affairs required the Agent here to have the Indian women instructed in soap-making, that they might supply their own wants and necessities in this respect; but the Village Matron, who has charge of the business, informs us that they could not get grease enough to make it an object, as the Indians consume all they can get in any form, which perhaps is the cause why the scrofula prevails among them to such an extent. We learn, however, with the exception of a few cases of measles, of recent date, that the health of this tribe is as good as usual. Agent Webster thinks from the last census they now number about 790.

Selected.

#### MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window,  
With its drapings of satin and lace,  
I see, 'neath its flowing ringlets,  
A baby's innocent face,  
His feet in crimson slippers,  
Are tapping the polished glass,  
And the crowd in the street look upward,  
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,  
Catching flies in the sun,  
With a patched and faded apron,  
Stands my own little one.  
His face is as pure and handsome  
As the baby's over the way,  
And he keeps my heart from breaking  
At my toiling, every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,  
And I sit in the dusk to rest,  
With the face of my sleeping darling  
Hugged close to my lonely breast,  
I pray that my neighbor's baby  
May not catch heaven's roses all,  
But that some may crown the forehead  
Of my loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings  
From his little weary feet,  
And kiss the rosy dimples  
In his cheeks, so round and sweet,  
I think of the dainty garments  
Some little children wear,  
And that my God withholds them  
From mine so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy,—  
I know not what I said;  
My heart is crushed and troubled,—  
My neighbor's boy is dead!  
I saw the little coffin  
As they carried it out to-day;—  
A mother's heart is breaking  
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;  
The flowers bloom at my door;  
My boy is chasing the sunbeams  
That dance on the cottage floor.  
The roses of health are blooming  
On my darling's cheek to-day,  
But the baby is gone from the window  
Of the mansion over the way.

#### THE WOUNDED CURLEW.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

By yonder sandy cove, where every day,  
The tide flows in and out,  
A lonely bird in sober brown and grey  
Limps patiently about;  
And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,  
And many a fringed weed,  
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,  
Crying, with none to heed.  
But sometimes from the distance he can hear  
His comrades' swift reply;  
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,  
Sounding from sea and sky.  
And then, Oh then his tender voice, so sweet,  
Is shaken with his pain,  
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,  
Never to soar again.

Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,  
Once glad and blithe and free,  
And in his prison limits frets and strives  
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,  
The shining waves they skim,  
Or round his feet they seek their food, and stay  
As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint  
Brings tears of wistfulness;  
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,  
None may his wrongs redress.

O bright-eyed boy! was there no better way  
A moment's joy to gain  
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day  
With such despairing pain?

O children, drop the gun, the cruel stone!  
 Oh listen to my words,  
 And hear with me the wounded curlew moan—  
 Have mercy on the birds!

#### THE ART OF TALKING.

The element of change enters into every part of human life, and in nothing does it abound more fully than in language. We cannot take up an ancient book or paper without being astonished at the different diction it bears from that of the present day, and even the familiar correspondence of a former generation seems antiquated and grotesque to the grandchildren of its writers. From year to year words are changing their signification, old ones dropping out of use and new ones entering the list. These changes are so gradual, but so constant, that much of the misunderstanding and contention that are in the world result simply from the different meanings which people attach to the same word.

A recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* deprecates this change, and thinks that it partakes more of the nature of decay than of growth. He says that the art of talking well is seldom now to be found in young persons, and attributes it largely to the multitude of subjects pressed upon their attention, and the neglect of the habit of listening respectfully to their superiors. There is doubtless much truth in this criticism. There is an eager rushing spirit in the education of the present day which precludes that quiet attention to words and their meanings which was once thought essential, and a careless, loose and exaggerated style of talking is the natural effect.

Yet, we cannot admit that language is retrograding. Its chief movement is that of expansion; its prominent change is that of amplification. In this it is but obeying the universal law of human growth. We are becoming more and more complex in every direction. Thought is developing daily into greater intricacy. What was once a simple idea has, like a seed, not only taken root in the human mind, but spread into the full fruition of countless branches and luxuriant foliage. As language is the expression of thought, it also must grow and expand in order to fulfill its purpose. Thus, we have now many words conveying various and delicate shades of an idea, where, formerly, one was all-sufficient. The words that fall into disuse and become obsolete are as nothing to the hosts of new ones that arise—when one dies, phoenix-like, a multitude of others arise from its ashes.

Strong emotion also craves strong utterances. This is perhaps one reason why young people are peculiarly liable to express them-

selves in exaggerated language. Their feelings are acute, eager and intense; and calm and measured words appear to them quite inadequate to represent their meaning. Possibly if, instead of being checked or laughed at for their enthusiasm, they were gently led to choose suitable terms of real intensity, they would less often offend our ears with absurd superlatives and slang phrases, which, however repulsive to good taste and refinement, yet doubtless appear to those who utter them, more expressive of their meaning than others they could choose.

Still, it is highly important that the young should be preserved, if possible, from this injurious habit. A loose and inflated style of talking often leads to slang, and that, with the company it attracts, may lead to irreverence and even profanity. Children should, as far as possible, be surrounded by those who speak with simplicity and purity of style, for it is a certainty that they will adopt the same kind of conversation that they constantly hear. No future instruction, however excellent, will overcome early habits in this respect. Many highly educated persons lapse unconsciously into grammatical errors, to the use of which they have become habituated in their childhood. An eminent professor of rhetoric once declared publicly that if he were anxious to have a child learn to speak the English language with accuracy and good taste, he would prefer to select its nurse and companions with reference to this matter, rather than any instructor who might follow in after life, knowing that it is by this early and unconscious influence, that ineradicable habits are formed.

Children should also be accustomed to express themselves clearly and simply in very early life. Few parents take pains on this point. They either permit their children to talk without guidance, or by enforcing silence deny them the opportunity of practice. Both are self-indulgent ways of escaping a plain duty,—both are obstacles, hindering the child's improvement. If, instead, every child were encouraged to speak at all proper times, and induced to take an intelligent part in the family intercourse, but obliged to speak correctly and to select suitable words, there would be a marvelous change in the conversation of our young people. The practice of separating the young from the old in society, which is so usual in certain circles, is not calculated to improve the conversation of either. Apart, the talk of youth is apt to be frivolous, and that of age dull. Together, they would supplement each other. The young people would become more modest and careful in the presence of mature judgment, and the elders would gain new life and brilliancy from the



enthusiasm of youth. A good talker will always be a good listener, and will also know how and when to be silent. Perhaps this is, after all, as important an art and one needing as much culture in the present generation as that of conversation. Most of us talk too much and listen to little, and a wise, modest and judicious silence is almost as rare as it is admirable.—*Public Ledger.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER.

FOR SEVENTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	13	12
Rain all or nearly all day.....	0	0
Cloudy, without storms.....	6	5
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	12	14
Total.....	31	31
TEMPERATURES.		
	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Seventh mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	78.48	75.20
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	94.00	91.50
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	64.00	60.00
RAIN.		
	Inches.	Inches.
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	2.75	4.17
MEAN TEMPERATURES.		
		Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Seventh month for the past 86 years.....		75.00
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1872.....		82.31
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816.....		68.00
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
	1874 Inches.	1875 Inches.
Totals for the first six months of each year.....	21.47	16.81
Rain during Seventh month of each year.....	2.75	4.17
Totals for seven months.....	24.22	20.98

The month just closed has recorded a lower temperature in all its phases than the corresponding one of 1874, and yet only about three quarters of a degree below the average for the past eighty-six years, during which period we find quite a number ranging from 72 to 74 degrees, both inclusive. Notwithstanding the copious showers of the 29th, it will be seen about four inches and a quarter less rain has fallen than for the corresponding seven months of last year, while up to the same period of 1873, 29.28 inches had fallen.

On the 14th it was stated that the Wissahickon Creek had never been lower than at that time, and that many of the springs and runs supplying it were nearly dry.

A heavy storm has been reported at Baltimore, and on the 30th a severe cyclone in Fountain county, Ind., doing great damage to property and railroads, and by which several lives were lost.

During a great rain storm in England, it is stated

that in one place 5.31 inches of rain fell, within twelve hours, on the 14th, and 2.31 inches more, within the same length of time, on the 15th. This quantity has been commented upon as being "almost unprecedented either in England or the United States." J. M. E.

Philadelphia, 8th mo. 2, 1875.

NOTICES.

ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING

Will be held at Clear Creek, Putnam county, Ill., on Second-day, Ninth month 13th; meeting of Ministers and Elders on Seventh-day preceding, both at 10 A. M.

This place is about 115 miles southwest of Chicago, 10 miles southeast of Hennepin, the county seat, and 3 miles northwest of Magnolia.

To reach it from Chicago, take the Chicago and Rock Island R. R. to La Salle, or the Burlington and Quincy R. R. to Mendota, thence by the Illinois Central (south) to Lostant, which is 6 or 8 miles easterly from Abel Mills, whose P. O. is Mt. Palatine, Putnam county, Ill. From Indianapolis take the Bloomington and Western R. R. to Bloomington, then the Illinois Central (north) to Lostant.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day, Eighth month 13th, at 4 o'clock.

ITEMS.

M. SELIM MENSTROM writes to *Les Mondes* that the diffused lights seen over the summits of the mountains of Lapland and Spitzbergen are of the same nature as the aurora borealis. In the spectrum of those lights and in the spectrum of aurora there are nine rays, which appear to agree with the lines given by the component gases of the atmosphere.

THE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The most powerful artificial light at present in existence is that employed for the great lighthouse on Souther Point, on the coast of England, near the mouth of the Tyne.

On both banks of this river there is an immense number of manufactories of all kinds, the smoke from which, under the influence of the west wind, seriously obstructs the approaches from the sea. Fogs at this part of the coast are also frequent; and the problem of lighthouse illumination required that such light should be secured as would penetrate through any slight fog or haze, it having been generally acknowledged that not even the sunlight itself can penetrate an ordinary dense fog. The electric light established at Souther Point is considered to be equal in power to 800,000 standard candles, being eight times as powerful as the best American fixed lights. The electric spark passes between slender pencils of carbon, which are themselves consumed at the rate of about one inch per hour. The electric current is generated by two of Prof. Holmes' patent rotary magneto-electric machines, driven by steam engines of six-horse power. The number of revolutions made by each machine is 400 per minute, and 12,800 sparks pass per minute when both machines are at work. These sparks are, of course, formed so rapidly that the eye does not separate them, and the result is an intense beam of light, so dazzling that the eye of a person within the lantern cannot rest upon them for an instant without intense pain. As observed from a distance of several miles, this light is so bright as to cast a well-defined shadow upon the deck of a vessel.—N. Y. Tribune.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 14, 1875.

No. 25

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REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, OR P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 371.)

"First month 1st, 1873.—Another year is numbered with the past. Many blessings have in mercy been vouchsafed to us, and I humbly trust our hearts are filled with gratitude to God for His continued mercies. I pray Thee, Father, that Thou wilt give me grace sufficient for every day, that I may do nothing in any way to bring reproach upon the profession of the religion of the Gospel of Thy salvation, as taught by Thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ!

"First month 22d.—In meeting, the offering of Isaac by his father Abraham presented so livingly to my view, that I gave expression to my feelings. I have no doubt that the singularity and incomprehensibility of the literal statement given in the Bible has arrested the attention of many. With that I believe we have nothing to do. The history gives two lessons of deep instruction and encouragement. In the first place, it teaches that absolute and unreserved obedience is what is required of every soul; that we must give our whole heart to God, yielding to Him love supreme, and holding all the blessings He has bestowed upon us as secondary to Himself; and, secondly, that He requires of no man to take either his own life or that of another. This, God has given to be used for

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the purpose of His own glory; therefore it is our bounden duty to cherish it, devoting it to His will.

"Jesus said, 'He that seeketh to save his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.' There are three lives—the life eternal; the selfish life, or will of man, and the natural life. If we prefer a life of self-indulgence, and spend our days in seeking such pleasures, we shall lose the life eternal. If we are willing that this will of man, this life of self, shall be nailed to the cross—crucified, thereby losing it, we shall secure the life eternal.

"Our natural life is given for this holy purpose, this high attainment. Our own selfish nature thus crucified, dead and buried, we know Christ to be our resurrection and our life, according to the teaching of the blessed Son of God to Martha, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' &c.

"Temptations are permitted, but faith and trust in God will, by the power of grace, save us from all these, leading us to the Rock that is higher than we. However dark the clouds may be, we must remember that, as in the outward, so in the inward, the Sun of Righteousness will penetrate the gloom and dispel them, and we shall rejoice in the light—the glorious light of heaven, and can exclaim with the Psalmist, 'How good it is to behold the sun!'



"To morrow our Select Quarterly Meeting will be held, and next day our Quarterly Meeting. I hope I may be strengthened to attend both. The longer I live the higher is my appreciation of the truth as it is in Jesus, as held by our own dear Society. Would that all our members could be inspired by this feeling so as to induce them to come to their meetings with hearty zeal, and joyfully co-operate with the Good Spirit against all evil; not to be sectarian, but to proclaim by precept and life the glad tidings of great joy to all people, even the glorious Gospel of God's salvation as taught by our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the blessed Son of God.

*"Third month 16th.*—During the past week went to Washington with my friend John Saunders to nominate our new Indian agent for the Otoes and Missouri Indians. Had a kind reception by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and Secretary Delano, who promptly dispatched business.

*"Third month 26th.*—At meeting, spoke to the children on the subject of covetousness. 'Give alms of all ye possess; provide for yourselves bags that wax not old, a treasure in heaven that fadeth not, where neither moth nor rust corrupteth, nor thieves break through and steal; for where the treasure is there will the heart be also.'

"Christ called away from the selfish pursuit of gain, and it is necessary to give of our possessions, let them be small or great, to guard against the engrossing power of selfish interest, which so plausibly seeks to enslave the soul. While it is right to economize and accumulate for legitimate use, we must ever have a care to keep our hearts open to the genial influence of heavenly charity, and as our lives are given to deeds of love we shall not fail to find in the end the treasure in heaven, whither our hearts will turn in joyful hope.

*"Fifth month 28th.*—At meeting at Race street this morning. I spoke to the school children upon the subject of faith in Christ, in the outward as well as the inward manifestation. It is not a question to be analyzed by the subtle intellect of man, but is the object of confiding faith for the believer, be he high or low, learned or unlearned. Cautioning them to close their ear to the counsels of any one upon the subject that would lead them to doubt or to reject belief in Christ, because they are not able to reconcile His works or His being with their ideas of scientific truth.

"My dear friend W. P. S. followed in confirmation, by quoting the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus.

*"Sixth month.*—At Baltimore. In the

morning attended meeting at Lombard street. In the afternoon, met the dear children and their beloved teachers. After they had finished their exercises, which consisted chiefly in a review of the Scripture lessons they had learned during the past term, I addressed them upon the parable of the sower; showing how their hearts are the soil in which the seed is sown, and it rests with them whether it shall be as seed sown by the hard-beaten way-side, picked away by the fowls of the air, or the seed in stray places with not enough soil to sustain it, or the seed among the briars and thorns by which it is choked, or as the good seed in the good soil bringing some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. How simple are the teachings of our dear Lord, they are so familiar, even to the children! They can distinguish when the soil is rich and fertile. How beautifully the grain grows in the fields!—just so in their hearts. They were all there; not one link broken since one year ago. But this was not the case with those of us who had passed the meridian of life. Many had gone to their final rest, and among these their dear and loved friend and mother, Martha E. Tyson, to whom they had listened, and to whom they had looked with reverent affection.

*"Fourth day, Sixth month 11th, 1873.*—At meeting this morning. My text for the dear children was 'Where withal shall a young man cleanse his ways, by taking heed thereto, according to Thy word.' This is the only way to keep one's ways clean in the sight of God, heeding the inspeaking word and power of God revealed in the secret of the soul. It was to this the beloved Son of God called those who came to Him, when he exhorted them not to be hearers of the word only, but also doers.

"There were those who cried 'Lord, Lord,' but were rejected, because He did not know them. Acceptance depends not so much upon profession, as upon the knowledge of the Father's will and obedience thereunto, taking heed to this mighty word of the Lord in the soul. When we look around and behold our prisons filled with the victims of criminal indulgence, when we peruse the records of crime, with which our daily press teems, we can see clearly that all this condition arises from a want of obedience to the revealed law of God—the love of God shed abroad in the hearts of the children of men. These in their infancy had been objects of joy and rejoicing to their parent's hearts, many of whom had lived to regret the day when they were born. They had not become suddenly vile, but by early departures from the laws of their God in little things, thus taking the path that leads away from His



divine presence, they have found themselves landed in the region of darkness and death. How essential, then, that children take heed to their ways according to the law of the Lord, keeping their hearts pure in His holy sight! Then they will know the joys of heaven here on earth, be supported under all the trials of life, and when their course here is finished, dwell forever with the angels of God in the eternal rest of heaven.

*"Sixth month 21st—*Spent with the dear children of our First-day school at Rockland in the Park. The day was pleasant, and many of our friends were there. I greatly enjoyed the pleasure it gave the children, and also the interesting conversation upon subjects of serious and friendly import.

*"Seventh month 12th, 1873.—*Have been on a visit to Harford county, Maryland. On First-day after meeting joined their Bible-class, where I found them discoursing upon the resurrection of the body of Jesus. Being asked my views, I said I unhesitatingly believed the account so clearly given in the New Testament. It is a belief that involves no possible error, and with the doubt thereof comes weakness and distrust of the whole. That prepared body was a miracle in its conception, and after the Divine life, which was its mission, God in His infinite wisdom did cause it miraculously to disappear, all of which was perfectly consistent with the exercise of infinite power in the Creator. In attempting to investigate whether the account is consistent with our finite ideas of possibilities, we lose the value of its mighty teachings to the understanding by the Spirit, which, as we seek by prayer for enlightenment, will reveal to us all that is essential for us to know.

*"Ninth month 17th.—*I have been from home five weeks this summer and have not gained strength as I desired. I know I am somewhat prone to discouragement, but also know that every added hour of existence brings me nearer the point where failing strength will leave this poor tabernacle low in the dust. Perhaps I err in thinking so much about it, but I long to know that I am about my Father's work, and that I shall have strength to labor acceptably for Him. Oh, for a full sense of being in the path of duty, a true and faithful servant of my Lord, in whom I profess to believe! Father, deliver me from the power of temptation and evil! Keep, I pray Thee, my heart pure, and suffer not a thought to linger that would stain it with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life!"

(To be continued.)

#### ADDRESS OF THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERS.

The Board of Indian Commissioners, which has been in consultation with the President at Long Branch, has issued the following address, which we lay before our readers:

*To the Christian Public:*

The Board of Indian Commissioners, in view of the present agitation upon Indian affairs, feel moved to present this brief address to the Christian communions of the land, nine of whose missionary organizations we may regard as our particular constituencies. Speaking from our own deep and honest convictions, we ask careful and prayerful attention to the statements and appeals which we here make.

*First.* The present policy of the Government towards the Indians is eminently humane and Christian; and, being such, should command the aid and support of all religious bodies and all Christian men. That policy is peace. It proposes the government of the 300,000 Indians in the land by moral and religious means; to civilize and elevate them by the same agencies which are used by Christian missions throughout the world, supplemented by such aid and succor as the Government can give. To this end not only every member of this Board, but nearly all the eighty Indian agents who disburse the bounties of the Government to the Indians, are appointed on the nomination of the various missionary societies or religious bodies which have missions among them. The co-operation of the Government with these religious bodies is not formal, but is full, generous and cordial.

*Second.* This policy, despite the assaults upon it, has been eminently successful. The Indians are taking on the dress, manners, habits and occupations of civilized life. The children are being educated in our own tongue, and, with the parents, are being taught the industries needful for support and prosperity in a civilized state. The exceptions to this rule are mainly among three or four large and powerful bands of Sioux Indians, under able chiefs, who occupy a wild region in the high altitudes of the Rocky Mountains. These chiefs desire no teachers or preachers, and no instruction either in books or civilizing arts. But even among these wild bands there is marked improvement, and great promise in the line of peace, order and quiet for the future.

*Third.* Much care, and in the experience gained, increasing care, is taken by the religious bodies in the selection of men to be nominated for appointments as agents. Some of these larger agencies require talents in the

WE should desire virtue more than success.



agent of a higher class than can easily be commanded by the small salaries affixed by law. It would not seem strange, therefore, if now and then one should prove incompetent, or, considering the infirmities of our nature and the unscrupulous character of some of the contractors and traders with whom they are brought in contact, now and then one should become corrupt; but we feel confident that in this department the Government was never so honestly served as at the present time. It is but fair to say that there is no hesitation on the part of the Government to remove agents on our recommendation, who are proved to be incompetent or corrupt. Neither this Board nor the Government would be justified in accepting loud-mouthed accusations for proof of guilt, especially in view of the fact that most of the charges of fraud and incompetency came from disappointed contractors and traders, whose hope of gains, under the more careful letting of contracts and rigid inspection of supplies is gone. Nor on the other hand would they be justified in withholding the most rigid investigation when, as in some cases, charges are made by respectable and responsible parties.

*Fourth.* We are not aware of the existence of any "rings" in connection with the Indian service differing at all from the "rings" or combinations which are seen by all shrewd men in connection with the letting of all large contracts in other public or in private service. Where there is a carcass, the vultures will gather. It is the duty of this Board to watch, and as far as possible to circumvent, the success of these combinations, and thus secure for the Government and for the Indian the largest benefit to be derived from the Government appropriations. The experience of the past, we trust, has been advantageous; and while the administration of this year in respect to purchasing, inspecting and forwarding annuity goods has been as careful as possible, we are resolved upon as careful a disbursement through the agents as can be had through our own personal oversight and such helps as the law provides. It is due to the Government to say that in this matter we are not hindered, but aided in every way allowed by the law.

*Fifth.* From the foregoing statements, it will be seen that the success of this humane policy depends largely upon the sagacity and wisdom of the Missionary Boards, in the selection of men whom they nominate for the positions of agents. Men of capacity in every-day affairs, as well as men of good character, are required for this work—men whose every-day influence is in itself elevating and civilizing—men who have some capacity for leadership, and conscience enough to constrain

them ever in a right direction. Again there is required on the part of all good men a comprehension of the difficulties of this work, a fair amount of patience with those who administer it, and a disposition to wait for proof of corruption, before they withdraw confidence from those who have deservedly enjoyed it.

Much of the present clamor is raised and promoted by bad men, and is aimed at this humane policy with a desire to destroy it, even though its destruction should lead to the extermination of the Indians. We cannot, therefore, close this address without asking earnest attention to the fact, that for several years, the Indian service, as a whole and in detail, has been, and still is, virtually within the supervision and control of the religious bodies of the country; and, upon them and the Christian community will rest to a large extent, the ultimate success or failure of the policy of humanity and justice, in our dealings with the remnants of this once powerful race.

CLINTON B. FISK,	E. M. KINGSLEY,
JOHN D. LANG,	WM. STICKNEY,
B. RUSH ROBERTS,	A. C. BARSTOW,
E. A. HAYT,	F. H. SMITH,

Board of Indian Commissioners.

"It is close intercourse with our fellow-beings that removes ignorance, dissolves prejudice, and unseals in our hearts the hidden springs of confidence, affection and sympathy. . . . Knowing each other better, they would love each other more; there would be more ready concession made to the freedom of judgment and claims of conscience," . . . Losing sight of every badge but Christian, of every name but Christ—how much more would they find of assimilation of sympathy and affection—how much less to sunder, separate and censure—how much more to admire, love and imitate in each other than they had any conception of.

From Friends' Quarterly Examiner.

#### THOUGHTS ON "THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE."

BY MARY E. BECK.

This term is probably familiar to all the readers of the "Examiner," having been brought prominently before us in various ways of late. And well it is for some of us to be roused from our apathy, and incited to "come up higher," and to "covet earnestly the best gifts." Still, it is to be feared that in some diffident minds discouragement instead of strength has been the result of the teaching which has gone under this appellation, and it is for the sake of these, who may deem themselves the hindermost of the flock,



that I would suggest a few reflections which have been comforting to myself during a time of isolation, and necessary withdrawal from any visible work or service.

Was not the life of Christ the *highest* Christian life? And yet it was a life emphatically "hid" with God. He was fully and completely the manifestation of His Father's will, whether in doing or in suffering, and both were equally embraced by Him whom the psalmist personified when he said, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God!" In similar words our Lord Himself declared, "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me;" and again, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." In His last prayer for His disciples the same filial spirit predominates; and although the apparent result of His Divine mission was limited to a mere handful of followers, he could confidently appeal to His Father and say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth. I have finished the work which *Thou gavest Me to do.*"

Out of the three-and-thirty years of His life, nearly thirty years were spent in the retirement of Nazareth. The holy calm and leisure of His Spirit breathes even through the course of His active ministry. "He shall not strive nor cry, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." He was never too much occupied to attend to one imploring petition. He had time to sit on Jacob's well, and to pour forth to the solitary woman who came to draw water the sublimest discourse on worship which has ever been given to man. The Mount of Olives was the scene of His midnight prayers as well as at times the couch for His weary head; the quiet road from Jerusalem to Bethany was hallowed by His evening walks. The waiting for His Father's time was a conspicuous element in His life. His first miracle was not performed immediately the prompting was given, though that prompting was from the lips of His believing mother. The suggestion of His unbelieving brethren, that He should go up to the feast and there show Himself to the world, was calmly met by the reply, "My time is not yet fully come."

We have in our Great Exemplar (we would speak it reverently) the pattern of a perfectly-balanced mind, ever true to the constraining or restraining finger of His Father's will. And what is the lesson to us? Surely, not that we bemoan that we have not "the tongue of men or of angels," to preach to the multitudes in thrilling words (how few are to be trusted with this power!); nor that we lament that our daily duties lie in a narrow round, con-

fining chiefly to the common business of life or to the domestic circle; not that we sorrowfully say, "Because I am not the hand (or tongue) I am not of the body." No; rather may we continually, like loving children, ask, "What wilt *Thou* have me to do?" and then accept the answer with filial submission.

The highest Christian life is to do our Lord's will with a single eye to His glory; to speak or to be silent, to go or to stay, "to be full or to be hungry, to abound or to suffer need; everywhere and in all things" to have no will but His.

When a soul is thus entirely at the Lord's disposal, He will work in it not merely "to will," but also "to do of His good pleasure."

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him;" but in due time it will be revealed in the life, and manifested by its fruits in the meek and gentle spirit, in the patience under provocation, in the tender thoughtfulness for the poor and afflicted, in the cheerful sympathy with the young, in the calm submission to sickness and bereavement. These are in many as certain indications of the higher Christian life as more conspicuous service.

But the absolute dedication of heart of which we have spoken is inconsistent with any choice for ourselves as to the position we should occupy in the Church of Christ. Whilst we are all called to evidence our faith by the fruits of the Spirit we must not urge the cowardly plea, "I pray Thee have me excused" from any call of the Lord. "Follow thou me," is the one universal yet individual command, and our ready response should be, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." To all who have thus presented themselves as "a living sacrifice," the solemn injunction and the glorious promise attached to it are still going forth, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

#### WORK, A NECESSITY.

Every soul that lives must, in due time, be put, or put itself, to hard work. And the labor of the hands, in some way, seems one of the essentials of a thoughtful mind, a wholesome life. It would be best, apparently, if every one in the world, however rich, however intellectual, and whatever his occupation, ruler or ruled, statesmen, preacher, or what not, should have some sort of manual labor to give life to his mind, and to bring him into close connection of sympathy with the laboring-classes, that is, with humanity at large. Labor ought to be honorable; the labor of the hod-man, the stevedore, the kitchen-maid, the seamstress. And one of the



essential means to prevent the envy of laborers towards the wealthy, is to find the last doing the same work, in turns, that they do. And it will be, indeed, an honor to any young woman to have it known that she has put herself into the class of workers, has some regular laborious manual occupation, and feels her sisterhood with the poor of the world. Young women can make labor honorable; and when they accomplish that end, by means of their own example, there will be no difficulty of finding enough "help" for all the domestic labor of the world.

The study of art presents itself as a most desirable occupation of mind and of heart. We do not mean crotcheting slippers and sofa cushions, or making patch work bed-quilts or wax flowers. Let these continue, as having some use in the world; as better than nothing; as good for those who have never learned anything better. But there is a study of art that requires industry, regularity, thought and moral principle. It is a hard study. It gives seriousness to life. It is a dignified occupation. It brings one into communion with the most richly-endowed geniuses that Providence has sent to bless the world. It brings one to the most careful study of nature itself, even the most religious study, and fills the mind with high and ennobling thoughts concerning "the meanest flower that blows," "the grass that comes creeping, creeping everywhere," or mountains, or skies, or "the human face divine."

Philanthropic labors call for more instances of devotion from the young, who have time to attend to them. And if a person has not the genius to call in the waifs from city and village streets, to give them attractive and happy instruction; if the work of visiting at the homes of the miserable and degraded is not wholly safe, or requires a wisdom that is rare indeed, yet there are many philanthropic institutions that are continually in need of support. And the young woman that has no skill to deal with the poor, the distressed or the wicked, may yet comfort herself with the conviction that she has talents that may be put to valuable use in assisting such institutions, and so at least may help in saving some.

At last, what is wanted is consecration,—a conviction that life is not given for waste; nor for self; nor primarily for enjoyment. It is given for use. At a time of life when the world of nature and society shows its utmost attractiveness, then is the time for the young to see that the beauty of the world cannot long be enjoyed except by beauty within. The world of men and women has to make its fight for subsistence; it has to endure its hardship; it encounters miseries.

The pure and noble-minded of the world will not shut themselves up from hearing of the woes of their fellow-beings; they always rejoice if they find opportunity to labor for the less fortunate, and to relieve their woes—*Christian Register.*

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

##### PHILADELPHIA QUARTERLY MEETING.

This meeting was held on the 3d inst., at the "Valley Meeting-house." The day was dull and showery, but did not interfere, to any considerable extent, with the attendance.

Two cars were required to convey those who went from Philadelphia, and the country round was well represented.

Thomas Foulke, of New York, was the only minister in attendance from another Yearly Meeting. Several from quarters belonging to our own were present.

In the first meeting testimonies were given forth by many, and feeling allusion made to the bereavements lately sustained in the removal by death of members of the "Valley" Meeting.

There was no business before the second meeting except the report of the Committee on Circular Meetings, which contained a recommendation "That the Quarterly Meeting appropriate one hundred dollars to defray the traveling expenses incurred by the committee in attending to the duties of the appointment."

After some discussion the recommendation was approved and the report united with.

"The Extracts" of the late Yearly Meeting were read, it was believed, with profit, and the meeting closed under a feeling that while there had been diverse views held forth and a variety of sentiment expressed, yet on the whole the spirit of charity and a feeling of love and unity had prevailed over all, to the comfort and rejoicing of many.

The select meeting was held, as usual, on the afternoon previous. R.

## SCRAPS

### FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

First-day morning was so pleasant, we preferred walking the three-fourths of a mile to our little rural meeting. Everything on the way predisposed the mind to calm quietness; and when seated there was nothing to interrupt this feeling. As most of the attenders live at walking distance, there was almost none of the driving up and alighting at the door, which attract the attention, especially of one unused to it. We were very early



seated, but there was no buzz of conversation to be heard from the outside, and as each one entered noiselessly along the carpeted aisle, the place, to use Charles Lamb's expression, seemed "bathed in stillness," which the motion of the leaves, just stirred by a gentle breeze, rather aided than otherwise. What aids to devotional feeling are the sweet influences of nature—what *motion*, the result of human skill would not rather have been an interruption? The hour's silence, which was broken by only a few words, was neither a drowsy, an apathetic, nor a formal one. As I looked at the earnest, thoughtful countenances, it seemed to me *the mind was awake*, and that the hope of receiving *good* had brought together the fifty or sixty who were assembled. It could not be the expectation of hearing preaching, for the two Friends who occasionally speak do not say many words; we were told that only a few years ago the meeting was very small, and probably still is, on week days. What then is it that has waked up an interest in coming together on First-day morning? It is undoubtedly the First-day school; into which the meeting may be said to resolve itself at the close of the hour of silence, for I did not observe that any one went away. This hour of silence seems to me the fitting prelude to the exercises that follow.

I feel like telling thee of a little *experience* I had at this meeting. One of the short communications I alluded to was from a Friend unused, I believe, to speaking in a meeting for worship. His text was, "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" applying it to the influence such silent meditation had in drawing our hearts nearer to the source of all good. That, while our reason assures us that God is always near, yet, to us, He seems nearer at sometimes than at others; and that at such seasons our response should be like that of little Samuel's, "here am I." I had sweet unity with the offering, and felt prompted to rise and express it. I do not mean simply my *unity*, for that is seldom done to edification, but to add a few words in harmony with the exercise. But

"Reasoning at ev'ry step he treads,  
Man yet mistakes his way."

I delayed until the solemnity of the meeting was evidently passing off, when, remembering that there is not only a right thing to say, but a right time to say it in, I treasured up the lesson for future benefit.

..... We preferred to sit with the adult class. Most of them read selections, I presume of their own choosing, from Scripture and from other sources, and some poetry, all of a serious cast. These were interspersed with sensible remarks from the leader of the

class; but it would have added to the interest to have heard some expressions, or at least questions, from some of the young people. It may have been that the subjects of the reading did not suggest any, or perhaps there is more freedom felt when strangers are absent.

I have sometimes thought that the First-day school, drawing together as it does the old and the young in social, religious mingling, with more liberty for expression than is felt in our meetings for worship, may be doing something other than its direct influence upon the children, in the renovation of our Society. A very dear friend of ours, whose religious experience as a minister, and whose sound judgment no one, I think, would question, remarked to us, years ago, that he thought our Society would do well to recognize what he called the "gift of teaching," as distinguished from what we are accustomed to regard as *ministry*. By "teaching," in this sense, is not meant the mere imparting of information, but an utterance from the awakened and sanctified intellect, prompted by love of the brethren and a desire to give from our storehouse that which we have received. I believe many a one has withheld that which would have awakened life in a meeting, because of not having experienced the "woe pronounced," which has been too much regarded as the invariable test of an impulse to speak in a religious assembly. Though the woe is not pronounced in these cases, yet, and I speak from some experience, the religious life is more or less dwarfed by this *practice* of withholding; and instead of the free, unquestioning obedience of a child, a habit of reasoning, doubt and repression takes its place. Perhaps thou wilt say, the lowering of this standard would open a wide door for *talk* in our religious meetings; but I am inclined to think that, like many other things which we have thought it necessary to legislate about, it would adjust itself if let alone. It might tend to lower the very high ground sometimes taken by ministers in claiming too positively a "Divine call"; for, if it should be found that some who make no such claim, but, believing that every good and perfect gift *must* come from God, and who open the lips when they are touched with Divine love, really speak to edification, would not the conclusion be inevitable that some of the experiences which attend a call to the ministry are due in measure to individual mental characteristics? Do not understand me to doubt the *reality* of these experiences or their necessity for some persons, nor that they are often accompanied by deep spiritual insight. I only object to our regarding them as a standard by which all should be weighed who



feel it right to give expression to their highest and best thoughts in our religious meetings. Should this *equalizing* of the ministry among us ever be brought about, it must be, I think, by the simple faithfulness of the class alluded to, and by our encouraging such to exercise each his own peculiar "gift," without thinking it necessary to confer upon them the little remnant of *ordination* we still have among us.

Thou and I, it is safe to say, will not live to see it, but I sometimes think I discern in the future, it may be the far future, something better for our Society than even marked its rise. Some of the old forms then retained, and some adopted when the early zeal began to abate, will slowly slough off, while the great principles of religious liberty, individual responsibility and universal brotherhood, which they announced and strove to realize, being with lapse of time better understood and appreciated, will take upon themselves fresh forms, and, like the vital principle of the seed which bursts its dried and useless covering, spring forth anew.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 14, 1875.

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A PRACTICAL HINT.—"Not more than others I deserve, yet God has given me more." It is well for us occasionally to compare our outward allotment with that of others. In doing so, we would doubtless find many equally worthy with ourselves, who have at command none of the luxuries of life, and but few of its comforts, and who thus suffer many privations to us unknown. Such a comparison may do a double service. It may not only rouse into healthy action a feeling of gratitude on our own behalf, but it may incite us to an earnest investigation as to whether we are so using the means wherewith we are blessed as to prove ourselves faithful stewards of that which we have received.

Such an investigation would probably show that an undue proportion of our means, and, perhaps, in some cases, all of it, is spent upon personal indulgences. This is often more the result of thoughtlessness than of want of feeling—

"But, evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart."

We should not forget that our neighbor may be suffering from want of food while we

are indulging in needless luxuries, the cost of which would have sustained him. It is good, then, for us occasionally to compare our condition with that of others.

True, we may not have any great abundance, and when cases of suffering or privation come under our notice we may be ready to say, "I have nothing to spare;" but before we act upon that conclusion, let us examine our *needs* and our *resources* and our *intended outlays*. Cannot many of the latter, probably mere personal gratifications, be postponed without the loss of anything valuable, and the means intended to have been thus expended turned into another channel, through which relief may go to the needy or tempting necessities to the invalid poor?

To carry out the idea here suggested, each family could have a place of deposit, easily available, for the little sums thus saved, the treasure to be held sacred to the claims of the needy. The cost of a few ribbons or of a dress not needed, but purchased to satisfy the capricious demands of fashion, would soon form a sum that would greatly aid some of the worthy poor, and make the dispenser realize a pleasure higher and more ennobling than mere personal indulgences ever can confer.

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### DIED.

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PRICE.—At her residence, in Putnam county, Ill., on the 23d of Seventh month, 1875, Sarah W., wife of William M. Price, in the 74th year of her age, for many years an Elder of Clear Creek Monthly Meeting. She was afflicted with paralysis for more than seven years. This affliction she endured with patience and resignation, and testimonies have been borne by many who visited her, to the import that she was prepared to meet the final change with "joy and not with grief."

QUINBY.—At Chappaqua, West Chester county, New York, Fifth month 15th, 1875, Anna Quinby, wife of Abraham Quinby, in the 64th year of her age; an active and useful member and valued elder of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting.

RICH.—In Middletown, Bucks county, Pa., Seventh month 24, 1875, of cholera infantum, Rachel F., youngest daughter of John C. and Ann M. Rich, aged about 11 months.

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THOUSANDS of people might be enjoying reasonable lives, with opportunities for self-culture, for social enjoyment and for charitable effort, whose whole energy is absorbed in the desperate struggle to add superfluities to comfort.



For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 60.

(Continued from page 380.)

## AT ROME.

The great Italian prelates of the Papal church, in past times, being uninfluenced by any cares for future generations, having no sons to establish in life, and no daughters to portion, used their great revenues in building beautiful palaces and villas, in erecting chapels and adorning them with gems and marbles, and in making great collections of the precious works of genius, with which to people their splendid halls. The palaces and villas of Rome and its vicinity, built for the most part by cardinals or popes, and from the revenues of the church, are among the peculiar and characteristic features of the city. A palace with a garden is denominated a villa. There are seventy-five of these princely edifices in Rome, varying very much in style of architecture, according to the wealth, taste or rank of their founders. They are usually built of stone, and blend the characteristics of a fortress and a dwelling. The form is generally a quadrangle, built round a court yard, into which a stairway of stone or marble opens. As many of the families who have inherited those lordly residences have fallen to decay, the palace apartments are frequently rented to sculptors, to tradesmen and to families—and in these cases, an old Roman "Palazzo," in which the impoverished owner hides his faded grandeur in some corner, is a dreary place enough. But these remarks do not apply to the Palazzo Borghese, which contains the finest private collection of pictures in Rome, and which is liberally opened to artists and visitors on five days in the week. The Borghese family is still rich, and good care is taken of their priceless art treasures. The Villa Borghese, outside of the northern gate of the city, the Porto del Popolo, is a beautiful and extensive pleasure ground, which is thrown open to the public every day after 12 o'clock. It was greatly devastated during the siege in 1849, but has been beautifully restored, and is now the most delightful of all the walks and drives round the city. It would be pleasant to tell of the noble avenues of trees, of the flowery lawns, of the statues, fountains, temples, mock ruins and mimic water-falls, which gratify every taste, and which are as open to the enjoyment of the public as to the generous Prince Borghese himself. This magnificent hospitality is the general rule in Rome, and is one of the many reasons which make the glorious old city so delightful a place of residence.

The principal attraction of the Villa Borghese is the Casino, formerly a summer palace, but now a museum of statuary. It was erected by the Cardinal Scipio Borghese, and converted into a picture gallery by the present Prince. The Borghese family formerly possessed a rich collection of ancient sculptures found in excavating on their numerous possessions, but the most valuable of these were removed to Paris by Napoleon; and a great portion, therefore, of the present collection was made by the last two princes. We walked slowly round among the disinterred relics of the glorious days of old, which have revealed to us so much of the mythologic poetry, of the heroic strivings, and of the divine aspirations of those who carved these almost immortal sculptures, and of those who treasured them among their most precious possessions. One has need of all the lore of the classical dictionary, and of all the imagination of the Greek to do justice to these marbles; but a great share of delight is possible even to the unlearned amateur.

In the upper story are three very interesting groups in marble by Bemini, which were executed when he was in very early life. One feels both amusement and astonishment in the presence of the group of Apollo and Daphne. The flying nymph is seized by the god and is already being transformed into a laurel. The hands are upraised in a wild appeal for help, and twigs and leaves are taking the place of fingers. The toes are sending down branching rootlets which have already fastened themselves in the earth beneath, while the lower part of the body is being enclosed in bark and enveloped in foliage in a manner truly wonderful and indescribable. The face is thrown back in terror, but it has found the repose of death just as the eager Apollo, the lord of light, of poesy, and of melody, arrests her flight. This sculpture has been accounted a miracle of manipulation, appearing rather the work of magic than of mortal fingers.

Another afternoon drive eastward through the Porta S. Pancrazio takes us to the Villa Pamphili-Doria, the grounds of which are nearly six miles in circumference.

These afternoon drives through charming sylvan scenes, are a delightful rest both spiritual and physical, after the toil and mental effort of a morning's sight-seeing in Rome.

The Palazzo Barberini, dating from 1640, is one of the largest palaces in Rome, and contains a valuable library and collection of pictures.

Of the great interest of a morning spent among the ruins which mark the place of the ancient Forum Romanum, I know not how



to speak fittingly. The excavators have been at work and antiquarians have studied carefully the relics which have gradually been brought to light, so that now we know much more of the field where

"A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—  
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,  
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with  
Cicero!"

than was known fifty years ago. The historic field is located in an irregular quadrilateral space at the foot of the Capitoline and Palatine hills, raised by an accumulation of soil ten or twelve feet above its ancient level. The removal of this deposit was commenced during the French occupation of Rome under the first Napoleon; and since that time considerable progress must have been made at various periods. On the day of our visit a company of workmen were busily engaged, and antiquarians were jealously inspecting the debris of the ages to which the spades were throwing up to the light. The remains of the three stately temples to the gods that stand at the base of the Capitol are the most conspicuous ruins of the Forum. The three beautiful Corinthian pillars of white marble, which were long ascribed to Jove, have been shown by Canina, to form a part of the temple erected to Vespasian by Domitian. On the right of these is a raised triangular space, surrounded by the remains of a portico, recently restored.

Standing on the rostrum whence Cicero thundered his orations, and taking a survey of the Roman Forum, we feel, indeed, that it is one of the most suggestive and imposing of earth's historic spots. The wonderful people who were strong and resolute enough to hold the whole earth in subjection, and wise enough to lay the broad foundations on which the laws of the modern civilized world have been built, are here vividly pictured to the imagination.

"Here," says an enthusiastic traveler, "was trained that unrivaled power of constructive legislation which was the great redeeming feature in the Roman mind, and which has bequeathed to posterity that precious bequest, the Roman law, a gift quite equal in value to the splendid legacy of Greek literature."

Having lingered long enough in the Forum, we ascend to the level of the modern city, mount the Capitoline Hill, and are conducted up and along a very odorous lane, and through a gateway into a garden, which appears to be the nearest approach to the famed Tarpeian Rock, the leap from which "cured all ambition." The soil has gathered round the base of the penal cliff, diminishing its height, but there is enough of it yet (fifty feet, perhaps) to

make a very decided precipice. The view of the distant hills, of the Coliseum, of the Palatine Hill, with its ruins, and of the poor-looking modern erections which usurp the place of the venerable relics of antiquity, is beautiful, extended and varied.

Leaving the Tarpeian cliff, we next visit the church of Ara Cœli, which occupies the northern knoll of the Capitol hill, and stands on the site of the temple of Jupiter. It is amazingly ugly in its exterior, but within we find ourselves among a profusion of ancient marble columns, the spoils of the temples of other days. The barefooted friars, in their coarse brown woollen robes, are walking round, and some are singing the vesper services.

It is interesting to be reminded that Gibbon, while musing here at vesper-time, in 1764, amid just such surroundings as we have to-day, conceived the idea of writing a History of the Decline and Fall of Rome.

The principal object of our visit is to get a sight of the miracle-working figure of the infant Jesus, called the Sanctissima Bambino, which is believed to have power to heal the sick. The story is that it was carved by a pilgrim out of a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives, and that it was painted by St. Luke while the pilgrim was sleeping over his work. After some inquiry, we find the guardian of the Bambino, who consents to show the prized image to us. We are politely invited into a well-lighted chapel, and the monk proceeds to clear away the altar furniture, and then unblocks some doors and opens a recess behind the altar.

There are two absurd-looking representations of Joseph and Mary bending with wondering solicitude over a closed wooden box. The monk takes this out, opens it, and removes several richly-jewelled coverings, and exposes to view a wooden baby about eighteen inches or two feet long. It is elaborately decorated with jewels, the offerings of those who reverence the antique toy, or perhaps those who have fancied themselves cured of disease by its help.

My friend remarks, in French, "It is very curious!" The monk smiles pleasantly, and replies, also in French, "Oh, no! he is not curious; it is you who are curious!" "Do the people yet think the Bambino can cure them when they are sick?" she asks. The monk laughs, and answers, "Oh, yes; many do!" "I suppose it is only the very ignorant who expect help in this way," she remarks. The monk takes it in very good part and assures us that no one supposes the work of the image can do anything. Then I inform him we have visited the miracle-working body of Spiridion at Corfu, and my friend



describes to him our pilgrimage to Jerusalem and through the Orient, and he sagely replies that "Mesdames" must have had great fatigue, and must have spent much money. Then, as we turn away, he kisses the feet of the Bambino, and proceeds to shut it up and push it back to its accustomed resting-place. We were fully of the opinion that the holy man had no more faith in the miraculous power of the absurd-looking little image than we had, though this kind of faith is nourished among the laity.

A visit to the dread depths of the Mamertine Prisons, on the declivity of the Capitoline, near the Arch of Septimus Severus, introduces us to another of the few existing monuments of the ancient kingly days of Rome. It was begun by Ancus Martius, and enlarged by Servius Tullius, from whom it was denominated the Tullian. Sallust, in relating the circumstances attending the doom of the accomplices of Cataline, who were here strangled by the order of Cicero, says: "In the prison called the Tullian there is a place about ten feet deep, when you have descended a little to the left: it is surrounded on the sides by walls, and is closed above by a vaulted roof of stone. The appearance of it, from the filth, the darkness and the smell, is terrific."

We are conducted by the priestly custodian down a flight of stone steps to the door into the upper cell, which has been cut for the accommodation of devotees, who deem this a place especially hallowed by being the prison of St. Peter in the reign of Nero. The vaulted chamber we have now reached is about sixteen feet high, thirty feet in length and twenty-two in breadth, and is constructed of large masses of stone without cement. The only light is from the torch of our guide, except what is dimly sifted in from the grating above, down which the prisoners were lowered by a cord. This upper vault is the most ancient, being constructed during the reign of Ancus Martius. In the center of the floor is another grating, similar to that overhead, which is the sole window and ventilating opening to the yet deeper dungeon below. Down this they do not lower us by cords, but conduct us by a modern stair.

It would not be easy to imagine a more dreadful place of confinement, or one round which more horrible memories cluster. We are shown the pillar to which, says tradition, Peter was bound; and our conductor lifts up a small block of marble to show the clear fountain which miraculously sprang up to enable the captive apostle to baptize his followers, Processus and Martinianus. We may think of it if we will, but I positively decline. When he opens a door into a dungeon passage,

out of which gushes such a horrible odor that we immediately protest our entire satisfaction and ask to have the aperture closed again. We are assured that there can be very little doubt that this was the cell in which the Numidian usurper Jugurtha was starved to death, and in which Vercingetorix, the Gaulish chief, was murdered, by order of Julius Cæsar, and in which many other historic personages met their doom. I am glad to turn away and remount the stairs which lead upward to the light and the day. On the side of the wall of the stairway, the guide holds his torch so that we may see the place where, he says, the jailers drove the head of Peter with such violence as to make an impression in the solid rock, without damaging the skull of the brave Apostle!

Coming out into the square of palaces which now occupy the Capitoline Hill, we pause to admire the famous bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which stands on a marble pedestal in the center, and which is accounted the finest ancient bronze in existence. Traces of the gilding which once covered it are still discernible, and every part of it is as perfect as if it were only finished yesterday. And here sits the benign, philosophic emperor on his noble steed, a grandly illustrated page, preserved out of the torn and tattered book of the past, to be the admiration of generations yet to come.

At the head of the central stairs, which lead down from the hill, are the two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux standing by the side of their horses, which statues were found in the Ghetto (Jews' quarter) in the middle of the sixteenth century. Two Egyptian lions kept silent guard at the foot of the wide incline. In memory of the historic wolf which nourished the heroes who founded Rome, here is a harmless-looking live wolf in a cage, who seems to be sorely in need of something to do—turning, twisting and biting himself incessantly.

Taking a carriage, we direct the driver to take us homeward through the Ghetto, and show us the house which marks the locality where St. Paul lived during his enforced residence in Rome. The streets through which we pass are much dirtier than are other parts of Rome, and the people are living very much out in the public highways, as is the custom in all oriental cities, and the reputed house is a dingy old building, not dignified with any inscription that I saw. It is in the Via degli Stregari, number 2. We passed on by open bazaars or booths that remind one of Cairo, and through foul odors, which suggest the Jewish depths of Jerusalem, and are soon happily outside of the Ghetto. It would take a very energetic enthusiast to get up



much admiration for these squalid sons and daughters of Israel, who have been so unfortunate as to find a home under the shadow of the Papal throne. As in all other lands, their distinctive physiognomy is quite distinguishable. Their visages are very different from the pleasant countenances of the Italians proper.

S. R.

*Fourth month 8th, 1875.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## THE MENNONITES.

We have in our city a resident, recently from Russia, Cornelius Jansen, with his interesting family. He is the leading mind among the Mennonites, who are settling by thousands west of the Mississippi. They are like Friends, especially in relation to the sinfulness of war, capital punishment, and other of Truth's testimonies.

At the recent commencement of a female seminary in this city, their daughter Helen, a girl of fifteen summers, read a production which elicited the admiration of many who heard it. Believing it contains much information not familiar to the general reader, I obtained the consent of the writer to permit its publication in the *Mount Pleasant Journal*, Iowa. Believing that the readers of *Friends' Intelligencer* will be gratified with the perusal of such a testimonial from one so youthful, touching a prominent testimony of the Gospel as held by the religious Society of Friends, I clip it from our county paper and send it to you.

J. A. D.

*Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Seventh mo. 25th, 1875.*

## VALUE OF LIBERTY IN RELIGION AND IN THE PRESS.

BY HELEN JANSEN.

Coming from a country where religion and the press are kept in limits and bounds, and now enjoying true liberty of both, I subscribe fully to the truth of the old proverb, "Privation enhances enjoyment;" for only those who have been under such oppression can highly enough esteem the value of freedom.

Speaking of privation more detailed, I will mention some instances out of my own experience.

In our city, Berdjansk, whose population is estimated at 20,000, and into whose harbor come yearly (as I find in my father's official lists) more than 400 merchant ships, to be loaded with wheat, on an average with 700,000,000 of bushels, not even one newspaper is allowed to be published, so that we can only get our political papers from the largest cities—as Odessa, the nearest city, about 300 miles distant, Riga, Moscow and St. Petersburg—and even these have to pass a very strict censorship before they can be printed. There was, it is true, in our city a man who

employed a small press to print advertisements for the merchants, yet he had but little work, since everything had to be examined by the Mayor of the city before it was put into press.

Imagine the press of a place like Mt. Pleasant, with 5,000 inhabitants (one-fourth the number of my native city), to be confined only to the publishing of auction papers, other advertisements, and it will give you a indistinct idea of the extent to which the limitation is carried out in Russia. The following will, perhaps, illustrate what I have mentioned:

Some time before our departure from Berdjansk, my brother brought the advertisement of our auction to the press. He had mentioned in it an account of our leaving Berdjansk for America; we were going to sell of property, after which followed the inventor etc. The Mayor (his office being to examine and testify to the advertisement) said that "could not testify" to it, unless the word "America" was left out.

The consequence of such want of liberty the unlimited arbitrariness of the officers of different authorities, from the lowest to the highest, and the suppression of every denunciation in publishing the vileness which practiced among them in public as in private life.

To illustrate the latter, allow me to mention an incident connected with our family circle:

One month before we left our home celebrated the silver-wedding of my dear parents. For this occasion we children wanted to get several copies of a hymn printed, to be distributed as a remembrance of that among our friends. To our disappointment it was said that no more than fifteen of the copies could be published, as they were Christian hymns, which are not allowed to be printed in a greater number.

Respecting the arbitrariness not only of the press, but also in other things, it may not be inappropriate to mention another short instance.

To my parents' silver-wedding our relatives in Germany sent, among other things, silver spectacles in cases of silver. They arrived in time, but when my brother went to get them from the custom-house was refused, because it was supposed that silver might not be pure as in the Russian empire it ought to be. For examination, they were sent to Simphropol, the government city.

This is the usual way for them to do, they have involved the obtaining of things into so many difficulties, the owners let them go, rather than bear the great



pense that is connected with the matter, this being the aim of the officers. But my father did not wish to leave these things in the officer's hands, and therefore he traced from the beginning all the steps that were made concerning them. From Simphropol they were sent to the Governor-General's office, at Odessa, and from thence to St. Petersburg. At last, after my father in a telegram had related the whole affair to the Minister of the Finance (since a letter would never have come into his hands), and after paying expenses more than twice as much as the whole thing was worth, we received them just a few days before the appointed time in which we were obliged to leave.

I have now told you something out of my own experience, and could mention hundreds of instances more which only become known by being reported from one to the other, as there are no papers to publish them. If the publishing of political be so limited, that of religious papers is far more so.

In the year 1867, a religious visit was paid to our colonies by two English Friends, Thos. Harvey and Isaac Robson (with whom we agree in not accepting war). These felt the necessity of addressing our people with an encouraging tract, which was to be printed in our language at Odessa. It was soon sent back (some sentences being entirely crossed and blotted) with the notice that they could not be printed in our country. The following paragraph was one of those especially prohibited, in which our dear friend Isaac Robson says:

"Is it not His (God's) purpose that you could not only be blessed yourselves, but so that you should be a blessing to others; that your light should so shine before men that others, seeing your good works, should so be brought to glorify your Father who is in heaven. Is it not His purpose that you could be instrumental in spreading the knowledge of the Truth of the Gospel of Christ to those who are now sitting in darkness—sunk in ignorance and superstition. Are you prepared, dear friends, to give a good account of your stewardship?"

"I do not forget the difficulties of your position nor the danger which might result in attempts to enlighten your more ignorant neighbors; but I feel it right to endeavor a little to stir you up by putting you in remembrance of these things."

If I add, in conclusion, that to this day in our country the whole Bible is not allowed to be printed in the Russian language; that in seven years, through the great perseverance and expense of the British Bible Society, only the New Testament can be sent here, and that for preaching the "Gospel

to the Russians the punishment has been exile for life to Siberia"—since 1861, under the present milder laws of Alexander II, for the first offence the punishment has been reduced to 13 years in the penitentiary—you will get a weak picture of the darkness which prevails at present in my late home, Russia, and perhaps unite with us in humble thankfulness to the Lord for that great privilege of living in a country where *religion and the press are free*.

"THE flower absorbs the light, the heat, the air, the dew, and so maintains its vitality, unfolds its beauty and breathes its fragrance. It is by a similar absorption of Christ into our souls that we grow, becoming vigorous, holy and fruitful. 'He that dwelleth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing.'"

#### LET THE BABIES DIG IN THE DIRT.

We once asked an old Winnebago squaw how it was that she cured her sick family by simply covering them every day with fresh earth, leaving only a breathing spot for their noses, and she said: "Earth our mother. Earth make she, and Earth take good care to make she papooses strong: squaw-mother make she papooses sick. Earth-mother make she papooses well again. She can't tell white squaw any more." Now this poor Indian woman was wise "according to her lights." Without knowing why, she saw that the earth was a friend to her children, and therefore gave them to its healing embrace. If the mother be fortunate enough to live in the country, she has the cure for many of her children's ills quite at hand. Encourage baby to play in the fresh earth, preparing it properly for its enjoyment and cure, with as careful an eye to the comfort of the little thing, as you would if it were to take any other sort of a bath. If it has no old dresses, make it a suit of cheap print, tie upon its head a light hat, that will protect its eyes from discomfort and give it freedom to delve in the warm, soft earth, where the sunshine can comfort and invigorate it. If it is a city child and circumstances forbid a trip to the country for the sake of the weak convalescent, have a sand heap made on the warm side of the yard. Instinct will teach it to dig, and digging hardens the muscles and brings strength to the bones, while from the heart of the earth rises a subtle and strong power of healing that we can neither explain nor understand for ourselves, though we have both seen and felt its potency.—*The Metropolitan*.

SINCE we are exposed to inevitable sorrows, wisdom is the art of finding compensation.



## GROWING OLD.

Softly, oh softly, the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care ;  
Sorrow and death did they often bring nigh thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,  
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light ;  
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,  
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight.  
Growing old cheerfully,  
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,  
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,  
Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling  
Far from the port and the land of the blest.  
Growing old peacefully,  
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow  
When the bright faces of children are seen ;  
Never a year from their youth wouldst thou borrow ;  
Thou dost remember what lieth between.  
Growing old willingly,  
Gladly, I ween.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,  
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,  
Rich in the love that grew from and above it,  
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.  
Growing old wealthily,  
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened ;  
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve ;  
Many a face at thy kind words has brightened—  
"It is more blessed to give than receive."  
Growing old happily,  
Blest, we believe.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory  
See but the brighter the heavenly glow !  
Ears that are dull to the world and its story  
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow ;  
All their sweet recompense  
Youth cannot know.

Fourscore ! But softly the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly, with tenderest care ;  
Sorrow and death they did often bring nigh thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Graceful and fair.

—N. Y. Observer.

## INFINITE PROGRESS.

When all is thought and said  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still, what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive :—

Must still believe, for still we hope,  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

—Greenough.

As length of life is denied us, let us at least  
do something to show that we have lived to  
perpetuate the remembrance of our existence.  
—Cicero.

## EMPHASIZING DIFFERENCES.

It is not the least of the many wonders of human nature that among the millions of people who inhabit the earth, all bearing the same general contour of feature and form there are no two who are precisely similar in appearance. Each possesses a distinctive aspect, which, in spite of any number of resemblances, prevents him from being mistaken for any other. The same thing holds good all through his being. His tastes, opinions, abilities, dispositions and character are emphatically his own, forming an individuality, which, in its entirety, no one else possesses. There are many resemblances, but no counterparts. Nature never repeats herself in these her noblest works.

Much of life's happiness and welfare is involved in the manner of receiving and treating this phenomenon. In a general way admit it, and regard it as a beneficent arrangement. It is clear that only through the large variety of capacities could the diversified work of the world be accomplished, that on through the many different standpoints, thought could any broad outlook be gained and only through the constant divergence character could any real progress be made. Yet, in spite of this, we are continually fretting and chafing over these differences, making them the sources of contention and discord, blaming some persons and despising others on account of them. Doubtless more than half of all the ill-will which men and women manufacture for mutual misery, results from the habit of emphasizing differences in an offensive manner. There are some persons who seem to make it their first object on forming a new acquaintance to discover the points of antagonism that exist between them. They will inquire what political party or religious sect he represents, ask his opinion upon mooted questions, then proceed by their favorite arguments to controvert and dispute his views. They will then approach of a friend to give him testimony against some of his cherished notions, to inform him of recent facts that he has discovered and fresh proofs that he has received, as to the correctness of his own views and the fallacy of his. There are twenty subjects on which they could monopolize with him perfectly, and where a mutual feeling, cordially expressed, would unite them in bonds of sympathy ; but they prefer to seize upon a single point of difference, harp upon it until the growing excitement and displeasure produces a mutual alienation of feeling, which at length separates them. Such a course is productive of unmixed injury. It convinces no one, it helps no one, it inspires no one ; on the contrary, it nourishes



an antagonism of feeling which is by no means an essential accompaniment of antagonistic views. It displays a vanity and egotism which are always offensive; it is directly opposed to the spirit of freedom, which is as eager to accord the right of free thought as to claim it; it is, moreover, the surest way to prejudice the mind against the very views which are thus unpleasantly forced into unwilling ears.

We would, by no means, enjoin any false coloring or even deceptive silence of our real sentiments. There are times which come to every man and woman when to be silent or ambiguous is to be a traitor to principle. An honorable man shrinks not from upholding, at all proper seasons, his convictions of truth and duty, hesitates not to defend the absent from unjust accusations, and fears not to espouse the cause of justice when it is unpopular. But the courage which does this bravely and manfully when called upon is far different from the carping spirit that loves to debate and wrangle, to criticise and find fault, to emphasize differences rather than to cherish sympathies. Truth is never promulgated by any such means; on the contrary, it loses its power and influence. In order to reveal to another what is in our mind and heart, to impress him with our own convictions, or to inspire him with our own emotions, the first and most important thing is to put ourselves into sympathy with him. We must look at the matter from his standpoint, and learn to speak in a language which he will understand. The various conditions of life, phases of thought, states of feeling and forms of character have each a language of its own, which we must learn if we would approach them successfully. To do this, it is essential to find out the many points of sympathy, and to emphasize them, thus establishing confidence and good feeling, and paving the way for future efforts. Whoever neglects this need expect no success in implanting his own views of truth and duty, however true or valuable they may be.

All social intercourse would be greatly purified and sweetened if this habit of emphasizing differences were abolished. For the points of agreement are not only more numerous than those of difference, but they are generally more vital and significant. It is usually the minor affairs of life upon which people disagree—the means rather than the ends. In questions of duty, for example, we all accord in reverencing justice, purity and mercy; our differences lie in the definitions of these virtues, or in the methods of practicing them. In politics, all parties share alike in desiring their country's welfare—it is in the means of securing it that they differ. In associations of all kinds, both large and

small, the members are united in the main objects in the reform to be instituted, the improvements to be established, the evil to be abolished, the rights to be enforced—it is only when they come to discuss measures and canvass modes of operation that differences of opinion arise. Just as in the features and form, the points of general resemblance are far more numerous and more important than those of variation, so, in the thoughts and characters, the points of sympathy far outnumber and outweigh those of antagonism. Both are necessary to the welfare of mankind, but only by welcoming and cherishing the former can we secure for the latter that perfect freedom which individuality demands. —*Public Ledger.*

TRUE peace is the possession of the favor of God. Whatever draws us near to Him cannot be real adversity, and whatever entices us from Him deserves not the name of prosperity. Some things are intended as lifelong sorrows and trials. We need another existence to explain this. That is a blessed faith which feels there cannot be clouds always, but knows that joy cometh in the morning.

#### ANTS RECOGNIZING THEIR RELATIONS.

Huber, the younger, one day, took an ant's nest to populate one of those glass contrivances which he used for making his observations, and which consisted of a sort of glass bell placed over the nest. He set at liberty one part of the ants, which fixed themselves at the foot of a neighboring chestnut-tree. The rest were kept during four months in the apparatus, and at the end of this time Huber moved the whole into the garden, and a few ants managed to escape. Having met their old companions, who still lived at the foot of the chestnut-tree, they recognized them. They were seen in fact, all of them, to gesticulate, to caress each other mutually with their antennæ, to take each other by the mandibles, as if to embrace in token of joy, and they then re-entered together the nest at the foot of the chestnut tree. Very soon they came in a crowd to look for the other ants under the bell, and in a few hours our observer's apparatus was completely evacuated by its prisoners.—*Home and School.*

CONCERNING "hollering" in meeting, Aunt Judy, an old colored woman, said to one of her sisters: "Tain't de true grace, honey; tain't de true glory. You hollers too loud. When you gits de love in your heart and de lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as ef you was in dat stable in Beth'lem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleepin' baby to hold." —*Delaware county Republican.*



## EXTRACTS.

THE acceptance of the idea that preaching alone constituted public worship—an opinion very largely “prevalent among people nowadays,” or allowing children to become flippant critics should be carefully guarded against.

“It is no small blessing for the mind to be brought into accordance with the circumstances in which we are placed, and to be able to enjoy, with thankfulness, the very many privileges left.”

GREAT minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return.

THE world will judge more or less after all by practical results, and call that religion the best under which the virtues and graces of character bloom the sweetest and ripen the fairest.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

## NOTICES.

## ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING

Will be held at Clear Creek, Putnam county, Ill., on Second-day, Ninth month 13th; meeting of Ministers and Elders on Seventh-day preceding, both at 10 A. M.

This place is about 115 miles southwest of Chicago, 10 miles southeast of Hennepin, the county seat, and 3 miles northwest of Magnolia.

To reach it from Chicago, take the Chicago and Rock Island R. R. to La Salle, or the Burlington and Quincy R. R. to Mendota, thence by the Illinois Central (south) to Lostant, which is 6 or 8 miles easterly from Abel Mills, whose P. O. is Mt. Palatine, Putnam county, Ill. From Indianapolis take the Bloomington and Western R. R. to Bloomington, then the Illinois Central (north) to Lostant.

## CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Eighth mo. 15th,	Haverford, Pa., 3 P. M.
“ “ “	Whitemarsh, Pa., 3 P. M.
“ “ “	Bridgeport, N. J., 3 P. M.
“ “ “	Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.
“ “ “	Catawissa, Pa., 3 P. M.
“ “ 22d,	Cape May, N. J., 3 P. M.
“ “ “	Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.
Ninth mo. 5th,	Constantia, N. Y.
“ “ “	Reading, Pa., 2 P. M.
“ “ “	Abington, Pa., 3 P. M.
“ “ “	Chester, Pa., 3 P. M.

In Western Quarter, Circular Meetings will be held at Centre, Del., Ninth month 12th, at 3 P. M.; West Grove, Tenth month, 10th, at 3 P. M.

Persons in Philadelphia wishing to attend Circular Meeting at Whitemarsh on 15th inst. can take cars at depot Berks and American streets, 2 o'clock P. M., for Fort Washington, near the meeting-house, and return at 6.23 and 8 o'clock P. M.

## ITEMS.

THE Swedish Arctic Expedition was to have sailed in June for Nova Zembla. It will first study the botany, zoölogy, and ethnology of the south of the island, and then advance along the west coast to the northernmost point. Thence it will advance to the northeast to explore this unknown part of the Polar Sea. It then goes south to the mouth of the Obi and the Yenisei. Here the explorers will quit the ship and go up the river in boats, returning home afterward by land. Prof. Nordenskiöla commands the expedition. A wealthy merchant, Oskan Dickson, bears all the expense.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

PROFESSOR UHLER, of the Peabody Institute, President of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, will in a few days join the Hayden Geological Surveying Expedition in Colorado, in the service of the government. Professor Uhler will be with the party about three weeks, and expects to be very busy collecting valuable specimens of molluscs, crustacea, and other products of that region. The object of the government expedition is to make a complete scientific survey of Colorado, obtain the exact height of its mountains, some of which are over fourteen thousand feet high, to prepare maps, &c.—*Exchange paper.*

THERE are sixteen schools for colored pupils in Augusta, Ga., and the authorities recommend that the entire control of the education of these children be transferred to a Board composed of freeholders and a Commissioner of their own race, and that the fund obtained from the taxation of their property and polls be placed at the disposal of such Board. It is stated that the colored teachers have succeeded to an extent beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Confining their attention strictly to their duties, they have, by precept and example, striven to impress upon the people of their race the importance and necessity of industry, morality, order and obedience to law. They have so conducted their schools as to merit from the law giving power a recognition of the capacity of their race for self-management.—*Del. Co. Republican.*

PROGRESS OF FISH CULTURE—Professor Baird, our accomplished and successful American Fish Commissioner, has shipped to Germany 400,000 shad eggs in return for 250,000 salmon eggs, sent through the courtesy of the German Government to the American Fish Commission in 1873. The eggs are sent on flannel trays kept moist by dripping water, and, as they are expected to hatch out on the voyage, two men have been sent out with the eggs to transfer the eggs for hatching to water in paterans. The young fish are to be taken to the river Weser. Professor Baird received last week from Germany a number of live fish, which are to be put in ponds furnished by the city of Baltimore. A effort is to be made with these fish to domesticate the German carp, a fine flavored and prolific fish which will live in warm, still water. When or contemplates the wonderful success that has attended the efforts of the Government and of private persons to promote the propagation and cultivation of food fishes, and the immense amount of good already accomplished, it is but little short of marvelous that the means to so great an increase of national wealth in food were so long neglected. The success of fish culture has demonstrated this in this one respect, at least, the artificial ways man are more certain than the ordinary ways nature.—*Public Ledger.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 21, 1875. No. 26

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SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF

WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Continued from page 387.)

"Eleventh month 28th.—Have attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting, which was very large; abundance of ministry; the public meetings mostly of a harmonious character. I trust that the testimonies we hold so dear were well sustained. I had sweet fellowship with many dear friends, and have cause for gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the blessing of His preservation. Some of the loved ones have passed from this life; others, venerable in age and shining lights, adorning their faith with the innocence of the little child, are awaiting an entrance into the eternal kingdom. Surely the mantles of these will rest upon some who are desirous of emulating their example.

"Our convention upon Indian affairs was interesting. A lengthy report was received from our valuable Superintendent Barclay White, containing recommendations which received our approval. To execute these in connection with the Government, our Executive Committee was enlarged, and directed to give the necessary care demanded by their importance, as a means of promoting more effectually the civilization of the Indians. When we have had sufficient means to carry on the work, great improvement in their condition has been manifest.

"First month, 1874.—The end of the year

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brings many cares. I have not spent an idle year; and I know that the desire to serve my Master has been with me, amid my many engagements and in my conflicts with infirmities. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!' Oh, may this not only be the thought of my heart, and the words of my lips, but may it be my real experience while in this life! Again, this New Year, may I rightly pray for Thy continued direction: Keep those dear to my heart in the path of loving obedience to Thy commands. And enable me by precept and example to lead them to the fold of Christ, where, safe from the evils of this world, we may all find shelter beneath Thy protecting power.

"First month 13th, 1874—Started for Washington with my friend John Saunders to attend, by invitation, the annual conference with the Board of Indian Commissioners. It was an interesting meeting. Found our friends S. M. Janney, B. R. Roberts and R. T. Bentley, who, with ourselves, represented our portion of the Society of Friends. Many other members of various Christian sects were present; also Cherokee and Creek Indians. There was considerable talking, but very little done. Our resolution was adopted, approving, as a success thus far, the Peace Policy of the administration as inaugurated by President Grant.

"I gathered from what was said by the



representatives of the various missionary societies, that the first step towards civilizing the Indians was to teach them the arts of civilized life and the English language, break up the hunt and have means enough to build them houses; clothe them in the garments of civilized life; fence in farms, and enable them to support themselves. When you show what you mean to do, they will believe you; and surely after the deceptions that have been practised, they have a right to doubt the white man's promises until they see their fulfillment. We had pleasant interviews with Sec. Delano and Commissioner Smith. They cheerfully offer us every facility in their power to carry on the work in the Northern Superintendency.

"Passed from this life on the morning of the 12th inst., Margaret Kaufeldt, a purified spirit, redeemed from the world through Divine grace. From early life she was an example of Christian endurance. When very young she was afflicted with a disease which left her so crippled in hands and feet that she was entirely deprived of their use.

"Unwilling to become a burden to her friends, she was conveyed to the Germantown Poor House, where she remained twenty years. There she was surrounded by some of the elements of human passion and infirmity, manifested by many of those who become inmates in such institutions. All her powers were devoted to allaying the quarrels and dissensions that arose among them. When the Lutherans established an Orphans' Home in Germantown, they provided a room for Margaret. Here she found a refuge. She told me she had never told her sorrows to any but her Lord. He had at length brought her out of a home of toil to one of rest. Here she found a refuge of peace without, as well as within, and she gave thanks to Him to whom she owed all that she was and all that was bestowed upon her. It has been my privilege to spend many happy moments in her heavenly society. I never heard a complaint from her lips, and was always met with the same serene countenance and bright smile. She has gone, dear sainted spirit, to dwell forever with Him she so loved and followed upon earth—gone to the rest for the people of God, where there are no trials and conflicts, sorrows and tears, the hand of a dear and loving Father wiping them all away. Some were so confident of the power of her prayers that they were frequently asked for in seasons of suffering or affliction.

"Second month.—At Monthly Meeting this morning my mind was much impressed with the subject of Christian ministry, but I remained silent from a desire not to venture on an expression of my own thoughts unbidden.

I had been reading the "Rise and Progress of Friends," by William Penn, and was led to contrast the ministry of which he speaks with that of the present day. It was comforting to my mind to know that there was a time when a true servant of the Lord might preach *Jesus Christ and Him crucified* without being subjected to the charge of orthodoxy in its *obnoxious* meaning.

"The name of Jesus was in that day loudly professed by a corrupt hierarchy, and, 'like priest, like people,' many of their followers were no better. Professing Christ, they despised and rejected His spirit. Friends, however, did not hesitate to exalt that glorious name for fear of being associated in the minds of their hearers with those who held it only in the outward, mingled with the false theories and dogmas of religion in that day. They all the more proclaimed it as the only true foundation, proving their own claim to it by the devotion of their lives to the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which, in those who obey it, sets free from the law of sin and death. No fear of man could drive them from this eternal Rock of Ages.

"They withstood with calm resignation all the storms and tempests of passion which the truth they proclaimed roused to madness in their adversaries, whilst they showed them how inconsistent their lives were with the life of Him whom they called Lord. I believe, before our Zion shall shine in its beauty, the day must come when Jesus Christ and Him crucified will be preached in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, when the people will be led away from the dry husks of a fanciful philosophy to seek Him alone who can give them rest.

"I mean not to allude to a dependence upon any new belief of a historical fact as the means of salvation, but dependence upon the deep, significant knowledge of the power of the spirit of Christ in the soul, working there in the lowliness, the purity, the holiness of His sinless life, redeeming from the love of the world and the power of the world, and building us up in that all-sufficient faith which sustains us as it did Him, if we drink of His cup and endure His baptism. As He overcame temptation, endured suffering, and always did those things which pleased His Father, He was ministered unto by the angel of God, so we are succored by Him, if we according to the measure of grace vouchsafed, *obey, endure and overcome.*

"The sacrifice of Christ has a deep spiritual significance, not in the outward shedding of blood as an oblation to God, but in the obedience, the suffering, the utter abnegation of self, as culminating in His agony in the garden of Gethsemane, yielding the submission

due to the Divine Power which sustained Him under the affliction of the wrong, the cruelty, the outrage of a heartless, wicked people, the crown of thorns, the purple robe, being spit upon, mocked, scourged, and nailed to the cross, sealing with His death the testimony to the truth which He was born to bear witness unto.

"Truly the sacrifice was in the spirit of the offering. Art thou willing, fellow-professor of the name of Christ, to be made subject to that Almighty Power which will enable thee to drink of His cup and endure His baptism?"

"*Second month 24th.*—Attended the funeral of a member of our Society. He was a descendant of one of our early Friends who settled about Merion, near Philadelphia. For years he had been a sufferer from some spinal affection, and was fully resigned to the change. At his request a chapter from St. John's gospel was read before the body was removed.

"I felt it right to call the large assemblage of people present, composed of various denominations, to the great truth that membership of religious sects and a profession of the name of Christ does not constitute them Christians or followers of Christ according to His own avowed conditions, upon which alone He would recognize them as His disciples, viz., a life of devotion to His commands—a belief and profession that lead us now to serve Him in spirit, showing we are branches abiding in Him, the true Vine, by the abundant fruits which true faith grows, thus glorifying the great Husbandman.

"I felt the testimony to be a close and searching one, and I have reason to believe it was so accepted by others. If Christ reigns within us, then do we become sanctified and redeemed from all prejudices, bigotry and intolerance. Hatred and strife cannot dwell in the heart of a Christian. However tempted we may be, the power to overcome will enable him to say, 'Get thee behind me!' The great uncertainty of life was also dwelt upon. Our brother had lingered long, whilst the messenger might come in the twinkling of an eye.

"I have since learned that upon the return of the funeral a lady, conversing with her family upon the subject of the discourse at the house, after replying affirmatively to some remarks of her niece, who stated that her prejudice long felt against our Friends had been that morning entirely wiped away, suddenly dropped her head upon her breast and breathed her last! A solemn admonition, indeed, to be ever watchful unto prayer; always ready for the call! Peaceful, indeed, to the prepared soul is such an end! Deeply trying to the survivors! but the dear Lord's

hand heals the wound, and the oil and wine restore when the rod of affliction has fallen.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

"Enter into My vineyard." It was one of Anna Gordon's days of "heavy musings." She desired above everything else to be in the Master's service. She yearned for association with the children of His household.

There were so many good works going on in the world, and the workers were having their reward. They were cheered with the results of their labor, and were happy in the sympathy and companionship of one another. They did not feel that they were working for an "austere master." Their "penny a day" was such joy and peace when they were faithful. Yet in all these noble charities these self-denying, disinterested labors she took no part. She was in the habit of "speech toward God," and her musings were often communings. This day as she sat quietly alone in her chamber, she "talked" with her best Friend something after this manner:

"Dear Father, Thou knowest that the desire of my heart is toward Thee. The world and its pleasures do not satisfy me. Literature and art are grand and beautiful, but their pursuit has failed to satisfy my heart. Thou knowest how my hands are tied: with a delicate husband, straining every nerve to provide for the wants of our home—with children, who require many and various ministrations—with an afflicted child, who requires my almost constant care—with small means and need of close economy and overtaxing personal labor, what can I do to further Thy work and advance Thy banner? When I go out upon the street I witness so much misery and want, and wickedness, and realize so fully the unhappy conditions of so many homes and hearts, that I am overwhelmed with a sense of it, and yet so powerless.

"I have no desire to be seen or known among men; but I long, with an unutterable longing, to do something toward lifting this great burden of hearts."

Quietly the Spirit responded:

"Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill. Be a faithful, loving wife, a patient, prayerful mother, teaching the true way by precept and example, and many little openings will present wherein thou mayest labor, remembering, dear child, that faithfulness in small things hath a promise."

So with this talk with the Comforter, she arose and went with renewed strength to her work. Everything was a pleasure. She was in His keeping and direction. She had many blessings, chief of which were the company of



her unseen Friend and the love of husband and children. While she had these she could "bear toil and endure affliction."

She went down to her kitchen to assist her one domestic, who was not equal to the whole work of that department. She found her at her wash-tub, looking sad, though quiet and uncomplaining. Inquiring kindly after her sister, who was a widow with two little children, and in poor health, the inquiries brought out the fact that she was a great sufferer and needed medical care, being no longer able to work.

Anna suggested that she go to one of the "homes" provided for those who were in such need. Catharine thought her sister would gladly avail herself of such a privilege for a short time, until sufficiently recovered to provide for herself and children again. She had always been independent, but she was a stranger and did not know where to go. Knowing the matron of one of the "homes," Anna promised to speak a favorable word for the invalid sister. Catherine felt grateful for the interest taken, and so one burden for the time was lifted.

While Anna was engaged in drying her dishes the door-bell rang, and she went to the parlor to find a "book-agent." She listened patiently to his conversation, which revealed the fact that he was a reformed drunkard, trying to get upon his feet again in every sense, and this business seemed the only one open to him. Something, perhaps it was her sympathizing face, drew him out to speak of his sad experience and his efforts to overcome. She spoke such words of cheer and encouragement as were in her heart. As he left her door he was followed by an earnest prayer that he might be strengthened to hold out faithful to the end.

She had returned to her work but a little while when the basement-bell rang, and poor Mary Cline, a widow, came in to tell how "troubled" she had been. Her baby had died with measles a few months ago: such a "purty little girl as she was; and me only girl." Since then she had been unable to work on account of dropsy. She had an old father and four sons. The eldest, a "nice lad" of thirteen years, had been sick; she had just been with him to the "free dispensary." The doctors said he had heart disease, and he was not fit to work. The next son tried to sell papers, but he was not "smart." "If a gentleman gave him a quarter, he couldn't make change. But afther all, I've no right to complain, the relief society helps me some, and the ladies I've worked for and the neighbors have been very kind to me." She asked for nothing, but there was a bundle in the attic that had been laid by for

Mary. She had felt certain of sympathy also, and had come to seek a few comforting words.

In the afternoon duty called Anna out, and while sitting in the street-car a man came in and sat down beside her. His breath smelled so strongly of liquor that she involuntarily moved a little away from him. Upon looking up in his face she could scarcely repress a moan of anguish. He had an unusually fine head and face, and was apparently about thirty years of age; evidently a man of talent and ability, and was well dressed. His eyes were blood shot, and a burning redness suffused his face and neck. His lips were slightly apart. He sat quietly, partially stupified by the liquor, yet evidently resisting its effects with a strong will. He was not yet a "drunkard," but he is fast becoming one. He was so handsome, and perhaps at this moment the object of a doting mother's, a fond wife's and, perhaps, innocent children's love and hopes! Oh, how could he disappoint them!

Anna longed to do or say something that would influence him to change his course, but it was too late. But what could she say? He was a stranger. He knew it all; it was an old story. But he did not expect to become a drunkard. Ah! no man ever intended that. So she silently prayed that his eyes might be opened, and he brought back from the destruction that seemed awaiting him. Often afterwards his face came before her, and was always accompanied with the petition "O Father, save him!"

So when the evening came, and Anna Gordon's family gathered home around the table she rejoiced in the privilege of ministering to her own beloved, while she felt that no wall need confine her sympathies and her prayer. The work, though small, only an atom compared to the much that others could do, was coming to her hand, and she could not grow narrow or selfish. She had already entered into His vineyard. H.

#### "CHRISTIAN UNION."

Below we give an essay on this subject which we clip from the first number of a small sheet, called "*Union in Christ*," which is proposed to issue as an entirely unsectarian religious paper.

While its contributors manifest the Christian spirit that permeates this essay, we cordially wish them success in their mission of unity. Creeds and ceremonials are, after all, only the shelter in which lies the kernel of Divine love. Once broken, the whole body

may be fed from and grow together in that unity of spirit, which is the bond of peace and, we may add, of Christian fellowship.—EDS.

### "CHRISTIAN UNION."

BY J. J. KEYES.

The signs of the present time point unmistakably to a closer and more manifest union among the followers of Christ than has existed hitherto. Fundamentally, they have ever been one. Deep down in their hearts, when truly inspired by the love and Spirit of God, they have, in every age, had the consciousness of a Divine fellowship. But, from various causes, that consciousness has been frequently dimmed and blunted. One cause has been the various attempts to *organize the Church of Christ*. Men supposed, whether rightly or not we do not now stop to consider, that the oneness for which Christ prayed was ecclesiastical and external. There should be only one visible church, they said, with its rituals, officers, laws and head. A visible, organized unity, it was thought, should follow the oneness of Christian believers. The attempt to organize this unity resulted in the church of Rome. And this church, in her exaltation of the ritual above the spiritual, in her compulsion of external and organic unity, in her assumption and exercise of temporal power, in her ruthless persecution of those Christians who denied her pretensions and would not accept her authority, failed to illustrate the "unity of the Spirit," the inward, loving oneness of Christian hearts.

Succeeding the Reformation, under Luther, Zwingle and Calvin, came the rapid multiplication of sects, each sect being an attempted externalization, by its founder, of the Church of Christ. They, in turn, tried to grasp the reins of temporal power; and, though asserting the doctrine of religious liberty, the sects began to persecute each other. Each sect, knowing itself to be the true church, felt itself entitled to liberty; but, knowing equally well that every other sect was not the true church and, therefore, had no business to exist, felt itself authorized and required to oppose, proscribe and, if possible, punish all heretical and schismatic pretenders!

This spirit of intense sectarianism continued through a period of three hundred years, and was a most formidable bar to Christian union, whether external or spiritual. The same spirit still survives, but, for a generation past, has been wonderfully modified, and, as I have said, the signs of our time point unmistakably to a closer and more manifest union among Christians of the various sects than as hitherto existed.

Another reason why the sense of Christian

unity has been blunted, has been the attempt to *rigidly formulate Christian doctrine*. Men have not been content to come together for purposes of Christian fellowship and worship, on the simple basis of love to Christ, and an acceptance, in general terms, of New Testament teaching. They have insisted upon dogmatic statements and authoritative interpretations, as requiring unqualified assent, before a man can be accounted orthodox, and worthy of a place in the church. No matter if some questions are confessedly mysterious and, in the absolute sense, unknowable; a definite *credo* respecting them is expected and required.

In the apostolic churches, dissensions began to arise respecting matters of faith. In every age since, the doctors of religion have been busy constructing systems of speculative theology, and trying, only too successfully, to impose them on the human mind, and especially on the church, as essential to right belief, and to a condition of moral safety and well being.

But the mind will think and reason for itself. And so men have said, If the Fathers could theorize—if Augustine could make a theology—if Athanasius could construct a creed—if Calvin could formulate Christian doctrine—if Luther, and Wesley, and Arminius, and Andrew Fuller, and Jonathan Edwards, and others, could tell us what we ought to believe respecting Christ and Scripture, we see no reason why we ourselves may not seek to determine these questions. Granted soul-liberty and the right of private judgment, it must come to this at last: that no *ipse dixit* of pope, council, bishop or doctor of theology shall be considered binding, either on the intellect or on the conscience, any further than the intellect and conscience of the individual discover its truth and its harmony with the inspired record.

Now, this attempt, or, rather, these attempts to formulate Christianity, and then to force the formula upon the church, have, by the hot disputes they have produced, the bad blood they have engendered, and by diverting attention from the spirit to the letter of Christ's teachings, interfered with the culture and growth of those graces of faith, hope and love, on which the consciousness, and even the reality, of Christian unity mainly depend. But the time seems to have come when, with many, loyal and hearty devotion to Christ, as the Redeemer and Saviour, and a life consistent therewith, are a sufficient test of orthodoxy, and an adequate ground of Christian fellowship and union. The authority of creeds is questioned, and we are learning that a diversity of speculative beliefs is consistent with real oneness of heart. Men's convictions



have always differed, and always will differ, in relation to all questions that admit either of doubt or argument. It only remains that we do not allow the sincerity and positiveness of our convictions to crowd out the "charity" which is "kind," and the love for each other and for a common Saviour, that makes us "one."

**RIGHT SPIRIT.**—A man of a right spirit is not a man of narrow and private views, but is greatly interested and concerned for the good of the community to which he belongs, and particularly of the city or village in which he resides, and for the true welfare of the society of which he is a member.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

#### THE BOX.

We have found out that people can "be in a box" without experiencing the embarrassment usually implied by that expression. A pair of young people married, and immediately set about securing for themselves a home, not a boarding-place. Their means were limited, but both were workers and ready to work together for the happy purpose. They secured a tiny house, built for a porter's lodge, and they named it The Box. We were permitted to look into this vine-covered Box, and we found a pretty parlor and dining-room, and tiny library, and a kitchen, whose dimensions were very saving of steps, all on the first floor, and three bedrooms above. The wife is her own hand-maiden, and everywhere in the arrangement of her microscopic house her culture counts. Not only does her culture manifest itself in the pretty effects secured, but as well in the time she secures to herself to "lend a hand" outside. She has had time to find a sick girl who was dying of consumption in a cellar so damp that rust would gather on iron in one night, and to bring her home to one of the sunny upper rooms to spend her last hours in peace. She has had time, too, to take an active part in arranging the beneficent excursions for the neglected children of the city.

We came out of the box wondering how any pair of young people can content themselves with a boarding-house rather than make for themselves a home. To be sure they escape the responsibility of training and directing the maid; they never have to send for the plumber; the ice man and the yeast man are unknown factors to them in the problem of life. But at what a cost do they escape these annoyances! In shirking these things they give up the sweetest joy that can come to the truly married man and woman, the joy of making a heavenly place in which to bear and rear their children, the joy of

making a secure and sunny harbor for their friends and for the unfortunate.—*Journal and Free Press.*

From Memorials of a Quiet Life.

#### TRUST IN GOD.

There appears to me, however, nothing which can quiet and ease the undefined anxieties respecting the future, but that firm trust in the constant and immediate superintendence of God, which is by so many frittered away in the consideration of second causes. With the sure knowledge that our smallest concerns are regulated by Him, we may repose in confidence that if it is good for us such happiness will be granted; and if it be hereafter chequered, as we see is often the case, the support and the comfort will come with the trial.

How increasingly are we taught how utterly ignorant are our notions of what is best for us, and that we may well submit ourselves to the leading-strings of One who will direct our way in Truth and in righteousness, rather than try to find out a way for ourselves.

It is the Comforter Himself who gives that strength we should in vain look for in ourselves.

He is most faithful; it is we only who, by leaning on ourselves instead of Him, fail often to receive that comfort and joy which He so freely offers to those who love Him.

THERE is many a soul trudging along life's pathway with weary, uncertain footsteps, sad and downhearted, who would, if there was a kind hand reached out to help them, walk erect, step lightly, and even sing while passing over the rough places.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

##### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Inquiry having been made as to "the meaning of the term Circular Meeting as used by Friends in the East," we gladly answer that these meetings are so called because they are held in rotation, at stated places and times, by appointment of the Quarterly Meeting, which sets apart a number of men and women from the several Monthly Meetings composing the Quarter, a portion of whom are expected to be present at each of the appointed meetings. The object of holding these meetings is to strengthen and encourage the weak and declining meetings and keep up an interest among Friends in the spiritual welfare of each other. They are held at each place from two to four times a year, and are felt to be profitable seasons. They attract large gatherings of Friends and those belonging to other denominations. The committees are usually large, so that none may be burthene

by the service. They hold monthly meetings and keep records of their proceedings.

Thinking that some of the readers of your valued paper might feel an interest in the Friends of this city, I avail myself of a little leisure to write and let you know of our condition and faring.

When we removed here, about a year since, we met a little band of Friends, Danes and others, perhaps ten or twelve in number, and received a welcome that formed bonds of close fellowship at once. Although widely scattered, living from one to nine miles apart, within the city limits, and some of us about five miles from the meeting place, we yet gather once a week, with happy greetings and genuine goodwill, to the number now of thirty to sixty, according to the condition of weather and health, or presence of visiting Friends on missions of Gospel labor.

Our meetings are composed of perhaps one fourth elderly people, who have nearly the dress and appearance of Friends in an old neighborhood; one-half, middle-aged persons, more or less plainly, but not peculiarly dressed, and one-fourth, children or young people.

After from half to three-quarters of an hour spent in a little First-day school and Bible class, and a few minutes' intermission for social greetings, we gather into a meeting for worship. Many of our meetings are attended by strangers, drawn by accident, curiosity or desire to aid us, and not unfrequently we listen to exhortations or Bible readings from earnest speakers not familiar with our ways; and while in some cases an excess of wordy theology has threatened to unsettle a portion of the meeting, yet always I believe, by abiding in the patience, either the solemnity of the following silence, or the utterance of the messages from one or more of the members of our little band, has kept us in close harmony and free from too much spirit of judgment.

All are made welcome and treated with cordiality, and "Missionaries" do not often repeat their labors, except it be as of our own number. I have been favored to sit in our meetings in widely-separated parts of the heritage, and in the house-meetings of the revivals of 1868, at Richmond, Ind., and think I can say that, while our meetings here lack the fervent, contagious speaking of the latter, they are, to some of us at least, seasons of as much feasting and fulness as any we have known elsewhere. Labor and waiting for the Master's coming there surely are, but the reward is also sure.

The prospect of a new Yearly Meeting having drawn attention in this direction, we

have been favored this summer with visits and Gospel labor from our dear Friends, Rebecca Price, Elihu Durfee and Sarah Hunt, as well as with the sympathy and company of several others, who silently or socially gave us cheer, and the faithful few who for years have stood at their posts through discouragement and isolation, now wear bright and hopeful countenances when talking of "our meeting," which is known as "The Central Meeting of Friends," Chicago, Ill., and is held each First-day, at 11 o'clock, in Room 20, Methodist Church Block, southeast corner of Clark and Washington streets, with a First-day school, one hour earlier.

J. W. P.

Chicago, Ill., 8th mo. 3, 1875.

#### WESTERN FIRST DAY SCHOOL UNION

Held a meeting at London Grove Meeting-house on Seventh-day, the 7th of Eighth month. By invitation, the Executive Committee of Philadelphia First-day School Association met with them, and was represented by members from Philadelphia and various localities in New Jersey.

Though the day was unfavorable, the gathering was large. The reports from the various schools composing the Union were interesting and suggestive, and elicited much expression from strangers in attendance, as well as a free interchange of views between members of the Union. In the interval at noon, after partaking of a cold lunch, abundantly provided for all, the Executive Committee held a short session, at which the report of the Visiting Committee was read, and the various needs of the schools, as brought out in the reports therefrom, were freely discussed, but for want of more time had to be left for future consideration.

In the afternoon the exercises of the Union were varied by recitations from the children belonging to several of the schools. These were creditably performed, and gave general satisfaction.

#### SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Yesterday I took a walk of about a half a mile with very little fatigue. I have a hope that we shall not have to feel that the time spent here has been lost, so far as the health question is concerned. On Sixth day last, a friend of ours from South Adams sent his carriage for us, and we made a visit til the next afternoon. Nothing could exceed the hospitality with which we were received. Among other matters of interest was the



"Friends' Meeting-house," ninety years old. At one time there was no other meeting in the village, but several towering steeples now give evidence of a change in this respect. The sight of the old building is remarkably fine, commanding a view of the country for miles round. It is a two-story house, and I should judge it to be about 50 by 80 feet in size. A partition runs through it, and the doors in front were side-by-side, as in the old house at Port E. A *padlock* kept out intruders, and we were unable to get a view of the interior, except such as could be gained through a hole in a boarded window from the carriage step. I could not see the fire-place, which we were told occupied one corner, but looked with a feeling of veneration upon the galleries, from which, in times past, the words of Truth and soberness had no doubt proceeded, uttered by those who are now reaping the reward of faithfulness. Our host (not a Friend) said he had frequently attended that meeting, and remembered with reverence the Friends whom he had heard preach. There has been no meeting held there since 1825. Some of the weather-boarding has fallen off, and the windows are in a forlorn condition. We were told a subscription was being raised by the villagers to repair and keep in order the exterior, so that the building should be kept as a memorial of the past. The few descendants of Friends who were left had joined other societies, and now there are no members of our Society in the neighborhood. I have made a long story, and, I fear, not a very interesting one, but I wanted to share with thee the incident which had given me so much pleasure.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 21, 1875.

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ENCOURAGEMENT.—We are sometimes brought into near sympathy with those of our faith who sit alone, and in solitary places, by the words of cheer that we from time to time receive, that our paper "is the connecting link between them and the body of the Society."

This is what we most earnestly desire it to be to all our subscribers. We would be glad to send the *Intelligencer* to every isolated Friend or family of Friends throughout the length and breadth of our land. Our best endeavors are put forth to make it the organ of the Society, in the highest and truest sense of the word—a reflex of its best religious

thought, and an exponent of its views and testimonies, as held by those who, in our judgment, conform most nearly to its precepts in word and life.

The line of duty which we in the beginning of our career as editors marked out as our only true course, has subjected us and our paper to much harsh judgment, and made our path by no means an easy one.

In much that is offered for our columns, we fail to see sufficient merit to satisfy the general reader, and are obliged to decline, even when, from the knowledge we have of the author, we would greatly prefer to lay his communication before our friends.

To express thought clearly and smoothly is an art acquired only by care and practice. Sometimes original articles of real merit are sent us, which, by a few erasures or some slight change in construction, may be made to express with greater force and beauty the thought of the author, and, as caterers for the intellectual appetite, we make the alterations, and sometimes subject ourselves to censure.

This is only one side of editorial life, which would be indeed most discouraging were it not for the words of interest and approval that come as rays of sunshine to our path. These lead us to believe that our efforts are appreciated—that we *do* help some whose inner lives hunger for more than is found in their every-day surroundings.

While we thus aim to maintain a standard of literary excellence, our chief concern is to strengthen and encourage every good resolve and effort for a true and pure life. Amid the distracting questions that agitate and divide the religious world, we feel our duty lies in following the things that make for peace and unity in Christ. The liberty to think for ourselves, which our profession accords to each individual, leaves us no other course. The carrying out of this Christian liberty gives a freedom to our columns in the presentation of diverse views conscientiously held and clearly expressed, that entitle them to calm and dispassionate consideration. It is only as we examine any question from its various standpoints that we can approximate to its true meaning or solution.

We have been led into this train of thought,

through the cordial acknowledgement lately received of the pleasure and comfort we give to some of our far-off ones, with whom the *Intelligencer* is the only link in the chain of Christian fellowship.

## DIED.

**BICKNELL.**—At his residence, Harford county, Md., on the morning of the 22d of Seventh month, 1875, Isaac Bicknell, aged about 57 years; a valued member of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting.

**CARTER.**—On the 29th of Seventh month, 1875, at his residence in Middletown, Bucks county, Pa., David Carter, aged 78 years; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

**DRAKE.**—At her residence, Hillside, near Potter's Hollow, Albany co., N. York, on the 12th of Eighth month, 1875, Jane, wife of Israel Drake, in the 77th year of her age; a beloved member of Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 61.

(Continued from page 396.)

## A DAY IN THE CITY OF THE CÆSARS.

Three dismal, rainy days, during which the Eternal City did indeed seem to be the "Niobe of Nations," mourning profusely over her many desolations, preceded the 15th of Fourth month, when the sun rose in perfect glory over the land of Italy, and the grand old mother of the peoples dried her tears and smilingly beckoned forth her visitors.

We decide on a ride out the Via Appia, one of the most celebrated highways which extend from the capital of the Roman world. It was commenced B. C. 312, by Appius Claudius, and was at first only extended to Capua, but was afterwards prolonged to Brundisium, and became the line of communication, not only with Southern Italy, but with Greece and the Orient. What words of wonder have we for a road which is traceable after the lapse of 2000 years? The portion within the city gates, and, I think, much of that beyond, is repaved, but there is part of the solid work of the Romans yet existing, and in many places the sidewalk for foot-passengers, bordered by a parapet, may be seen. The blocks of silex employed for the pavement were obtained from the lava-quarries which are found on either side of the road, and it is in general much worn into deep ruts by the wheels of the vehicles, like the streets of Pompeii. Several feet of earth and rubbish, the accumulation of as many centuries, have been removed from the Via Appia during the pontificate of Pius IX., and it is believed that

much of the road exposed is mediæval work, and not the classic highway over which Horace and Virgil, Augustus and Germanicus, traveled.

The Appian way commences at the arch of Constantine, nearly one mile within the gates, and passes close by the enormous baths of Caracalla, which are situated on the north-east declivity of the Aventine. These are the most perfect of all similar edifices in Rome, and occupy an area of 140,000 square yards, and could accommodate, it is stated, 1600 bathers at a time.

The space occupied is a square about 360 yards on either side, but the baths proper were included in an oblong, rectangular space, 240 yards by 325. The large enclosure which surrounded them contained porticoes, gardens, a stadium, and a large reservoir, into which the Antonine Aqueduct poured its waters. These great Thermæ are accounted next to the Coliseum, the most striking example of Roman magnificence and luxury. Here are great vaulted halls, great monolith pillars, rich mosaics of porphyries and of marbles, and from the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla have been exhumed many precious fragments of ancient sculpture which now enrich the museums of Italy.

The poet Shelley loved to loiter amid these arches, and here, he tells us, he wrote his poem, *Prometheus Unbound*, "among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever widening, winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches, suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous, awakening spring in that divinen climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits, even to intoxication were the inspiration of the drama."

The Porta or Gate of St. Sebastiano is soon reached, and we pause a moment to note the handsome Arch of Drusus, which precedes it. It is said to have been erected, B. C. 8, in honor of Claudius Drusus Germanicus. It is constructed of blocks of volcanic rock, covered with marble, and it still possessed two marble columns on the side towards the gate, and over it was conducted the aqueduct which supplied the Baths of Caracalla.

We drive under the massive gateway of St. Sebastian, and are out in the open country. We cross the railway to Civita Vecchia, over the brook Almo, between ruined tombs, and soon reach the little old church of *Domine Quo Vadis* (Lord, where goest Thou?), so named from the legend that St. Peter, fleeing from the death of a martyr, here met the Master, and inquired of Him, "Domine quo vadis?" to which he received



the reply, "Venio Romani iterum crucifigi" (I go to Rome to be crucified anew), whereupon the rebuked apostle, ashamed of his weakness, returned to meet his death.

A little lad opens the door of the church which commemorates this legend, and points out to us, in the centre, a marble slab with a fac-simile of the foot-marks of the Saviour, which are said to have been left upon the block of the road pavement on which he stood, the original being preserved amongst the most precious relics of the church. On the right hand of the foot-marks is the picture of Christ, gently and tenderly reproachful, as he appeared to Peter, and on the left is the toil-worn soldier of the cross, who is thus admonished to be faithful even unto death.

The road now soon ascends, and is hemmed in by monotonous walls, which hold an envious screen between us and the beautiful landscape. A profusion of vegetation nestles in every notch and crevice of this barrier; and if we choose to observe it curiously, there is quite extensive botanizing in this perpendicular field. Here are mosses and lichens, which ever are seeking with charitable touch to veil the deformities of decay, and here droop the blooming sprays of Kenilworth ivy, or the graceful little creeping Linaria, which we thus miscall. On the top of the wall are great branches of yellow and of white crucifers, and the mightiest heads of mignonnette, with other less familiar forms of beauty and of life.

And now the carriage halts, and our driver announces that we have reached the entrance to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, which have acquired a historic interest from the recent discoveries of the sepulchral inscriptions of some of the early popes. A guide is at hand, who leads us to the right spot, and then hands us over to a rather churlish custodian, who, armed with a mighty key, takes command of us. He unlocks a doorway, and leads us down a steep, long flight of stairs, which date from a period subsequent to Constantine, into a subterranean chamber. We are supplied with tapers, and now are introduced to this strange retreat, which served the earliest of the Roman Christians as a place of worship and as a refuge during the periods of persecution, and as a place of sepulture. The Catacombs are distributed in considerable numbers—about sixty, it is said—in every direction outside the walls of the city. Here there are altars, a city of refuge, and the hallowed resting-place for the ashes of those who fought the good fight of faith in the days of imperial Rome.

We stand in a kind of open space or vestibule, surrounded with shelf-like receptacles

for the dead, hewn from the rock walls of the cavern, and, interesting to those who are learned or patient enough to decipher them, are numerous inscriptions which devotees and pilgrims have scratched on the stuccoed walls. They are chiefly invocations to the saints and martyrs, whose remains were here laid to rest, and are very rudely written. Our guide has only a little wax taper, and we light our own to help dispel the gloom of the cavernous depth, and then venture to ask the stern-visaged guardian of the ashes of the saints if he can speak English, German or French. He replies, rather scornfully, that if we want a guide to speak all languages, we should have brought him with us, and hastens onward, hardly vouchsafing a word even in Italian, except "Eccola," as he raises his taper to illuminate momentarily a rude memorial painting or tablet. A narrow gallery brings us to the sepulchral Chamber of the Popes, in which were deposited the bodies of Eutychianus, A. D. 275; of Anterus, 235; of Fabianus, 236, and of Lucius, 232. In the spot where stood the altar is an inscription by Pope Damasus, in beautiful characters, alluding to the saints and martyrs who here found sepulture, and ending with a humble wish to be laid near them: "Here I, Damasus, desire to lay down my body, but fear to vex the ashes of the pious."

From the Papal Chamber, a narrow passage leads to a large irregular crypt, called the Cubiculum of St. Cecilia, in which the body of that martyr was laid by Urban in the third century, and where it remained till Paschal I, in the ninth century, removed it to the church built on the site of the House of the Holy Maiden.

Rude paintings are yet traceable on the walls, which suggest the decorations found on the far more ancient rock sepulchres of Egypt. Some of these are supposed to be portraits, others are typical of the Christian faith. As we wander on past sarcophagi, urns and altars, we pause to note the doctrine of the Resurrection, illustrated by the parable of Jonah, the hope of Immortality by the peacock, the certain termination of human life by the grave-digger and the implements, the Divine Love by the Good Shepherd, tenderly leading, guarding and feeding the flocks and bearing the feeble little ones in His arms. The cruel symbols of the Romish Church in latter times, seem not to have been used in the first centuries of Christianity, at least I saw nothing of them in this walk through the subterranean City of the Silent.

There are four stories to the Cemetery of St. Calixtus, of which the upper are the oldest, the lower galleries having probably been excavated after the higher were filled. In

several places they are lighted by vertical shafts, narrowing toward the surface, and funnel-shaped downwards, one illuminating two or more crypts. The air of these solemn depths is less impure than might be imagined, but the ground is very damp, and I was not sorry when the stairway which leads upward again to the daylight was regained, and we emerged into the glory of the noontide.

The old earth is jubilant to-day, rich with flowers, happy with the song of countless birds, and gently fanned by caressing breezes. But the contrast between the lower damp and gloom and silence is not greater than is the difference between the happy, joyous life, the religious and civil liberty, the all-pervading spirit of charity, the light and the radiance of knowledge which the nineteenth century enjoys, and the narrow bigotry and intolerant darkness of the third. Yet, it is pleasant to believe that not one martyr was laid to rest in the endless catacombs of Rome but left a precious legacy of added light and liberty to bless the generations yet to be. They sowed in tears, and the happy years are enjoying the glad harvest-time.

The entrance to another catacomb, containing many inscriptions alluding to Hebrew emblems and no Christian relics, is believed to have belonged to the Jews; but to this we did not seek admission.

Resuming our journey, the great round tower or fortress of other days, known as the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, soon comes in view. It is impossible not to recall the words of the poet as we see the imposing structure :

“Standing with half its battlements alone,  
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
The garland of eternity, where wave  
The green leaves over all by time o’erthrown ;—  
What was this tower of strength ? Within its cave  
What treasures lay so locked, so hid ?—A woman’s  
grave.”

Our carriage halts, and we descend and enter the portal. The custodian conducts us to a point whence we can look down into the depths and upward to the dark-blue sky, and get an impression of the dimensions of his noble mausoleum. It is a circular tower, nearly 70 feet in diameter, resting on a quadrangular basement of rubble-work, consisting of small fragments of lava and of brick, cemented together, and strengthened by great square key-stones of lava. The marble coating which once invested it, was taken off by Urban VIII to make the Fountain of Trevi, and the battlements which give it so war-like an aspect were added when the Tomb was turned into a fortress in the thirteenth century. Says Hawthorne : “The tomb of a woman has become the keep of a castle, and all the care that Cecilia Metella’s husband

could bestow to secure endless peace for her beloved relics, only sufficed to make that handful of precious ashes the nucleus of battles, long ages after death.”

From this point we get a fine extended view of the Roman Campagna, the Latian plain, strewn with ruined castles and villages, and the long lines of aqueducts which brought the pure waters from the mountains for the refreshment of the mighty city. But we now turn back regretfully, and retrace the way towards Rome. Having examined the ponderous mausoleum of the Roman and the subterranean receptacles for Christian dust, we feel an interest to see some of the Columbaria or tombs in which were preserved the ashes of the dead who were subjected to the process of incremation. They are called Columbaria from the rows of little niches resembling nests in a pigeon-house, in which were placed the cinerary urns, a marble tablet engraved with the name of the deceased, being placed above. Till near the fifth century of Rome, B.C. 200, the bodies of almost all classes were buried entire ; but at later periods the custom of burning the dead became general, and continued until the time of the Antonines, when the system of burying the whole body was again introduced. The Christians do not seem to have practiced incremation.

The Columbarium which we visited is a substantial square structure, containing cells enough to accommodate a great many urns. A deep stair descends into a square vault, supported by a central buttress, which, like the external wall, contains a number of niches. There are said to be 600 cinerary urns in this building. Dark passages were utilized for the accommodation of the ashes of slaves. When one sees the very satisfactory arrangements which were devised for the disposal of the dead, the question arises, why did the Romans return to the practice of burying the body ? At the present day, civilized nations seem to be looking towards a return to the methods of antiquity, thus sparing our overburdened mother Earth the enormous burden of receiving such myriads of her weary children.

Shall we see picturesque Columbaria furnished with neat cinerary urns, erected on the banks of the Schuylkill, and shall the lap of Earth be reserved for the accommodation of “the living who are yet alive ?”

No monument of ancient Rome is more stupendous than are the long lines of arches bestriding the plain of the Campagna over which flowed the waters which abundantly supplied the needs of the luxurious mistress of the world. Few modern cities are more bountifully supplied with the cooling and refreshing element than was ancient Rome.



Nine aqueducts poured their streams into the city, furnishing, it is estimated, an amount of water equal to that which would have been delivered by a river thirty-three feet in breadth and six feet deep, flowing at the rate of thirty inches a second. Modern Rome is also supplied with a profusion of excellent water—more abundant than any other city in the world—and the one hundred and eight public fountains, send up perpetually the element of purity in such lavish liberality as amazes and delights the wanderer from the arid Orient. At noonday they send up columns of silvery radiance to catch and reflect the sunbeam, and ever and anon the dancing spray builds the ethereal bow, which seems a perpetually renewed promise of joy and fullness.

A morning's musing amid the antiquities which line the Appian Way was a fitting prelude to an afternoon on the Palatine, and the stupendous ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. We enter a gate which opens two days in the week to the public, ascend a modern stairway, turn to the right through garden-paths and stand upon the historic hill where dwelt the Roman emperors. It is upward of a mile in circuit, and less than two hundred feet high, and thoroughly strewn with ruins and yawning with excavations.

Byron, musing amid these desolations, pictures—

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown  
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heaped  
On what were chambers, arch-crushed, column  
    strown  
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes  
    steep'd  
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,  
Deeming it midnight: Temples, baths, or halls?  
Pronounce who can; for all that learning reap'd  
From her research hath been, that these are walls—  
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty  
    falls."

But much has been done to throw light upon the obscure points of these suggestive ruins since Childe Harold wandered over the Palatine in the early part of this century. The French emperor Napoleon III, purchased the summit of the hill in 1861, for the sum of £10,000, for the purpose of excavating on a large scale, and laying open what remains of the dwellings of the Cæsars. He expended much labor upon the work, and in 1870 transferred his claim to the Italian government, on condition that the excavations might be continued.

Now we are shown the Basilica whence the Cæsars pronounced judgment, the temples of the gods where they offered their sacrifices, their stately halls of feasting, their fountain courts, their libraries, their acad-

emy, and the site of the houses of Numa and Ancus Martius!

The situation of the principal imperial edifices was one of wonderful and inspiring beauty, and enough is now revealed to assure the observer of their grandeur, but I was most interested in the mass of buildings which are amongst the late discoveries on the Palatine, and which are believed to have belonged to Tiberius Claudius Nero, father of the Emperor Tiberius, and subsequently to his wife, who, divorced from him, married Augustus, and assuming the name of Livia, dwelt here after the death of the great emperor. The superincumbent rubbish has been removed, and here we have the mosaic pavements, the delicately and elaborately decorated walls, the retired peristylum, and the narrow sleeping apartments, such as we saw many times repeated in the marvelously preserved Pompeian houses. One of the halls contains some remnants of what appear to have been very elegant frescoes; some of the best, it is asserted, which have come down to us from classic times. Here is a large group which dimly tells the mythic story of Galatea and Polyphemus, another which represents Mercury, Io, and Argus, and still another which gives a view of a Roman street 1800 years ago, as if to supplement the knowledge of a past civilization which these halls have revealed.

Of course, I cannot question or judge intelligently of the information which the friendly sign-boards offer over the various localities. Where there is such want of lore concerning doubtful things, there is no comfort for the inquiring traveler but in child-like faith. The house of Clodius may have stood yonder, that of the Pontifex Maximus here, the baths of Livia there, and these portions of wall, for aught I know, or can know, are part and parcel of the original wall of Romulus. Learned and painful investigators are busily working, searching, studying, writing—and of making many books there is and will be no end. Here is matter for the scribblers!

But the past is dead and gone, never to be restored, and Nature, with tender healing touch, is striving to spread her mantle of perpetual youth and beauty over man's desolations. Well knows the universal mother that better things are yet to be than all that has been. Great works has man done in soothe,

"But what he has done is but earnest  
Of the things he yet shall do."

S. R.

Fourth month 15th, 1875.

THERE never was a great man unless through Divine Inspiration.—*Cicero.*

## HOW TO KEEP COOL.

In the first place, don't make a fuss about it. The temperature of the body depends greatly on the state of the mind, and "getting in a heat" is a physical as well as a mental phenomenon. The flow of the circulation is actually accelerated and the vital combustion increased by the irritation of temper we permit ourselves to indulge in when rendered uncomfortable. This is well enough in winter. Then we can take up arms against a siege of cold, and, by opposing, end it, but to fight heat is only adding fuel to the fire. Therefore, to fret and fume and worry about being baked, boiled, broiled, roasted and otherwise disposed of by culinary processes unendurable, is a mistake, and only serves to aggravate the ills complained of. If to be too warm is a vexation, summon equanimity to withstand it. If heat is a trial, bear it with fortitude. Patience nowhere hath more perfect work than in aiding us to sustain the minor miseries of existence with becoming calmness.

But abandoning an active hostility to heat by no means need leave us defenceless against its attacks. It is useless to rush about in vain search for a cool place, to ply the fan violently, and to hold constant consultations with the exasperating thermometer. But we can adopt precautionary measures and conform our habits to the exigencies of the case with good effect. As the mercury goes up taxation of the physical powers should go down. We should expend less vital energy and consume less food. Let the fires go down, and use less steam. Proper and intelligent attention to diet would do more to promote comfort during hot weather than any other one measure of relief. Carbonaceous food should be strictly avoided. No grease, nor any dishes cooked in grease, should be permitted. Frying and the eating of fried refectations are especially inconsistent with undertaking to keep cool. What meats are used should be boiled and put on the table cold; bread, milk, fruits and vegetables should form the principal constituents of the bill of fare. Tea and coffee should be partaken of sparingly and served cold. Puddings and pastry should be put aside for the present, with all rich fare and highly seasoned dishes. Cooking should be reduced to a minimum and the kitchen fire allowed to burn low. A little lemonade in the evening is a good thing and saline waters in the morning are both refreshing and commendable. But "cooling drinks" of the cobbler and julep sort are a delusion and a snare. Any fluid containing alcohol, whatever its name or nature, is inflammatory and to be avoided.

Frequent ablutions are indispensable in any rightly-directed attempt to maintain comfort-

able temperature. And mere wetting of the surface is not sufficient; the skin should be thoroughly cleansed by the free use of soap, well washed off. Perspiration is thereby promoted, and a healthy condition of the superficial excretory system induced and preserved.

Refraining from excitements, from over-exertion, from experiments and unusual experiences are also important precautionary measures. To keep on the even tenor of our accustomed way is the safest and most satisfactory course. New undertakings, of whatever kind and however enticing, may well be considered ill-timed when the thermometer stands above ninety. Related to these conditions is another, to be seriously entertained, that of securing good rest at night. "Sleep well and keep well," is an adage to be especially regarded in hot weather. If wakefulness is occasioned by any controllable cause, ascertain it and avoid it.

Go to the country, of course—early, if practicable. But remember that some of the advantages of going to the country, so far as adults are affected, may be gained at home. Chief among these is casting off of care and anxiety. When it becomes necessary to cast aside the coat, shed the clinging burdens of business also. When heat is excessive, stress of mind becomes dangerous. Danger is preceded by great discomfort, and that can be guarded against, not always, but often with good success.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

## A LONDON WORKMAN'S CITY.

On Saturday last the sun shone on as happy a set of people as I ever remembered to have seen. I was in the workman's city. On Saturday the British workman receives his wages, and the general idea is that on that day he gets drunk, beats his wife, frightens his children, disturbs his neighbors, gives the police no end of trouble, and, altogether, conducts himself in a most disreputable way. I shudder as I walk down many parts of London on a Saturday afternoon or evening. Where I was seemed a fairy dream—one of the things one hopes for in his youth, but never expects to see realized as he gets older. As I went from one street to another in the workman's city, I saw no public-house, no gin-palace, no pawn-shop. There were no beggars, no dirty children, and no foul dwellings in which fever ever lurks, and where decency and morality are necessarily unknown. Every house was new, was well-built, and well-drained, and was pretty to look at. The cottage style has been adopted, each house having a graceful little portico. Red bricks are let in, and here and there a turret appears to vary the color and break the monotony of the line. To each house there



was a little well-kept garden; the foot-path was laid with granite curb-stones skirted with trees. As I looked inside, I saw a floorcloth laid down in the passage, the staircases carpeted, the front rooms adorned with good furniture and appropriate ornaments, and families all clean and smart, enjoying themselves thoroughly in their way. Robert Owen was the first to contend that to raise the workingman you must first take him out of the surroundings by which he is degraded and enslaved, and put him in a decent dwelling. On Saturday, Owen's doctrine received its justification in the brilliant success of the workman's city, and was enforced and reinforced with singular fervor by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Granville, Hepworth Dixon, Evelyn Ashley, and finally, by no less an authority than the Prime Minister himself, on the occasion of opening further buildings, and the presentation of prizes to the tenants for the best exhibition of flowers in the forecourts and windows. The scene of all this enthusiastic oratory was what is called the Shaftesbury Park Estate, a piece of land consisting of about 40 acres, situated a little less than a mile from the Wandsworth-road railway station, and stretching away almost up to that intricate railway labyrinth, known as Clapham Junction station.

As I walked the streets I saw, by the plentiful display of bills of the approaching temperance *fête*, that the teetotallers were well represented on the estate; and I learned also that those excellent and useful men, the Primitive Methodists, had a strong body of adherents there—so much so, indeed, that, as Lord Shaftesbury informed me, they were going to have a chapel in the neighborhood, of which that day they had asked him to lay the foundation-stone. Another thing to be noted was the number of the children, and their excellent condition. But the great event of the day was the inspection of the houses by the distinguished visitors, and the open-air meeting held immediately afterwards. How the people did cheer to be sure, and how delighted were the speakers with what they had seen! The Chairman, Lord Shaftesbury, did well to rejoice. As Dr. Baxter Langley said, no one could tell what he had done for the society. His Lordship began by remarking that he was not going to deliver an address, as an address was a dull and serious thing, and they were met for jollification. He was perfectly astonished at what he had seen. Rome was not built in a day, but the Shaftesbury Park Estate had been built in a year. It was but the other day he came there to lay the foundation-stone, and now it was tenanted by hundreds of honest citizens. This was no mere experiment; they were little

aware of the mighty effect they were producing on the morals of the globe. People came there from America and all parts of Europe, and are astonished at what they see. 479 houses were completed—by November, they would have 270 more; and when 1,200 houses were built, they would have 8,000 people there, brought from the seething, over-crowded metropolis, to breathe fresh air, and to enjoy domestic life. In addition to what they had done, they were to have warehouses, and a co-operative store, and a plunge-bath, and two and a half acres for recreation and manly sports, where the children could play without fear of being run over. A lady, who had recently paid the place a visit, was so delighted that she at once took 1,000 shares. The tenants had purchased their own houses to the extent of £26,000, of which £3,200 had been paid. His Lordship referred to the harmony between the men employed—whether society or non-society men, they had all agreed together, and done their best. They had, at that time, 2,000 applicants for houses, and at Liverpool, and Birmingham, and Manchester, they had been equally successful. This showed what could be done by the co-operation of all classes—they wanted that more and more. His Lordship concluded by wishing them a sound body in a sound house.

The Right Hon. B. Disraeli was the next speaker. He came there to express his sympathy with, and more than that, his surprise at, what he had seen that day—a city rising in the desert. In the success of their experiment was involved the triumph of virtue and the elevation of the people; on improved dwellings depended the improvement of mankind. They had solved the question which had puzzled Parliament.

Lord Granville, who claimed to be connected with trade and commerce, congratulated them on setting so bright an example to workingmen elsewhere.—*Christopher Crayon, in London Christian World.*

#### CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.

Playthings that children make for themselves are a great deal better than those which are bought for them. They employ them a much longer time; they exercise ingenuity, and they really please them more. A little girl likes better to fashion her doll's cups and saucers of acorns than to have a set of earthen ones supplied. A boy takes ten times more pleasure in a little wooden cart he has pegged together than he would in a painted and gilded carriage bought at the toy store; and we do not believe any expensive rocking-horse ever gave so much satisfaction as we have seen a child in the country take with a cocoanut husk, which he had

ridled and placed on four sticks. There is peculiar satisfaction in inventing things for one's self. No matter though the construction be clumsy and awkward, it employs time which is a great object in childhood), and the pleasure the invention gives is the first impulse to ingenuity and skill.—*The House-keeper.*

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#### OUR DUTY HERE.

BY J. BOWRING.

What is our duty here? To tend  
From good to better, thence to best;  
Grateful to drink life's cup, then bend,  
Unmurmuring, to our bed of rest;  
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,  
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live that when the sun  
Of our existence sets in night,  
Sweet memories of mercies done  
May shrine our names in memory's light,  
And the blest seeds we scattered, bloom  
A hundredfold in days to come.

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#### A FATHER'S HAND.

BY MRS. BATTERSEY.

At dead of night a little voice  
Is heard amidst the gloom;  
'Tis from the tiny crib which stands  
Within the curtained room.

A little hand steals forth to mine,  
A little pleader cries,  
"Please hold me fast, Papa, Papa,"  
The trembling accents rise.

I take the hand; the childish heart,  
At once relieved from fear,  
Reposes in a father's love,  
Content to feel him near.

Ah! gracious Lord, Thy children teach  
That precious lesson too,  
To trust ourselves within Thy hand  
Our whole life's journey through.

And then, though winds and waters moan,  
And hearts grow faint for fear,  
We shall stretch forth our hands to Thee,  
And feel Thy presence near.

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From the Public Ledger.

#### THE FLOOD YEAR.

Unusually heavy rains and destructive inundations have occurred over a large extent of the world since the beginning of June. Except Africa, from which nothing has been heard, and a wide belt of the nearest part of which is a rainless region, all the great divisions of the globe have suffered. Within two months there have been floods in Europe, Asia, Australia and America. In the United States the damage done (and the property damage has been very great) is mainly in the valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri, including the river bottoms of the tributaries of those rivers in the States of W. Virginia,

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas. Of these, the central and southern parts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have suffered most loss in the destruction of crops, the sweeping away of moveable property along the valleys of the streams and rivers, and by the breaking up of railway tracks and bridges. The Western State floods, as mentioned a day or two ago, were the combined result of continuous, but not violent rains, for a week or two (according to locality) down to about the 30th of July, when the earth, being thoroughly saturated so as to hold no more water, a series of very violent rain storms set in, which overflowed all the water courses and turned them into wide-sweeping and destructive torrents. The money losses in the Western States will aggregate not less than \$3,000,000, and possibly \$5,000,000. Happily there was no loss of life.

In Europe, during June and July, there were severe rains and ruinous inundations in France, Hungary, Switzerland, Silesia and England. They were all destructive and deplorable, but worst of all in southern France, where not only great damage to property was suffered, but whole villages of houses were swept away, and, in two or three instances, populous suburbs of towns were drowned out—as in the case of St. Cyprien, at Toulouse, and at Agen—causing a dreadful loss of life, estimated at more than a thousand, and leaving tens of thousands of people without homes, without clothing, shelter or food, and without the means of earning their living, as the shops, mills, factories and other places of industry in which they worked were all destroyed by the same floods that swept away their relatives, their houses and household goods. At Agen the population spent thirty-six hours on their roofs, and at St. Cyprien there was not a dwelling in which any person could sleep for a considerable period after the flood.

These floods were in the valleys of the rivers Garonne (including the Ariège and Tarn) and Adour, which rise in the High Pyrenees, which rivers, after running a northwardly and westerly course, empty into the Gironde and Bay of Biscay below Bordeaux, in the one case, and near Bayonne in the other. It was in the upper parts of the valleys of the Garonne and Adour that the devastation was most terrible, the floods being caused by an unusual fall of snow in the Pyrenees about the middle of June, followed almost immediately by warm westerly winds and wet weather, and then by heavy rains. The valleys of the French rivers heading in the Pyrenees, and which empty into the Garonne, are subject to these destructive



floods at remarkably regular intervals. With- in the present century disastrous overflows have occurred in the valley of the Garonne at intervals of twenty years, viz., in 1815, 1835, 1855 and 1875. Those in the Adour, however, show no such regularity. The damage done by the flood of 1855 was estimated at \$5,000,000, but the destruction by the recent inundation is much greater, and the distress much more terrible because of the destruction of homes, the deprivation of employment and means of living, and the heavy loss of life.

The accounts of the floods in Asia and Australia are but meagre statements of the bare fact, though we judge the inundations do not approach, in destructiveness, either those in France or those in the Western States of our own country. A peculiarity of this extraordinary season of rains and floods is that they have nearly all occurred at very unpropitious seasons for the crops, and this was particularly the case concerning the grain crops in Europe, and for all the ungathered crops in the valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri, in our own country, there being more or less destruction in the flooded districts to oats, hay, barley, wheat, potatoes and corn, and some damage to tobacco and cotton farther south. Yet, still the aggregate of the American grain crops promises to be large; but those of Europe, we fear, will be quite short. Another peculiarity is that already mentioned, and that will be seen in our summary, viz., the immense breadth of the earth's surface that has been afflicted by storms and inundations, extending from the Missouri, in the Western Hemisphere, to India, in the Eastern, and from Silesia, in the Northern Hemisphere, to Australia in the Southern.

**TRUTH.**—Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviations from truth will end.—*Johnson.*

**GREAT** ideas, once brought to light, do not die.

## NOTICES.

### OHIO YEARLY MEETING

Will convene on the 28th inst. Friends of Salem extend a general invitation to Friends of other Yearly Meetings to be present at that time, and especially to the Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, who design to attend the new Yearly Meeting to be held in Illinois.

On behalf the Committee, ELI GARRETSON.  
SALEM, OHIO, Eighth month 14th, 1875.

### ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING

Will be held at Clear Creek, Putnam county, Ill. on Second-day, Ninth month 13th; meeting of Ministers and Elders on Seventh-day preceding, both at 10 A. M.

This place is about 115 miles southwest of Chicago, 10 miles southeast of Hennepin, the county seat, and 3 miles northwest of Magnolia.

To reach it from Chicago, take the Chicago and Rock Island R. R. to La Salle, or the Burlington and Quincy R. R. to Mendota, thence by the Illinois Central (south) to Lostant, which is 6 or 8 miles easterly from Abel Mills, whose P. O. is Mt. Palatine Putnam county, Ill. From Indianapolis take the Bloomington and Western R. R. to Bloomington then the Illinois Central (north) to Lostant.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Ninth mo.	5th,	Constantia, N. Y.
"	"	Reading, Pa., 2 P. M.
"	"	Abington, Pa., 3 P. M.
"	"	Chester, Pa., 3 P. M.

In Western Quarter, Circular Meetings will be held at Centre, Del., Ninth month 12th, at 3 P. M. West Grove, Tenth month, 10th, at 3 P. M.

## ITEMS.

The number of postal cards issued during last month was 14,298,000, a larger number than in any previous month.

A VESSEL which arrived in New York on the 9th inst. reports that, on the 15th of last month, in latitude 49.28 north, longitude 47.47 west, she passed 73 icebergs between 8 A. M. and 12 M. Some of the bergs were very large.

MARY PUTNAM JACOBI, M. D., of N. Y., has recently received from Paris, says the *Tribune*, the bronze medal awarded three years ago by the Academy of Medicine for her graduating thesis. In the competition, Mrs. Jacobi attained the rank of from fifth to eighth in a class of 300—all men except herself. And yet Paris medical journals are complaining that "the admission of women students to the academy has lowered its standard."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

**NATURE'S BAROMETERS.**—A venerable scientific gentleman states that spiders are the best barometers known to the world. The barometers invented by the scientific, he affirms, only indicate the kind of weather we are to have immediately; while spiders unerringly tell the character of the weather for several days in advance. For instance, if the weather is likely to become rainy, windy, or in other respects disagreeable, the spiders make very short and firm the terminating filaments on which their webs are suspended. If, on the contrary, they make the terminating filaments or fastenings uncommonly long, the weather will continue serene from ten to a dozen days. Spiders usually make alterations in their webs once in twenty-four hours. If they are totally indolent, and do not even watch for flies, rain will speedily ensue. If the spiders stay out upon their nets during a shower, and seen actively engaged in putting affairs in a good condition, it is certain proof that the rain will be of short duration, and that it will be clear weather for some time. If, during the stormy weather, the spiders are seen fixing their damaged nets in the evening, it certainly indicates that the night will be pleasant and that the rain is over for the present.—*Ex. Paper.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 28, 1875.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.  
 Joseph S. Cohn, New York.  
 Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM DORSEY.

(Concluded from page 403.)

"*Fourth month 19th, 1874.*—This afternoon  
 attended the mission-school held by some of  
 my dear young friends at Race street Meet-  
 ing-house, and returned home fully repaid  
 for the service. May God bless their humble  
 efforts to save those under their care whom  
 they have called in from the highways and  
 bypaths of the world.

"*Fifth month 9th.*—Yearly Meeting of min-  
 isters and elders—unusually precious—every  
 thing calm and peaceful, yet full of life. A  
 little too much preaching; but it was the  
 overflow of hearts filled with love, and all  
 ended well. My friend S. M. Janney was  
 with us.

"*Fifth month 10th.*—In the afternoon went  
 to the city, with the pupils of our First-day  
 school, to attend the childrens' meeting at  
 Race street. Had a delightful time. The  
 dear children acquitted themselves well.

"*Fifth month 21st.*—With my dear friend  
 John Saunders, started for Washington on  
 Indian business. Passed an interesting day  
 with the Department of the Interior and  
 some of our senators, and received much en-  
 couragement to hope for aid from Congress,  
 which we are soliciting for the Indians under  
 our care.

"I staid over First day to attend meeting

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at Washington in the morning and Alexan-  
 dria in the afternoon with S. M. Janney, both  
 memorable occasions. Samuel bore testi-  
 mony to the power of truth in the soul, as  
 the great guide of man. This alone can  
 make us members of the Church of Christ,  
 of which He is the head. He beautifully and  
 concisely portrayed the Christian character.  
 After he took his seat I arose, saying, If this  
 were truly the condition of every professor of  
 religion, what would become of the partition  
 walls of sect, built by bigotry and prejudice?  
 What would become of the creeds and the-  
 ology which have flooded the world, and, in  
 defence of which professing Christians have  
 violated every attribute of God, in the name  
 of His dear Son, Jesus Christ.

"Those days have passed, and in this ad-  
 vanced age of civilization, men do not de-  
 stroy each others' lives, but it is a question  
 whether the seed of prejudice, in the minds  
 of opposing advocates of different creeds, is  
 not still showing the bitter fruits in assailing  
 each others' reputation, because of difference  
 of views.

"In the afternoon, at Alexandria, I exhorted  
 the members of all sects, and those not classed  
 with any Christianity in its broadest sense.  
 Associations of men are of use when regu-  
 lated by the truth as it is in Jesus; but if  
 they are without His Spirit, they degenerate  
 into mere selfishness, each claiming for itself



superiority to all others, forgetful of the great truth so wonderfully illustrated by Christ, that His church is based upon self-abnegation. No man can be His disciple, unless he deny himself, take up his cross and follow Him. In the Church of Christ there is no conflict, no distinction of worldly standing. It recognizes the high and the low; 'the rich and the poor bow down together, and the Lord is the maker of them all.' I gave two instances of the power of religion over the mind in the hour of death. One the child of poverty; the other of wealth, surrounded by loving hearts and everything to endear this life to her. This mighty power gave the same peace to both. The one sustained by her hope in Christ, unaided by outward assistance; the other willing, by the love of God, to give all up freely for its rich blessings.

*"Sixth month 10th.*—As I took my seat in meeting, these words sprang up in my mind, 'purity of thought is essential to purity of character—purity of life.' After resting quietly, I felt the requisition to address the children present from the school (numbering eight or nine hundred), and endeavored to adapt my language to their understanding. The cry of David was, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!' He no doubt had departed from the law of his God and partaken of the bitter fruits of disobedience, and in his penitence desired to have his heart cleansed and the right spirit renewed, as it was before he had sinned. Our Lord, Jesus Christ, by the Divine power withstood the assaults of Satan. The same power will enable all who trust in it to be preserved from the taint of sin. However fascinating the guise of temptation, if we suffer it to enter and take possession of our hearts and there warm and nourish it, it will bite like an adder, and infuse the poison of death. So live that, when you lay your heads upon your pillows at night, and your mother takes her parting kiss, no tear shall dim your eyes, but that of gratitude to God for His unnumbered blessings. Never let it be the tear of sad remorse at the recollection of an ill-spent day. Always remember that purity of thought is essential to purity of life. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

*"Sixth month 15th.*—Engaged all day at Swarthmore, and remained over night to attend Commencement the next day. It was a beautiful sight and a beautiful performance. The large hall was well packed; about one thousand persons present; and, after listening to the addresses of the graduates, I felt a happiness in thinking upon the history of the college from our earliest efforts twelve or thir-

teen years since—then of the opening of the college five years since, and the great success in virtuous education that has been the result. The valedictory was beautifully, feelingly and gracefully delivered by Elizabeth Woolston. It touched every heart, and drew tears from many an eye. I know that, on such occasions, much is attributed to the excitement which is usually attendant, but there was shown a depth of thought and feeling that was not mere formality. The tie that binds the children of Swarthmore to their teachers, and those who hold a paternal relation to them, is not of an ordinary character.

*"Fourth day, 8th.*—Much encouraged and strengthened in meeting at Race street. Last Fourth-day the same few were present, but we were favored with a heavenly feeling, such as the soul desires to grasp and hold. But we may not live on the manna that was gathered yesterday. I endeavored to cheer the hearts of those who might feel discouraged under trial or temptation.

*"Seventh month 12th.*—Toward the close of meeting I arose with the words of the Psalmist, 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am! Thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before Thee. Verily, every man in his best estate is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show; he is disquieted in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.'

"This clearly shows how mistaken are those who expect to obtain peace and happiness through the acquisition and possession of the things of this world for the purpose of self-indulgence. The religion of Christ is emphatically one of self-denial, which, as I understand it, means the subserviency of all our appetites, and the yielding of not only all our possessions, but ourselves, to the restraining power and guidance of Divine grace.

When this natural life is extinct, man, as an immortal being, is left to that association of which he has made choice when in the exercise of his own free will. If he has chosen the Lord for the only object of worship, according to the requirements of the Gospel, he will be made partaker of the glories of the invisible world, which his soul has rested upon in hope. If he has rejected the offer of Divine grace, preferring the pleasures of sensual indulgence, what right has he to expect anything better in the world to come?

"I limit not the power of prayer under conviction, even after a life of error, upon the bed of death; but it is awful to think of a life with all its possessions wasted through pure selfishness. The world is full of what, to our human judgment, is mystery. Circum-



stances often occur which strike terror to our hearts.

"Many of us can look back upon our past lives, and recall instances when we have escaped, as by a hair's breadth, the loss of this life, which we justly prize so dearly; others pass as it were in the twinkling of an eye into that eternity to which we are all destined. May our days be spent in humility, and the earnest prayer of our hearts be, daily, 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am!'

*"Seventh month 15th.*—At Race Street Meeting this morning. He who sees the secret thoughts and intents of the heart knows that it is not to elevate self that I have made these brief and hasty records of meetings wherein I have felt it right to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus.

"This morning this passage of John was revived in my mind, and I arose repeating it: 'For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto Him, Lord, give us evermore this bread! And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh unto Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.' This language is as true now as when it was spoken by the beloved Son of God to those around Him. We need not go back to the time it was uttered to know its truth. We could find the record; but, to experience its reality, we must know our selfish nature so subdued, all our desires and appetites sanctified by Divine grace, that we should be willing to come unto Christ in spirit and in truth, earnest seekers for the bread of life, and then we shall assuredly be fed and our spiritual being nourished by the bread and water of life. Merely an intellectual acknowledgment of a belief in the sacred record will not make an humble servant of the Lord. The devils believed and trembled. The soul that feeds itself, or, rather, is fed by the hand of God, needs no outward symbol to prove it to God or to the world. The only true evidence is love to God supreme, and love to man.

*"Seventh month 20th.*—Yesterday we were favored with a solemn and satisfactory meeting. I felt it right to arise with this remark, that I believed George Fox—the founder, in one sense, of our Society—to be a Divinely-inspired man; that he as well as others were called forth in a day of high religious profession but great defect in practice. The name of the religion of Christ was wielded by the State as an instrument of power, by which the consciences of men and women were wronged and they were forced either to pay tithes to support the priests in idleness

and luxury, or sent to prison and to death.

"George Fox, feeling the call to a sober and righteous life, had gone to the priest to ascertain, if possible, from this source of professed spiritual power some knowledge to satisfy his anxious mind, but, of course, obtained no relief. He found what he sought, in solitude, in communion with God, who enlightened his understanding with the saving knowledge of His Holy Spirit, which directed him to bear witness to the truth as it is in Jesus, and of course against all the hypocrisy and wickedness in high places. This he did manfully, nobly and unselfishly, and we behold now the influence of his obedience upon the Christian world, admitted by all unprejudiced minds. This history stands as an evidence of the power of individual faithfulness, from which we may all, in every sphere of life, profit and take courage to do our duty in all things, great and small.

*"Eighth month 9th.*—At Bedford; as lovely a day as ever I beheld. My friend, A. B. Ivins, took me to the Poor-house of the county, about three or four miles distant. The scenery was beautiful; and, as we were refreshed by the sunshine and breeze, my heart glowed with gratitude to God for His abundant mercies.

"We reached our destination about eleven o'clock, and were received by the good steward and his family with a cordial welcome. The inmates of the institution were soon assembled in an upper hall, and we sat down to the rich feast of a Saviour's love. The blind, the deaf, the lame and the sick were there—the children of poverty and sorrow. I read the seventh chapter of St. Luke, which illustrates our Lord's divine sympathy for the poor and afflicted. I endeavored to encourage them by showing how by thorough living faith, when this short life is over, they could become sure inheritors of the enduring riches of heaven; that a foretaste thereof could be known in this life, by this blessed power, which would strengthen them to endure trials and afflictions even unto the end. After reading two or three Psalms and offering prayer for the Divine blessing, we bade them farewell.

"Oh! it is a rich privilege to be permitted to speak the consolations of Christ to the poor and the outcast, but it makes me deeply feel my own infirmity. How easy, when surrounded by the many outward blessings we are permitted to enjoy, to say to these poor, who appear to be deprived of them, God will sustain you in all your trials, if you will have faith in Him, and strive to keep your hearts pure and clean in His holy sight! How forcibly the question comes home to me, How would I feel if in their condition? and, hum-



bled with this view, I ask, O Lord, increase my faith!

"At four P. M. held a meeting for the servants, at the Springs, and all who chose to attend. My testimony was to the effect that Jesus Christ came not to found sects, but to preach the glad-tidings of great joy to the whole world. The colored people sang hymns. It was a season of refreshment.

"*Third-day.*—Called to see my friend Andrew Middleton, our kind old hack-driver, a good Christian example, severely afflicted by a painful disease, which he bears in patience, awaiting his Master's call, only asking grace to endure to the end all that is permitted him to suffer; and that when the Cross is laid down he may wear the crown. God grant his prayer and that of his friends!

"It is an instructive lesson to listen to his conversation and witness his resignation. Reforming in middle-life from habits of intemperance, he became a member of the Methodist church, and has ever since held an honorable name as an humble Christian.

"Last First-day, at his urgent request and that of his minister, I attended their meeting. Andrew had not been able to be present for many months, but I found him there. The minister gave out the hymns as usual, read a psalm, also the seventh chapter of St. Luke, and offered a beautiful and appropriate prayer. I then addressed the people upon the question, 'What know ye of Christ.' I do not believe that a sectarian spirit can exist in a truly Christian mind. The Christian world, so called, is full of a profession of Christ, but nothing is more needed among many of those who lay claim to the title, than the vital, saving knowledge of Him in their hearts. I called their attention to the necessity of practical religion—a religion that evidenced true faith by works of love. I alluded to the people residing in the poor-house a few miles from the town, and the duty of visiting them with deeds of love, and endeavored to show the great value to be personally derived from such duties, &c.

"*Eighth month 22d.*—Was with our friends at Dunning's Creek. In the afternoon attended a meeting a few miles distant at Pleasantville. Although it rained we had a large and solemn meeting. Charity Chase, an Orthodox Friend, whom I saw on Seventh-day and invited to be with us, opened the meeting with a beautiful and impressive supplication on our behalf. I then addressed the people upon the unity of the Church of Christ, and showed in strong contrast the assumed claim of contending sects as false. Christ cannot be divided, and the terms of discipleship are the same as He laid down so dearly and simply when in the flesh. They

alone who endeavor to comply with them are Christians. His religion is known to all observers by its fruits in the daily life of those who own it. It must be belief with the whole heart, and not an intellectual assent to the truth of the present theory that saves us. Deeds of mercy and love Christ called for in the past, and He calls for them now. His representatives are all around us in the poor alike in things temporal and spiritual. It is our imperative duty and high privilege to share the good things God bestows upon us with these where we may find them. 'Inasmuch as we do it unto the least of these His brethren, we do it unto Him,' and shall inherit the kingdom promised to those who thus truly love and serve Him prepared from the foundation of the world. Charity Chase followed with a deeply stirring and touching appeal. Much satisfaction was freely expressed by some of those present, and I believe all felt grateful for the sensible presence of the Father's love.

"*Eighth month 28th.*—Called upon an aged colored woman. The dear old pilgrim was so glad to see us that it warmed our hearts. Oh, for more of this mingling with the poor! how it tenders the heart and draws us nearer to the Lord! He loved the poor, and made it a test of His chosen ones that they love the poor; yes, the poor of this earth, of this world, wherever found, also the dear children. Oh! dearest Lord, 'Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.' What an attainment to be able to say this with Peter! But I feel at times poor and burthened with sorrow. No doubt this is owing to a want of watchfulness at all times, and is for my good to keep me humble. I know, my most gracious Father, Thou hast blest me with Thy bounteous hand. And O! my God, I do bless Thy name for Thy mercies toward Thy child, who feels so poor and unworthy. Keep me, I pray Thee, keep me in Thy holy hand. Grant that I may speak of Thy goodness and mercy to others, for surely they have followed me all the days of my life."

"*Tenth month 7th, 1874.*—Fourth-day at meeting. Had a precious time, which I was led to acknowledge in prayer. Dr. Truman, R. C. Rogers and Lydia Price—all very acceptable.

[The Journal of our dear friend here closes abruptly. He was taken ill on the morning of Tenth month seventh, the date of his last memorandum, and a few days of suffering closed a life which gave evidence of a daily concern to be found in the fulfillment of his whole duty.—Eds.]



## THE FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

## REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE FOX.

HOW SWARTHMORE HALL, THE FIRST PLACE OF MEETING,  
LOOKS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AFTER ITS ERECTION—  
THE BURIAL-GROUND ADJOINING, ETC.

AMBLESIDE, July 22d.

This small market town, composed of irregular gray houses built of mountain lime-stone, situated directly under Wansfell, where the Rothay flows from Grasmere and joins the Brathay from Langdale shortly before entering Windermere, is the center for many excursions among the dales, fells and tarns of this romantic region. A circle of ten miles embraces the homes where lived Wordsworth, Coleridge, Prof. Wilson (Christopher North), De Quincey and Mrs. Hemans. "The Knoll" in Ambleside is the present residence of Harriet Martineau; coaches run daily to Keswick, 18 miles distant, where the poet Southey lived, near Buttermere Lake; and there is also a morning stage to Ullswater. However, one of the most popular tours is to Conistone and Windermere Lakes. The *char-à-banc*, which is a heavy French vehicle carrying twenty-five persons, leaves Ambleside at 10.15 A.M., and in something more than two hours a drive of nine miles over a rugged road through a picturesque country, ends at Conistone Water, Lancashire. A steam yacht, christened by some extraordinary rule of baptism a "gondola," plies up and down the lake; but as in my case it steamed off in full view of the passengers from Ambleside by the *char-à-banc* hurrying to get on board, I consoled myself with the reflection that it was not the only lake or yacht to be enjoyed in a circular tour of one day, and that grounds at least more historic claimed my attention ahead. I therefore started for the railway station, and, losing my way in the thickly-enclosed lanes which block the hillsides, only reached a departing train by bruising my hands and knees in clambering over a high wall. A ride of half an hour through a mining section brought me to Furness Abbey, a ruin of old red sandstone, perhaps the most interesting in the United Kingdom. The Abbey was built more than 700 years ago, and the Norman character of the architecture is still well preserved, while the partially-defaced carvings attest the former grandeur of this pile, now fast crumbling away.

"Down! down they come—a fearful fall—  
Arch and pillar, roof-tree and all,  
Stained pane and sculptured stone,  
There they lie on the green sward strewn—  
Mouldering walls remain alone!"

Six miles further on is Ulverston, a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, the capital of

Furness, and its gray houses stand in pleasing contrast with the dark-green verdure which, owing to the extreme humidity of the atmosphere, characterizes all the scenery in the lake country. Although a considerable town, it seems to possess no conveniences for tourists, and, there being no other vehicle at the station, I had to rely upon the ignorant driver of a hotel omnibus to reach my destination, which was Swarthmore meeting-house, the gift of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and their first place of public worship, which is situated about a mile from Ulverston. The meeting-house is a very plain stone building, and is surrounded by a high wall enclosing a court-yard, stable and coach-house. Over the door is the inscription, "Ex dono G. F., 1688." At the barred entrance, without being able to inform me who kept the keys or where members of the Society lived, my verdant Jehu provokingly left me. After walking for some distance in the hope of obtaining a better view over the high stone walls, I came upon a man breaking stones by the roadside, whose only knowledge of the followers of George Fox was, that they came up to their meetings from "away down the road, to the right." Further on I met a countryman, loaded down with a huge hamper of groceries, who pointed out Swarthmore Hall across the fields, where Fox lived, but assured me it was not at present occupied by Quakers. This information was much better than none at all, and although the meeting-house was my objective point, and I wished to reach Windermere as early as possible in the afternoon, I turned down a stony by-way, and came in full view of a massive gray farmhouse, with a multiplicity of out buildings, standing on the edge of a large tract of low or imperfectly-drained land. These out-houses were a barn, stables, cow-sheds, sheepfolds, store-rooms, granaries, &c., and their solidity of construction, coupled with the heavy masonry of the hall and the substantial walls which fence in the buildings, showed that their original purpose was for something more than seclusion or privacy, for this house was built in troublesome times and in the Elizabethan style of farm-house architecture. After waiting a few minutes at the gateway of the barn-yard, I succeeded in attracting the attention of a slattern girl, doling out chicken-feed to an army of poultry who, when she had finished her work, sulkily came forward.

I explained the object of my visit, and she proved to be a daughter of the present tenant of Swarthmore, who is a Mr. Birrell, and while by no means an intelligent guide, he possessed the merit of silence, which, as every



tourist must know, is exceeding rare in the old country. The interior of the Hall has been much altered at different times, and the only furniture it contains known to have been used by George Fox is an old oak writing-desk of strange pattern, which stands in a deep recess of a large room on the ground-floor upon a raised dias or rostrum, built into the window. Here the first worship of the Friends was held, and the platform was probably the stand for the preacher. A doorway leads from this apartment into a small chamber, said to have been Fox's study, and a short passage between the rooms leads to a door opening into the garden. The chambers on the floor above are spacious and oak-panelled, and adjoining the front room is a closet with a door opening directly in the wall outside, and here the celebrated Reformer was accustomed to address his people assembled in the garden below when the hall down stairs became too small to accommodate the crowd. More than two hundred years ago Swarthmore was the residence and property of Thomas Fell, Esq., barrister, who espoused the cause of Cromwell in the civil war between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and was afterwards a member of the "long" Parliament. He was associated with John Bradshaw, the regicide, as Judge of Assize, in 1652, and, while absent on his circuit, George Fox came into Furness, called at Swarthmore Hall, and, preaching there, Mrs. Fell, her daughters and many of the family adopted his principles. On his return, the Judge was afflicted and surprised at the revolution in the religious principles of his family, but Fox answered all his objections in such a way that Thomas Fell became a steady friend to the members of the Society, and from that time until the opening of the meeting-house, in 1688, weekly meetings were held at Swarthmore Hall. Judge Fell died in 1658, leaving the dwelling-house, out-buildings, orchards, gardens and fifty acres of ground to his wife, "so long as she shall continue and remain in my name, and as my widow, and unmarried to any other, and no longer, in hopes that she will be careful and loving unto my poor fatherless children." The widow, Margaret Fell, devoted her life to the work of the Friends, and eleven years after her husband's death married George Fox, at Bristol.

(To be continued.)

#### "ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

The question often arises: What is the difference between a Christian life and that which men call good or a moral life? Suppose a man "keeps the Ten Commandments;" is temperate and free from all sins

of the body; speaks the truth; pays his debts and wrongs nobody; works industriously at his calling; is faithful and kind in all his family relations, and a good citizen. Is anything more than this required of him?"

One passage of the life of Jesus illuminates this whole subject of the relation of morality to religion. The scene is full of vivid and dramatic interest. A young "ruler" (so Luke styles him), a person of wealth and consequence, came in haste to Jesus—came *running*, says Mark—and kneeled at his feet. There he put his eager question: "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus answers him first with a counter-question: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God"—words thrown out like a seed for future fruit. Then, without waiting for an answer, he meets his inquiry by presenting the familiar Jewish standard of conduct: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments: Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother." Searching tests, some of these, in the close application to the very thoughts of the heart which Jesus had given to them, and put now to a man whom the temptations of youth and wealth had beset. Nor was this all, for to these Jesus added, so Matthew tells us, the great inclusive command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Yet the young man met the test fearlessly: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." Doubtless he had not grasped the full meaning, at least of the last requirement; yet his answer was no idle boast, for it is immediately added: "Then Jesus beholding him, loved him." How much these words reveal! On the one side, a lovable nature, with the sweet attractive bloom of unstained youth and eager longing toward the highest life. On the other side, the swift reading of this young heart, and the outgoing toward it of love in its divinest form, love that rejoiced in the good already there, and yearned to lift that good into something better. A weaker nature than that of Jesus might have melted into words of complacency and reassurance to this right-minded inquirer. But Jesus instead held steadily up before him the idea of a nobler life than his thoughts had yet reached: "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor (and thou shalt have treasure in heaven!)"—the great promise thrown in as if He read in the listener's face his sudden wavering, and sought to win him—"and come take up the cross and follow Me."

"And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions."

Most sorrowful ending of a story so hopefully begun!

What was in its essence the step which the young ruler was not strong enough to take? It was ceasing to live in any sense for himself, and giving his life whole and entire, as Jesus gave His own, to those who needed him. In the best that he had reached, there was a subtle regard for his own happiness as paramount. Even the question with which he came to Christ, and into which his highest purposes and wishes were gathered, was: "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" It was something for himself that he sought even in that. Not such was the motive and inspiration of Jesus. Not to glorify himself hereafter, but to seek and to save the lost was his supreme impulse. He summoned this questioner to a life like His own.

That is just the step that divides what is commonly called a moral or a virtuous life from a Christian life. The giving one's self, inwardly and outwardly, goods, body and soul, to help and to save others—this is what makes a man Christ-like. In substance the same answer that met the young ruler meets every one who asks the way to the highest life.

Not that every one literally is to give away in charity all that he possesses, for that would stop in an instant the great industries and enterprises on which the physical welfare of the race depends. But every man is to hold his possessions as not his own, but held in trust for doing good. And, then, there is the higher and harder requirement: "Follow Me!" Follow Him whose life was one unbroken succession of helpful and tender ministries to others, and most of all to those who had least help except from Him. Yes, even "taking up the cross," accepting, if need be, sorrow, shame and death, in love's work. All genuine love takes sorrow as a part of its portion. Only to sympathize truly is to feel in our hearts the burdens that weigh on other hearts. And as by the cross was wrought the crowing work of Jesus; as by His death His love shone brightest and with supremest power to win and save, so the highest work of men for men can only be done as we go down into the depths of trouble with others, and, as it were, by dying bring them and ourselves to immortal life.

This ardent, all-sacrificing disposition, this "enthusiasm of humanity," that gladly loses self in saving others, was what Jesus held up before the man of blameless life, of pure, upright, and even amiable character, as "the one thing needful." And we walk in Christ's footsteps just so far as we answer that call, and give ourselves and all that is ours to the service of love.—*Christian Union*.

## LOCAL INFORMATION.

Brief notices of the proceedings of Western, Caln and Concord Quarterly Meetings, sent by a correspondent, arrived too late for insertion in this paper. Such information should be fresh, to find acceptance with our readers. We give place, however, to a historical reminiscence of Concord Meeting which accompanied the same:

Concord is one of the oldest meetings of Friends in America. Lewis Palmer, in his "Genealogical Record of the Palmer Family," thus describes the place:

"Concord Meeting was established very soon after the arrival of William Penn and his colonists, probably commencing in 1684, the meeting being held for some time at the houses of Friends, until they could afford to build a house for that purpose. The land for the meeting-house and grave-yard was conveyed, or rather leased, to trustees by John Mendenhall, in 1697, they to pay for it 'one peppercorn yearly forever.' It is probable that a house was soon erected; but, of its nature, nothing is known. In 1728, a brick edifice was erected, which stood until 1788, when it was burned down. The present building supplies its place; but the right-hand portion, as far as the left door, represents the original brick building, and was the scene of many of our forefathers' actions.

"The name is illustrative of their harmonious feelings. Here they worshipped according to the dictates of their own conscience; here their love-vows were fulfilled at the marriage-altar, and, close by, in the grave-yard, which is immediately back of the house, lies the dust of

"Brave hearts that dared the rough, broad sea  
For homes and freedom in the wood—  
Strong arms that felled the giant trees,  
And tilled the earth where once they stood."

"They came not here to carve a name  
On Honor's tablet high and grand:  
Their humble works, unknown to fame,  
Still live and bless their chosen land."

"E. L.

"Bird-in-Hand, Lancaster county, Pa."

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I was very sorry to miss your visit. Our friends — and — were at our morning meeting, and also at our little afternoon meeting at A —; and in the evening we had a season of social enjoyment, in which we were favored with our Heavenly Father's uniting presence.



The First-day school organization was the subject upon which we mainly dwelt, and we concluded the field was indeed vast. We differed somewhat in sentiment; yet such was the precious flow of love and charity that filled my whole soul, that I felt it could be nothing else than a shower of the boundless love of Divinity that would cause fresh buds to shoot forth from the precious gem of His own planting.

I believe, too, that these touches of love were felt by other hearts, and that we were drawn into closer sympathy with, and charity for, each other than we had perhaps before felt. Surely it was good to be thus associated, and my earnest desire was that our being together might be blessed to us all, imbuing us with the spirit of true charity. Oh, we need to have this spirit more cultivated among us! Its growth will be evidenced by a *desire* to bear each other's burdens—a *belief* that there is a power by which we can work out our salvation and be helpers of each other—a *hope* that the day is approaching when we will be aroused to more earnest labor for every good, and the unflinching resistance of all evil. When this day comes, we will not only labor ourselves, but we will encourage the least or hindmost of the flock to give their mite in the way of good; but while we are made willing to *bear, hope and believe* all these things, we must be patiently resigned to endure the taunts of man, and the censure of the worldly-minded, without falling back from that waiting state, which should be our crowning effort. Then indeed might we expect ability to go forth to sow the seeds of purity and peace which would yield an abundant harvest.

Our little meeting continues small, numbering generally in the tens or twenties, and generally silent. I sometimes feel that in these silent waitings there is the most power for good, and that, if gathered in an earnest, prayerful waiting state, we receive the food that is fitted to our conditions, in the *freshness*, and not through others. Still we have within us a keen desire for human aid, sympathy and encouragement, and being thus wisely constituted by the forming Hand, it is right we should have those desires, and right we should have those boons, so long as we do not place our first dependence there; consequently, when any Friends (be they ministering or not) feel concerned to come and give us of their store, whether that be by their presence or by the utterance of Divine impressions, we feel doubly grateful, and our hearts swell with thanksgiving not only for refreshment, fresh from the Fountain of Love and Life, but also for the instrumental help that is offered.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 28, 1875.

**INDIAN COUNCIL.**—At the Sixth Annual Session of the General Council of the Indian Territory, held at Okmulgee in Fifth month last, there were thirty different Indian tribes represented, including the Modocs.

The short speeches of the delegates, as given in the journal of this Council, are full of interesting information and good judgment.

No more striking instance of what is being accomplished for and by the red man can be given than the speech of the famous Indian known by the name of Bogus Charley, who only two years ago was defying the armies of the United States in the Lava Beds of the Modocs. He said:

*"Mr. President and Brothers of the Council:*

*"The Government brought us here about two years ago. They told me there was no game to hunt, and we had to work. I intended to do as we were told. We have worked with a good heart; send thirty-eight children to school. We have built twelve hewed log-houses, made ten thousand rails, and plowed and planted this spring about seven acres. Planted corn, potatoes and other vegetables. We are advised by our Agent, H. W. Jones, in every respect, and we do as he tells us. We believe him to be a good man; always find him in that way. The Shawnees, Wyandotts, Ottawas, Peorias, Quapaws, Senecas, are all like brothers toward us. We feel like we are amongst good friends. We feel at home. We send our children to the Quapaw Mission school constantly, and they are learning fast, and we are glad to see our children learning, and we, the old people, have concluded to work in the way of farming, and we intend to be good to our neighbors and the people generally."*

### DIED.

**JONES.**—On the 14th inst., Charles Rowland, infant son of C. Howard and Deborah W. Jones, aged 6 months.

**PARROTT.**—At Trenton, on First-day morning, 1st inst., at 5½ o'clock, Julia M., infant daughter of Samuel C. and Julia A. Parrott, aged 10 mos. and 16 days; a member of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting. Interred in Friends' Burying-ground, Trenton.

**YAVITZ.**—At his residence in Yarmouth, Ontario, Eighth month 4th, 1875, of typhoid fever, Henry G. Zavitz, aged nearly 51 years.

His illness was short, during which he gave living evidence of his acceptance with his Heavenly Father by several weighty expressions. Near his close he earnestly prayed, "O Heavenly Father, re-

ceive me to Thyself!" His loss will be much felt by a large circle of relatives, neighbors and friends.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 62.

(Continued from page 412.)

*ECCLESIASTICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL.*

That part of Rome lying south of St. Peter's along the right bank of the Tiber is called the Trastevere, (the City across the Tiber,) and this district is inhabited by a peculiar, and in some respect a distinct race, claiming to be direct descendents of the ancient Romans. The gentleness of the modern Italian does not belong to the "Trasteverini," who are haughty, seclusive and passionate; and who avoid intermarriage with their fellow-citizens on the other side of the river. We devote a morning to the exploration of this district, driving over the Ponte Quattro Capi on to the little Island of the Tiber, where of old were temples to Æsculapius, to Jupiter and to Faunus. In imperial times the island was used as a prison, and in 1656 the whole of it was appropriated as a hospital for those stricken with Plague—thus dedicating it anew to Æsculapius. We do not pause to examine the relics of this historic isle, though they are full of interest, but drive right on, cross the Ponte di S. Bartolomeo and are in the Trastevere—the part of Rome which has experienced the least change since mediæval times. We stop a few minutes to look into the little church which occupies the site of the house of St. Benedict. The cell of the saint, built of rough hewn stones and furnished with a stone pillar is shown, while over the high altar is his full length portrait on a gold background. He is seated in a chair with gothic carvings, the black cowl drawn over his head, but not concealing the white hair and beard. The aspect of Benedict is serious and thoughtful, and he holds a crozier in one hand while in the other is the book containing the rules he has drawn up for the government of his order.

We soon reach the Church and Convent of Saint Cecilia, which is to us the most interesting place in the Trastevere. It is supposed to be erected over the spot where stood the dwelling of Cecilia, a noble Roman lady of the reign of Alexander Severus. She was married at sixteen to Valerian, a heathen, whom her prayers and the exhortations of Pope Urban I converted to Christianity. Her young husband and his brother were beheaded for refusing to sacrifice to idols and Cecilia was shut up in the Sudatorium of her

own baths, and a blazing fire lighted that she might be killed by the hot vapors. But she survived this ordeal, and a lictor was sent to behead her in her own palace. He executed the office so unskillfully that she lived after the third blow of the axe, after which Roman law forbade that a victim should be stricken again. "During three days," says the legend, "she still preached and taught, like a doctor of the church, with such sweetness and eloquence, that four hundred pagans were converted. On the third day, she was visited by Pope Urban, to whose care she tenderly committed the poor whom she nourished, and to him she bequeathed the palace in which she had lived, that it might be consecrated as a temple to the Savior. Then, thanking God that He considered her, a humble woman, worthy to share the glory of His heroes—she departed to her heavenly bridegroom upon the 22d of November, A. D. 280."

We enter the ancient sanctuary, built, it is believed with the spoil taken from pagan temples and pass up the venerable aisle to the high altar beneath which lies the famous statue of St. Cecilia, representing her as she lay in her tomb in the catacomb of Calixtus, when her resting place was discovered by Pope Paschal I, in the 9th century. Her body was transported to her church, and we are told that in the 16th century, when the tomb of the martyr was again examined, the embalmed body was found lying upon its right side as if in bed and offering the appearance of sleep. The greatest artist of the day Stephano Maderno was employed to sculpture the marble portrait of Cecilia and here it lies before us to-day, so delicately beautiful, so graceful and perfect in form, that remembering the touching story of her sufferings and her good deeds, we cannot wonder that amid the multiform idolatries of the ancient church, so many devotees come to pray before the shrine of Saint Cecilia. The inscription says: "Behold the body of the most holy virgin Cecilia, whom I myself saw lying incorrupt in her tomb. I have in this marble expressed for thee the same saint in the very same posture of body."

The chair of Pope Urban is shown us, as well as a fine old Roman vase which it is thought may be coeval with Cecilia's own residence here. Two spiral pillars of polished marble which now form a doorway, are shown as belonging to her house, and the custodian reverently leads the way into the ancient bath chamber where Cecilia suffered but did not die. It actually retains the pipes and furnace of an antique Roman bath. The adjoining convent is in-



habited by the nuns of the order of St. Benedict.

The festival of "St. Cecilia's" day is observed in this place on November 22d, and then the papal choir assemble here and honor the martyr, whom Wordsworth has termed—

"Rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen of harmony"—

with beautiful music. This association of music with the memory of Cecilia arises from the legend or tradition that when her husband returned from baptism by Pope Urban he found her singing hymns of triumph for his conversion, of which he had supposed her ignorant. It is said that "she sang with such ravishing sweetness, that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her, or to join their voices with hers."

Beautiful traditions relating to the early confessors are connected with many of the mediæval edifices of the Trastevere, and did time permit, it is possible to spend many days in study of these shrines which the Roman Catholic Church has preserved with such care. But there is another order of martyrs and saintly confessors whose blood is upon the hands of the ancient church, and of these the city of the seven hills preserves no relic.

Among the famous sights of the city beyond the Tiber are the charming frescoes of Raphael and his scholars in the Villa Farnesina, to which the public are freely admitted on the first and fifteenth of every month. What was originally a wide open portico on two sides of the palace, has been enclosed by large windows for the preservation of the beautiful frescoes which glorify the ceiling and the walls. The story of Psyche, as it is here pictured typifies the sufferings and conflicts of the human soul, till purified by passions and misfortunes it is fitted for the enjoyment of celestial happiness, and is admitted to the endless joy of the immortals.

I will attempt no description of the other frescoes of this charming palace. They illustrate in the most poetic and masterly manner, mythologic legends of classic antiquity; and seem to bring us face to face with the joyous and imaginative people who gave such charming individualization to their fanciful conceptions of the spiritual existences. I doubt if the hard, practical Anglo Saxon will ever be able to appreciate the subtle meaning which underlies the poetic mythology of the ancients.

Before leaving the Trastevere, we drive to the church of St. Pietro, in Montorio, built by Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, upon the supposed site of St. Peter's crucifixion. It stands upon the site of the Arx Janiculus, founded by Ancus Martius, and is supposed

to derive its name of Monte d'Oro, from the yellow sand and gravel which form the upper part of the Janiculum hill on which it is built. Many important and interesting works of art are preserved in this edifice, and Raphael's transfiguration was painted for St. Pietro, in Montorio, and remained here till the French invasion, when it was taken to Paris. When returned by France to its rightful owners, it was placed in the Vatican.

In front of the high altar we are shown the spot where the unhappy Beatrice Cenci was interred; and in the nave are gravestones which mark the last resting place of Irish chieftains who fled from their country for political reasons, and died at Rome in the early part of the 17th century. After we have made a circuit of the temple, the custodian unlocks a door which admits us to the cloister of the adjoining convent. Here stand the small domed building, resting on sixteen doric columns, built by Bramante, over the very spot where the cross of Peter is said to have stood. The little temple is greatly admired by architects; and is accounted, in every respect one of the most elegant works of modern times.

The view from the platform in front of the church includes a wide panorama. All the classic towns and sites lie before us, and in this bright spring time earth can hardly show a scene more lovely with the gifts of nature and yet, at the same time, enriched with historic memories, most varied and most inspiring. We drive round to the back of the church to see the famous Fontana Paolina erected by the order of Paul V in 1611; the most abundant and, perhaps, most imposing of all the many noble fountains of Rome. The front of the fountain is like the façade of a church, having six Ionic columns of red granite taken from the ruined Temple of Minerva. The columns form five niches, three large and two smaller. In the large ones, three gushing cascades fall into an immense basin, and in the smaller niches are two dragons, the armorial bearings of the pope, each of which pours out a stream of water into the same basin. An aqueduct thirty-five miles in length, called the Aqua Paola, forms this noble fountain, and thus serves to turn most of the city flour mill between the Janiculum and the Tiber. There is something most delightful in this affluence of waters in the midst of the ancient city. Says Hawthorne: "Consuls, emperors and popes, the great men of every age, have found no better way of immortalizing their memories than by the shifting, indestructible ever new, yet unchanging uprush and downfall of water. They have written their names in that unstable element, and proved it to be the most



more durable record than brass or marble."

The Apostle Peter is commemorated by yet another ancient church, which boasts the possession of the chains that bound him while he was a captive in the Mamertine Prison. It was erected on the Esquiline in 442, during the Pontificate of St. Leo the Great, and is most interesting architecturally, as well as for being the receptacle of many important works of art. Of these, by far the most famous is Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, which was originally intended to decorate the monument of Pope Julius II.

The giant tomb which was intended to contain more than forty statues was never erected, and the three statues which were completed at the time of the death of the Pope, (Moses, Rachel and Leah,) were used in the memorial in St. Pietro in Vincoli. Before the statue of Moses, I stood in astonishment—it is almost terrible in its majesty of righteous wrath. It has been accounted the greatest masterpiece of sculpture since the time of the Greeks, and a suitable allegory of Pope Julius, who was, like Moses, at once lawgiver, priest, and warrior. This is the august leader of Israel who was permitted to commune with the Divine majesty, and who received the promise upon Sinai, "My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest." He has come down from the mount of revelation to find his people worshiping an image of their own making, and in sorrow and indignation, the inspired lawgiver dashes down his stone tablets and breaks them before the eyes of the idolaters. It is written that the skin of his face shone, and the older translators rendered it, that his face was horned. Hence the great artist has represented Moses with a pair of horns shooting from his head. A "twilight of sadness" which flits over his face, does not soften its solemn austerity—and it is said to resemble the deep sadness which clouded the countenance of Michael Angelo himself.

In the church of the Capuchins, built by a Cardinal of the princely house of Barbarini, himself a member of the Capuchin order, is the celebrated picture of the Archangel Michael, who has been called the Catholic Apollo, breathing dignified vengeance which animates without distorting. The demon writhing beneath the tread of the glorious arch-angel, is Pope Innocent X., who had displeased Guido by his criticisms.

A strange vengeance was this for the artist, and a most remarkable circumstance it is that the church which insists upon the doctrine of papal infallibility should permit so cruel caricature of one of the vicars of Christ on earth to find place in a Christian sanctuary. After examining rather superficially the many works of art in the church, we were

taken to the four low-vaulted chambers, underneath which are the cemeteries of the friars. The earth they contain is said to have been brought from Jerusalem, and, of course, there is not enough of it to accommodate an unlimited number of the dead. Accordingly, when space has been needed for another body of a departed brother, the one which has been longest in the earth is disinterred, and either all the bones of the body are joined mechanically, and the skeleton Capuchin is arrayed in his monastic dress as in life, or the separate bones are fantastically arranged in various devices upon the walls. Each chamber is furnished with an altar constructed entirely of these remnants of human bodies. The friar who was our conductor told us that they were no longer permitted to bury their dead in the church, nor indeed are any more interments within the city walls allowed. This friar was a sad-faced, weary-looking man, and we asked him if their community would be among those who would now be disbanded by the authorities. He shook his head gloomily, and said, "Not yet." I caught myself wishing that he and such as he might be permitted to end their days, if they desired it, in their quiet house of prayer.

A strange tradition, illustrating the superstitious darkness of mediæval days, is connected with the church of St. Maria del Popolo, close to the northern gate of the city. The story is told by a curious inscription on the floor of the choir, to the effect that the people were constantly harrassed by phantoms which haunted the spot, and that the church was built as a protection from the evil ones. The presence of the demons was ascribed to the circumstance that here the ashes of Nero were discovered and scattered to the winds. Over the high altar stands the image of Mary, traditionally attributed to St. Luke, which image is reputed to work miracles, and which is called the Santa Maria del Popolo. The paint-glass windows of the choir are pointed out as being the only good ancient specimen of this art in Rome. The neighboring convent is the home of monks of the order of St. Augustine; and it is interesting to know that Luther was an inmate here when he visited Rome.

St. Pudentiana is also interesting from its traditions and from the circumstance that it is accounted the most ancient of all the Christian edifices of Rome. We are told it occupies the spot on which stood the house of the Senator Pudens, where the Apostle Peter lodged from A. D. 41 to 50, and converted his daughters Praxedes and Pudentiana, and baptized thousands of converts. Many mosaic pictures adorn the ancient little temple both within and without, but the crowning wonder



of St. Pudentiana's is a kind of sarcophagus, with a glass window in its side, through which the custodian, who holds a torch to it, declares we can see the blood of the martyrs which Pudentiana collected. It is a black mass of a substance which looks as if it really might be the solidified and long dried blood of the victims of Nero. The guide also assures us that a part of the mosaic pavement on which we stand was that of the house of Pudens; and raising the lid from the top of a well many feet deep, he lowers his torch into it that we may see the bones of the martyrs.

The great basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore is near at hand, on the highest summit of the Esquiline. It is a majestic old edifice, ranking third among the churches of Rome, and containing many valuable works of art. The present pope has chosen this for his last resting place.

But I despair of finding place in your columns for further mention of the ecclesiastical edifices of Rome. I did not see half of them, and I have not told one-tenth of what I did see. They stand by the wayside hospitably open to all comers, no matter what their nation or creed, and they receive all ranks and conditions of people on the same terms. Here kneels a princess and there a beggar, and yonder stands the traveler, guide-book in hand, studying silently the wondrous creations of the mighty magicians of the pencil, which have found an abiding place within these ancient walls. We may enter at will, remain as long as we like, and pass out quite unrebuked, when interest or curiosity is satisfied.

Doubtless we look with wonder on all the superstitious observances and vain idolatries of the Romish church; but it is far more satisfactory for the traveler, who professes to be no iconoclast, to dwell only on the fair side of the picture—and a better side there ever is, if one is willing to make a temporary change of position in order to appreciate it. It is pleasant to see that the world is moving onward, and that the experience of the long generations tends ever to wisdom and light.

S. R.

*Fourth month 20th, 1875.*

From the Public Ledger.

#### "PROBABILITIES."

All newspaper readers are familiar with the invariable paragraph in their daily journal headed "The Weather," with its "synopses for the past twenty-four hours," and its "Probabilities."

The importance, nay, the indispensable necessity, for the information thus given can only be realized by imagining the cessation of the publication for ever so short a period,

and the consequent inconvenience and loss that would certainly ensue. And yet it has been only a little more than five years since the passage of the joint resolution in Congress by the authority of which the Secretary of War established in his department the "Division of Telegrams and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce," and placed it under the charge of Brigadier-General Albert J. Myer, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, now familiarly known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "Old Probabilities."

Regular systems of meteorological observation and report were in use in Europe several years before their introduction in this country, and in February, 1861, Admiral Fitzroy, of the British Navy, displayed the first cautionary signal. In the latter part of the same year published forecasts, or, as we call them, "probabilities" of the weather were tried with such success as to warrant the adoption by the British Government in the spring of 1862 of the system now in use. Other nations, stimulated by the success of the English experiment, soon followed, and on February 28th, 1870, the chief signal officer of the United States Army was charged with the organization of such a service in this country.

Observations had been taken and reports made for many years by the Smithsonian Institute, by means of volunteer observers in various portions of the country, but these were necessarily incomplete, owing to the small number of stations, and were practically valueless for all precautionary purposes, as the results of the observations were forwarded by mail and collated and published after the occurrence of the phenomena, which might have been predicted. The fact that in the United States in the North Temperate Zone storms almost invariably travel from west to east makes it possible with proper telegraphic notice, to give warning to places lying in their tracks.

Hence, if a storm is noticed crossing the Rocky Mountains or developing on the Western plains, and its course known by telegraphic dispatch, it becomes a comparatively easy matter to notify in advance places threatened. To accomplish this of course it became necessary to establish a large number of stations, to cover as wide an area of country as possible, and to connect them all by telegraph with the central office, where the results of observations taken at the same moment of absolute time in each of the stations could be immediately collated, the results worked out, and the consequent "probabilities" arrived at.

There are now 102 stations in the United States. There are also 17 stations in Canada.



under the control of Prof. G. T. Kingston, Director of the Magnetic Observatory at Toronto, and 5 stations in the West Indies in charge of volunteer observers, with all of which telegraphic reports are exchanged, making 124 stations in all, extending clear across the continent, and from St. Paul's Island Alaska, to San Diego in Southern California on the Pacific, and from Sidney, Cape Breton Island, at the northeastern extremity of Nova Scotia, to the West Indies. The West India stations are found to be particularly valuable in winter, as a large proportion of the most violent winter storms originate there.

In the United States there are stations in all the principal cities. On the Pacific coast there are three, viz., at Portland, Oregon and San Francisco and San Diego, Cal. Besides these are stations at St. Paul's and St. Mitchell's Islands, Alaska. These, however, are not in telegraphic communication with the Central Office. The Gulf and Atlantic coasts and the northern boundary formed by the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, have a continuous chain of stations—44 in number—where observations are made and cautionary signals are also displayed at the life-saving stations on the New Jersey and N. Carolina coasts, which are reached by telegraph.

A Government telegraph line commences at Cape May and runs along the coast to Peck's Beach, Atlantic City, Barnegat, Squan Beach, Long Branch and Sandy Hook, thence across the country to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and south to Norfolk, Cape Henry, Kittyhawk and Cape Hatteras, N. C., and an appropriation has been made to extend it further south along the coast. A similar telegraph also exists along the Pacific coast from San Diego to Portland, and an appropriation has been made to extend it from San Diego through Fort Yuma, Maricopa Wells, Prescott and Tucson, Arizona, to Apache. This is expected to be of great value in predicting storms originating in the southwest.

The instruments in use at the Philadelphia station are identical with those used at all the other stations. They consist of the barometer, for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere; the common thermometer and the self-registering maximum and minimum thermometers; the hygrometer, for determining the relative humidity of the atmosphere; the anemometer, for measuring the force of the wind; the wind-vane, for determining the direction of the wind; the rain-gauge, for measuring the rainfall, and a clock.

The barometer is the most important of the instruments used, and is familiar to most

intelligent persons. It consists of a glass tube, about 30 inches in length, one end of which is hermetically sealed; the air is then entirely exhausted from the tube and the open end plunged into a reservoir containing mercury. Now, the mean height of the barometer at the sea level is 29.82 inches, hence it follows that the whole weight of the atmosphere is equal to that of a sphere of mercury covering the whole surface of the globe, and extending to the height of 29.82 inches. This, therefore, is the normal height of the mercury in the tube of the barometer at the sea level, and any variation from this point can only be local, and indicates an atmospheric disturbance at that point.

If the barometer falls below 29.82 inches it shows that the atmosphere from some cause has become lighter than it should be normally at that point. The surrounding atmosphere, being heavier, of course presses towards the point where it is rare, the winds veer towards that locality, and it becomes at once the center of an atmospherical disturbance called a storm. Thus it will be seen that the height of the barometer and the direction of the wind are most important points to be ascertained in making an observation. Experience having shown that storms travel from west to east, and a low barometer being found at a given locality, it is safe to predict that within a certain time, the length of which is also determined by experience, a similar condition of things may be expected at localities eastward of the place where the observation is made. The violence of the coming storm may also be approximated by taking into consideration the relative height of the barometer at the storm center and at localities surrounding. If the barometer is very low at the center and very high at places surrounding, then a serious disturbance exists and violent and dangerous winds may be expected, and if such winds prevail to-day at a point, say 300 miles from the coast, it is safe to expect that to-morrow the storm center, following the natural law, will have traveled to or near the coast, attracting to it the surrounding winds. Hence, cautionary signals are at once ordered to be displayed, and the mariner in harbor may delay his departure to sea, while the sea-captain, who may be near a dangerous coast where there is no safe harbor, sees the ominous red flag, or lantern, and at once leaves the vicinity of the rocks and breakers for the open sea, where he may manœuvre his ship and outride the storm with more safety.

The hygrometer consists merely of two ordinary mercury thermometers, which correspond exactly in their reading. They are fixed close together in a frame, and are called



the wet and dry bulb thermometer. The dry bulb is a common thermometer, intended to show the temperature of the air. The wet bulb is also a common thermometer, having its bulb covered with a wick which runs into a cup of rain water. The water rises by capillary attraction, thus keeping the bulb continually wet. When the air is dry, evaporation goes on rapidly from the wick, and, on account of the heat lost by evaporation, the wet bulb indicates a lower temperature than the dry bulb; but when the air is damp evaporation is slower, and the difference between the two thermometers becomes smaller.

When the air is completely saturated with moisture, as in the case of a very heavy fog, the two thermometers show the same temperature. From the difference between the readings of the two thermometers the "relative humidity" of the atmosphere is calculated. A scale is calculated, commencing at zero, or absolute dryness, and running up to 100, which represents complete saturation, and the relative humidity of the atmosphere is expressed by a higher or lower place in this scale.

The anemometer measures the velocity of the wind by means of four "velocity cups," set horizontally upon a spindle, and which revolve faster or slower according to the rapidity of the wind. The spindle runs down into a little box containing clock-work, which is set in motion by the revolutions of the spindle. The hand upon the face of the dial revolves once for every mile the wind blows, and at each revolution it comes into contact with a steel point in the side of the case. When this contact is made an electrical current is established, which passes down by wires to an electro-magnet in the office below. A pencil point is fastened to the armature of the magnet, and this rests upon a strip of paper fixed upon a revolving drum, which runs at a known speed. The paper is marked off into spaces representing five minutes each, and every time the contact is made above, the armature is drawn up to the magnet and a stroke marked by the pencil point upon the paper for every mile the wind travels. Of course, by counting the number of these strokes between the two heavy printed marks representing on the paper one hour of time, it will be seen exactly how far the wind has traveled within an hour.

The wind-vane can be seen upon almost every steeple and flag-pole in the city. The one in use at the signal station turns a hand upon a dial having the points of the compass marked upon it, placed in the instrument shelter, and which shows the direction of the wind exactly.

The rain gauge consists of a straight cop-

per tube, circular in form, having at the top a funnel with an area ten times the area of the bottom of the tube. This is exposed in the middle of the roof of the Chamber of Commerce. When the rain falls it is caught in the funnel and falls to the bottom of the tube. It is measured at the end of each twenty-four hours, and if an inch of water is found in the tube it indicates that there has been a rainfall equal to one-tenth of an inch.

The maximum thermometer is used to mark the maximum temperature in 24 hours. It is a common mercurial thermometer, the bore of the tube of which is contracted for a very short space near the bulb, to an extremely minute diameter, the tube being larger on each side of this contraction. The thermometer lies horizontally, and as the temperature rises and the mercury expands it is forced through the minute opening and passes along the tube until it marks the highest temperature reached during the day. When the temperature falls the mercury in the bulb contracts, and the column of mercury lying in the horizontal tube breaks off at the point of contraction, and that portion below it sinks toward the bulb, while the column above the contraction lies in the position to which it has been forced by the high temperature and remains there until the instrument is read by the observer, when the mercury is forced back past the contracted point in the tube by whirling the instrument around, the centrifugal force thus exerted accomplishing that end.

The minimum thermometer is a spirit thermometer, which lies horizontally, into the bore of the tube of which is inserted a delicate index of enamel, which does not quite fill the bore. As the temperature rises the spirit passes around the index without moving it, but as the temperature falls when the head of the column of spirit reaches the index, the attraction of cohesion causes the index to move back with the spirit and to stop at the lowest point reached by the thermometer. The maximum and minimum thermometers are read once in 24 hours.

Philadelphia is one of the most important of the offices of the service, being situated directly on the line of the Government telegraph communicating with the most dangerous portions of the Atlantic coast.

The service has already accomplished wonders, but its value will, no doubt, constantly improve as the observers and officers gain experience. The principal difficulty it has to contend with is the want of money. The appropriation for this year is only \$480,000 for all the expenses of the department, and if the system of cautionary signals was to be the means of saving but one ship in a year,

er if at each of the post-offices to which the probabilities are mailed, one ton of hay is saved from approaching rain, the entire expenses would be saved to the nation. The observers, who hold the rank of sergeants, are paid but a small salary, and the assistants still less. The observer must be a man of superior intelligence and education, of gentlemanly and attractive address, and able, in order to make the service useful, to place himself in constant contact with business men and associations. He must understand the Morse system of telegraphy, and be able to send and receive his own dispatches, and he has no hope of promotion. The consequence is that generally the observer only remains in the service until he can obtain employment which will pay him better in proportion to his abilities, and just as he obtains enough experience in the service to be valuable as a skilled meteorologist he leaves to take a place that will pay him better. If the pay were high enough to induce these gentlemen to consider their positions permanent, of course they would be more diligent and earnest in the work, and the service would be correspondingly improved.

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#### MORNING SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

We launch our boat upon the sparkling sea,  
We dip our rhythmic oars with song and cheer,  
Before our dancing prow the shadows flee,  
Behind us fast the fair coasts disappear.

To fade our childhood's shores. Without regret  
We leave the safe, green, happy fields, and try  
The vague, uncertain ocean, storm-beset,  
Nor see the tempests that before us lie.

Pushed with our hope, the unknown future gleams,  
Freighted with blissful dreams, our barque floats  
On,  
And life a shining path of victory seems,  
Crowned with a golden peace when day is done.

---

#### THE ESCAPE FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;  
Kind welcomes to be had;  
And yet my spirit is alone,  
Fretful, outworn and sad.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work,  
As thou hast done before;  
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,  
And the dull mood be o'er.

Oh there is music in that thought  
Unto a heart unstrung,  
Like sweet bells at the evening time  
Most musically rung.

Sweet thought! lie closer to my heart,  
That I may feel thee near,  
As one who for his weapon feels  
In some nocturnal fear.

The very thinking of the thought,  
Without or praise or prayer,  
Gives light to know, and life to do,  
And marvelous strength to bear.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

LET none prevail with us to think that there is any period of life, or any sphere of our activity, or any hour of our rest, which can escape the range of right and wrong, and be secluded from the eye of God. Nothing can be more offensive to a good mind than the eagerness to claim for some portions of our time a kind of holiday escape from the presence of duty and the consecration of pure affections; to thrust off all noble thoughts and sacred influences into the most neglected corner of existence, and drive away religion as if it were a haggard necromancer that must sometime come, instead of a guardian angel that must never go.—*Martineau.*

INWARD PEACE.—Many say they have no peace nor rest, but so many crosses and trials, afflictions and sorrows, that they know not how they shall ever get through them. Now he who in truth will perceive and take note perceiveth clearly that true peace and rest lie not in outward things; for if it were so the evil spirit also would have peace when things go according to his will, which is nowise the case. Therefore we must consider and see what is that peace which Christ left to his disciples when he said "My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." Christ meant that inward peace which can break through all assaults and crosses of oppression, suffering, misery, humiliation, and what more there may be of the like, so that a man may be joyful and patient therein; and what was bitter to him before shall become sweet, and his heart shall remain unmoved under all changes, at all times.—*Theologia Germanica.*

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#### NOTICES.

Friends' Schools, Fifteenth and Race, Philadelphia, will resume their duties Ninth month 13th, 1875. Applications for the admission of boys to the Grammar and Central may be made to A. B. Ivins, A. M., 1524 North Broad.

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#### ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.

The subject of receiving and entertaining our Friends who may wish to attend our approaching new Yearly Meeting, claiming the attention of our Monthly Meeting, resulted in the appointment of the following Committee, who are to have charge and care in the matter, viz.: Joshua L. Mills, Wm. M. Price, John W. Price, Mt. Palatine P. O.; Morris A. Wilson, Magnolia P. O., and Henry Atherton, Whitaker P. O., all in Putnam county, Ill. To any one of these, all persons who are expecting to come



are respectfully requested to write at as early a date as they conveniently can, giving the time and point at which they desire to be met. Even all those who have friends here (if their friends are not informed) are requested to inform us or them, and also those coming in their own conveyance, that we may do all that we can to distribute our Friends among Friends to the best advantage for all. Those east of Bloomington and Chicago, leave Chicago via Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. at 7 A. M. and arrive at L'Orant, La Salle county, about 1 P. M. This will also be the better point for Northern and Southern Iowans. Those from West Liberty, and on that line of road, will get off at Peru, La Salle county, come to Henry, Marshall county.

Signed on behalf of Committee,

MORRIS A. WILSON,  
JOSHUA L. MILLS.

We might further inform Friends that Blue River Quarterly Meeting will be held at Benjaminville, McLean county, nine miles east of Bloomington (and about 60 miles East of South from this place), on Seventh-day, 4th of Ninth month, one week before the opening of the Yearly Meeting.

Also, that it is proposed to hold our public meetings on First and Fifth-day of Yearly Meeting-Week, at the new meeting-house, one and a half miles east of the old house.

Clear Creek, Ill., Eighth mo. 8th, 1875.

#### ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.

Friends intending to stop one or more days in Chicago, on their way to and from this meeting, and wishing to avail themselves of the arrangements of Friends here, will please write *immediately* to Charles Young, 240 S. Leavitt street, Chicago, stating when they expect to arrive in this city, how many in number, length of stay in the city, etc. Our hotels are likely to be very full next month, owing to the attendance upon the Exposition, and we are endeavoring to secure comfortable accommodations for Friends whom we cannot take to our homes, at the "Garden House," one of the best hotels in the city, and at reduced rates. Full particulars will probably be given in the next paper. Prompt responses will much facilitate the work of the Committee.

J. M. PLUMMER.

Chicago, Eighth mo. 18th, 1875.

#### ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.

Those in the East expecting to attend this meeting, both with a view of going in company and other advantages, would do well to forward their names to 706 Arch street, Philadelphia.

J. M. T.

#### FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting on Fourth-day next, Ninth month 1st, at 8 P. M., in the Hall, 820 Spruce street, Philadelphia. All interested are invited.

N. E. JANNEY, Secretary.

#### ITEMS.

CALIFORNIA is divided geographically, and will probably some day be divided politically, into northern and southern halves. The total area of the State is 189,000 square miles, or about four times the average of the Atlantic States, and two very respectable members might be formed from the ten degrees of latitude which now comprise one. The Sacramento River and its entrance form a

natural dividing line, crossing the State near its center. Two great valleys, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, extend from this central depression, north and south, for 200 miles respectively, and these valleys form the most striking feature of California topography. The Sierra Nevada wall of mountains encloses them on the east, and a chain of lower mountains, with multitudinous short breaks, known as the Coast Range, on the west—except where the river has cut through them to San Francisco Bay. Beyond question, this immense basin was at an earlier period an inland lake or sea, and its outlet was across the narrow neck between the south end of the Bay of San Francisco and the Bay of Monterey. The Golden Gate is, geologically speaking, of more recent origin.—*Boston Transcript*.

HERR G. WEX, the Director of the great Danube Works at Vienna, has handed in to the Austrian Imperial Academy an elaborate report on the extent to which the mean level of rivers is falling, so as to seriously interfere with navigation, while, at the same time, the floods are increasing in height and severity. Both these actions are produced by the same cause—the clearing of forests, which causes the rain water to run more rapidly off the land, instead of being retained there to feed the springs and maintain a constant supply for the head-waters of rivers. The Academy referred the subject to a committee, which has presented a report confirmatory of Herr Wex's views; and it has been resolved to endeavor to collect information on the subject of the actual discharge of rivers for a series of years, from all countries.

JOHN G. WHITTIER ON O'CONNELL.

AMESBURY, August 5th, 1875.

John Boyle O'Reilly, Esq., Secretary of Executive Committee of the O'Connell Celebration, and others:—Dear friends,—I thank you for the invitation to the O'Connell Centennial Celebration to-morrow. Very much to my regret I am not able to be present. But all who know me will verify my assurance that you can have in attendance no heartier admirer of the great patriot, orator and philanthropist than myself. More than thirty years ago, in an elaborate and carefully-prepared paper, I defended him from the unjust attacks of some of my countrymen; and I have seen no reason since to retract a word of the very high praise which I then awarded him.

He was a consistent Christian reformer. To use his own words, he hated all tyranny and intolerance, social, political or ecclesiastical. By birth and conviction, a faithful member of the ancient Church, he asked nothing for Catholics which he was not ready to ask for Protestants. He was no reactionist. He believed it his privilege to co-operate with the Divine Providence in making the world better and happier; and held with his brother religionist Lamartine, that to oppose the progress of civilization and humanity was to sin against the Holy Ghost. His philanthropy was logical, and therefore universal. Freedom, in his estimation, was just as dear to the Spaniard, the Italian and the American slave as to himself.

Honor, then, to the great Liberator! We all, Americans and Irishmen, Protestants and Catholics, claim a share in this Celebration. Anything narrow, partisan or sectarian would ill become the occasion.

I am, gentlemen, very truly your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 4, 1875. No. 28

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MEMORIAL OF CHESTERFIELD MONTHLY MEET-  
ING CONCERNING HENRY W. RIDGWAY,  
DECEASED.

The following Memorial, taken from the  
minutes of Men's Yearly Meeting, has been  
aid aside for publication in our paper for  
several weeks, and appears to us to be a fitting  
article to take the place which has been for  
some time occupied with extracts from the  
Journal of his friend and cotemporary, Wm.  
Dorsey:

Under the conviction that the lives and  
characters of those who have become con-  
vinced of the truth, and who have submitted  
to the cross, have been a strength and encour-  
agement to survivors, we have been induced  
to prepare a Memorial of our deceased friend,  
Henry W. Ridgway.

He was born, in Philadelphia, Seventh  
month 5th, 1804. His parents, Joseph and  
Esther Ridgway, were esteemed members of  
the Society of Friends.

He received a good education, mostly at  
Friends' schools in his native city.

In the year 1827 he married Elizabeth  
Voolley, daughter of George and Elizabeth  
Voolley, of Philadelphia.

For several years after his marriage, he  
manifested little regard for the restraints con-  
sequent upon a religious life, and in the in-

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dulgence of his natural propensities, wan-  
dered far from his Heavenly Father's house.  
His course was suddenly arrested by the op-  
eration of the Divine light in his conscience,  
which deeply exercised his mind, and effected  
an immediate change in his feelings and con-  
duct.

Having neglected the attendance of our  
religious meetings for several years, he now  
felt under obligation to assemble with his  
friends, who encouraged him in the change  
evinced by his grave deportment and devout  
feelings.

During this time of close trial it pleased  
the Shepherd of Israel to bring him under a  
deep sense of condemnation. After a painful  
conflict of mind—waiting reverently before  
the Lord, and seeking knowledge of His  
truth, he was humbled, and submitting to the  
Cross of Christ, became qualified to extend  
counsel to others.

On the 17th of Third month, 1838, he re-  
moved with his family to live near Cross-  
wicks, Burlington county, N. J., and in a few  
years after opened a boarding school for boys,  
which he taught until within three years of  
his death. The benefits derived from his in-  
struction and care have been freely acknowl-  
edged by many who were formerly his pupils.

In the First-day school established at Cross-  
wicks a few months before his death, he be-  
came a deeply interested and active worker;



and amongst his fellow-laborers has left a vacancy which is sincerely lamented. To the children he was a loving father and kind instructor, anxious for their mental improvement and spiritual welfare.

Feeling deeply the importance of a good education for all classes, he bestowed much labor to promote the interest of the Public School in his district.

In the cause of human freedom, and for the welfare and civilization of the Indians, he manifested a lively interest.

Against the use of intoxicating beverages he bore a firm and unwavering testimony, and his frequent and earnest appeals to the young, to avoid so debasing a practice, will, we trust, long be remembered by those to whom they were addressed.

With a mind well endowed by nature, he possessed a corresponding tenacity of will, which, while giving force to his character, sometimes led him aside from the true Guide; but we believe his peace was regained by humbly prostrating himself at the mercy-seat, before the all-loving Father, who understands the struggles of His children.

In the ministry his delivery was clear, his reasoning forcible and comprehensive; and in expounding his views of the doctrines and principles of the Society of Friends, he was at times led to discriminate between the outward form of Jesus, and the inward spiritual presence of Christ, the power of God, which would lead out of all darkness into the glorious light and liberty of the truth.

Being concerned to encourage all in the exercise of their civil and religious duties, his mission was not confined to the members of his own Society, but extended to others not of our fold, calling them to a life of practical righteousness.

When traveling in the ministry, he was particular to obtain the concurrence of his friends, and his visits in the service of the Gospel, though frequent, were not generally very extensive nor long continued.

Near the close of his life, his public communications were increasingly acceptable to those who attended his particular meeting.

During the winter of 1869-70 he had an attack of pneumonia, and while yet in his sick room a stroke of paralysis, which affected his speech for a short time.

Partially recovering from this sickness, he still continued active in his religious and social duties; the activity of his mind and his sense of responsibility often prompting him to personal exposure which his constitution was not able to bear.

In Second month, 1873, he was again prostrated by disease; a protracted illness ensued, during which he endured severe suffering

with exemplary patience, and was centered in peaceful resignation in the prospect of his approaching dissolution. He felt fully satisfied and confirmed in the faith he so often advocated, and was frequently and earnestly engaged in prayer and praise, never appearing to lose confidence in the love and mercy of his Heavenly Father; we believe he felt justified in adopting the language of the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforward there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

He departed this life on the night of Fourth month 21st, 1873, and was buried at Cross-wicks on the 25th, where a large and solemn meeting was held, and several testimonies borne to his virtues, and to his labors for the promotion of truth.

From The Christian Register.

PERCEPTION OF GOD.

BY C. PALFREY.

There are truths more certain than even mathematical axioms. They may be called vital in the sense that we instinctively and unconsciously live them. We may throw doubt upon them by our formal logic, but our conviction of them perpetually returns. The attempt to get rid of them is like trying to sweep back the rising tide of the ocean. They underlie all our thought, feeling and action. To deny them is to make our whole being an illusion.

Among these truths are the reality of the external world, the future invariableness of the laws of Nature, our own personal identity, the freedom of our wills. We may logically disprove either of these truths, but our conviction of them remains; or we may establish their truth by very plausible arguments, but those arguments are not the real foundation of our belief of them, nor do they justify the strength of the conviction that we already possess. The objective reality of the material universe, and the immutability of natural law, are fundamental and essential postulates of all scientific inquiries, yet science cannot by any methods of her own, or by any that she can borrow from metaphysical philosophy, justify the first of these assumptions, nor has she any right, in any grounds of her own, to affirm that gravitation may not cease throughout the universe to-morrow. In all her investigations science proceeds upon a faith which is not scientific, but must be acknowledged in the last analysis to be religious; a faith that there is somewhere or other an honesty that will deal



fairly with us, and will keep in the future the promise that the past has pledged to us.

I conceive the existence of God to be a truth of the class I have described. I conceive it to be *given* in our nature; that, consciously or unconsciously, we assume it in all our thought, and live it in all our life. The idea naturally arises in all men, in different degrees of purity and elevation, according to each individual's previous mental, moral and spiritual culture. But, in some form or other, it all but invariably presents itself. Atheism is an exceptional and rare state of mind. If a soul has really lost its sense of God, it is to be regarded as being in a diseased, perverted state, and the right method of treating it is to use the means for restoring it to its natural and healthy state. Then this faculty of discerning God will resume its function.

Many excellent books have been written for the purpose of demonstrating the existence and the wisdom and goodness of God from the indications of design everywhere traceable in His works. They are composed of examples such as may be drawn at random from the boundless storehouse of Nature, of exquisite contrivances for wise and beneficent ends, showing that in every department of the material universe that man has yet searched, intelligence, wisdom and goodness are constantly at work. And yet, I imagine, a young person, educated in the knowledge of God, who reads one of these books for the first time, for the purpose of finding a complete logical foundation for his whole faith, lays it down with a feeling of disappointment. The very attempt at proving a truth of such transcendent importance produces a feeling of dissatisfaction, by seeming to imply that the opposite of that truth is at least supposable, and then the amount of proof does not seem to justify the fulness and depth of the faith he actually possesses. An experienced friend might relieve his perplexity by telling him that he has made a mistake in trying to rest all his faith on the manifestation of God in His works alone, that He is revealed in other ways besides this, and is apprehended by other faculties besides the reasoning intellect. Such books as I have alluded to, and all study of nature with a view of tracing the ideas of the creative mind, have most important uses. They are delightful exercises of intelligent piety. They make us feel the intimate presence of the All-pervading Spirit. But they suggest more than they teach. They awaken a vivid consciousness of the presence of that being of whom we know more than the outward world can teach. Each one of those beautiful adaptations of means to ends, of which every animal, every plant and every stone, the heavens above us

and the dust in which we tread, are full, is not merely a representative of just the amount of wisdom and goodness implied in its production, it is a symbol of infinite wisdom and perfect goodness. The strong and deep instincts of our nature lead us to believe in a God of absolute natural and moral perfection, and these expressions of His mind are perpetual remembrances of the God in whom we so believe.

And so of all arguments and reasonings which purport to establish this fundamental truth of all religion. When we look through them to the bottom, we find that they are arguments for a foregone conclusion, attempts to justify in the court of logic a native, vital faith that we already have, and which is more sure than any logic can make it. Why not rest in that faith and let the logic go?

The very inwardness and instinctiveness of this vital faith make it difficult to bring it into clear view. We may observe, however, some broad indications of it in the universal life of men. We could, indeed, do nothing without it. We could engage in no enterprise having reference to the future, if we did not believe in the stability of the laws of nature, which enables us to calculate probabilities, and affords ground for rational expectation and hope. The husbandman buries his precious seed in the earth, expecting it to increase many fold. The manufacturer takes the stream of water into his service, and makes it turn his ponderous wheel, and divides and distributes its power till it does the work of innumerable delicate fingers, and weaves the clothing of multitudes. The merchant sends out his venture to the opposite hemisphere, entrusts it to the mercy of the winds and sea, and to the honesty of unknown men, with faith that it will return to him after many days with greatly increased value. Ask them why they embark so boldly in enterprises, the results of which are in the distant future, and they will return an answer that implies an undoubting confidence that the laws and powers of nature, so called, will continue to operate as they always have done. But why should they? Why should we expect the continuance another day of the established order of things? Who, what, is going to maintain it? Either we must take a decidedly atheistic position, or we must acknowledge this established order to be the appointment and act of God. Unless we deny the existence of God, we must see that this trust of ours is ultimately reposed in Him.

In general, we are looking forward to a comfortable if not happy remainder of life. We are not anticipating wretchedness and anguish. Though we are aware of our liability to trouble and sorrow, we expect that



many sources of enjoyment will always be open to us, and that life will be to us, on the whole, a blessing. We could not bear any other prospect. In all such anticipations we are paying an unconscious tribute to the good providence of God. Take away this instinctive faith, and we should be reduced to the misery, despair and inactivity under which the most wretched hypochondriac ever suffered. All the difference between that condition and our usual condition of cheerful activity we owe to the presence of this principle. It may be latent in the soul, "deep below the deeps of conscious being," but it is there. Just as latent heat pervades all matter, and fills it out, and gives it volume, so does this vital principle pervade the soul and make it what it is. Without it the soul would collapse. And as heat can be expressed from all matter by a strong and sudden force, so does the pressure of great and sudden calamity bring to the surface the hidden sense of God, and compel lips that were never known to pray, to utter themselves in strong cries to Him for help.

The body needs the solid earth as the foundation of its being, the floor on which it walks, the center to which it is held, the source of all its supplies, the fulcrum of all its efforts, the prime condition of all its motion and activity. The soul has a corresponding need, and the supply of it is God. He is the foundation of its being and the source of all its supplies. Without Him it could be and do nothing. In Him it lives and moves.

#### THE FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

##### REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE FOX.

HOW SWARTHMORE HALL, THE FIRST PLACE OF MEETING,  
LOOKS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AFTER ITS ERECTION—  
THE BURIAL-GROUND ADJOINING, ETC.

(Concluded from page 423.)

At the time of his marriage Fox was 45, and had been a religious teacher and preacher since his nineteenth year. When a boy, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, who was also a grazier and wool dealer, and he imbibed a religious turn of mind while tending his master's sheep in Leicestershire. During the Commonwealth, when the "Established" religion was Presbyterian, this remarkable man was sometimes permitted to occupy the pulpits of the parish churches, but he would frequently challenge the ministers to open dispute in the midst of the service, and was frequently excluded and forcibly expelled from their churches. Both he and his wife were often imprisoned, and in 1671, with twelve others, they sailed for Barbadoes. On their return two years afterwards they were joined by William and Gulielma Penn and

held several meetings. They soon afterwards visited William Penn at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, and while making their way north, Fox was imprisoned, and his wife returned to Swarthmore, where she was joined by her husband, after fourteen months spent in Worcester jail, it being his first visit to this place after his marriage. He continued to preach until 1690, when he died in Grace Church street, London, and now lies buried in Bunhill Fields, in that metropolis. Fox suffered much persecution and ill treatment, all of which is faithfully recorded in his journal, which is pronounced by Sir James Mackintosh, to be "one of the most extraordinary and instructive narratives in the world."

Upon leaving Swarthmore Hall my guide pointed out the house of a Mr. Moore, near by, who kept the keys of the meeting-house, and I now had an opportunity to see the interior of this old building. You enter a narrow hall, a small room on the right being used for women's meetings. The seats in the meeting-house proper are plain pine benches, and it will not accommodate more than one hundred, while the platform runs the whole width, upon which there is a bench capable of seating about fifteen. At present the congregation, men, women and children, numbers about forty, but none of them live in the immediate vicinity. In the rear is a gallery with six closed panels, worked by pulleys, which will seat fifty or seventy-five persons, but it is now used only as a ventilator. This gallery forms part of the original Petty's house, which Fox purchased from his stepdaughters, the main part being the addition built by him, all of which, with the adjoining field, was given up by the great founder, the first paragraph of his motion being couched in the following language:

"I do offer and give up freely to the Lord forever, and for the service of his sons, daughters and servants, called Quakers, the house and houses, barn, kiln, stable, and all the land, with the garden and orchard, being about three acres of land, more or less; with the commonings, peats, turfings, moss, and whatsoever other privileges that belong to it, called Swarthmore, in the parish of Ulverston."

A burial-ground adjoins, containing not more than a dozen graves, the tombstones being slate. The old Friends' graveyard is at Sunbrick, several miles distant, where Mrs. Fox was interred, having survived her second husband nearly eleven years, and dying at the age of 88. The old meeting-house contains several interesting mementoes of its founder. Two of the ebony posts of his bed stand within the passage, and serve as jambs in a doorway leading to the gallery. On each side of a bookcase in the center of the



principal meeting-room are two old, carved oak chairs in excellent preservation, one of which belonged to George Fox and the other to his wife Margaret. There is also a heavy oaken chip-box standing by the stove, in which it is said the great preacher kept his books, and which he took with him to Barbadoes. The most interesting relic, however, is the Bible, which belonged to the founder of the Society, from whose heavy sides dangle the lock and chain by which it was formerly secured to the preacher's platform. It is a black-letter folio printed in 1541, and is known as the "Treacle Bible," because of the following translation of the last verse of the eighth chapter of Jeremiah: "I am hevy and abashed, is not there not tryacle at Gylyad? Is there no Pyscyon there?" It is a copy of the second edition of Cranmer's Bible, which was first printed in 1539, and which was the authorized version of the English Church until 1568, and that from which the Prayer-book version of the Psalms is taken. Another curious verse is 1 Cor., ch. v: "A lytle leuen sowreth the whole lomepe of dowe." The title-page is quaintly illustrated, and is a remarkable specimen of wood engraving at that early period of the art.

As to the designation of this unique body of Christians, in his twenty-second year George Fox entered in his journal that he had gone into Derbyshire and found "friends" there. As their number increased they became known to each other by this endearing title, and a strong fraternal feeling has always characterized members of the Society. According to their own authorities, which are, I believe, universally regarded as truthful, the term "Quakers" was first applied to them by a persecuting magistrate at Derby 200 years ago, because George Fox "bid him tremble at the word of the Lord." We must look for their origin not alone in a desire for liberty of conscience excited to a high pitch by the severe laws of Elizabeth to produce uniformity of worship, but also the repugnance of their quiet, peace-loving natures to the practice of the early Dissenters to resort to the sword. I brought away with me from the meeting-house several specimens of Friends' tractarian literature. One is a reprint of the American address on arbitration as a substitute for war, and another gives some very interesting facts in regard to the work of Titus Coan, an American missionary in Patagonia and the Sandwich Islands. Other tracts are doctrinal. The Friends meet publicly "on the First day of the week," and also on some day in the middle of the week, yet they do not consider that either vocal prayer or preaching are essential to the performance of acceptable worship; neither

should it be begun or ended at stated times, but only by the immediate help of the Holy Spirit. Women are called to the work of the ministry, and they base this plank in their platform upon the declaration of the Apostle that "in Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female." As the gifts of God cannot be purchased with money their ministers are not paid for their services. They reject all forms and memorials, even baptism and the Holy Communion. Their repugnance to legal oaths and to bear arms is well known, and this scruple is respected and provided for by the law of the land, both in England and America. . . . It has only been within a comparatively recent period that members of the Society of Friends could sit in Parliament on account of the forms which were made to apply to all; but now there are eight or ten in the House of Commons, the most notable being John Bright. In England, as in America, they are among the wealthiest and most respected citizens, and while they apparently make no strenuous efforts to increase their number, the statistics show that they remain in a healthy state of existence, and there seems to be no feelings of persecution exhibited against them even by the most bigoted. T. F. S.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AWAY FROM HOME.

PORT AUSTIN, Eighth month, 1875.

This is looked upon by some, as one of the "jumping-off" places, and yet, while not possessed of the activity of some of the large Western towns, I have found much here and in the surrounding country to interest me.

The most of the town of Port Austin is located on a perfect sand-bank (of a depth such as I have seldom seen in the most barren parts of New Jersey), after leaving the rocks bordering the lake (Huron) extending back, varying from an eighth to a quarter of a mile, forming a well-defined, perfect ridge, beyond which the soil is of a clayey character, entirely different from the other, and *without sand*. Everything bespeaks that the bed of the lake once occupied this sand ridge; it contains many stones, all rounded, not a sharp-fractured one can be found. Time back, many shells were mingled with this sand, but most of them have been gathered, though doubtless, by a little digging, they still might be obtained, as I myself picked one up. So different is the clay spoken of from this sand, that it is used to top the roads and streets with, the same as we here *gravel* roads, and when incorporated with the sand it makes a firm, solid road. There are no shells found in this clay.

The place itself contains from six to seven



hundred inhabitants, though its township numbers about a thousand voters. It has the usual indispensables of a country town: two hotels (*one a temperance*), blacksmith shop, wheelwright shop, printing office, issuing a very good newspaper weekly, millinery store, with six stores for the sale of miscellaneous articles of domestic consumption, etc., etc. One of these is a very large brick building, apparently well supplied. The proprietors find it too small for their business and are about enlarging it. A saw mill once existed here, but has been suffered to go to ruin.

There are three distinct religious organizations, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. The first named have a very neat church building, almost completed, the use of which they propose tendering to the Methodists when not needed for themselves. There is one member of the Society of Friends residing here.

One of the industries of the place consists in what are termed the "Salt Blocks." I spent some time in going through one, and learned the following particulars: It is supplied from an artesian well 1,200 feet deep—the brine of which is 88 per cent.\* Three pans, each 16 by 30 feet are supplied with this brine, under which is kept burning an intense fire, consuming twelve cords of wood in every twenty-four hours. The heat is equalized as well as it can be by the draft being carried underneath through pipes, but yet the one nearest the furnace mouth will get the hottest, and evaporate the fastest, so much so, that the salt is deposited and the saline properties of the brine sufficiently exhausted, to make it requisite to renew it four times in every twenty four hours, while the other two are emptied only twice or thrice in the same space of time.

The daily product of these three pans is about one hundred barrels. The supply for these is contained in four or five tanks in which the water from the well is placed to settle, which process is assisted by the addition of a specified quantity of lime. If I am not mistaken the *finished* product of each tank is about 110 barrels. The quality and strength of this salt is very good—the finest of which is almost equal to the *ground* dairy salt, and this without any preparation whatever. As fast as it is deposited in the pans, it is scraped up by one or more workmen on to a ledge outside the edge of the pans and from thence wheeled in light hand carts to the bins for its reception. The heat of the evaporating room is almost stifling. As the lumber supply of this section of country is fast

decreasing, some of the proprietors are turning their attention to this business, well knowing that without some such resort, ere long "their occupation's gone."

I have never seen rocks showing such marked evidence of the wear of ages as those that line the bank of this lake. It has not been merely the "drops of water wearing away stone," but the dash of angry waves and storms leaving their impress in holes and channels almost incredible. About a mile and a half from the landing are some very prominent rocks, high and of grotesque shape. The *French* made a settlement here many years since, and named two or three of the most striking "*Point of Barques*," from the strong resemblance they bear from some points of view to vessels bearing that name. On a very fine day when the lake was remarkably placid, a company of five of us rowed up to the point, as well as in and out of numerous caverns worn in the rocks by the dash of the waves, some of them extending in from thirty to forty feet. In one or more places a complete arch has been worn, through which we passed. The visit was one of interest, which I cannot convey in words. We felt thankful the lake continued in a quiet mood, permitting us to return in safety, as our frail craft was not well calculated to withstand one of the storms so often gotten up on a short notice here. Indeed, we should not have attempted it, had there been the least sign of a change in the weather.

During our stay we drove to *Port Crescent*, some four miles distant, and visited a model saw mill. They have one single gang saw for special portions of the work, with another gang or set containing thirty saws, capable of running through two large logs at the same time, and of course turning out at the same moment thirty perfect boards of the regular thickness to which the saws may have been set. There is also a large circular saw of an improved pattern, having movable teeth, so if one gets broken it can be replaced in a short time, and as the saw wears, instead of filing new teeth in the old way, and thus reducing its size, they have only to be replaced. Two or three weeks since this mill turned out one hundred thousand feet per day for six consecutive days. They average about thirteen millions per annum. It is true these figures are diminutive as compared with some of the extensive establishments in other sections of our country, but for this locality the distribution of the amount of wages is a matter of considerable importance. From the rapid denuding of the forests in this vicinity, consequent upon supplying this mill, it is evident that in a very few years this industrial pursuit will have to be abandoned, and then,

\* This *possibly* may be only 84 per cent. as these are the respective data of two wells.



unless the proprietors adopt the policy others have done, of going into the manufacture of salt, *Port Crescent* will be about finished.

But, upon commencing my narrative from this locality, I find I have anticipated somewhat, and have omitted some little matters I had intended to notice. The travel from Philadelphia to Cleveland is now such an every-day affair, and the route and its attractions have been so fully delineated, that no comment is needed from me. While passing a few hours at the last-named place, I was much interested in the paving of a street then going on. Experience has demonstrated everywhere, where the experiment has been tried, that the wooden pavements are a failure. For the first few years it was thought that they would be permanent in our Western cities, and that there was something either in the workmanship or material, that we needed, to render *ours* equally so. But all I have seen of latter times away from home are no more permanent than our own.

But to the paving in question. The soil is first removed to a depth from the level of the street sufficient to replace it first with six and a half inches of broken stone similar to that used for ordinary macadamizing; this is then rolled with a set of iron rollers weighing seventeen tons, which are contained in a frame work propelled by a steam engine at the front end similar to our "dummies" on the Frankford road. After being rolled back and forth over the stones for about forty-eight hours, hot concrete is poured over it to a further depth of three and a half inches, which receives a slight topping of gravel and the road is finished. I inquired the cost. The contractor of this particular job told me, he had undertaken it for two dollars and forty cents the square yard, that the cost varied from that to five dollars. It sometimes is requisite to remove the soil to a greater depth in order to get a solid foundation—of course the cost is proportionately increased.

This thing of paving in large cities is becoming a serious matter, and it behooves us to avail ourselves of all the information and experience we can reach. It is said the pavement above described has proved to be a good and durable one.

I had several hours to stroll round in *Detroit*, but will not weary with any details other than to say, that the City Hall is a fine building which appears to concentrate all the public offices, occupying not only the first, but the second and third stories. I counted sixty-nine steps from the street to this third story! and from this up into the steeple, where they are continued some distance above the bell, 150 steps more.

But I must stop, forwarding this as I do,

with the fear that the readers of the *Intelligencer* may already have wearied with "travel," but as I have endeavored in this hasty sketch to confine myself to the practical, I risk its transmission. If deemed worthy of publication you may hear from me from Chicago.

J. M. E.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We have become so interested in the social reunion at the close of our little meeting that we shall regret to give it up when we leave here.

It has been the custom, when the classes reassemble toward the close, for one of the number, appointed the previous week, to read some selection of prose or poetry. A week ago the superintendent proposed to substitute for this the reading of the "First Query" from the Book of Discipline, and to give time for comments upon it, if any one felt like making them, remarking that some who met with us on First-days were not present at our business meetings. I do not know what others thought of this, but I confess to some fear as to the success of this movement. I feared it would fall flat or be formal. But I was mistaken. Hearing it impressively read, and not having my attention turned at once to the answer, as is the case when it is read in our business meetings, there was an unusual freshness about it. After a short pause, a Friend remarked to the effect, that this Query was not intended to stand as the "First Commandment," which included all the others, but that it certainly stood "first," as regards the *permanency* of our Society, for without assembling together in some way the organization could not be kept up. Another responded to this that it was important to hold up our valuable testimonies to view through an outward organization, as well as to carry them out in our daily practice. He also testified to the advantage he had derived from stepping aside out of the press and hurry of business in the middle of the week, and spending an hour in quiet meditation with his friends. Another, while admitting that he had not heard this Query read for some years, bore ample testimony to its importance. I was reminded too of a remark he made the week before, when conversing on the subject of silent meetings, that few persons, he thought, could sit an hour in profound silence without having their thoughts turned toward self examination. It was intended to resume the subject yesterday, but the time was occupied in arranging



for a picnic to take place next Fifth-day at the meeting-house grounds. It was easy to see in the animated faces of the children, and the bright looks that were exchanged among them, that this was a subject in which *they* were especially interested. I thought, what would our worthy ancestors, who believed with Solomon that "Folly is bound up in the heart of a child," have thought of a picnic on the meeting-house grounds? But, whatever they would have thought, I think that age is made more gentle, more loving, and even wiser, by sympathy with the innocent playfulness of childhood.

As I was away when the number came containing "Home and the Church," I might not have seen it hadst thou not called my attention to it. I take no exception to the opinions of the writer, but my old query returns: are we, as a whole, ready for this good thing? Are the women alive to the privilege it is to be *really* half in church service? Or, are they too ready to fall into the custom of other religious societies, and be in one sense ciphers? And are not the men (though we know there are exceptions) willing to accept this state of things?

I have thought much on this subject of merging men's and women's business meetings in one. The time may come for it, but, I think, there is a great advantage, or ought to be, in the mothers and daughters taking counsel together; and any change that will prevent this, at least occasionally, will be a loss. As in the domestic household there are interests more properly belonging to woman, and which she can best manage herself, so in the great human household there are demands which she can best meet. However, I am open to conviction; and when I think of that high partition at —, I waver.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 4, 1875.

VACATION.—The absence of several of our Editorial Board for a brief space, will be a sufficient reason, we trust, for the dearth of our Editorial column. It may be that, after a short recreation, amid the mountains or at the sea-side, the weekly duties will be resumed with renewed mental as well as physical vigor, and our readers be repaid for any present deficiencies. We would here remark that it is truly pleasant to see the vacant seats in our places of worship being gradually filled by

those who have been spending the summer months in the country.

A friend at one of our little meetings, the present week, said it was a source of encouragement to her to find as many gathered as were then present, as she had heard that our mid-week meetings were very small. But this she felt should not have discouraged her as to the benefit to be derived from thus assembling; as the Fountain of spiritual strength is open to the individual as to the multitude, and upon this should be our dependence, and not upon man.

CORRECTION.—In the notice of Illinois Yearly Meeting in last issue, "Garden House" should read "Gardner House."

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

Some years since you inserted a notice, signed by William Dorsey and myself, calling on Friends to contribute to a fund for the benefit of young persons wishing to educate themselves for teachers, who are not able to pay their expenses in full. This appeal was liberally responded to at the time, and some of the contributors have since yearly forwarded us money for the same purpose. The death of our friend William Dorsey has left in my hands a balance of that fund, which I am anxious to use as intended, and I ask the use of your columns to advise Friends who may know of deserving cases to write me on the subject.

All communications confidential, if so desired.

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE,  
No. 511 Commerce street, Phila.

Eighth month 30th, 1875.

### DIED.

ALBURGER.—On the 9th of last month, Lydia Ann Alburger, widow of the late Wm. M. Alburger, in her 73d year; a member of Green street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

COX.—On the 26th of Eighth month, Stephen Cox, in the 54th year of his age; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race street).

CANBY.—At his residence, "Greenwood," near Hulmeville, Bucks co., Pa., on Eighth month 11th, 1875, Joseph Canby, in the 65th year of his age; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

KIRK.—At the residence of her nephew, Samuel M. Kirk, Cecil county, Md., on Eighth month 12th, 1875, Sarah Kirk, aged 82 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends, of Philadelphia, Race Street.

LEWIN.—At his residence, in Harford county, Md., on Eighth month 11th, 1875, after a long and painful suffering, which he bore with Christian resignation, Amos J. Lewin; a member of Broad Creek Particular and Deer Creek Monthly Meeting.

STARR.—At the residence of her grandparents, William C. and Anna M. Starr, on Eighth month 19th, Mary, infant daughter of Charles W. and Laura A. Starr, aged three weeks and three days.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 63.

(Continued from page 428.)

ST. PAUL'S AND THE SUMMIT OF ST. PETER'S.

Of the long, long array of the churches of Rome it were a weariness to tell; and certainly the examination of them involves endless repetitions. But important works of art are distributed among them, and with almost all, important historic events and interesting legends and traditions of the church are associated.

It was a pleasant afternoon ride out the southern Porta S. Paolo, and along the road to Ostia for about a mile and a half to the splendid basilica which commemorates the martyrdom of St. Paul. Every step of the way, both within and without the gates, is replete with interest. We drive first to the graceful little round temple, which is doubtfully ascribed to the worship of Vesta, and is by some believed to have been erected by Pompey in honor of Hercules. Close to this picturesque edifice is the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, built by Servius Tullius in 578 B.C., and rebuilt during the Republic—the most ancient temple remaining in Rome. Like the Temple of Vesta, this edifice is of very doubtful origin, and conscientious archæologists deny its claims to its popular title. Close at hand is a picturesque old ruined dwelling, laden with ornaments, at one time called the House of Pilate, but now known as the House of Rienzi. The "Last of the Tribunes," however, was not born in this mansion of his ancestors, the Crescenzi, but in a far humbler dwelling, where his father, Lorenzo, kept an inn, and his mother, Maddalena, gained her daily bread as a washerwoman and water-carrier. This heroic man has been eloquently termed the

"Redeemer of dark centuries of shame,  
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—  
Rienzi! last of Romans!"

In these days, when freedom has left her home upon the heights, where alone she dwelt of old,

"And has stept down through town and field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men revealed  
The fulness of her face,"

mankind loves to recall the memory of the enthusiastic Roman, who in the fourteenth century anticipated the good days of the triumph of justice and the reign of peace, and

died a martyr, because his countrymen were not worthy of him.

The Cloaca Maxima, the opening of the great common sewer of ancient Rome into the Tiber, is a stupendous and lasting memorial of the kingly days, built by Tarquinius Priscus 600 B.C. Nearly twenty-five centuries have passed since the construction of this most astonishing archway, through which, according to Strabo, a wagon laden with hay might have passed in some places; it has been unaffected by the shocks of earthquakes and the inundations of the Tiber, and has not trembled under the weight of the ruins which have fallen upon it, and it still serves its original purpose of draining the marshy ground between the Palatine and Capitoline hills. The height of the cloaca is said to be fully 12 feet, and its length 800 feet. Many of the blocks of stone used in its construction are more than five feet in length and nearly three feet in thickness.

Near the opening of the Cloaca Maxima is the Arch of Janus, the god of the Sabines. It has four equal sides and arches, turned to the four points of the compass, and was probably used as a portico for shelter or business by those who trafficked in the famous ox-market, the Forum Boarum, which occupied this site. From the Arch of Janus we pass down a narrow alley, spanned by low arches of brick, to a beautiful clear spring and basin of water, where a group of merry-faced women are washing clothes. This, according to some authorities, is the place where Castor and Pollux watered their horses after the battle of Lake Regillus.

Our attention is called to the landing-place for the Carrara marble, where great quantities of beautiful shining stone are awaiting the magic touch of the sculptor's chisel. Soon we reach the Porta S. Paolo, near which rises the famous Pyramid of Caius Cestius, a prætor, and a tribune of the people, who died about 30 B.C. He requested in his will that his body might be buried wrapped up in precious stuffs. His executor applied to him the law, which forbade luxurious burial, and spent the money partly upon the pyramid and partly in erecting two colossal statues in honor of the dead prætor. The pyramid has a square base 100 feet wide, and is 125 feet high. It is built of brick coated with marble, and in it is a small sepulchral chamber, painted with arabesques. The whole idea seems derived from the mighty sepulchres of Egypt. The pyramid stood here in all its shining newness at the time when St. Paul was led out to execution beyond the city walls, and was, perhaps, one of the objects on which his eyes rested as he took his farewell of a world not worthy of him.



The Old Protestant Cemetery lies just at the foot of the pyramid, and among the many graves of those who have died away from their native land, is that of Keats, which bears this strange inscription, according to his dying request: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The grave of Keats bears the date, February 24th, 1821, and in the New Burial Ground, just at hand, is that of the heart of Shelley, dated July 8th, 1822. It is a beautiful enclosure, shaded with murmuring cypresses and carpeted with flowers, and reposes in the shadow of the old Aurelian wall.

We pass on our way, and soon the carriage pauses before an humble chapel, which commemorates the farewell of St. Peter and St. Paul on their way to martyrdom. It bears the inscription:

"In this place SS. Peter and Paul separated on their way to martyrdom. And Paul said to Peter, 'Peace be with thee, Foundation of the Church, Shepherd of the flock of Christ.' And Peter said to Paul, 'Go in peace, Preacher of good tidings and Guide of the salvation of the just.'"

A rude bas-relief over the doorway represents the supposed parting scene of the apostles. By some authorities it is doubted if Peter was ever in Rome, and if his martyrdom was here, the date is not certainly known.

A grand basilica arose without the gates of Rome, to commemorate the martyrdom of the Prince of Apostles, and under the high altar was the tomb which the tradition of the Church from the earliest times pointed out as the burial place of Paul, whose body was removed here from the Vatican A. D. 251. In the year 1823, during the heat of summer, the roof of the venerable edifice took fire during some repairs, and it was reduced to a heap of ruins; the 138 marble pillars completely calcined; the porphyry columns of the altars and of the tribune split into fragments. It has since been rebuilt, and is again magnificent with frescoes, mosaics, polished columns and mirror-like floors of brilliant-tinted marbles. The exterior is quite homely—entirely out of keeping with the splendid interior—looking, indeed, no better than an ordinary railway depot. A beautiful cloister of the twelfth century, to which ladies are not commonly admitted, was opened to us by the good natured guard, and we were permitted to admire the well-preserved remains of old-time magnificence. I was specially struck with the clustered spiral columns, the channels of which were filled with mosaic work; and with a fine antique sarcophagus, adorned with reliefs of the story of Apollo and Marsyas. In the church, we paused to admire the rich basin of holy water which is upheld by a powerful-looking boy angel in

white marble, who is triumphing over a fine, crouching, manly figure that is furnished with horns and tail, and that has clawed fingers and toes. Half mischievously, I inquired of our priestly conductor who this may be. "Diavolo!" he replies. "Oh," I answer incredulously, "Diavolo is black, but this gentleman is quite white." Whereupon the solemn-looking monk laughs heartily, quite tolerant of our skepticism.

The lower windows of the basilica are all filled with full-length representations in painted glass of saints—fine specimens, I believe, of the best results of modern work in this department; and benignant mosaics of all the popes from Peter to Pius IX look down upon us from high places; but everything is too new and crude to detain us long in contemplation.

The Campagna which lies on this side of Rome is more stricken with malaria, and, in consequence, more utterly deserted than in any other part. But it is of this very region, now subjected to the scourge of fever, that Pliny speaks so eloquently: "Such is the happy and beautiful amenity of the Campagna, that it seems to be the work of a rejoicing nature. For truly so it appears in the vital and perennial salubrity of its atmosphere, in its fertile plains, sunny hills, healthy woods, thick groves, rich varieties of trees, breezy mountains, fertility in fruits, vines and olives, its noble flocks of sheep, abundant herds of cattle, numerous lakes, and wealth of rivers and streams pouring in upon it, many sea-ports in whose lap the commerce of the world lies, and which run largely into the sea, as it were, to help mortals."

Seeing the perpetually recurring ruins which strew the plain as far as the eye can reach, we fully realize that all this region was once densely populated and thickly studded with the villas and gardens of opulent Romans.

It is stated that, under the emperor, the town of Ostia (the port of Rome), fifteen miles distant, reached such a degree of prosperity that its suburbs are described as joining those of Rome, so that the road we traverse to-day was a magnificent street almost uniting the two. But the Via Ostiensis beyond St. Paul's is now a road through a desert, only one human habitation breaking the utter solitude; and the village of modern Ostia is accounted one of the most melancholy places in the vicinity of Rome, having scarcely 100 inhabitants. Extensive plans for the drainage of these fever-smitten plains which laugh with fertility in the midst of their desolation, are now under consideration and are enthusiastically advocated by the progressive and enlightened patriots of Italy.



who are toiling and hoping for the material and spiritual regeneration of this most lovely land. Perhaps the traveler twenty years hence may see this silent plain again filled with people, and something of the joyous and abundant life of the ancient days restored.

The 22d of Fourth month is memorable to me as being the day on which I ascended to the top of the cupola of St. Peter's. The sky was clear and the weather mild and not too warm, so that the ascent of about 500 steps was very well repaid by an extended and most varied prospect. The stairway is reached from a door which opens out of the left aisle of the church, and the ascent to the roof is by a spiral-winding way, up which a horse could very easily mount. The walls of the staircase, which is very well lighted, bear memorial tablets of all the royal personages who have ascended it. The only British prince whose name is here recorded is the Prince of Wales, who made the ascent into the ball in 1859. He would think neither the feat nor the personage of such great importance as to require much notice. We reach the roof without much fatigue, and find ourselves on a solid pavement of considerable extent and shadowed by thirteen colossal statues of Christ and his Apostles, which tower along the façade. They look diminutive from below, but now the mighty proportions are revealed, and we can believe that they are indeed eighteen and a half feet high.

From the footstool of St. Matthew I picked an ambitious little sedum, which had located itself in this stony soil, and pressed it in my note-book, and was admiring the wondrous persistence of the vegetable world in taking every possession of places sacred and lofty, when I noticed a boy sitting away out in front of the apostolic statues, diligently cutting out the grasses, mosses and other plants which were investing the stone. He sang a merry, careless chaunt as he worked away on the rocky precipice, evidently not all awed by the danger of the situation, nor by the figures of saint apostles who towered above him.

The elliptical Piazza below, with its gushing fountains, its imposing obelisk, its sweeping colonnades, is diminished and refined by distance into a sort of semblance of a vast mosaic picture, over which antlike multitudes are passing and repassing. Many little things diversify the plane of the roof, and there are quite a number of habitations for the workmen who are yet employed upon the mighty building. The great dome rises 300 feet above the roof, and is 612½ feet in circumference; and the prospect of going up looks rather laborious, inasmuch that my mind decides not to attempt it.

"Is it worth the effort?" I ask friends who

come down. "Oh, yes," they reply, "but the way is a little hard." So up I go, along a series of passages and flights of stairs, winding between the double walls of the perpendicular part of the cupola, and am admitted by a guard into the inner great circular gallery, which looks down upon the church below.

The stupendous proportions of St. Peter's are now fully appreciated. The people moving about upon the pavement are strangely diminutive, and the mosaics of the dome, which are just overhead, are seen to be very coarsely executed, though from below they appear to be exquisitely minute and delicate. The giant evangelists with their emblems are quite close at hand, and one can see that the pen of St. Luke is seven feet long, and that everything in connection with them is quite in the same proportion.

An exultant sense of the majesty, completeness and glory of the great temple—a triumphant feeling of delight that man has been able to rear so noble an edifice for the praise and worship of the Highest—is experienced as the gazer lingers in the inspiring gallery; but one remembers that time is limited, and that the work of ascending to the top of the dome will occupy some minutes. At the foot of the stairs I meet a pilgrim, who warns me that the time is nearly gone; but on I mount, in hopeful trust. The way is very narrow, and it is impossible to stand erect. One shoulder must press upon the inner wall, while the outer almost grazes the other, and the number of steps seems endless. At last—at last—the end seems approaching, and I rejoice at the glory about to be revealed from the elevation; but here comes the custodian, descending, with his big key. "Too late!" I ask despairingly. A look of comical sympathy flits over the face of the guardian of the lofty gallery, a friendly hand is reached down to me. "O madama mia!" he exclaims, and I am helped aloft, and stand face to face with the wide world once more.

The whole of Rome—her present extent and her imposing ruins, with the bare Campagna, spread out like a map, in the foreground—is revealed. On one side are the noble Apennines, dim with distance, and still wearing their winter caps of snow, and the nearer Alban hills; while on the other the distant Mediterranean could be seen, were it not for the delicate blue film of mist which rises from the marshy, malarious plain, and veils the western horizon. The home of the ancient Latin race is all in full view, and one wishes vainly for a convenient seat, a good, helpful book and chart, and hours in which to study this noble map of one of earth's most suggestive historic regions.



"How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay  
Along this plain?"

and how many tragedies have been enacted on these fields; how many triumphal processions have entered the ancient gates, bearing the spoils of the nations, and leading sad hosts of captives, to wear the terrible yoke of slavery, or to die in the gladiatorial contest?

To the northeast lies Mont Sacer, memorable in the early contests between the plebeians and patricians of the Republic. Says Rogers:

"Here the hill,  
How holy! where a generous people, twice,  
Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate  
Armed; and, their wrongs redressed, at once gave  
way,  
Helmet and shield, and sword and spear thrown  
down,  
And every hand uplifted, every heart  
Poured out in thanks to heaven."

Looking northward over the Etruscan land and the picturesque hills which bound the view, one recalls the sad later days of decline and ruin, when the rude barbarians from the the mysterious lands beyond the Alpine snows came down in fury on the smiling plains of Italy, crushing out the old civilization, and quenching the light of long ages of culture, in blood.

"From the depth  
Of forests, from what none had dared explore,  
Regions of thrilling ice, as tho' in ice  
Engendered, multiplied, they pour along,  
Shaggy and huge! Host after host they come:  
The Goth, the Vandal; and again the Goth!"

But the time is exhausted, and I must descend again to the common level. I count the steps as I go down, and think I find nearly 500 to the Piazza of St. Peter's; but the view obtained, on a bright, calm day, from the top of the dome is well worth all it costs, only one should have much more time to linger on the airy height.

S. R.

Fourth month 22d, 1875.

From the Methodist.

#### THE HOLLOW LAND, AND HOW IT WAS MADE.

Prof. Austin Bierbower contributes to the *Ladies' Repository* an interesting article on "The Dutch, or Amphibious Industry," from which we extract the following pages relating how the land of the Netherlands was won from the sea:

"While of other countries it can be said that the people have made the nation or the civilization, of Holland it can be said that the people have made the country itself, land and all. The original materials for the construction of Holland consisted almost entirely of sand that had been thrown up by the ocean, and of mud that had been carried down by the Rhine and Meuse, which there

find their way to the sea. This sand and the Dutch have industriously collected in many cases, fished up from great depths else transported from great distances, and within barriers, and, by various other means, secured. Having carried on this business for hundreds of years, they have built for themselves a respectable country and are still continuing the process in order of accomplishing something more. Saying the origin of Holland, and such energy of the people which have produced the country and the people, in their agriculture, furnish many features of industry which make them, perhaps, the most remarkable in Europe.

"The land, being of such human condition, is required to be surrounded by great embankments, to keep out the sea. These dikes extend along the whole coast side, and largely also along the river and internal lakes and seas. They are generally thirty or forty feet high and one hundred feet thick, and sometimes may be seen in rows, one behind another, like the successive ramparts of a fortified town, and sometimes rising, one above another, like the graduated terraces of a French garden. They are constructed with great difficulty and cost, to the sandiness or marshiness of the soil, which often makes it impossible to get a foundation for them. The Dutch generally sink down great piles, or trunks of trees for their base, or else lay immense beds of gravel or mason-work beneath the waves; which the superstructure is built up, of the same materials, but more common, stakes, brush straw, clay and mud, which are filled in together to make it water-proof, and heaped up to make it high enough and strong enough to resist the violence and pressure of the ocean. These great walls, which are around and interlace as a network all over the land, are still being daily built upon and stored, as they have been in all ages, and are so far from being a disadvantage, are so far from being a great part of the industry of the people.

"The land of Holland lies, for the most part, lower than the ocean. As you go upon the dikes the country has the appearance of a great bed or basin that has been scooped out. It looks like one great hollow whence, indeed, the name of Holland is derived. The great ocean rolls apparently rolls up on the one hand, and the land descends on the other; so that you do not help thinking that the land ought to be where the ocean is, and the ocean ought to cover the land. On approaching the sea you go up instead of down; so that the expression 'up to sea' is a common expression among the Dutch. . . .

Not unfrequently the dikes break, or the waters of the North Sea, driven by a northwest wind, rush southward into the English Channel, and, as the Straits of Dover are not wide enough to let them pass, are hurled back upon the coast of Holland, rising to extraordinary tides and bearing heavily against the dikes. This is a time of apprehension and danger to the Dutch. Their soldiers, who are kept always on guard against their great enemy, the ocean, give the alarm, when the bells throughout Holland ring, and the people hurry to the defense to rescue of their land. They spring to the dikes, and proceed to strengthen them and raise them higher; and for a while, as the tides recede, it is a race between the ocean and the Dutch. Time and again have the Dutch been overwhelmed, and as often saved their country. Occasionally, however, the ocean has been too powerful or too quick for them; when, rushing through or rising over the dikes, it has overflowed the greater part of Holland. There have been some thirty-two of these in history, any one of which would rival that of Noah or of Deucalion. At these times the Dutch spring to their boats and either flee or rush to the high places on their eastern borders, where nature has built them an occasional Ararat; and from there they see their country, cities and homes sink out of sight.

In one of these overflows fifteen hundred and sixty dwellings were submerged; another, in 1287, the Zuyder Zee was dried up, when eighty thousand people perished. In the flood of 1570, one hundred thousand people were destroyed, and a less number of towns and villages. In fact, has been the history of Holland ever since the first flood, and destruction after destruction, until periodical desolation has become the custom of the country. . . . Much of the land of Holland consists of lakes and marshes which the Dutch have dried up. These industrious people, not content with fishing the dirt out of the water, have expelled the water itself and settled in the dry places. Some of these seas and lakes had formerly been very dangerous. In humble imitation of the ocean, they used to overflow the Dutchmen's land, drowning men and villages by the thousands, so that they had been surrounded by dikes, scarcely less formidable than those of the ocean, and constantly to be watched. The manner of drying these seas is as follows: The Dutch surround them with canals, and then build wind-mills on their banks, with which the water is pumped out into the canals. They next open the water through these canals to the ocean on the border, where it is pumped out

by other wind-mills into the ocean; or where, when the ocean is at low tide, they open the flood-gates and spill it out *en masse*. They next sow the bed of the former sea or lake with grass-seed, and for a few years the newly-acquired land supports great herds of cattle; after which potatoes may be raised, and soon all other crops. The Dutch are now talking of drying up the Zuyder Zee, as they have already dried up the Lake of Haarlem.

"Another source from which the Dutch recruit their lands is the sand-banks and shoals of the ocean. They go out into the ocean and hunt for shallow places; and when they find such they drive back the water off them and fill up the land until they get it about on a level with the surface of the water. They then build dikes around it, and secure it as they before did their own shores."

#### SUMMER AMONG THE FARMERS.

The sea-shore, the mountains and the farms alike attract us from the bustle, heat and dust of the city in the summer season. Give us for our vacation no crowded hotel, no garret-chamber, no more of the show and expense of luxurious living, no more of the city carried with us, inseparable from us, when it is from the city we propose to escape. The sea has its eternity; the mountains set the mind on aspiration; but the scenes of rural life afford more simple enjoyment, so far as nature is concerned. They fatigue less the powers of the common mind. And they have one other pleasure: they bring us into close connection with the pursuits, the privileges and the needs of our fellow-beings, the farmers, of whom we know too little in our city life.

Many people always envy the farmer. It is nature's first profession. Out of the ground in some way comes all our life. All other classes in society, traders, manufacturers, statesmen, mechanics, live by the farmer. He is the father; all others are the children. The city, with its art and elegance, is only the flower, and the country is the root from which it grows. The rumbling wheels on stony streets grew in the farmer's woods; the houses themselves, the palaces, the structures of finance and law, were cut in his forests, and dug out of quarries on his land. All the fine prancing horses were first fed in his pastures; and most of the comfort and show of raiment with which the streets and churches and saloons of fashion abound were grown on the land in this or some other country. We know it is common enough to say all this. Public speakers try to flatter farmers in saying it, and the farmers themselves sometimes entertain a homely conceit in thinking it over, or indulge in an awkward pride, or in a jealousy that leads to complaint, while compar-



ing their apparent success with that of other classes in the world.

But the farmer has his side of the story to tell. He thinks he works too hard. He bends his back to the toil; he urges hard his spade and his plough; he thrusts the hay with stout arms upon the highest loft. His day is long. His work is well ahead, while his city brother still turns himself uneasily under the broad light of the summer's morning. The work, too, is sometimes repulsive. The earth, from which our food is drawn, is dust to fill the nostrils; it is damp clod to cover the heavy boots. The fertilizers of the barnyard, of the fishes from our coasts, or from birds of distant islands of the Pacific, are not as sweet as violets and heliotropes, the clear air of the garden or the parlor. The farmer is not always dressed to his own taste. His humble labor makes a lowly look. And then his return from all his toil at last he thinks is small. It is often scarce more than his living. He often works along under a heavy mortgage on his estate, and the storekeeper has a bill against him to use up all the money which his harvest brings. Such is often his own idea. But the comparison he makes to his own disadvantage is only the way in all professions of life.

The farmer works hard and long, it is true, but he has a long vacation in winter, short days between morn and eve, and light work till the sun gets up in the southern sky. He works hard, and he uses brain-work, too, or never succeeds; but he never gets softening of the brain through hurrying, painful demands on his intellectual powers. If he rises early for his long day, he sleeps soundly at night, and has no dreams of trade, and notes, and customers, and rivals, of clocks striking before the money is in hand, and the fatal risk of speculations that get upset just at the moment of success. The city work is very hard also. It makes severe demands on the powers of the mind, and awakens anxieties and passions it is not good to entertain. The city man wants to go into the country at last; the farmer, in old age, seldom thinks of going down into the city for rest and enjoyment.

The farmer has one great blessing; his work is out of doors. As he opens the door of his house or his barn to go to work, it is not the brick walls of opposite neighbors he looks upon, nor stifled air that has got no refreshing in the night, that he breathes. He looks far along at some beautiful scene. The hill, the mountain, the forest, the field, are before him and around. He treads on the soft grass. The earth is all quietly alive with seeds he has committed to its laboratory, or with nature's verdure. The oxen, in their meekness, stand ready to be yoked by him.

They swear no oaths at his demands upon them, but are ready to work with constant step and swaying neck by his side. The sky is above him—the lofty, broad sky the seldom sees—blue in its clearness, or covered with clouds. From its great storehouse of the heat and rain that feed his crop, and air that feeds his breath. Between him and the everlasting firmament nothing intervenes. The loftiest warehouses and offices of the city, the sky-piercing spires of churches, sink into insignificance in the comparison. It is true the farmer does not always meditate on these things. But who will say that the sky above, and the tance around, and nature in its various forms of animate and inanimate life, do not have vast influence on those who live and toil in the farmer's life? And to one who meditates on them, not all the wealth of city streets and luxurious apartments can at all vie in the comparison. A man might buy or build a house, or find or buy a diamond to glitter on his bosom or his finger; no one can buy a landscape. The sunshine and the air, the lowing herds, the tinkling bell, twittering birds, the spire embosomed in trees, the babbling brooks and breaks and sparkles of the runs, are not to be purchased.

The farmer has another great blessing. Getting much of his living without the constant use of money, he is not in the way of measuring all things simply by their monetary value. It is the curse of city life; no doubt it often infects the country also: "What does it cost? What can you get for it?" But the farmer has strength, and iron, mental power, eloquent speech, to have a market value. But the farmer does not come down to his table, and never knows the cost of a mouthful. Butter and eggs, and milk, and bread, and pork and beef, for the most part, all grow for him. He makes no ledger account of them. He pays no stable when he rides, and never knows at what expense his horses, oxen, cows and sheep are fed. His home, very likely, he has inherited from his father, or in some way he pays rent for it, and, however humble, he feels it is his own. He sometimes thinks it a hardship that he fingers money so little; but, if he would rather be what he is, monarch of all he surveys, than have nothing, getting nothing, enjoy nothing, except by the countenance of pay of bills or coin. Happy the farmer who feels his reasons for content, who, never did, holds money and money's worth at true value, and knows that his comforts and pleasures are beyond all price.—*Christian Register*.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.—Genius has little virtue has none; and every one pure of good can become purer and better still.

Selected.

## SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
 And suns and stars forevermore have set,  
 The things which our weak judgments here have  
 spurned,  
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes  
 wet,  
 Will flash before us, amid life's dark night,  
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
 And what most seemed reproof was love most  
 true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
 God's plans go on as best for you and me—  
 Now, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
 Because His wisdom to the end could see;  
 And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
 God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
 Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
 And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send;  
 We could push ajar the gates of life,  
 And stand within, and all God's working see,  
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
 And for each mystery find there a key.

Not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
 God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;  
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,—  
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold;  
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
 Here we shall clearly know and understand,  
 I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

## COME, LABOR ON!

Come, labor on!

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,  
 While all around him waves the golden grain,  
 And to each servant does the Master say,  
 "Go, work to-day?"

Come, labor on!

Claim the high calling angels cannot share,—  
 O young and old the Gospel gladness bear:  
 Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,  
 The night draws nigh.

Come, labor on!

The laborers are few, the field is wide,  
 Few stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;  
 From voices distant far, or near at home,  
 The call is "Come!"

Come, labor on!

The enemy is watching, night and day,  
 To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away.  
 While we in sleep our duty have forgot,  
 He slumbered not.

Come, labor on!

Way with gloomy doubts and faithless fears!  
 O arm so weak but may do service here,  
 Y feeblest agents can our God fulfill  
 His righteous will.

Come, labor on!

O time for rest, till glows the western sky,

While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—  
 "Servants, well done!"

Come, labor on!

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;  
 Blessed are those who to the end endure:—  
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
 O Lord, with Thee!

—The Moravian.

THERE are customs, incidents and supposed necessities of our common life which pass almost unnoted by us, because they are familiar, but which even to us, if once they could be brought freshly to our notice, would seem shocking and barbarous. We may gain an idea of the impression we should receive of war, or our treatment of criminals for instance, by detailing the processes to an unspoiled child, and witnessing the surprise, sorrow, and indignation which he would manifest by turns as the pitiful story was poured into his ears. We should shrink from making that cruel experiment upon the child, and thereby we testify to our latent horror of that which we consent to, because we count it unavoidable.—*Liberal Christian.*

## SPELLING REFORM.

Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's Inaugural Address, as President of the American Philological Association, was a cautious argument, with the spelling-match mania for a text, in favor of gradual reform in spelling. In Connecticut, where such a thing could hardly have been done without the support of such men as Dr. Trumbull and the Yale philologists, the Legislature has appointed a commission to consider and report on the expediency of adopting a reformed orthography in printing the laws and the journals, and in books used in the public schools. The argument that appeals most strongly to the average Connecticut mind, no doubt, is that based on the expense of teaching children to spell, and the cost of printing silent letters. It is claimed that not less than \$15,000,000 a year might be saved in the United States by introducing an easily-learned phonetic orthography that would dispense with useless letters. It looks bad for the preservation of the old orthography when the scholars and philologists join forces with the iconoclastic utilitarians. Dr. Trumbull quoted leading philological authorities as expressing themselves to the effect that the "historic interest" claimed as the protection of bad spelling, is "not there." In many cases the bad spelling is misleading as to history and etymology, and while it is not needed by the scholar does not help the ignorant. English spelling has dropped the *e* from *wickedness*, and changed *public* from *publick* and *publique*, without present sense



of loss. And so it will be with future reforms. As for bringing about those reforms, the President of the American Philological Association thinks it could be effected by adding, under an agreement between leading scholars in England and America, to the list of words "in reference to which present usage in the United States or in England sanctions more than one way of spelling," which is now prefixed to "Webster's" and "Worcester's Dictionaries."—*Boston Transcript*.

### NOTICES.

Philadelphia First-day School Union will meet on Sixth-day evening, Ninth month 10th, at 7½ o'clock, at West Philadelphia Meeting-house, Thirty-fifth and Lancaster Avenue. Essays bearing on the cause will be acceptable. All invited.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day, Ninth month 17th, at 3 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting room, Race street (being the same day that the Representative Committee meets). Full attendance desirable.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

Library Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Ninth month 8th, at 8 o'clock.

### ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING

We have partially made, and expect to perfect, arrangements with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy; Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; and Illinois Central Railroads, by which persons attending the Yearly Meeting will, on receiving certificates of attendance, be returned for one-fifth fare from their starting points on either road to termination of trip on such road.

Full fare will be paid coming in all directions, one-fifth on returning. On behalf of Chicago Committee,

CHARLES YOUNG.

The Committee will be in attendance at the Gardner House on the 9th and 10th inst. This hotel fronts on Lake Michigan, and is opposite the Inter-State Industrial Exposition Buildings.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 5th,	Reading, Pa.,	2 P. M.
" "	Abington, Pa.,	3 P. M.
" "	Chester, Pa.,	3 P. M.
" "	Constantia, N. Y.,	3 P. M.
" 12th,	Warrington, Pa.,	3 P. M.
" "	Center, Del.,	3 P. M.

### ITEMS.

On the 26th ult. the steamship Ohio sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool with a cargo consisting in part of boxes of peaches.

"It is expected that the fruit will be landed at Liverpool in a perfectly sound condition, through the agency of a new method of refrigerating. The steerage portion of the vessel was fitted up for the storage of between 2500 and 3000 boxes of peaches. The apartment is constructed of matched pine lumber, with a dead air chamber surrounding it on all sides, and is made as nearly air-tight as possible. The refrigerating process is that of the Bate Refrigerating Company, the principle being to keep up a circulation of dry, cold air through the fruit. This is accomplished in the following manner: A

large galvanized iron tank, capable of holding fifteen tons of ice, is placed in the center of the room. It has no bottom, and is raised about six inches from the floor, and rises to the ceiling; it is securely braced and stayed, to prevent shifting. Drainage is provided through lead pipes. Wooden gratings are placed on the bottom, and the tank filled with ice. A small engine, of five horse-power, placed near the refrigerator, between decks, runs a blower, which forces a column of air through a pipe one foot in diameter immediately upon the top of the ice, and thence through the ice and out at the bottom of the tank, where it circulates through the crates of peaches, and escapes through numerous outlets, leading to a return pipe, which takes the air to the blower again.

"It is claimed that by thus circulating the same air through the ice, its temperature becomes reduced to about 35 degrees, causing it to part with its moisture which is deposited on the ice, and find its way out of the drainage pipes. More or less moisture is removed from the peaches, but only sufficient to dry their surface. The temperature is too low to promote fermentation, and it is claimed that refrigerated fruit is much less likely to rot after being taken out of the refrigerator, than that just plucked from the tree."—*Public Ledger*.

The Smithsonian Institution has just received from the Santa Barbara Islands of California fifty tons of relics, in the shape of stone implements of every description. These implements were taken from vast tumuli and graves which had become almost obliterated. A Spanish navigator who visited the Santa Barbara Islands three centuries ago reported that the aboriginal population dwell in "well built houses," and were advanced in civilization beyond the kindred tribes.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, speaking of the Geographical Exhibition now open in that city, says: "So fine a collection of maps, globes and scientific instruments has never, it may safely be said, been before seen. It is chiefly installed in the restored southern wing of the Tuilleries, reaching up to the topmost story, but there are annexes on the terrace alongside the Seine, and the National Library forms an additional annex, the valuable maps, charts, &c., of that institution being thrown open to public inspection. One of the walls of the hall in which the Congress will meet is occupied by the map of France, prepared by the military staff, 1818 to 1875. It is on the scale of 1 to 80,000, and this, it is said, is the first time the separate sheets have been put together. A colored line marks off the territory ceded in 1871, which had been surveyed before it had ceased to be French soil. The German, Austrian and Russian official maps are equally elaborate.

The manner in which forest destruction has most directly led to the necessity for irrigation, is, perhaps, the effect it has upon the flow of springs. The roots of forest trees, penetrating far below the superficial soil, conduct the water accumulated on its surface to the lower depths to which they reach, and thus serve to drain the superior strata and remove the moisture out of the reach of evaporation. This insures the permanence and regularity of natural springs not only within the limits of the wood, but at some distance beyond its borders, and so contributes to the supply of an element essential both to vegetable and animal life. As the forests are destroyed, the springs which flowed from the woods, and, consequently, the greater water-courses fed by them, diminish both in number and volume.—*Boston Transcript*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 11, 1875.

No. 29

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.  
Joseph S. Cohu, New York.  
Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## "TRUE MODERATION."

Those whose privilege it has been to be  
nurtured in a society that makes a practical  
application of the command, "Whether ye  
eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do  
all to the glory of God," and who often hear re-  
peated the counsel, "not to engage in business  
beyond their ability to manage," must look  
with amazement at the disclosures sometimes  
made in our public papers. The desire to  
conduct an extensive business, and to accumu-  
late great wealth, becomes, when unre-  
strained, a passion. There are indeed noble  
instances of men who have used the oppor-  
tunities of an extensive business to benefit  
those they employed, and who have regarded  
their wealth as a trust committed to them not  
for self-indulgence, but for high and beneficent  
ends. But it would probably be found that  
in these cases the *start in life* has been made  
under the restraint of *religious principle*, that  
the wealth acquired was the fruit of patient  
industry and not of hazardous speculation,  
and that none of it was wasted in luxury and  
extravagance. But without religious restraint,  
the love of money is indeed "a temptation  
and a snare" from which we need not only  
pray to be preserved, but to accustom our-  
selves often to consider what are the ends and  
purposes for which life is given to us. We  
may use the sad pictures sometimes presented

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of wealth acquired at the sacrifice of health  
both of body and mind, to say nothing of  
moral principle—a life of misdirected powers,  
ending perhaps in self-destruction, "to point  
a moral."

When we consider the needs of our mortal  
life, the food, the clothing, the shelter and  
warmth, the needs induced by social life,  
refinement and culture, and that *money* is the  
medium by which these are satisfied, we are  
at no loss to perceive how necessarily strong  
is the impulse to acquire it, and how hard it  
is to break the habit of acquiring, when that  
necessity is no longer felt.

Our sense of justice is satisfied, when those  
who indulge in wild mercantile speculations  
and extravagant living, reap in bankruptcy  
and ruin, what they have sown, but when the  
frugal and industrious are involved in the  
loss, often because of ignorance, we may be  
tempted to conclude that justice is not dis-  
pensated with an even hand. But we have  
sometimes hard lessons to learn, and suffering  
is the best teacher; and even when we cannot  
profit by its lessons, our experience may  
teach others. He or she who entrusts the  
earnings which are to make old age comfort-  
able with those who promise a larger percent-  
age than is usually obtained for the use of  
money, should know that they run a *risk*;  
and if knowingly they take this risk, they  
should not complain if they lose, provided



there has been no dishonesty. Women who make their own living, and have nothing to depend on when sickness or age comes, but what they can save, should learn enough of business matters not to be misled by the representations of the over-sanguine or reckless. They cannot afford to lose, and should therefore be content with *safe* investments, though they yield a smaller income. If they have but little knowledge of business matters, they should seek advice from persons of known caution and prudence, who have no motive of self-interest to bias their judgment.

Over-trading, over-manufacturing and over-doing in almost every department of commerce have been followed by consequent depression, yet the tide of luxury and extravagance still flows on, and the thoughtful cannot help asking, where is it to end? As individuals, we may do something to stay it by a proper education of our children. We should not, as our means increase, adopt a style of living which shall enervate them and lead them to regard as necessities things which are merely luxuries; and if they are to inherit wealth, we should teach them, both by precept and example, how to make a right use of it. Is not the responsibility for the use of what we have, whether of wealth, talent, education or influence, too little taught to our children? Thus leaving them to find out, often by sad experience, and after wrong habits have been acquired, what is the true purpose of life.

While the discipline of our Society enjoins moderation in business, simplicity in manner of living and justice in our dealings, it says nothing about liberality in giving. Perhaps the omission means, that he who, from religious motives, is just in his dealings, moderate in business and simple in style of living, will of necessity exercise a wise liberality; if it does not, there is room for a clause on this subject. S.

*Philadelphia, Eighth month, 1875.*

#### OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

BY M. J. G.

The meeting of ministers and elders convened on Seventh-day, Eighth month 28th, 1875, at Salem. The attendance was about the usual number of their own members, with an unusually large company of Friends from a distance, with minutes; among whom were Samuel Townsend, of Baltimore; Thomas Foulke, of New York; John J. White, of Philadelphia, and James W. Haines, of Indiana Yearly Meetings; Esther Haviland, of New York, with Anna M. Birdsall and John W. Pierce as companions, Anne S. Clothier, of Philadelphia, with her husband, Caleb Clothier, as her companion, and Rhoda

Hocket, with Rebecca Fravel as her companion, of Indiana Yearly Meeting. Ann Packer and Wm. Parry, from the same Yearly Meeting, were in attendance, without minutes.

What seemed a very interesting circumstance was that our young ministering friend James W. Haines had as his companion his aged grandfather, Griffith Hinchman.

Many lively testimonies were borne to the truth as held by Friends, and it was a time of awakening and arousing from a state of slumbering ease to one of activity and life in the power of Divine truth. The occasion was one of unusual solemnity, and to be gratefully remembered as crowned and favored with the Divine Presence and Power baptizing all in the oneness of the Spirit, and the bond of peace.

In the afternoon there was a meeting of the Representative Committee, at which most of all of the above-named Friends were present with several other members from other Yearly Meetings; among them, Martha S. Townsend, companion to her father in religious service in the Western Yearly Meetings, also Louisa Powell, both of Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

This session of the Committee was also of unusual interest, as there were introduced into it some subjects of wide and deep importance. These were, the necessity of a sound and pure literature being brought into use both in the family and the schools for Friends children; the direful and calamitous evils of intemperance with all their train of woes which was dwelt upon with great warmth of feeling. Lastly, and not the least important was our great and vital testimony to peace and the necessity of using all our influence in favor of international arbitration in the settlement of national difficulties, in the consideration of which much pertinent counsel was handed forth. The result of the consideration of these subjects was the appointment of a joint committee of men and women Friends, to prepare, should way open for it, reports or memorials to be presented to the Yearly Meeting while in session.

At the meeting on First-day morning there was a full attendance, the house being crowded. During the time occupied in comfortably seating the gathering, minds present were dipped in earnest and concerned desires that none might go away hungering, or panting for the water-brook. To the questioning minds waiting for outward ministration, in due season came the words, "In vain ye teach for doctrine the commandments of men," from which text succeeded a forcible explanation of our views, in which the outward was clearly separated from the spiritual, and

our mode of worship presented as a living exponent of a spiritual acceptance of Scriptural worship, and closing with a short review of our faith, which, however vague to the stranger ear, is ever beautifully sweet and new to those who have grown to trust in it.

Following this was a discourse introduced by the assurance that God who in times past spoke by the prophets, and in the last days by His Son, still tabernacles in the heart of man, and that all that we *do know*, in the fullness of spiritual things, is what is manifested and owned by this Presence. The central idea of religion is this manifestation of God in the soul of man. All hope of growth in religious life clusters around this. Feeling His presence and the love of Him in the heart, is the foundation principle upon which to build lives of purity. The condescending kindness and love of God for the children of men was beautifully, feelingly and impressively dwelt upon. The necessity of regeneration was urged, and it was shown that the conversion necessary is, coming to the Father and seeking to be taught of Him, bringing the whole conduct of life under His divine government. The danger of commencing to doubt the testimony of the inspired writers was pointed out, and it was shown that these doubts might end in causing us to reject all things except such as could be proved to the natural senses. Since we know there is only a small part of the physical phenomena around us that we can understand, it is great presumption to say the records of the Bible are false because we fail to grasp their import.

The meeting becoming unsettled by unseasonable words from one not a member, all were entreated to bear, with charity, and to gather into a silent, prayerful state before separating. During this the voice of prayer arose, bearing a supplication for all states present, under the baptizing influence of which the meeting closed.

(To be continued.)

From the Christian Register.

#### THROUGH FAITH TO LIGHT, THE DIVINE METHOD.

"An evil and adulterous generation seek after a sign," and yet the Lord would not say that all who so seek are evil and adulterous. The God in whom we would believe hides Himself sometimes very wondrously, and the better land of which we would catch foregleams is very far off. If scoffing Jews require a sign, so also do trusting disciples say, "Lord, increase our faith!" for we are groping in the darkness, and the ways of Him in whose hand we find ourselves, are in the deep. You tell me that I must believe; well, what

sign showest thou, then, that from vision may spring persuasion? Sometimes the sign is given. Sometimes faith comes by seeing. Sometimes we are permitted, with Thomas, to put our finger into the print of the nails. Speculate as you will about the possibility and the reality of miracles, the fact remains that many have been brought through their influence into high and blessed trusts. Men see, or think that they see, in the world about them manifest tokens of the Divine presence. Nature is to them, in childhood's season, at least, a Divine marvel and mystery. In the story of our race they find the hand of God. They fasten upon some striking event in their own lives, and say, "Lo, God is here!" They see by the light of science, by the testimony of history, by the course of their own experience, and seeing they believe. Most various are the ways by which we are led into the strength and joy of faith. So long as we reach the end we need not dispute about the ways, and by all means should we refrain from the poor endeavor to show the simple-hearted believer that his sign is no sign. He will find out that when the time comes, then he will no longer need what he no longer reverences.

*What sign showest thou, then?* Sometimes the sign is given, but not always, not ordinarily, and we must not too eagerly press this demand. I cannot avoid the persuasion that we are asking this question too much in our day, and to the neglect of other questions. Men write what they call "Aids to Faith," and if you examine them you will find that they all propose to show us signs by which we are first to see, and so to believe. A great deal is said about "a visible church," *i. e.*, a church which can be seen. This is to be our sign. A great deal is said about the miracles of the New Testament, and the attempt is made to convince our doubters that by virtue of sure testimony they as good as see them here and now. And some who disown both church and miracles dogmatize with amazing confidence about what they call the truths of natural religion, God, Providence and Immortality, as if the reason of man could see them as the bodily eye sees the firmament and the earth. . . . Now, the difficulty about all these attempts is just here: that they invert the ordinary Divine method, which is not from sight to faith, but from faith to sight, and that if they fail, as they often must, to make us see, they suffer us to be hopeless as if there were no other way out of the darkness. Certainly these attempts to demonstrate religion are not as successful as one could wish. Romanists, born or adopted, may talk very confidently about their visible church; but it is the nineteenth century, and



we cannot see it any more. Signs are of no service to us unless we recognize them for signs—that is, unless we have faith in them; and it is not seldom found to be the case that the signs of one age are the stumbling-blocks of the next, so that men who ought to be practicing religion are spending all their time and strength in studying its evidences. I find amongst very sincere persons quite radical differences as to signs. Denominations are divided about these questions. The Church of England, through her regularly-constituted authorities, refused to confirm a sentence of punishment passed upon her priests for a laxity of sentiment as to the body and form of our religion, which has scarcely been exceeded by our extremest naturalists. Moreover, it is very evident that the strongest thinkers are the least inclined to speak of the demonstrations of religious science, the proofs which make Divine things visible to the human mind, short methods with atheists and materialists, arguments which are to silence forever the questioning or denying Sadducee. As the most believing Jew can point to no sign before which the doubter confesses himself absolutely persuaded, so the wisest Greek of them all can utter no wisdom which shall stamp unbelief as an exposed absurdity. It is hard in these days to make men see. I fear that it is going to be harder. The saddest reading I find is what is written by our modern defenders of the faith. I see how unsatisfactory much of what they have to urge must needs be to those who are trying to argue themselves out of their doubts, and have heard of no other way. Small comfort does it give one when they return from the East with an inscription from Ur of the Chaldees, or with a manuscript snatched from the stove of an old convent! Can it be that the life of the world hangs upon such threads as these? Of course, all these attempts to verify and enlarge our religious science have their value, and by all means we would learn and know the truth; but none the less do we need to be reminded that there is another way to faith, a way which, by the very highest authority, has been pronounced more blessed. "Thomas," said the Lord, "because thou has seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." We walk by faith, not by sight, so long as we are in these bodies, and we must not make faith depend upon sight. What if it should turn out to be just the other way? What if our power of really seeing anything should be conditioned by our measure of faith? What if all true science should prove in the last analysis to be founded on faith? At all events, there are ways of increasing our faith without enlarging our knowledge. There are ways of making such knowledge as we already have

more and more elevating, and, what is of the utmost importance in these times, we can be made independent of the change of human opinion, and the progress of science shall be only gain to us; we can be carried above the conflicts of the various schools into the calm region of pious contemplation, and we shall see the kingdom of God always true in the idea, in the eternal thought which it pleases God to share with His children, however its realization in the actual and visible world may be hindered and limited.

We say, then, do not require a sign. Signs at their best take the soul by violence. They command without persuading. They bind the truth upon us as something external and foreign. They do not change us into the pure substance and blessed image. They leave us still at the mercy of changes and chances. Do not require a sign. What, then, it will be asked, shall I seek instead? I answer in a word—the *Spirit* of faith. "We have in this same *Spirit* of faith of which it is written," saith the apostle. This is what we want. Without this everything else will be of little value. And how are we to have it? Let us see.

First of all, and absolutely essential, if we want more light upon divine things and divine persons we must be true to such light as we have, and so rise higher in the scale of being, nearer to the Light of lights, nearer to God. And this is always possible. Men talk sometimes about our moral condition as if we were one of absolute darkness, as if we were wholly without guidance. No one can seriously think so. What can be plainer than the distinction between right and wrong, evil and good? How the words stand out in clear, strong antagonism wherever man is! There is that which we all do know. It is beyond all peradventure. If it were written on the blue arch above us, some astronomer might make out the inscription to be a congregation of stars, a fire mist, a natural phenomenon of some sort; but it is written upon our souls, and so is forever out of the astronomer's reach. What a wonderful and altogether Divine knowledge this is into which we come just so soon as we emerge from animalism and unconsciousness! How glad some persons would be to get rid of it! How surely the very effort to do so fastens the conviction upon the soul! Now here is something to begin from, something to build upon. If ye have this Light, walk in it. Be true to conscience. This brings you nearer to God than any mystic contemplation. And drawing near to God, save in this spirit, is simply a delusion. This makes you capable of His highest gifts. This prepares for the good seed the good ground. . . . How can



be asking for a sign, a token of God's presence, if I suffer this voice in my soul to be inheeded, if, when the command is given, and I know it, I do not obey upon the instant? Why should I ask God to convince me that He spake by the prophets and lived in Jesus Christ, when I try to forget that He is speaking to me in this very hour, as indeed He is? An increase of superstition there may be, an increase of sectarian bigotries and formal ecclesiasticism, but no increase of faith; rather a steady decline where the rights and privileges of our moral being are lightly regarded. The decay of holy living must always be also the decay of hearty and abundant believing. The *spirit* of faith has been grieved away.

And next to obedience out of a good heart, indeed as the direct issue of such obedience, name the desire and the prayer that God would give to us this boon so precious and yet so manifestly beyond our reach. When we really wish for it in all sincerity, with even the longing that we feel for the good things of this life, when our desire moves our lips to prayer, and we entreat the Giver of every good thing to bless us, even us also, as He has already blessed so many of His children, we shall have what we seek, not all in the same measure, but all in abundant measure.

We may hesitate to desire and seek for outward gifts; we cannot be sure that they will be good for us; we make known our requests as loving, believing children should. If they are denied, as they often will be, we know that it is better so; but of this we are always sure—here revelation uses the most unqualified speech—it is good for us, yes, sometimes indispensable, that we should have more faith, more I mean of its very *spirit*. What a help and comfort it would be to so many; yes, even to those who are doing their duty now, but in a hard and hopeless way! What a blessing to have a strong, joyous faith in God and Christ and immortality! I mean, of course, in the large doctrines, for the faith which works and consoles, and changes earth into heaven, is not curious about particulars and small points; it does not pry into mysteries; it is so real a faith that it leaves ways and means to God. It has been well said that the faithful husbandman does not think it needful to make his bed in the field, and watch night and day the growth of his corn; he plants the seed and tills the ground, and trusts to Providence for the rest, and the harvest does not disappoint his confidence. God has promised to give us this good thing. Why cannot He who has given us already a little give us more? If we would only take Him at His word! We see how incapable

we ourselves are of those acts of faith which would be so unspeakably blessed. No confession is more common than this. If you ask me to cross the street, and lift up some poor fellow who has fallen down, I can do it. God has given me so much power as that, though how what I call my will moves what I call my body, is, and it is likely ever will be, a profound mystery; so much, however, I can do; and when it becomes a prime necessity of my life to believe when my heart so craves that my lips cannot refrain from entreating for the gift of the Spirit of faith, when I have learned enough about it to know that it is more to be desired than anything else in the world, then I shall seek and I shall find; it will be unto me according to the promise, and persuasions shall spring up within me, unfolding, growing, strengthening, gradually, gently, becoming a part of my better self, as the new life flows up into the tree in the spring-time, and is presently manifested in bud, and leaf and flower. . . . Then the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; yes, His love also. You shall scarcely be able to understand what men mean when they tell you that science is atheistic; or why they are listening so anxiously for what Darwin, Huxley or Tyndall will say next. I am sure they will say nothing, if they are men of true science and not mere charlatans, that will not increase my faith in the God of all power, and glory, and beauty, whom all things reveal, who declares unto man with each new age more and more of His eternal thought. I am not afraid of knowledge. Every day I lament my ignorance. I wish to know all I can. Gladly would I follow all these earnest explorers. It does not disturb me at all to find that man has lived many more thousand years upon this planet than we have been accustomed to suppose. I think that God was here before him, and that He is here with him, and that He will be here after him. Do you ask for a sign? Look at your own hand; pluck the first leaf from the first tree; watch the tiniest insect. Do the metaphysicians say that here are no *proofs*, properly so-called? Be it so; nevertheless, the works do reveal the Work-master. He manifests himself in them. Do you ask for signs? They shall not be wanting, and of the very kind about which so many are questioning, and you shall find everywhere real aids to your faith. The Scriptures, old and new, Jewish and Christian, shall be signs to you; persuasive to a most blessed trust, vehicles of the most religious ideas. In unknown tongues they shall utter the wisdom of God in a mystery. In the clearest speech they shall prophesy of



peace on earth and immortality beyond the grave.

R. E.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

##### SOUTHERN QUARTERLY MEETING.

Having been in attendance at the late Quarterly Meeting held at Easton, Md., a short account of it may not be without interest. So very little is known by the majority of the members of our Yearly Meeting, of this, one of our most distant branches, that more frequent visits to it might be advantageous to both visitors and visited.

The Quarterly Meeting held on the 25th ult. was not large. Friends are few and widely separated. If, however, there were but a very few of the old and middle-aged to appear in the garb that some of us so love to see, there was that in the countenances of the younger people that gave evidence of a desire for spiritual growth.

There were no strangers present, with minutes, but amongst those drawn there by a loving concern for the welfare of the people was D. H., of Pa.; A. T. and J. H., of New Jersey. Others attracted there by the power of sympathy sat silently with them.

Robert Hatton, of Indiana Yearly Meeting, was present. He purposes removing with his family from their present home in Ohio, having purchased a farm on Miles river. He will no doubt be a valuable addition to their little band.

The Youths' Meeting, held on the 25th, was more largely attended, and the earnest utterances given forth on the great value of a life of practical righteousness were listened to with marked attention. The condition of schools in this quarter was inquired into. At Easton a good school was established a year ago, and has been quite successful, more pupils offering than Friends thought it advisable to take.

Other localities appear weak as regards ability to place their children in schools under the care of Friends. A First-day school, of some 30 children, is held at Easton, and much interest manifested.

This is one of the oldest settlements of Friends on record; the minute-book, which it was my privilege to examine, was in a good state of preservation. The first minute recorded reads thus:

"At a man's meeting at Wenlock Christisons', the 24th day of the 1st mo., 1676. It was concluded by the meeting that the meetinghouse at Betty's Cove should be finished as followeth, viz., to Seale the Gable-End and the Loft with Clapboard, and make a partition betwixt the new roome and the old, three foot high, seiled, and with windows to Lift up and down, and to be hung with hings, according to the

Directions of Bryon Onealy and John Pitt who are appointed by the meeting to have the Oversight of the Same, and to be done with what Conveniency may be."

In the meeting-house above referred to George Fox preached, and tradition says the Miles River was covered with the canoes of Friends going to the Betty's Cove Meeting.

These records are full of interest, and are valued as they should be by those having possession of them. Inventories of estates are there recorded, and want of time only prevented copious extracts being made. One can well imagine how inspiring must have been the situation, in distant time, when hearts that had suffered had found a resting place in this beautiful and fertile locality. No wonder that now any relic of the past is treasured up. A brush was shown, said to be the identical one used by George Fox to brush his hat, though of size and style suitable to be used on other clothing than the hat.

The hospitality of Friends here is truly Southern in its character, and I felt thankful for this glimpse of it. Now that Slavery is a thing of the past, this section cannot fail to increase in numbers and importance. The influence of the few Friends there has been exerted for the benefit of the community, and I was glad to learn that no intoxicating drinks could be sold in several of their election districts, and in consequence their jail had been for months without an inmate.

May they continue in good works, remembering to keep near to the Author of all good who will continue to bless them, and through them their favored locality! L. H. H.

On the 22d of last month Pickering Monthly Meeting was held at Uxbridge, Canada.

The meeting was about the usual size, although but few of those to whom we have long been wont to look as the fathers and mothers of the Church are left to meet together, or have strength remaining to do so. While gathering and sitting in quiet a precious feeling of solemnity seemed to cover the meeting. R. W. and some others were exercised in the ministry, and that which was handed forth appeared to be food meet for the assembly. It was a favored meeting owned, we trust, by the great Head.

Farmington Quarterly Meeting was held at Hamburg, near Buffalo, on the 3d, 4th and 5th of the present month. It was much smaller than usual, owing mainly, no doubt to the circumstance of there being sickness amongst Friends in several different localities also the death of Henry Zavitts, a middle aged man and exemplary Friend, of Yorkmouth, Ontario.

Eleanor Bowerman, a minister of Wes



Lake Monthly Meeting, accompanied by Almira Armitage, of the same place, expects to attend the opening of the new Yearly Meeting in the West.

An account of Bucks Quarterly Meeting, as published in the Bucks County *Intelligencer*, has been sent us, from which we extract the following:

*BUCKS QUARTERLY MEETING.*

A delightfully cool and pleasant day and excellent roads contributed to make the attendance at Friends' Quarterly Meeting at Falls, on the 26th instant, rather fuller than usual. The female members were in the majority, and quite a number of them were obliged to find seats during the first meeting on the men's side of the house. Although the temptation was strong to linger in conversation under the fine oaks that surround the house, the meeting gathered quite punctually at ten o'clock.

The silence was first broken by A. J., who spoke plainly and clearly upon the practical duties of a Christian life. He was followed by S. A., of Burlington county. Then W. L. called attention to the need of liberal and catholic principles in our religious action—the tolerance of different opinions on the part of others, but the grouping of all together on one broad Christian platform. E. Plummer urged strongly the cultivation of spiritual faith, which would enable us to perform the work of our lives in a correct and righteous way. E. Paxson warned the meeting against too much devotion to money-making and worldly prosperity. She had been sorry to see, on her way to meeting, so much attention given to the growing of tobacco, which is useless if not directly injurious to the human race. A prayer was offered by M. C., of Philadelphia. S. P., of Bristol, before the shutters were closed, appealed to the younger people to be punctual to the hour of attending the meeting. She also invited the younger members to remain and participate in the business meeting, instead of collecting in groups outside and disturbing its deliberations by their conversation.

After an interval of a few minutes the business meeting was opened. On calling the representatives of Men's Meeting, it was found that all were present except two. In response to the first query, as to the attendance upon meetings, all the reports agreed in stating that, while the meetings on the first day of the week are all attended and are generally satisfactory, those held in the middle of the week and for the transaction of business are greatly neglected. Such has been

the substance of the reports for at least twenty years past, and the subject is one that has greatly exercised the Quarterly Meeting. On this occasion W. T., of Byberry, briefly urged the duty resting upon Friends in relation to attending meetings—that it was a matter which could not be neglected without incurring a great responsibility. S. S., of Bristol, said that the business meetings would never receive general attention while they are conducted on the present system. The proceedings are now cold and formal; the reports from the subordinate meetings are in stereotyped language; there is nothing in them to interest the active mind or stimulate original thought. Let Friends in their collective capacity engage in works of social reform and elevation; let them show that they mean to do something practical for the good of the human race, and the interest of the younger people will soon be awakened. Friends generally disavow anything looking toward making proselytes, but this will not do if the meetings are to be sustained. In brief, the minds of the members must be awakened by something which they can understand and appreciate, and which will induce them to participate in the work of the business meetings. W. L. rather deprecated the ideas advanced by S. S., but still thought that a great deal might be done to increase the attendance at meetings. The fault does not lie altogether with those who do attend and mould the proceedings of the Society. P. E. said that many members are not aware of the fact that non-attendance is a breach of the discipline. If copies of the discipline were placed in every family at the cost of the Monthly Meetings the effect would be beneficial.

The answers to the second query, as to the maintenance of love and unity, and the settlement of disputes among members, were very satisfactory. In this respect, the influence of Friends' principles is still strongly felt. T. P. and others expressed their satisfaction with the favorable responses on this subject. The query concerning the care of the poor was satisfactorily answered; indeed, it is almost superfluous in this community.

From the Women's Meeting it was announced that the subject of establishing circular meetings in this Quarter had claimed attention. This gave rise to some discussion among the men, although it was not properly before the meeting. The general feeling appeared to be in favor of the circular meetings, but, in order to be regularly acted upon, a proposition must be sent up through the preparative and Monthly Meetings.

A committee was appointed to nominate clerks for the meeting, to report three months



hence at Middletown. The minutes of the last Quarterly Meeting, held at Buckingham, were read; no other business appearing, the meeting adjourned.

In the Women's Meeting the proceedings were of the same character as stated above. The suggestion of holding circular meetings was discussed at some length, but no definite action was taken.

#### READING CIRCULAR MEETING.

Reading Circular Meeting was held on the 5th inst., at 2 o'clock P.M. There were ten members of the Committee present. No recommended minister was in attendance. The gathering was about the usual size for such meetings in that place. The presence of a number of the youth who belong to the First-day school was a noticeable and pleasant feature. Shortly after the meeting settled, one of the Committee arose with the words, "To thy tent, O Israel!" God is thy tent; and in a few remarks invited all present to seek after the peace of God.

This exercise was the foundation of a more extended communication, in which the "peace that passeth understanding," and the necessity of attaining that peace if we would be partakers of the heavenly inheritance, was urged, and some of the points in which Friends differ from other denominations in their interpretation of Scripture truths pointed out. The language of Jesus, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," was offered as the terms upon which this peace is to be realized.

The innocence of the little child must be sought for; if any have lost that state, He that standeth at the door of every heart, waiting to be admitted, will, if suffered to enter, bring back the wanderer and forgive the transgression; then the faith of the little child must be our faith, and its condition of helpless dependence must be realized; we must come to know that it is only as we cast all our care on Him that careth for us, that we can walk safely and attain to any measure of acceptance.

All were exhorted to take Jesus Christ for their pattern—to follow Him in the way of obedience, even if it lead to the cross; that only as we turned from all dependence upon the forms and ceremonies of an outward profession, seeking "the life hid with Christ in God," and walking therein, are we introduced into the fulness of that peace that is promised to the children of God.

Another short communication followed. After a time of solemn quiet the meeting closed. It was felt to be a satisfactory occasion, notwithstanding the regret expressed on

account of the absence of all those who are looked up to as the standard-bearers of the Society. R.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 11, 1875.

ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.—We believe we have furnished all the information necessary to enable Friends from a distance to attend this Yearly Meeting. Several notices have been received in reference thereto from different persons in the West, which we have laid before our readers as promptly as possible, and we hope that all those who feel drawn to be present at its opening will have no difficulty in selecting the most desirable route.

There seems to be yet another duty required of us, which, in great candor and tenderness we will endeavor to perform. This is no ordinary occasion that is calling Friends from the most distant parts of the several Yearly Meetings together. The union of scattered meetings into one representative body that is henceforth to be a rallying point for the isolated ones all over the vast West, who, from various causes, but chiefly on account of distance, seldom or never meet in a Yearly Meeting capacity, marks an epoch in the history of our religious Society.

Believing it to be a right movement in the right time, our great desire is, that those who have banded together to establish the Yearly Meeting may be left free to carry out their own views in its organization and in adopting the rules of Discipline by which its future is to be regulated, that Friends who may gather among them may be careful as to how far they press either their own views or the precedents established by other meetings of similar character.

These Western Friends know their own religious wants, and understand the people among whom they have chosen their lot much better than we of the older settled portions of our common country, and, while doubtless they will be grateful for the interest manifested in their undertaking, they must feel that it is their concern and to themselves belongs the ordering, which must be

adapted to the spiritual needs of those who make up the body. That in the vast section of which it is to be a religious center, there are wants that can hardly ever affect our longer-established and somewhat crystallized usages, must be apparent to every thoughtful observer.

We contemplate with feelings of deep solicitude the responsibilities this action of theirs involves, and most earnestly crave for them in their deliberations the presence of the Great Master of Assemblies, in whose holy keeping we may safely confide every effort that has for its end the advancement of the cause of truth and righteousness.

Never, perhaps, since the organization of the Society of Friends has a Yearly Meeting been set up under such outwardly favoring circumstances and with such prospects of success; this being the case, the responsibility becomes of the gravest character. It is well to look the question full in the face, and be prepared to accept the duties it involves. The various bodies into which the religious world is divided, recognizing the importance of this great field of Christian labor, are straining to the utmost of their ability to carry the seeds of each distinctive creed upon the waves of emigration. We know that in proportion to the fervor and energy of those who lead these movements has been the success attained.

The wildest and most fanatical schemes and beliefs have not failed to take hold of and affect the people; in this excitement of the hour, the emotional and imaginative natures, even of those who claim a part in the faith we profess, have carried many beyond the point at which reason and a clear appreciation of our individual obligations to the Supreme Being, and towards one another, would lead. The query arises, What are Friends of Illinois and the adjacent States, who compose this meeting, prepared to hold forth as the basis of their union and the solid front upon which to "set up their banners?"

The world has passed the boundary at which it was willing to accept dogma simply on faith; it now asks for demonstration. Perhaps it is too exacting, yet it *will know* a reason for the hope that is cherished, and it be-

hooves every denomination that claims to have the highest interests of the race in its keeping, to be outspoken and fearless in the declaration of its principles.

For the Society of Friends, the path is a plain one. With doctrines so simple that the most unlettered may understand and maintain them, yet with an absence of ritual and outward ordinances that needs to be fully and faithfully accounted for to the great body of Christian professors, who are for the most part entirely ignorant of the grounds of dissent, having no hierarchy to maintain, and no confession of faith to call men to but love; love to God and to all the families of men without distinction of race or color; and simple obedience to the Divine will as made known to each rational being by the Holy Spirit, which, as the blessed Jesus declared, will, and does lead into all truth. These are the underlying principles that everywhere must be proclaimed, if it would stand acquitted before the tribunal of the world, and accomplish the mission which, in the Divine ordering, has been entrusted to its hands.

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ERRATUM.—On page 424, No. 27 of this volume, first column, ninth line from top, for "gem," read "germ."

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#### DIED.

BONSALL.—Suddenly, on the 28th proximo, Hannah E. Bonsall, in her 44th year; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting (Race street).

GARRETT.—On the 31st of Eighth month, 1875, Enos Garrett, in the 70th year of his age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

HIBBERD.—In Willistown, on the 29th of Eighth month, 1875, Enos Hibberd, in the 76th year of his age; a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

HILLBORN.—In Uxbridge, Ontario, on the 14th of Eighth month, 1875, of paralysis, Hannah Hillborn, in the 84th year of her age; an elder of Pickering Monthly Meeting.

This aged mother continued to attend meeting until within one week of her decease, and was finally gathered, with but little suffering, into the fold of eternal rest. She was daughter of Moses Hambleton, who, in the year 1808, removed with his family from Bucks county, Pa., into Canada. In 1811 she was united in marriage with the late Stephen Hillborn, when they settled upon a piece of land where they continued to reside the remainder of their long and useful lives, dwelling together in united affection for nearly sixty-four years.

THOMAS.—At his residence, in Chester county, Pa., on the 11th of Seventh month, 1875, Charles Thomas, in the 81st year of his age; a valued member and elder of Valley Meeting.



This dear Friend had been blind for several years, and very infirm for the past year, but continued faithful in the attendance of his meeting almost to the last. He was attacked with paralysis one week before his death, and passed quietly and sweetly away, and, we trust, is gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe.

WALKER.—In Chester county, Pa., on the 30th of Seventh month, Thos. R. Walker, in his 59th year; a valued member and elder of Valley Particular Meeting.

This much esteemed Friend had been a great sufferer for ten years, and although we feel a void has been made not easily filled, we have the evidence that his purified spirit is at rest.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 64.

(Continued from page 444.)

#### THE PAPAL PALACE.

None but those of some artistic culture and attainments can speak fittingly of the enormous wealth of art treasures garnered in Rome. The long story of man's sufferings, toils, conflicts, joys, aspirations and triumphs has been chiseled in enduring marbles, which are as eloquent to-day as two thousand years ago, when they came in semi-transparent purity from the hand of the sculptor. We have spent several days in exploring the wondrous galleries of the Vatican (the Papal Palace), which is said not only to surpass any other collection in its array of sculptures, but all other collections put together. Here are also the highest triumphs of painting; the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo—though the number of pictures is not great, only about fifty, exclusive of the famous frescoes; while the long, long array of sculptures seems absolutely endless. The painful sense of utter physical and intellectual insufficiency oppresses the wanderer, and the mind, long before one reaches the door of exit from the galleries, loses all power of appreciation, the remembrance afterward being like that of a confused dream. But we go again and again, learning at each visit what to pass by unnoticed, and impressions gradually deepen to something like satisfactory permanence.

There is not the slightest pretension to architectural beauty in the exterior of the vast Vatican. It is an immense pile of buildings, irregular in its plan, and composed of parts constructed at different times without much regard to the general harmony, till, as one authority states, there are 11,000 rooms in this endless maze. Hilliard sets down the number of apartments at from four to five thousand—a much more credible estimate.

Another surprising story is, that the Vatican with its gardens and St. Peter's occupy as much space as the city of Turin. This, if

an exaggeration, might very readily be disproved, so perhaps it is reasonable to accept the statement.

Our first visit to the Vatican was devoted to the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel and the wonderful mural paintings of the apartments, called the Stanze of Raphael. We enter through the semi-circular colonnade on the left of St. Peter's, provided with a permit, and are admitted by the armed guard who keep watch and ward, into the hall. We are in a long, lofty entrance-chamber, and are waved forward by the officials. On we go, and then up, and up, and up, with various turnings, till we reach a rather inconspicuous door, on which the name of Sistine Chapel is inscribed, and here ring for admission, enter and stand in the presence of the mighty creations of Michael Angelo. The hall is 146 feet long and 50½ wide, and the lofty ceiling and walls are all occupied with the stupendous frescoes which have so long been the wonder of the world. Of course, the attention is first given to the vast altarpiece which covers one end of the chapel. It is sixty feet high and thirty broad, and represents the terrible scene of the final judgment of mankind.

One turns away from such material representations of Divine wrath, feeling more than ever the wisdom of the Lawgiver of Israel in prohibiting His people from limiting their spiritual conceptions of the Divine majesty by any sculptured or pictured semblances. The artist has been inspired only by the letter which killeth, and has not soared to the spirit that maketh alive. As a study of the human figure in every possible attitude and expressive of every emotion, it is said by competent critics that nothing in pictorial art approaches this tremendous fresco, which occupied eight years of the old age of Michael Angelo, being completed in 1541, during the Pontificate of Paul III. The decoration of the ceiling of the chapel is also the work of the same great master, and is far more satisfactory as an expression of the genius of the painter than is the altarpiece. The whole story of the creation, the fall and the deluge, as given in the Book of Genesis, is grandly told in a series of nine pictures, beginning with the separation of light from darkness, and ending with the intoxication of Noah.

From the Sistine Chapel we pass onward into the series of apartments in which the genius of Raphael has found its expression in frescoes of such delicate grace and wonderful power, as to have been at once the delight and the amazement of the world. Again, and again I found my way to these magic rooms of which the interest is quite inexhaustible. We read the legends of the church in the universal language of pictorial delineation.



and these are supplemented by illustrations of the wisdom and virtue of the Grecian. Here stand Homer, Virgil and Dante in high converse, and Sappho is addressing her poetic strains to Corinna Petrarch and Anacreon. On the other hand is "The School of Athens," with fifty-two ideal figures of the sages and teachers of Greece.

To wander through these halls is like reading, one after another, noble poems, now grand and heroic; now sad and tender; now mystical—always most beautiful.

It is quite a long distance from this enchanted land to the gallery of pictures, a series of apartments at the very top of the Vatican, where, among other precious works, are the "Transfiguration," by Raphael, and the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino, considered the greatest pictures ever painted. The "Transfiguration" was unfinished, when the artist died suddenly, at the early age of thirty-seven, and it was suspended over his couch, where he lay in state, and afterwards preceded his body at the funeral, while the last traces of the master's hand were yet wet upon the canvas. The graceful lines of Rogers in his "Italy," which commemorate this incident, are often quoted:

"And when all beheld  
Him where he lay—how changed from yesterday!  
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head  
His last great work; when entering in, they looked  
Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece;  
Now on his face, lifeless and colorless,  
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,  
And would live on for ages—all were moved,  
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations."

The scene delineated is that described in Mark ix—the Transfiguration, occupying the upper portion of the canvas, while the demoniac boy with his father, in the presence of the perplexed disciples, is seen below. Says Goethe: "Beneath is Suffering craving for Aid; above is Power and helpful Grace. Both refer to one another, both work in one another."

We sat long in front of the great picture, and as it is so arranged as to catch the best possible light, we were able to appreciate its profound and heart-moving significance, which has so often been explained—spiritual light, life and hope above, with mournful helplessness, suffering, degradation and unavailing pity below.

Just opposite is the "Communion of St. Jerome." After looking at these great pictures, one has but little delight in examining the other works beyond. There are martyrdoms, miracles, ecstasies, holy families, madonnas, and faintly legends pictured by great masters, but the custodian strikes his key ominously against the door in warning that we must now

depart and give him a chance to dine, and away we go to the outer world of the present and the real.

Descending the long, long stairs, we reach again the hall of entrance, whence we may now visit the manufactory of mosaics in the Vatican, where the great paintings which we have been examining have been copied by this enduring process. It is a wonderful art, and we spent an hour watching the careful artistic work by means of which a painting is transformed to stone, and made well nigh as permanent as the sculptured marble.

The workmen were engaged in building up a series of portraits of the popes, which are destined for France, I think, and, as they are meant to look down from a considerable elevation upon the world, the work upon them is coarse though effective. Some of the pieces of enamel used are half an inch square, and they are ground and fitted together with the nicest care. Great knowledge of art, we are told, is required for the performance of this work, and the number of enamels prepared amounts to many thousands.

The process is painfully tedious, from twelve to twenty years being required for the completion of a large picture, but the work is amazingly beautiful and perfect, requiring the very best of eyes to distinguish the mosaic from the finest painting. Nearly all the great pictures which adorn St. Peter's are mosaics.

The Galleries of Sculptures, which are entered from the rear of St. Peter's, are so vast that we must make many visits before feeling that we have even seen them. There is a sense of real satisfaction in seeing this vast array of marbles of every age so worthily placed. Here are long avenues, wide spaces, and abundant light for the marvelous creations of the sculptor; and, were it not for the chilling cold of the marble floors, I should wish to linger for hours in the society of heroes and gods, and of those myriads of graceful creatures in which the sculptor of the antique days embodied ideas which seemed to soar above the human estate, and yet could hardly claim equality with the highest immortals who dwelt upon Olympus.

The great collection gives an idea of what must have been the extent of the treasures of sculpture which were accumulated in Rome during the days of her power and splendor. The wealth of all the world flowed into the central city, and thither talent of all kinds must have been attracted, for here was to be found its richest rewards.

The ideal sculptures all seem to be Greek, but I am much interested in the portrait-busts of eminent Romans, which preserve for us the strong, rugged faces of the conquerors



of the world. The long array of the emperors, some so good as to have been esteemed the delight of the human race, some so evil that their names have been synonymous with cruelty and profligacy, are here enthroned in marble, bearing silent but eloquent witness to the past. Here, too, are the Scipios, the Ciceros, the Brutuses and the Catos, with the heroes and sages of Greece.

Here reclines a colossal river god, who is denominated the Nile, accounted one of the grandest figures in the Vatican. He reclines, genial and benignant, on a human-headed sphynx, with a horn of plenty overflowing with the good gifts of the earth, standing beside him. Sixteen diminutive baby forms play around and over him, clambering up his giant limbs, sitting on his shoulder, and toying with his vine-crowned locks. These joyous little creatures are supposed to be allegorical allusions to the sixteen cubits at which the rise of the river begins to irrigate the land.

On the base are symbolical representations of the river, the Nile boats, the ibis, the stork, the hippopotamus, the ichneumon, ox, lotus in flower, and crocodile. I was the more interested in this river god and his beneficent surroundings from having so lately spent eight weeks upon his waters, and having enjoyed the calmness, beauty and richness which were so greatly admired in the long ago.

The wonderful group of Laocoön and his sons, denominated by Michael Angelo, at the time of its discovery, "*il portento dell' arte*" (the miracle of art), is one of those exceptional instances in which sculpture expresses at once violent action and the extremity of physical suffering.

The thrill of pity and of horror which every observer acknowledges who looks upon this group, attests the success of the daring artist, who could not have had the aid of any model in representing the convulsive agony and terror of his figures, but must have relied upon his perfect knowledge of human anatomy and a vivid and powerful imagination.

In wonderful contrast to the terrific Laocoön is the soft and delicate beauty of the Belvedere Antinous—beauty in repose, and with a tinge of melancholy.

The Apollo is perhaps quite as perfect and harmonious in form, but is instinct with life.

But I pass from these beautiful ideal works to gaze long upon the portrait statues which recall to us the heroic age of Greece. The marble that is believed to be a likeness of Demosthenes is accounted one of the noblest works of antiquity—easy and dignified in attitude; the head noble and intellectual, and with a serene majesty of expression which

satisfies one's conceptions of the patriot, statesman and orator. Here is Sophocles, beautiful majestic and noble, as a true poet should be; and here is Socrates, ugly as a satyr, to illustrate the great truth, that a virtuous, dedicated life, the noblest teachings and a heroic death do not necessarily imply any fine physical gifts.

Among the most admired antiques of the Vatican is the fragment of a colossal statue called the Torso Belvedere, found in the baths of Caracalla; the work, according to Greek inscription on the base, of Apollonius son of Nestor of Athens. It is only a headless trunk, and it requires the studious eye of the sculptor to fully appreciate its character expressive of giant strength, refinement and gentleness. It is related that Michael Angelo declared that he owed to this torso his power of representing the human form, and that in his blind old age, he used to be led up to it, that he might pass his hands over it and still enjoy, through touch, the grandeur of its lines. It was probably a Hercules.

The Hall of Animals has been called a motionless menagerie in marble, porphyry and basalt. Here are horses, dogs, centaurs, crocodiles, wild boars, lions, bulls and serpents; but the ancients did not carry their study to the lower forms of animal existence to such perfection as they show in their delineation of the human body; yet the animals seem all full of life, and the general character of each type is well given. But the display is practically inexhaustible, and we may visit the galleries day after day, and week after week, finding always abundant materials for study and for thought. Every mythic legend, every heroic story of the long ago is recalled to memory; and where knowledge fails, as often must, imagination builds a theoretic scene for these mysterious marbles. The artist sketches and muses and dreams, forgetting sometimes his work in admiration of the inspiring model; and here the poet may find visions enough on which to employ his magic numbers. We must thank the long line of papal princes whose artistic taste and liberality provided this vast and varied collection, and hope that no future barbarian conqueror may again overthrow these glorious marbles which once were buried with the humble palaces and temples of imperial Rome, and have been disinterred to amaze and delight the world as of old.

One of the noblest halls of the Vatican, of splendid architectural proportions and embellishments, adorned with frescoes, busts, statues and columns, is devoted to the library, the oldest and most celebrated in Europe. The books and manuscripts are shut up in cabinets, so that one has not the satisfaction



even seeing the exterior of the choice volumes. The collection of manuscripts is said to amount to more than 25,000; but they are not open to examination, I believe.

It would be most interesting to visit the aged Pontiff, Pius IX, whose home is in this maze of palaces. But the injudicious disregard to his feelings and to the etiquette of his court, on the part of some English speaking travelers, has made it a matter of some difficulty to obtain a presentation, and we do not deem it worth while to make the effort. The Catholic world looks for his death, as he has lived much beyond the usual term of human life; but we hear that his health is good and his spirit calm and serene, so that aspirants to the papal crown may have years yet to wait ere their claims are decided.

Lonely indeed must be the life of the aged priest who enjoys the honor of giving law to the Romish church. He has, of course, no family ties, and is obliged, in consequence of his exalted position, to take all his meals alone. Since the political changes in Rome, he no longer appears in public as formerly, confining himself almost entirely to his apartments in the Vatican, whence he publishes his decrees and admonitions, which reach every part of the civilized world.

The Palazzo de Santa Uffizio (the Inquisition) is just at hand, and the ecclesiastical court whose office it was to inquire into cases of heresy and punish offences against the church, existed here long after it was suppressed in other countries, though its character was greatly modified. The tribunal of the Inquisition was formally abolished by the Roman Assembly in February, 1849, but was reestablished by Pius IX in the following June. In 1870, when the army of Victor Emmanuel entered the city, the doors of the dungeons of the Inquisition were opened, and all the victims of priestly authority were liberated.

We have not visited the edifice, but it is said that it has many terrible dungeons and cells in which the prisoner is unable to stand upright, having their vaulted ceilings lined with reeds, to deaden sound.

When the people rushed into the Inquisition at the revolution, a quantity of human bones were found in these vaults, which excited the greatest indignation.

It is now hoped and believed that the days of religious tyranny are quite over; and representatives of the various Protestant denominations of England and America are endeavoring to find a footing among the friendly and docile Italians, many of whom have no great love for the ancient church which has so long ruled in Rome. Many schools have been already established by some of our ener-

getic and enthusiastic countrymen, and hundreds of the little children from the streets are now being educated and trained for usefulness. These efforts of others have stimulated similar movements for the instruction and care of the neglected little ones on the part of the Catholics, food, clothing and employment being provided. "Iron sharpeneth iron."

S. R.

Fourth month 25th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### "THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF QUAKERISM."

It was my privilege to be present on the occasion of a picnic on the 25th of last month, held at Harmony Grove, Chester county, Pa., the residence of Everard and Mary Jackson Conard, commemorative of the settlement at that place, 150 years before, of Isaac and Ann Jackson, who emigrated to this country from the neighborhood of Ballitore, Ireland, in 1725. A printed memoir of them states that they had the subject of their emigration "under weighty consideration for several years, and they at length informed their friends of it. While they were under exercise and concern of mind and desirous that best wisdom might direct, Isaac had a dream, or vision, to this import: that, having landed in America, he traveled a considerable distance back into the country till he came to a valley between two hills. Through this valley ran a pretty stream of water. The prospect and situation of the place seemed pleasant, and in his dream he thought his family must settle there, though a wilderness unimproved."

Their eldest daughter had married and settled in Pennsylvania, and on arriving at the house of his son-in-law, near Avondale, Chester county, Isaac Jackson related his dream, and "was informed of such a place near. He soon went to see it, which, to his admiration, so resembled what he had a foresight of, that it was a cause of joy and humble thankfulness." His posterity still hold the old family-seat, which is known by the name of "Harmony Grove."

The object of this communication is not to relate the interesting incidents connected with the gathering of the descendants of this ancient patriarch (the number of persons present was believed to be over 1,000), a report of which, occupying six columns, appeared in the *Westchester Local News* of Eighth month 26th.

In the opening address on this occasion, delivered by Joseph J. Lewis, of Westchester, a direct descendant of the original settler, there occurs at the close a remarkably clear and comprehensive statement of what he terms "The moral philosophy of Quakerism," which



would form an appropriate article for the pages of *Friends' Intelligencer*. S.

*Philadelphia, Ninth month, 1875.*

"In conclusion, it is to be observed that the religious principles professed by our ancestors, and for which some of them suffered the persecution, which, in past ages, almost invariably attended every marked advance in the march of opinion, have been generally maintained by their descendants. When we consider what those principles are, what is their tendency, and how they affect society, and what is their agency in working out the regeneration of mankind, we shall appreciate the large debt of gratitude we owe to those faithful lovers of Truth, who have been our teachers and our guides.

"And what are those principles which they thus adopted and cherished and clung to from youth to age, and in all the changes and vicissitudes of life, and which we have every reason to believe afforded them a comfort and a consolation that compensated them for many sacrifices? Let us pause in our narrative a brief space to consider what they are, that we may be the better able to appreciate the debt of gratitude we owe to our progenitors for the example they have left us, and for their efforts to transmit to us the maxims that governed their lives.

"The moral philosophy of Quakerism differs from that of all other sects and schools, and is at once more simple and more profound. It is founded, indeed, like the system of Descartes, on consciousness, but it borrows nothing from him or his disciples, and differs wholly from the Castesian philosophy in all its modes of thought, essential principles and practical results. It ascribes the cognition of moral truth to the influence of the Holy Spirit. It appeals to every man's own breast for the evidence of the existence of a Divine monitor within, to instruct him as to his duty to his Creator and to his fellow-men. Without this Monitor it affirms that man knows nothing of virtue, of religion, or of God, and that with it he may know all that is necessary for him, as a moral agent, to know. It regards this Monitor as a universal teacher, an attribute of man's being, of whose presence, admonitions, consolations and warnings he is as equally cognizant as he is of any physical fact.

"It holds that faith in those great truths which lie beneath the grasp or ken of science, is inexplicable except on the principle of a Divine instinct, which, implanted in every breast, comprehends them not only without logical proof, but with a certitude superior to rationalistic demonstration—that religious faith being of Divine implantation, it is competent for it to embrace the whole circle of Christian doctrine and duty, on the evidence solely of the witness within, and needs no support from scholastic learning or the authority of tradition, and the inscription of God's will on the heart is the supreme law of our being of imperative obligation under all circumstances, the only perfect standard of rectitude and ultimate rule of duty.

"Thus George Fox declared his mission to be 'to direct people to the Spirit which gave forth the Scriptures by which they might be led into all truth'—to turn them to that 'inward Light by which they might know their salvation and their way to God,' and to show them how every man 'is enlightened by the Divine Light of Christ.' 'This inward illumination,' says Barclay, 'is that which is evident and clear of itself, forcing by its own evidence and clearness the well-disposed understanding to assent, irresistibly moving the same thereunto, even as the common principle of natural truths move and in-

cline the mind to natural assent.' 'We judged not observed William Penn, 'by the sight of the eye after the hearing of the ear, but according to the light and sense this blessed principle gave us. F. being questioned by it in our inward man, we could easily discern the differences of things and feel what was fit and what was not fit in regard to religious and civil concerns.'

"As this light illuminates every soul and furnishes to each a constant standard of truth and unerring guide to duty; the only rightful appeal from error in moral sentiment or conduct, religious faith or duty is to this Light. In it all men are equal and all men are brethren. It constitutes symbol of universal liberty and a bond of universal brotherhood. Those, therefore, that sincerely believe on it can consistently claim no dominion over conscience or exercise coercion in matters of faith. They can wield no tyranny. They can use no violence, even for the extirpation of civil evil.

"Hence, it happened that the Friends who arose in an age when persecution for opinion's sake was practiced by bigoted Catholics and Protestant Reformers alike, proclaimed liberty of conscience a sacred right, and pleaded for the religious enfranchisement of all men, even of those who, when in power, had been the most cruel persecutors. They preached in the ears of tyrants the supremacy of the Divine law over all institutions of human contrivance, and qualified their loyalty to the king by their duty to God. They denounced cruelty in every form, and admitted no plea to its justification or excuse. They repudiated traditional theology. They denied the authority of church councils, of convocations of priests, senates and kings in all matters of conscience. They asserted the prerogative of reason, and emancipating mind from hierarchal and secular domination, left it free for the development of its powers, restored it to a sense of its dignity and value, and thus enabled it to clear at a bound the most formidable obstructions with which superstition and tyranny had blocked up the way of its progress.

"Quakerism confides in this principle of the inward Light, as did the apostles and primitive Christians, and submits implicitly to its guidance. It thus becomes the restorer of Christianity in its original form and the most potent civilizer of the human race. It adheres sternly to the right, and makes no compromise with injustice. It adopts Christianity as a rule of civil conduct wherever it will apply. It treats society as a moral agent, and denies the power of doing, from expediency or seeming necessity, what morality would condemn in a single member. Its moral code wages eternal war with every form of evil that afflicts society. Wherever its influence predominates, war, slavery and intemperance disappear, no pauper semi-barbarous class is created by unequal laws, the rigor of penal sanctions is relaxed, crime is extirpated without the destruction of the criminal, ambition forgets its delusive aspirations and renounces its selfish project of aggrandizement, and reform and revolution advance with patient and peaceful steps by avenue opened by enlightened opinion and public intelligence.

"This is the Quakerism to which our forefathers were converts, and which they taught to their children, and the influence of which has largely affected the lives and characters of their descendants."

**GOD'S LOVE.**—To do good is of the very nature of God, as it is the nature of fire to warm, and of light to shine.

Selected.

## THE DYING STREET ARAB.

I aint had no father nor mother  
 A tellin' me wrong from the right,—  
 The streets aint the place—is it, parson?—  
 For sayin' your prayers of a night.

I never knowed who was my father,  
 And mother she died long ago,  
 The folks here they brought me up somehow,—  
 It aint much they've teach'd me, I know.

Yet I thinks they'll be sorry and miss me  
 When took right away from this here,  
 For sometimes I catches them slyly  
 A wipin' away of a tear.

And they says as they hopes I'll get better,  
 I can't be no worse when I'm dead;  
 I aint had so jolly a 'time on't  
 A dyin' by inches for bread.

I've stood in them streets precious often  
 When the wet's been a pourin' down,  
 And I aint had so much as a mouthful,  
 Nor never so much as a brown.

I've looked in them shops with the winders  
 Choke full of what's tidy to eat,  
 And I've heered gents a larfin' and talkin'  
 While I drops like a dorg at their feet.

But it's kind on you, sir, to sit by me;  
 I aint now afeered of your face;  
 And I hopes as it's true as you tells me,  
 We'll meet in that t'other place.

I hopes as you'll come when it's over,  
 And talk to them here in the court;  
 They'll mind what you says, you're a parson;  
 There won't be no larkin nor sport.

You'll tell them as how I died happy,  
 And hopin' to see them again;  
 That I'm gone to that land where the weary  
 Is freed of his trouble and pain.

Now open that book as you give me—  
 I feel as it never tells lies—  
 And read me them words—you know, guv'nor,—  
 As is good for a chap when he dies.

There, give me your hand, sir, and thankee  
 For the good as you've done a poor lad;  
 Who knows, had they teach'd me some better,  
 I mightn't have growed up so bad.

## THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

BY F. W. FABER.

The thought of God, the thought of Thee,  
 Who liest in my heart,  
 And yet beyond imagined space  
 Outstretched and present art;

The thought of Thee, above, below  
 Around me and within,  
 Is more to me than health and wealth,  
 Or love of kith and kin.

It is a thought which ever makes  
 Life's sweetest smiles from tears,  
 And is a daybreak to our hopes,  
 A sunset to our fears.

One while it bids the tears to flow,  
 Then wipes them from the eyes,

Most often fills our souls with joy,  
 And always sanctifies.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,  
 And is outspoken praise;  
 And pain can even passive thoughts  
 To actual worship raise.

All murmurs lie inside Thy will  
 Which are to Thee addressed;  
 To suffer for Thee is our work,  
 To think of Thee our rest.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR EIGHTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	9	17
Rain all or nearly all day.....	1	3
Cloudy, without storms.....	5	0
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	16	11
Total.....	31	31

## TEMPERATURES.

	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Eighth mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	74.73	76.33
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	93.50	87.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	58.00	58.00

## RAIN.

	Inches.	Inches.
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	6.53	6.56

## DEATHS.

	Numb'r.	Numb'r.
DEATHS during the month; being five current weeks for 1874, and four for 1875.....	1715	1639

## MEAN TEMPERATURES.

	Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Eighth month for the past 86 years.....	73.41
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1872.....	81.64
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816.....	60.00

## SUMMER TEMPERATURES.

	Degs.
Mean temperature of the three summer months of 1874.....	76.24
Mean do do do 1875.....	74.51
Average of the summer temperatures for the past 86 years.....	73.75
Highest summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1872.....	80.09
Lowest summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1866.....	66.00

## COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1874 Inches.	1875 Inches.
Totals for the first six months of each year.....	21.47	16.81
Seventh month.....	2.75	4.17
Eighth month.....	6.53	6.56
Totals for each year thus far.....	30.75	27.74

The month has been remarkable for the number



of days on which rain fell, being just the double of last year, and yet it will be seen the *quantity* is as nearly the same as may be. The rainfall for the summer months of 1874 was 11.94 inches, and for 1875, 15.98. Last year we were kindly furnished with a statement from the Pennsylvania Hospital that the rainfall for the Eighth month for the *thirty-five* previous years had *averaged* 4.76 inches, and for the entire *forty-nine* years of their record the *average* was 4.57 inches.

In connection with this we append the following clipping:

"A remarkable feature about the meteorology of the month is the almost total absence of electrical phenomena, no well defined thunder-storm being observed during the month."

On the 4th we had startling accounts of terrible floods in the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In the *Scioto Valley* the damage to the crops was estimated at over half a million of dollars. At Memphis, Vicksburg and various other points accounts of the same character were received.

In the *Eastern States* on the 12th, as well as through the Middle States, a similar condition of things were reported, though to a more limited extent.

The only disastrous storm with which Philadelphia was visited occurred on the same day (the 12th), when a perfect tornado raged in its north-western section, principally west of Twenty-second street, and between Arch and Callowhill streets. Amongst the items published it may be well to note: "A heavy express wagon which was standing on Callowhill street, below Twenty-third, was struck by the wind and whirled around and around, and finally was thrown violently against the pavement and sadly wrecked." At "the depot of Twenty-fourth and Fairmount avenue the wind ripped off about 2000 square feet of tin roofing, and rolling it up into enormous bundles carried it over into an adjoining lot."

J. M. ELLIS, 325 Walnut street.

Philadelphia, Ninth month 2d, 1875.

## NOTICES.

Concord "First-day School Union" holds its next meeting at Willistown, on Third-day, the 14th inst., at 10½ o'clock.

Carriages will meet the 7 35 train from Thirty-first and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, at Cheney Station.

M. T. BARTRAM,

MATILDA GARRIGUES,

Clerks.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 12th, Center, Del., 3 P. M.  
" " Warrington, Pa., 3 P. M.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day, Ninth month 17th, at 3 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting room, Race street (being the same day that the Representative Committee meets). Full attendance desirable.

J. M. ELLIS, Clerk.

The Committee on Circular Meeting of Philadelphia Quarter, will meet at Race street, Ninth month 17th, at 4 o'clock.

J. GASKILL, Clerk.

### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

9th mo. 13th, Baltimore, at Gunpowder, Md.  
" 16th, Haddonfield, at Evesham, N. J.  
" 25th, Canada Half Y. M., at Yonge st.  
" 29th, Scipio, N. Y.

Indiana Yearly Meeting is held at Richmond Ind., Ninth month 27th. Baltimore Yearly Meeting Tenth month 25th.

## ITEMS.

A WRITER in the London *Builder* suggests that thick glass might be easily and cheaply cemented to the walls of hospitals, etc. It would be non-absorbent, imperishable, easily cleaned, readily repaired if damaged by accident, and, unlike paper and paint, would always be as good as at first. Glass can be cut or bent to conform to any required shape. If desired, the plates may be colored and cheerful tint. The non-absorbent quality, the most important for hospitals, is worthy the consideration of architects.—*Exchange*.

A CABLE telegram from London states that advice from the British Government Polar Expedition have been received from West Greenland. The Alert and Discovery, which left England in Fifth month last had arrived at Disco, after a pleasant passage from England. Both sailed from Rittenbenk on July 1 for Upernavik. All on board were well. Preparations had been made for pushing on as far north as possible in the Alert, and for sledge expedition beyond to the pole.

A letter written by a member of the Polar expedition on board the steamer Discovery, previous to her departure from Rittenbenk, Greenland, says:

"After leaving Upernavik, we strike out in the ice in Melville Bay, which is the most dangerous part of the voyage. When we reach open water at the entrance of Smith's Sound, we make for Carey Island, and then proceed up Smith's Sound, making a running survey of both shores. We shall visit Capt. Hall's grave at Polaris Bay, and then make for our winter quarters. The Alert, however, will push on as far toward the pole as possible without being beset, and subsequently return toward us wintering not more than 200 miles from the Discovery. Both vessels will then survey with sledge before the severe winter comes on. In the spring two of our lieutenants, with sledge-parties, will join the Alert, when a start will be made toward the pole with six sledges. One sledge will leave the party and return every week or so, transferring its surplus provisions to the others. When the exploring party is thus reduced to one sledge, they will push on alone and search the pole by itself.

THE members of the Geographical Congress during their stay in Paris made a trip through the famous sewers of that city. The trip is an interesting one, and unattended by the disagreeable trials which naturally suggest themselves. The sewer are lighted with oil-lamps and bear the names of the corresponding streets above in white and blue enamelled letters, so that the drainmen always know where they are. The voyage is divided into two parts, one by rail and the other by water. Half of the distance is made in neat little railway cars beautifully polished and lit up with oil lamps and globes, which run along rails placed on the curb stones of the drain over which you ride, and which are drawn by men on either side. The other half is made in barges, also elegantly lighted and towed by men. The most trying feature of the voyage is the want of air, but beyond this there is nothing that the ordinary tourist of both sexes cannot support without the aid of counteracting remedies. The trip lasts about half an hour and is a sight to be seen by all foreigners.—*Boston Transcript*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 18, 1875.

No. 30

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It is desirable that all subscriptions should commence at the beginning of the volume.

REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.  
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Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

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## ELECTIONS FROM INCIDENTS, EXPERIENCES AND REMINISCENCES.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

Written in his 76th year.

No. 1.

*Visit of a Committee of Friends to Richmond, Va., in 1847, to present a Memorial of Fairfax Quarterly Meeting to the Virginia Legislature, in relation to the Education of the Free Colored People; with a copy of the Memorial.*

In the year 1847, Baltimore Yearly Meeting enjoined upon the members of its subordinate meetings to be faithful to impart the blessing of education to the colored people, particularly children, residing in their families, and those properly within their reach.

At the Quarterly Meeting of Fairfax, of which I was then a member, which next succeeded the Yearly Meeting, Samuel M. Janney, who is always alive to everything that touches the interest and welfare of our colored brethren and sisters, drew the attention of the Quarterly Meeting to the subject, and to the fact of the existence of a law of the State of Virginia that prohibited the education of the free colored children of our respective neighborhoods, which we understood to be contemplated by the Yearly Meeting.

Samuel made no definite proposition, and the meeting proceeded with its business without anything further being said. The subject took a strong hold of my mind, however,

and I thought it right, when the meeting was through its other business, to revive the concern, and proposed that a committee should be appointed to prepare a memorial and submit it to the next Quarterly Meeting, which proposition was adopted.

Having made the proposition, I was the first named on the committee, my associates being Samuel M. Janney, Wm. B. Steer and Joseph Branson, who requested me to draw up a memorial and submit to the committee. I felt deeply the importance of embracing the opportunity to make known to the Legislature Friends' position on some points connected with the Slavery Question. I produced the following memorial, which, with a slight omission, was adopted by the Committee, approved by the meeting, and directed to be signed by its Clerk. The same Friends were directed to present it to the Legislature:

*"To the General Assembly of the State of Virginia:*

The memorial of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, composing 'Fairfax Quarterly Meeting,' and residing in the counties of Berkeley, Frederick, Jefferson, Loudon, Fairfax and Alexandria, in the State of Virginia, respectfully represents:

"That this Quarterly Meeting is a branch of, and is subordinate to, a Yearly Meeting of said Society held at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland; that our Yearly Meeting, at its last session, while engaged in an examina-



tion into the state of our religious Society within its borders, and, in accordance with its long established usage, inquiring into the treatment by its members of the descendants of the African race in Friends' families, urged it upon all its members to be faithful in imparting the blessings of education to the colored children residing in their families, and '*those properly within their reach*,' by which we understand the free colored children in our immediate neighborhoods.

"This recommendation of our superior meeting being in entire accordance with a concern that the members of the Quarterly Meeting have felt upon the subject for many years, has claimed our most serious and deliberate consideration; and we are weightily impressed with a belief, that the object is one that possesses strong demands upon our attention and care; but, being citizens of the State of Virginia, we find ourselves straightened in regard to a compliance with it, in consequence of a law of the State in opposition thereto.

"Although laws might be passed with which our principles, and clear sense of religious duty would forbid our *active compliance*, even though there was connected therewith the *heaviest penalty*; yet the religion we profess, and, as we conceive, the true spirit of Christianity, *forbid our doing any act in which others are concerned*, in opposition to the laws of the government under which we live. In all cases not obviously and exclusively between ourselves and our Maker, we believe it be our solemn duty, faithfully to *comply* with the laws of the land, or remain *entirely passive* under them, *suffering all penalties*; save when, as in the present instance, we feel a liberty in Gospel love; to represent our case to the law-making power, and respectfully ask of it, in its wisdom, to modify the laws for our relief.

"To demonstrate the advantages of education, to all classes of the rational family of our common Parent, in its tendency to regulate the affections, liberalize the feelings, and enlarge the heart, and thereby the better to qualify its recipient for every condition and relation of life, would be a task much more easy than needful, to so enlightened a body as that which we now address, and one that has given so many evidences of its high appreciation of them; therefore, with fervent desires that the living Source of all true wisdom, and knowledge, and light may so illuminate all our minds as to enable us experimentally to understand, that the path of safety and peace, is the path of justice, mercy and truth, we respectfully ask such a modification of the laws referred to, as will admit of our compliance with the recommendation of our Yearly Meeting, and with what we believe to

be in accordance, also, with the injunction of the blessed Jesus: 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

"Signed by direction and on behalf of Fairfax Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held near Waterford, in Loudon county, on the 21st of Second month, 1847.

"WILLIAM B. STEER, *Clerk*."

As the memorial seemed to speak for Friends as a body, the Committee thought it right to submit it to the Meeting for Sufferings, before presenting it to the Legislature, which was accordingly done, and it was approved by that meeting.

Soon after the Quarterly Meeting, the four members of the Committee went to Richmond with the petition. On arriving in the city, we at once called on Asa M. Janney, whom we were glad to find ready and willing to accompany us in what we felt to be a weighty and responsible engagement. We went to the State Capitol, but both Houses had adjourned for the day.

While considering in what way it would be best for us to begin the duty entrusted to us, it appeared to me it would be proper to have an interview with the Governor, Wm. Smith (with whom I was formerly acquainted), if he would be willing to receive us, and inform him of the object of our visit to Richmond, and also read the memorial to him.

On proposing this, the Committee all united with it. Asa M. Janney said we were near the Governor's residence, and offered to ascertain whether the Governor would be willing to receive a visit from us; and if so, at what time. He soon returned with the message, that the Governor "would be glad to see the gentlemen, and the present is a convenient time. He received us very respectfully and cordially." We explained our object in calling on him, and of our visit to Richmond, and then asked permission to read the memorial, which he readily granted. Having written it under a concern, I was favored to read it impressively. When I had finished, there was a precious silence for some time. The Governor at length spoke, nearly in these words: "The position you have taken in that memorial is noble and elevated, and it cannot be controverted. Any official aid I can with propriety give you to promote your object, I will gladly render. If *all persons* would act upon the honorable principles set forth in your memorial, there would be no difficulty in granting the request you make."

He then proceeded to show how great the difficulties with the colored people would be increased if they were able to read and write, and thus to hold correspondence with zealots in the free States. This was to me a

unexpected turn, but it was evidently spoken under the kindest feeling, he being impressed with the grave aspect of the subject when viewed from his official standpoint, as possibly involving life and death to the citizens of his State. All the reply I felt able to make was, that we hoped, with the education we desired them to receive, their moral feelings would be so developed and cultivated as to restrain them from all dishonorable and violent action.

The interview was a very interesting and impressive one, and to me, *instructive*, and we separated with, evidently, kind and friendly feelings on both sides.

A little time before this visit to Richmond I had received a request, signed by a number of the members of each branch of the Legislature, to deliver a course of lectures on Geology in the State Capitol. This gratifying invitation I was obliged to decline, on account of my duties to my school; but my having declined had not become generally known, and when the members saw me there they supposed it was with the object of lecturing for them, and they met me very cordially and seemed much gratified. But when they found that I was one of a Committee of Friends who had come down to present a Memorial in favor of the colored people, *they soon thinned off*—among them was one of my former students! We could find no one willing to present our Memorial! We felt very uncomfortable, but not *discouraged*; knowing the integrity of purpose with which we were acting.

When the members began to collect the next morning at the Capitol, we of the Committee went into "the gallery for spectators" to await the course of events and see what next to do. After a little time Governor Smith came in on the floor of the House of Delegates, and recognizing us in the gallery, he immediately called out, beckoning to us with his hand, "Mr. Hallowell, gentlemen, come down." We accepted his invitation. The Governor took hold of my arm, conducted us through the building, pointed out the objects of interest, and introduced us to a number of the prominent members of each House, all of which kind attention raised our spirits several degrees, and made us feel quite comfortable again.

After that we had no difficulty in getting our Memorial presented, which was respectfully received and read in both Houses, and referred to the "Committee on the Colored Population." Although our Memorial did no direct good, we had reason to believe it prevented some oppressive legislation that was proposed at that session in regard to the colored people of the State.

It seems worthy of remark, that although at this time (Fourth mo., 1875) nearly thirty years have passed since this interesting interview with Governor Smith, yet *he and all the five Friends* who were present—Samuel M. Janney, Wm. B. Steer, Joseph Branson, Asa M. Janney and myself—are still living.

THE mind that is cheerful in its present state will be averse to all solicitude as to the future, and will meet the little occurrences of life with a placid smile.—*Horace*.

[A Friend has handed us a pamphlet with the following title. We print it in two parts. —EDS.]

#### THE NECESSITY OF EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

BY AMOS WILLETS WRIGHT, A. M.

##### PART FIRST.

A great many definitions have been given to the word Education, and the world has a pretty clear conception of what it means. In its comprehensive sense, it is generally understood to be a system of apprenticeship, which the young pass through in order to bring out to the best advantage what capacities they have for becoming useful and reputable members of society. This system has differed greatly in different ages, different countries, and among different classes of people; and has been accommodated to what seemed to be at the place and time the requirement of the human race. Thus the education of the ancient Persian youth consisted in being taught "to ride, to draw the bow and speak the truth," the main object of manly endeavor being supposed by the Persians to be military glory. The education of the Spartans was somewhat similar, though their ideas regarding truthfulness were widely different. Solon required the Athenians to learn to read and swim, and they became pre-eminently the most intellectual and the first naval power of antiquity. In these instances, we find that the means used were certainly well adapted to secure the ends intended. The Hindoos had their peculiar plan, and the Egyptians theirs. They all realized the value of their systems and pertinaciously clung to them. Only the all-conquering hand of time modified and changed them. The Spartans, when once compelled by the misfortune of war to hand over to the enemy fifty of their children as hostages, lamented greatly, and begged to be allowed to substitute for them twice that number of able-bodied men, so much did they dread the loss which might ensue to them from having their children removed from their peculiar mode of training. All ages



and all races have borne in some way testimony to the importance to the state of educating the young, and in no instance, it is safe to say, has this importance been overestimated.

It has so happened that those having control of this great engine of power have guarded it zealously. Especially have the priesthood clung to it with tenacity, and made it subservient to the exaltation and supremacy of their own class. In India, the Brahmins possessed exclusive jurisdiction over it; in Persia, the Magi; and coming down later we know too well how the Romish church claims it as its own prerogative. Even among Protestants, until recently, the clergy had full control over the principal institutions of learning. To-day the great universities of England, and many of them in the United States, are part and parcel of church organizations. Nor have they always handled their trust unwisely. In the dark ages they were the conservators of learning; but as a rule, throughout history, they have sacrificed one branch of learning for another, and the great lights of modern science have struggled hard to shine through the confines with which they would have hemmed it in.

To follow the course of the progress of education from the middle ages to the present time is a most interesting study. There have been great and unselfish minds engaged in its cause. There were the Jesuits, Ascham, Montaigne, Milton, Comenius, Locke, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Jacotot, and others, all with theories of their own. Some labored hard to bring the course of instruction out of the ruts in which conservatism and the church have held it; and though their labors generally appear to have been in vain, in the mass they have had their effect, and have been the forerunners of the great transition period which, it seems, will characterize this century. It is a broad statement to say that it is only within the lifetime of this generation that the demands of natural science have made themselves felt successfully among college faculties and school teachers. Perfection in Greek and Latin was supposed to be the only standard by which an educated man need be gauged. That, at least, would not interfere with theology and dogmatism and make men heretics. The church of Rome thought it safe to teach those languages, with the history, mythology and beauties of expression they included. It mattered not how smoothly men talked and wrote so long as they did not think. Unconsciously this linguistic exclusion was inherited by the Protestants, and it has been fastened on civilization so long that it relaxes its grasp very slowly. Sidney Smith, in his essay on professional education,

says: "To almost every Englishman up to the age of three or four and twenty, classical learning has been the great object of his existence, and no man is very apt to suspect, or very much pleased to hear, that what he has done for so long a time was not worth doing. His classical literature too reminds every man of the scenes of his childhood, and brings to his fancy several of the most pleasing associations which we are capable of forming. A certain sort of vanity also very naturally grows among men occupied in a common pursuit. Classical quotations are the watchword of scholars, by which they distinguish each other from the ignorant and illiterate, and Greek and Latin are insensibly become almost the only test of a cultivated mind." Again he says: "If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind?" The writer avers that the young man would place the Greek scholar incomparably above the others. This he would do, owing to his warped education; while, whereas, the Greek scholar was of little apparent use in the world, the others were among its greatest benefactors. This ridiculous kind of judgment it is, which, having predominated in the world for centuries, is now happily yielding to common sense. We are finding out that education should be a useful fact, not a useless ornament. It is not to be inferred that the study of Greek and Latin should be done away with, but rather that it should be retained for what usefulness there is in it, and for that alone; and moreover, that it should not exclude things of equal or greater value. To simply be able to write pentameters and hexameters in a dead language will strike the reasonable mind as a very poor sort of ability.

Latin and Greek have so mixed themselves etymologically through all the languages of civilization that a good knowledge of them is essential in a general understanding of the philosophy of words. They furnish the nomenclature of science, and from them new words can be coined as the necessity for them arises. They are the bases to which definitions and linguistic problems can be referred, and beyond doubt tend to give stability to our vernacular. In their formation they are much more beautiful and compact than any of our modern tongues, and in them authors have written, whose style may well furnish models for the writers of all posterity. By continuing the tie which binds us to Homer and Virgil, to Thucydides and Tacitus, we are more likely to retain what of strength



and simplicity we now possess in the English language, and preserve it from corruption. It would be a sad loss to our educational system, if in any revulsion of feeling against the classics we should abrogate them altogether. It is desirable to master them. The difficulty has been all along that scholars have been mastered by them. What should be the means becomes the end. Some erudite German on his death bed regretted that he had not devoted his whole life to the dative case, and we are told that Dr. George would not concede any particular ability to Frederick the Great, because he doubted his capacity to conjugate an irregular Greek verb. To such extremes has scholastic cockneyism occasionally attained, and thus dwarfed the man instead of expanding him.

In the matter of training the mind to overcome obstacles, the study of the classics is doubtless useful; but it is of no value to the world, or the man either, to keep him in training all his life, and there are other obstacles to be overcome than are found in Greek and Latin. Limitation, not exclusion, of classical study is needed. The process of attaining other and probably more useful knowledge, no doubt disciplines the faculties of the mind equally as well. Herbert Spencer says: "It would be utterly contrary to the beautiful economy of nature, if one kind of culture were needed for the gaining of information, and another kind were needed as a mental gymnastic." It is likely that different subjects can be advantageously used to train the mind at different stages of its growth.

Perhaps Herbert Spencer has done as much as any other man of the age to destroy the time honored and undue reverence rendered to the old system of education. He has attacked it at head-quarters, and struck at it courageously and determinedly with all the penetration, knowledge and sarcasm he is master of. He has called upon the ornamental to give place to the useful. He says: "To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge, and the only natural mode of judging of an educational course, is to judge in what degree it discharges such functions." Mr. Spencer's theory is that the study of the sciences is best calculated to subserve the true purposes of education, and perhaps in this direction he has allowed himself to run to extremes. His cardinal idea, however, is clearly the true one. What is knowledge good for if it is not to be used, and if those possessing it do not know how to use it?

The old exclusive system of classics and metaphysics, it is claimed, was appropriate to the old order of things, and perhaps it was;

but the old order of things is out of place in the atmosphere of this broader and freer age. Locke did not think the "abhorred rascality," as he termed the common people, worthy of his consideration. "That most to be taken care of," he thinks, "is the gentlemen's calling;" adding in effect, that if the gentry are educated properly to lord it over the rest, the condition of society will be as it should be. It was thought sufficient to impart and confine intelligence to the clergy, lawyers and gentlemen. Physicians were a nondescript class, who, for prudential reasons, ought to know something; but they scarcely belonged to the upper crust. Latin, Greek, History and the elegancies of diction were sufficient for those it was thought desirable to educate.

But in these days an advanced civilization makes it essential that others than clergymen, lawyers, poets and doctors shall be educated. We feel that knowledge should be as open and free to all as the air of heaven; and hence arises the necessity of some system which shall supplant the old, and meet the wants of the age and the masses, never losing view of the fact that the pages of science have grown voluminous from new discoveries and researches. With the increase of popular power comes the necessity of the increase of popular intelligence. Farmers and mechanics who form the majority of population can no longer safely be considered as mere drudges.

There is no better place for science to be applied than to agriculture, or mathematics, than to mechanics and engineering. And those engaged in these pursuits are active, sentient beings, following honorable employments, calling more and more for thought and knowledge, and claiming a place in the general æsthetic culture. In obedience to this requirement we see the change gradually taking place—the useful sciences gaining broader ground, the province of instruction slipping from the exclusive control of the clergy, mankind in the mass throwing off the subordination of ignorance, and planting itself upon the footing of greater equality.

There is an important feature involved in this general transition from the old to the new which is recognized as yet but dimly, but which must sooner or later gain general attention and consideration. This is the combination of physical and mental training. Some years ago Mr. Froude in his inaugural address at the University of St. Andrews, speaking of physical culture said: "I mean only that if there is to be this voice rolling over chaos again, ushering in the millennium, the way of it lies through industrial teaching, where the practical underlies the intellectual. The millions must ever be con-



demned to toil with their hands, or the race will cease to exist. The beneficent light, when it comes, will be a light which will make labor more productive by being more scientific, which will make the humblest drudgery not unworthy of a human being by making it at the same time an exercise to his mind." The time is coming when farming and the mechanical arts will rise in the estimation of men, to the level of what are called the professions. In reality they do possess equal dignity. A European correspondent of that excellent periodical *The Nation*, in writing recently of the change that is taking place in the English system of farming, says: "The small farmer working his own patch of land, with no assistance but that given him by manual exertions of his family, is fast becoming a thing of the past. High farming is now a necessity. Expensive tile-draining and wire fencing, artificial manures and rich artificial feeding, good farm steading and cottages, costly machinery of the newest kinds, laborers at high wages and all the other expensive agencies that follow upon wealth and keen competition have driven, or are rapidly driving, the small men out of the field. Farming is no longer a pleasant lounge for a lazy, unambitious man without much more intelligence than his oxen or his sheep. It is becoming a business conducted by men of capital and scientific education." If this is the case in England it will eventually become so in this country. When men of education with practical experience can make more money out of land than ignorant men, however industrious, it is easy to foretell what class of men our farmers must become in time. Those who would still hold control of the land must meet the requirements demanded by a progressive age.

Our government, recognizing the necessity of establishing colleges for the agricultural and mechanical classes, has given to each State in the Union large grants of public land for the purpose. This land has been sold and the ample proceeds devoted to purchasing farms and erecting on them fine buildings. These have been placed for the most part under the control of excellent men and are in active operation. But can it be said that they subserve the purpose for which they were intended? Some of them may do so in a measure; but the majority of them certainly do not. For instance, at the Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College, the course, so far as books are concerned, is thorough and apparently unexceptionable. The president of the institution is in all respects a capable, scientific and earnest man, widely known, respected and admired. The other members of the faculty are able in-

structors. The farm surrounding the college contains over three hundred acres of fine land. Nothing seems to be wanting. But nevertheless there is something wanting; and this is a simple rule requiring *all* the students to perform a certain amount of physical labor daily. Some of them labor from choice or pecuniary necessity; but the majority do not and the result is that though the graduates leave the institution with excellent mental education, nine-tenths of them, it is safe to say, become neither farmers nor mechanics. It was stated somewhere, not long ago, that of all those who have graduated at the Kansas State Agricultural College since its establishment, not a single one has adopted farming as his life business. Under the circumstances this is not strange. It was rather to be expected. No young man, after spending three or four years in study, without performing manual labor, cares, after completing his college course, to enter upon practical farm duties. Though he has been ostensibly fitting himself for them at the expense of the government, he has in reality been unfitting himself. He is much farther away from them than he was when he entered the institution. As a consequence he drifts off into the already over-stocked professions. Froude says, that "the student should learn at the University what will enable him to earn his living as soon after leaving it as possible." The agricultural student who does not perform manual labor does nothing of the kind. And so it happens that the vast donation of the nation which was intended to swell the numbers of scientific farmers and mechanics, has been diverted almost altogether from its original purpose.

(To be concluded.)

OTOE AGENCY.

We have been requested to publish the following letter, which calls attention to the wants of the Otoe Indians.—EDS.

OTOE AGENCY, 8th mo. 2d, 1875.

DEAR FRIEND,—I think I wrote thee last in Fourth month, at the time of Barclay White's visit here, when the contract was given for the erection of our Industrial School building.

Now said building, northeast from the Agency and visible from my window as I write, is under roof, and carpenters, plasterers and painters are carrying it rapidly forward toward completion.

Thou doubtless art aware that about two-thirds of our Indians are now absent on a hunt, trying to replenish their low stock of moccasin robes. This lessens my duties as matron somewhat, though the aged and afflicted are in wigwams around us, under our

care, and require daily attention; and when the hunters return I want to feel rested, so as to enter earnestly on the fall labors, which will then commence.

We hear from the hunters occasionally. There have been two deaths since they started, both children; one was brought back to the reservation for interment; the other, a very interesting child, buried in a lonely place on the plains far west. The last account from the sub agent in charge stated they were successful in finding buffalo, were in fine spirits, and had given him no trouble.

We commenced our summer sewing 1st of Fifth month, and were very busy until last of Sixth month, during which time the Indian women and girls made up 116 garments, besides the school-girls' patchwork, some of which was put together ready for quilting. This, for want of a suitable place before, we intended doing in the school-house during the vacation, had they remained at home.

About twenty of these garments were made at their homes by Indian women who, we believe, are now competent to put them together without assistance; the balance of the sewing was done in our presence, and carefully inspected.

It is here as with every other class of women—some good sewers, while many require much patience and attention; but there has been considerable improvement during the last year, as well as increased willingness to follow instruction given.

Several have requested to be taught knitting, to which we have given some attention, and intend, when the weather becomes cooler, to renew our efforts in this direction.

The six barrels of beans furnished the Otoes last winter by thy generosity, were quite an item of subsistence, for which I express the gratitude spoken in natural language by those who have partaken thereof. A portion were used in making soup; some given in small quantities to needy families, as thou suggested, and a few still on hand, with which we prepare palatable food for those who most need it, as circumstances seem to require.

I trust the Indians' time of great scarcity of food will soon be followed by plenty, as a few families are already using corn and pumpkins raised this season, of which they will have abundance, though groups of hungry children still gather around the doors and windows for the scraps from the table.

It seems out of place to talk about winter clothing with the mercury at 90 deg., but we must anticipate future wants to be prepared for the season's change.

We believe there is sufficient clothing and material on hand for the school children the coming winter, except shirts for the boys, and

small-sized pantaloons; but I again feel a concern to solicit part-worn or suitable clothing for our old people.

There is quite a number of aged women, who cannot see to sew for themselves, and no one seems to feel sufficient interest to do it for them, even could they procure the material, which a majority will not be able to do this fall. This class and the little ones are especially the objects of our care, as the grown and middle aged are better able to provide for themselves or bear exposure.

So, if thou hears any kind-hearted friends in the East express a desire to aid in the work, please say to them that to send some warm stockings and clothing for the children, the future hope of the tribe, would be a real act of charity. The little dresses thou sent last winter were heartily appreciated.

We made up all the pantaloons goods on hand except half a piece of cottonade, nearly all for the working men, for which we have the satisfaction of seeing them go and come from their work without considering a blanket or shawl a necessary part of their apparel, which is a decided step in the right direction. I believe I only know of one man who does not wear the pantaloons made for him.

E. M. K.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We did fully respond to the scrap from an unpublished letter, and feel that it would be much better for all our meetings and especially the smaller ones, if there was more general recognition of the *duty* of offering little presentations of life and truth in the simplicity, and without fear or thought of being called into the ministry. Two or three *living* souls, with simple words, will warm into greater *life* most of our meetings than an "able minister," speaking as a teacher, day after day, to a congregation who expect it and wait for it.

Thy fears about our "being lifted off our feet," we hope are not likely to be realized; for certainly those who come to help us will know that doing *our* work will not be help.

I do not anticipate any essential departure from good usages, sanctioned by long experience, though I would be quite willing, if it would not hurt tender minds, if we could meet as *one* body in the transaction of business. As nearly as I can comprehend the situation in portions of our new meeting, outside of a few meetings there is much unsettlement as to order, etc., owing to there being new meetings composed of those unused to



meetings for business, and drawn together more from a desire to worship together than to maintain any given order, or fulfill any customary forms. Upon the one hand, it feels to me needful not to check this precious life with the letter; and on the other, that good order and the lessons of experience may not be too lightly esteemed, and *only* the "Unerring Wisdom" can keep us from mistakes. Thy words about reading circles only add strength to my belief that the younger people are *often* hoping for that more intimate association with the elderly and more spiritually-minded, which would strengthen and help both old and young; and if these dear elderly Friends would open the way by social invitations and closer acquaintance thus formed, frequently they would find good soil and good seed, where they had thought to find shallow soil and many weeds; and the gentle dew they could cause to descend upon the tender plants, not yet perhaps above the surface, would strengthen and invigorate them.

Our mutual friend J. S. W. is quite feeble, but enjoys the company of his friends. I plainly perceive a diminution of physical strength, but none whatever of spiritual perception. It is encouraging to see him so alive in the inward life, while all about him personally points to natural decay. We see the supremacy of the spirit over the body. He seems to me like one humbly dependent upon the goodness of his Heavenly Father; resigned to his allotment, although keenly feeling his "inability to do any thing," and under this feeling patiently waiting the end.

I have given thee a picture of an aged Christian who worked while it was day, and now rests from his labors, while the influence from his trustful and submissive spirit is shed as sweet incense upon those around him.

The chamber of disease is at times the best pulpit, and although the sermon may be in silence, it is not the less effective.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 18, 1875.

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**INDIAN FRAUDS.**—The public mind is still agitated in reference to the charges made against the "Department of the Interior" respecting the administration of Indian Affairs. The extended scientific researches of Professor Marsh within the Territory occupied by the Indians, gave him opportunities for observing the operations of the present policy of the Government towards them, that committees sent out for the purpose of inspection

and investigation rarely, if ever, find. His high character as a citizen and scholar adds greater weight to the evidences furnished by him of frauds perpetrated on the Government.

The guards and restrictions thrown around the Indian agents are so many and so strong, that it would appear next to impossible for the corruption charged to exist, yet we do know that unprincipled men, by trickery and misrepresentation circumvent the best intentions of the Government and its officials, and under the semblance of legitimate trade, rob and spoil the Treasury of the nation, defrauding the Indian of the fragments left him in the westward march of civilization.

That the honorable record of Commissioner Smith in the past as a faithful and efficient Agent and friend of the red man, which earned for him the confidence of the administration, should now be sullied by complicity with these wrongs, and the breadth of influence which his present high position commands, be used to enrich unscrupulous contractors and despoil the people of his charge, is more than we are willing to believe.

We ask our readers to suspend judgment until the commission officially appointed to investigate these charges is ready to make a full and final report.

There are some other points in connection with the Indian service that ought to claim weighty consideration, and we, as a branch of the great body of professing Christians to whom the administration of this service has been committed, owe it to ourselves and the principles we profess to give that attention which the importance of the subject demands.

The position of Indian agent is very responsible; large sums of money pass through his hands, and for the expenditure of every cent he must give a voucher. Merchants and tradesmen enter into competition to furnish supplies, and inducements are sometimes offered that do not comport with fair and square dealing. His fidelity is tampered with; and unless he is a man of unswerving integrity, and sufficiently clear-headed to see through the tricks of trade, he becomes an easy prey and a tool to play into the hands of the most unprincipled.

It is a rare chance that a man of large business ability and undoubted honor, possessing executive force equal to the emergencies that may arise, is willing to give up lucrative prospects at home and go out as an agent on the paltry sum that the Government deems a sufficient compensation. It is the meagre salary offered that stands in the way of more efficient service. Men will not sacrifice social, intellectual and religious advantages without a compensation that approximates in some measure to the loss sustained.

The desire to see these degraded children of our common Father lifted out of the mire of barbarism must be overmastering, to impel an earnest, capable Christian man to offer himself for the promotion of the work, and it might not be a matter of surprise that the service is no better performed. We should rather wonder that the work is so well executed, and that as many honest and faithful men as are now laboring to further the cause of peace and civilization have been found willing to make these sacrifices.

Then, in the distribution of the tribes among the different religious bodies, some are beginning to see the danger of rivalry and denominational differences entering into and confusing the work, and to regard this paralling out as contrary to the genius of our free institutions.

In some of the Agencies two distinct religious organizations, with forms and sacraments widely different, are in operation, each striving with great earnestness to bring the Indians into the particular fold that it represents; and at one of the reservations in the Northern Superintendency, under the care of an agent and employees selected by Friends and sent as Friends to carry out the humane intentions of the President, as representatives of that distinctive religious profession, there are three widely-differing forms of worship maintained in a community scarcely reaching 1,000.

Now, in a civilized and educated community, where each individual can read, hear and judge for himself, this variety is a necessity, and, indeed, the very outgrowth of the liberty of conscience that an intelligent appreciation of our duties and responsibilities claims. But

we question very much the propriety of confusing the unlettered savage with the conflicting and unnecessary details of this or that form of worship.

If every one who goes out as an agent, employee or missionary to the Indians was thoroughly imbued with the *spirit* of Christianity, we might safely confide the moral and spiritual welfare of these people to their charge. But when we know how great are the efforts made to swell the ranks of the communicants in some denominations, and how essential each considers its own particular dogma and ritual are to the salvation of the souls of men, we have need to petition the great and loving Father to send into this harvest-field laborers whose only strife shall be to gather these poor hunted and wronged children into the oneness of His Spirit, which unites all hearts and constitutes the true fold of Christ.

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#### DIED.

WRIGHT.—Near Diamond Ridge, Md., on the 9th of Eighth month, 1875, Joseph H. Wright, in the 71st year of his age.

In early life he was a member of the Society of Friends, and notwithstanding his disowment at the time of his marriage, he continued diligent in the attendance of meetings, and always felt it his duty to bear aloft the principles of Truth as professed by Friends. He often attended, by invitation, both Monthly and Quarterly Meetings. His generous hand was always ready to relieve suffering in whatever mode it might appear, and his loss will be deeply felt by all his friends.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 65.

(Continued from page 461.)

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#### IN AND AROUND THE ETERNAL CITY.

Four of our precious Roman days were devoted to a visit to Albano. A little wearied with incessant sight-seeing in the Eternal City, on Fourth month 29th we took the afternoon train southward, and enjoyed a fine ride of fourteen miles over the Campagna and amid the ruins of antique days.

Between three and four miles from Rome, the place is pointed out where the Temple of Fortuna Muliebris is believed to have stood. Here the wrathful Coriolanus met his sorrowing wife and his mother, and was dissuaded by their prayers from continuing his march upon Rome at the head of a hostile army, though he wisely judged that his Voscian al-



lies would not let him escape their vengeance. "Rome," he said, "is saved, but your son is lost!"

Many tombs, of colossal proportions, rise solemnly from the lonely waste, and a magnificent line of arches on the left marks the course of the united aqueducts of Claudia and Novus.

Beyond the level plain we are traversing, lie the poetic hills, and upon their high places are towns, towers and villas famed in story. At the foot of the Alban hills, on the left, lies Frascati, with its charming villas, near which is Tusculum, the foundation of which is ascribed by tradition to Telemachus, son of Ulysses.

About sunset we reach station Albano, and an omnibus is in waiting to take us to the ancient town on the heights above. Up, then, we go, slowly and laboriously, getting views of surpassing beauty and interest as we advance, and in about an hour have reached the town and found a resting-place in the Hotel di Roma, from which we may enjoy an extended view over the Campagna. Our 1250 feet of elevation makes a great change in the temperature, and fires and extra blankets are very desirable. The next morning is devoted to a little walk in the vicinity, and we visit the sepulchral monument once ascribed to the Horatii and Curiatii.

Just across a deep ravine, only a mile away, sits the town of Ariccia, and it is joined to Albano by a mighty mass of masonry, one of the most remarkable works of modern times. This viaduct consists of three ranges of arches, one above the other—six on the lower tier, twelve on the central, and eighteen on the upper; the height of each being sixty feet, and the width forty-nine feet between the piers.

We stroll along over the viaduct, and from the central portion enjoy the fine seaward view over the Campagna. A breeze from the ocean is quite perceptible, but a slight blue haze along the western horizon veils the Mediterranean from view.

The people we meet upon the way are fine-looking and joyous, courteous and most friendly in their bearing; in every way seeming worthy of their historic home upon the heights. The women of Ariccia are specially noble in mien.

The afternoon we devote to a drive to the Lakes Nemi and Albano, and to some other points in the vicinity. The little basin of Nemi,

"All coiled into itself, and round as sleeps the snake,"

is connected with the beautiful myth of Ege-  
ria. The poets tell that the nymph beloved

of Numa, of whom he sought counsel in regard to affairs of state, was so inconsolable at the death of her royal votary, that Diana changed her into a fountain, and that fountain was one of the streams which supplied the pure waters of Nemi.

The little village of Nemi sits on the borders of the basin, romantic and beautiful, with its old feudal castle of Colonnas.

Having duly contemplated the charm of Nemi, we drive to Lake Albano, whose

"Scarce divided waves  
Shine from a sister valley."

The ascent lies through a rich woodland which is all alive to-day with the fragrant and delicate cyclamen. It is pleasant to this royally beautiful little plant so widely diffused over the earth. We gathered it in the later summer in the Alpine valleys at the commencement of the season of winter rains in Syria, and here it springs, rejoicing in these cool shades of the Alban hills, to mark the coming of the May-time. To look a little on the greenwood, and gather a bouquet of these gracious flowers, almost compensates one for the absence of the sweet arbutus of our own woodlands.

Soon we reach the high border of the lake and look down on the elliptical volcanic basin in which gleam the mirror-like waters. It is about six miles in circuit, and is accounted one of the finest of the volcanic lakes of Italy.

On an eminence above the northwest margin of the lake rises Castel Gondolfo, an edifice which dates back as far as the twelfth century. It has been the scene of many tragic events, and is now a Papal summer palace. It is a plain, unornamented building, of stern, mediæval aspect, and we have no temptation to try to gain admission. At an elevation of 1450 feet above the sea, gives a pure, bracing air, free from malaria, and the dweller in its lofty halls can gaze across over the fair hill country and over the lake-like Campagna. But since the political changes in Italy, and as Pope Pius assumed to be a prisoner in the vast Vatican, I suppose Castel Gondolfo does not see the light of his countenance during the warm months.

The great wonder of the Alban lake is an emissary, a subterranean tunnel, 1509 yards in length, excavated in the rock border. It is stated that the Romans, while engaged in the contest with the Veientes (B. C. 390), thus succeeded in lowering the waters of the lake, which threatened by their accumulation to inundate the surrounding country. Accordingly the surplus waters that overflowed over the lowest part of the pres-

rim, now find a silent and almost secret exit through the lava mount.

It is wonderful to me that the Romans should have thought the end attained (the lowering of the waters of the lake) would repay them for the immense labor of constructing the emissary. Nemi, too, appears to have stood at a higher level formerly than now, and to have been furnished also with an emissary, though no mention is made of the work by any ancient author.

For the sake of a rather different view over the land and sea, we change our quarters from the Hotel di Roma to the Hotel de Paris, which is the old Plazzo Feoli, and which has a spacious terraced garden where one may sit and enjoy a long, long look over the marvelously interesting plain of flowers and of ruins. My musings ran something in this wise :

At noonday, mid the song of happy birds,  
In the old palace garden, where the flow  
Of silvery fountains, night and day,  
Fills all the air with murmurous melody,  
Sit and gaze o'er the Campagna wide—  
This silent, level plain, with veil of mist  
Where dwelt the Latin people of old days.  
The fields are richly green, and flowerets sweet  
Smile joyously abundant, far and wide,  
O'er sunny meadows. Beyond, the radiant sea  
Gleams in the sunshine, as in antique days,  
When the great Roman gathered in his ports  
The tribute wealth of all the subject realms.  
Gray countless ruins stud the silent plain,  
And, in the distance dim, the eye can reach  
The ghostly image of the imperial town—  
The city deemed eternal in old days—  
Whose foot was planted on the seven hills.  
When will the desolation smile again,  
And homes for man and groves for singing bird  
Make glad once more the sad Campagna waste ?

A Sabbath-day walk about Albano, and a visit to the principal church, gives us an opportunity to see the people of the place and of the surrounding country. The quaint old town is the scene of quiet enjoyment, and the picturesque costumes of some of the women give an additional interest to the panorama. We notice no less than three brides, gaily and even richly adorned in honor of their new estate. They wear quite gorgeous silk-brocaded gowns, white lace aprons and handkerchiefs, and veils of white lace on their heads. The husbands are quite plainly attired in humble peasant garb, which looks rather out of harmony with the conspicuous glories of their brides. The peculiar costume of Italian peasants is said to be rapidly disappearing since railways have penetrated every part of their country, and this is a matter of some regret with those who admire variety and a kind of rich gaiety in the dress of the people.

The 21st of Fourth month was celebrated

in Rome as the anniversary of the founding of the city by Romulus and Remus. There was a roar of cannon in the morning, and a rather moderate indulgence in the luxury of fire-crackers among the juvenile population during the day ; but at night, we are informed, there is to be a grand illumination of the Coliseum and other ruins with different colored lights, and a display of fire-works in the ancient arena. We form an alliance with three other sight-seers, and at the appointed hour drive out to the venerable amphitheatre, thinking we will be able to make dignified and leisurely observations from our carriage. Arriving on the spot, however, we are peremptorily ordered to move on by the policemen on guard. Taking another position, less desirable, the officials again informed us that our carriage was in the way of the people ; and so we were sent on, and on, and on, till we were almost as far from the point of interest as we were at the hotel. Here we descend from the carriage, and noting its position and number carefully, walk back ignominiously, and enter amid the thronging multitude one of the many archways which lead to the arena. It is a perfect moonlit night, and in the short interval before the illumination commences, we may watch the strange and solemn effect

“As the full rising moon begins to climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there,  
And the stars twinkle through the loops of time,  
While the low night breeze waves along the air.”

About nine o'clock the whole mighty building is strongly illuminated with a pure white light, and the weird moonlight indefiniteness is exchanged for a sudden intensity of brightness surpassing for a few moments the brilliancy of the noonday. As this dies away, a succession of rockets dart upwards toward the heavens, as though the thousand crimes and cruelties of the arena had found visible expression, and were rising like remorseful ghosts over the old den of dire wickedness. Then red lights illuminate the scene with lurid intensity ; more rockets send up their hissing streams of fire, and we retire to a little distance outside the building to await further developments. The illumination of the whole exterior succeeds, producing a grand effect, and delighting the enthusiastic but orderly multitude. The arches of Titus and of Constantine then glow with the same fires, to remind the calm present of the brave days of old, when conquering emperors thought they might by these structures achieve an earthly immortality.

Of our long, weary search for the carriage, which had been remorselessly moved on from the spot where we left it, of our inquiries, disappointments and heroic endeavors, much



might be said; but I forbear. It *was* found at last, and we *did* get back to the dignified safety of the hotel before midnight, and were congratulated by the clerk, who informed us that spectators on such occasions commonly fared much worse.

An afternoon at the exquisite Villa Albani, about half a mile outside the Porta Pia, is a delightful remembrance. Here the Cardinal Albani, having spent many years in collecting a wealth of ancient sculptures, arranged just such a series of porticoes and saloons for its reception as an old Roman patrician would have desired. The statues seem merely to embellish the saloons, and to look out grandly from between columns proportioned to them over the inspiring mountains and flowery plains of Italy. From this villa the first Napoleon carried away 294 pieces of sculpture to Paris; and when, at the peace of 1815, these were restored to their rightful owner, the Prince Albani, he, either unable or unwilling to remove them, sold them to the King of Bavaria, retaining only the celebrated bas-relief of Antinous, crowned with the lotus-flower. This work was considered by Winckelman, after the Apollo and Laocöon, the most beautiful monument antiquity has transmitted. The long array of emperors, heroes, statesmen, Roman dames of high degree and mythologic fancies carved in marble is so rich and varied, that one can only sigh, "I hope to come to Rome again, and study more at leisure these wondrous memorials of antiquity, at which we now can only glance despairingly."

Our last day in Rome (Fifth month fifth) was signalized by a visit to the Parliament of Italy, which is now holding its sessions at Rome, in the old palace of Monte Citorio. A fine, lofty, simicircular hall, furnished with ample and comfortable galleries for spectators, is the place of assembly; and one can hardly imagine a more desirable and beautiful chamber for a legislative body. The deputies were many of them venerable men, and were discussing with great animation the "burning question" of the relations between Church and State in Italy. The deputy who was addressing the House on our entrance soon sat down, when numbers of his colleagues pressed round him to express cordial approval by hand-shakings and friendly words. I was not quite sure, but thought I saw one enthusiastic gentleman stoop over and kiss the orator; but this may only have been a whispered word of sympathy for his private ear.

It is a strangely-inspiring sight to see Roman Catholics—grave and thoughtful men—discussing and advocating the principles of enlightened liberty, and demanding resistance to the absurd system of spiritual

domination which grows out of the reaffirmation of the dogma of infallibility. If I understood aright,\* it was proposed to effect entire separation of the Church from the State, after which the civil authorities were not in any way to interfere with the ecclesiastical, except to see carefully that the clergy remain within the limits traced out by the laws, and to watch over and preserve the rights of every citizen.

Whatever may be the action of the legislators of United Italy, liberal minds throughout the world must sympathize with the efforts to shake off the paralyzing shackles of priestly domination. The suppression of monastic houses, though probably a wise and needful measure, must have occasioned much dismay among the brotherhoods and sisterhoods who, having assumed the obligations of the conventual life, are, in a great degree unfitted for the ordinary struggles of the world. But I am informed that none, young or old, from age or infirmity are unable to labour have been cast upon the world.

All the great transitions of the nation seem to be accompanied with suffering for a portion of the community; even when a change accomplished is of the most beneficent character. The final goal will be gained no doubt; and though the individual suffering for a time, the general advancement of the family of mankind seems sure;

"For we doubt not, through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with  
the process of the suns."

S. F.

Fifth month 6th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AWAY FROM HOME.

No. 2.

My last hailed from Port Austin. It advertised time for leaving said place, steamer Benton, was midnight, the real time for which was prolonged until 3 or 3½ in morning; a contingency for which I was somewhat prepared, as the same kind of delay was experienced in our arrival just a week previous.

This town is situated on a very high bluff such as I did not suppose existed on the borders of the lake, and finding the boat would remain there over half an hour, several of us procured a carriage and were driven through it. Nothing of interest was elicited except the fact that, unlike the deposits referred to in my last, as to the increase of land at F

\* From the published reports which I afterwards read.

ustin, here the lake is making constant inroads on the banks.

Our driver pointed out the rear buildings what was once the only hotel of the place, between which and the edge of the bank very little space now exists. The front or main building has entirely disappeared, and he informed us that some twenty years or more since he was in the practice of turning a four-horse team in front of the main building (now none) with perfect ease.

The steamer Benton referred to above is the only regular through boat between Cleveland and Saginaw City; although others occasionally touch at the intermediate points, there is no dependence on them. To be certain, therefore, of getting away by lake from any of these places, at any specified time, it is necessary to use this boat, and, as it makes the trip only once a week, you must time yourselves accordingly; and, though you may leave on the day specified, it will be well to abide in the patience, without any special reference to the hour, only be on hand and ready.

Grindstone City is another stopping-place both for receiving and discharging freight. It is also reached by a drive of about four miles from Port Austin, of which I availed myself. It would be somewhat difficult for a stranger to find its corporate limits, or where its appliances entitling it to the cognomen of a "city" consisted, not for its immensity but for the opposite.

Notwithstanding which, it occupies an important position in its industrial product, not only for the country immediately surrounding but for many distant points. As might be inferred, its name indicates this product, as grindstones are there manufactured in large numbers, the annual aggregate of which I had no means of ascertaining.

I had had no previous idea of the process of manufacture, and fear I cannot convey an adequate one to others. The rapidity with which it is done is astonishing. We timed them, and after being placed in position for turning, two men would finish one (with the exception of a little dressing round the centre, where their chisels would not reach, and which had to be done by a third) in from two and one-half to three and one-half minutes, the respective sizes of these varying from two and six inches to three feet in diameter.

We visited two establishments, at one of which they were just finishing a very large one, weighing over 3800 pounds, and the last one previous to that weighed over 4300 pounds. The process of manufacture is the same with both large and small. Of course, the quarry is immediately at hand. Its formation is in horizontal layers, of various

thicknesses, and, like all other mineral deposits, has to have the top surface removed until the article is obtained in sufficient purity.

One set of workmen detach these layers, and convey the various-sized pieces into which they separate, to a point near the powerful steam engine which furnishes the power. Another set give them a very rough, circular shape, with picks, and cut a hole in the centre, from two and one half to three inches square. It is amazing in how very few moments a man will do this, and when done it is quickly placed on a shaft and put into rapid revolution. Two men stand opposite each other, with chisels some four feet long, set with such exactness as to meet each other when they get through the thickness of the stone the sides of which are first made smooth and even by the same process, each man dressing his own side.

With my utilitarian ideas, it struck me there was a great waste of material, as they very frequently cut the stone out of a complete circle; in other words, they turn off what might be termed a stone hoop, like the rim of a carriage-wheel, varying from two to five inches in thickness, depending upon the size of the stone manufactured.

For miles round persons procure these and use them as borders for little rockeries or mounds, in which they plant flowers to ornament the lawns in front of their houses. I saw a pair of these thus used which measured certainly not less than five feet six inches across. Think with what exactness of workmanship these must have been manufactured, and especially so considering the rapidity with which the stone revolves and the thickness penetrated. As soon as it is finished the weight is chiseled on it, and it is rolled away, awaiting shipment.

Either in Cleveland or Detroit I saw a steam fire-engine propelled by its own steam power, thus avoiding the use of horses. If none in use by others are frightened by it, and careful engineers are always employed, it is an admirable arrangement.

When the boat arrived at Bay City from Port Huron, it was found we were so much behind time, it would be impossible to reach Saginaw in time for the train for Chicago. This train leaves Bay City (where we then were, though a considerable distance from the depot) at 2.45; and, although a number of us had taken our tickets for the former place, and were entitled to remain on the boat, we decided not to run the risk; so five or six grown persons and two children tumbled pell mell into a carriage, and were driven, Jehu-like, to the depot, arriving there in time to avoid having to wait for the next train, which would otherwise have been the case.



The same character of waste referred to in the manufacture of grindstones has always troubled me as respects lumber, even in our own lumber regions of Pennsylvania, where I have known it to cost from eight to ten dollars per day to burn up the refuse lumber from the saw-mill, and oftentimes even then at some risk for the safety of the mill. I cannot upon such occasions but recur to the poor always to be found in large cities, who need fuel, and who frequently suffer in the winter season for the want of it. Could this waste be judiciously distributed to them, what a blessing it would be!

We were now passing through a succession of large board yards, reminding one of Williamsport, Pa., and I noticed, when near Saginaw, an arrangement which pleased me. The refuse lumber of which I have spoken, had been cut or broken into about the length of cordwood, and it, with shorter pieces intermingled, nicely piled up in long rows, say four feet high. What is done with it of course I cannot tell, but it is evident it is to be used. The farther we got from Saginaw City the less there was of this care.

Before reaching Chicago a number of very neat cottages on the lake attracted attention. The very extensive manufacturing establishment of the Cornell Watch Company was very prominent, and when still nearer our place of destination, embryo streets were laid out and lots fenced in, looking even more chimerical than some to be found in the suburbs of our own goodly city.

The scarcity of houses that necessarily followed "the great Chicago fire" has induced to a limited extent the building of "tenement houses," on the New York plan. There is one here, just completed, the building itself covering 80 by 100 feet, divided into three or four stories or flats, each one containing eight rooms. Each floor comprises all the conveniences of our modern dwellings, and, objectionable as they may be, are certainly better than the alternative of very small streets or courts.

*Eighth month 23d.*—Have just returned from "'Change," which is no nearer a "quiet retreat" than that of any other large city. One cause of excitement this morning was the reception of the news of a widely-extended frost all through Illinois, and even in some other States, the immediate effect of which was to raise the price of corn one cent per bushel. It is hoped, however, a frost so early in the season may not prove very injurious, although there are well-grounded fears in consequence of the backwardness of the season, that the blight will come; otherwise, there is the promise of an unprecedented crop throughout the West.

But enough for the present. I may possibly have something more to say about Chicago after reaching home, should I find anything of sufficient interest to narrate. The word "home" recalls what I heard a young man say, a few hours since, upon greeting his relatives after an absence of some two weeks on a pleasure trip—"This returning home the best part of my absence." J. M. E.

Selected.

#### THE FIRE-FLIES.

BY J. V.

The summer's day has reached its close,  
The darkness settles round;  
The weary mower seeks repose,  
And sinks in sleep profound.

But o'er the field of new-mown hay,  
Behold a wondrous sight!  
Though gone the brightness of the day,  
The air is full of light.

Like sparkles, glancing to and fro  
Among the new-mown grass,  
The fire-flies gleam; how strange the show,  
As back and forth they pass!

Each with a lamp, like human kind,  
They seek, perchance, their food;  
Or by its light each other find,  
As suits their varying mood.

Or hiding them from dangerous foe,  
They darken now its ray,  
That none their secret path may know,  
And seize them for their prey.

How marvelous the works of God,  
His wisdom, skill and power!  
In starry hosts, or glittering sed,  
In insect, plant, or flower.

Oh, may I not, where'er I turn,  
Careless His works behold;  
But from each thing some lesson learn,  
Which He to man has told.

#### WHAT PLEASES GOD.

What God decrees, child of His love,  
Take patiently, though it may prove  
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here,  
Be comforted, thou need'st not fear  
What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will;  
Rest on this anchor, and be still;  
For peace around thy path shall flow,  
When only wishing here below  
What pleases God.

The truest heart is God's own heart,  
Which bids thy grief and fear depart;  
Protecting, guiding, day and night,  
The soul that welcomes here aright  
What pleases God.

Oh, could I sing as I desire,  
My grateful voice should never tire  
To tell the wondrous love and power,  
Thus working out, from hour to hour,  
What pleases God.

The King of kings, He rules on earth ;  
He sends us sorrow here or mirth ;  
He bears the ocean in His hand ;  
And thus we meet, on sea or land,  
What pleases God.

His church on earth He dearly loves,  
Although He oft each sin reproves ;  
The rod itself His love can speak,  
He smites till we return to seek  
What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize  
The joys that for a season please ;  
But willingly their paths forsake,  
And for thy blessed portion take  
What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in heaven ;  
There shall the crown of joy be given ;  
There shalt thou hear, and see, and know,  
As thou couldst never here below,  
What pleases God.

—Gerhardt.

From the Journal and Free Press.

#### HOW TO SAVE THE DROWNING.

The following directions for saving the  
es of persons rescued from the water are  
lished at the request of the Massachusetts  
mane Society :

I. Lose no time. Carry out these direc-  
is on the spot.

II. Remove the froth and mucus from the  
uth and nostrils.

III. Hold the body, for a few seconds only,  
y the head hanging down, so that the water  
y run out of the lungs and windpipe.

IV. Loosen all the tight articles of cloth-  
about the neck and chest.

V. See that the tongue is pulled forward,  
it falls back into the throat. By taking  
d of it with a handkerchief it will not slip.

VI. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly  
it must be stimulated by pressure of the  
st with the hands, in imitation of the nat-  
l breathing, forcibly expelling the air  
m the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter  
l expand them by the elasticity of the  
s. Remember that this is the most impor-  
t step of all. To do it readily, lay the  
son on his back, with a cushion, pillow,  
some other firm substance under his shoul-  
rs ; then press with the flat of the hands  
er the lower part of the breast-bone and  
e upper part of the abdomen, keeping up a  
gular repetition and relaxation of pressure  
enty or thirty times a minute. A pressure  
thirty pounds may be applied with safety  
a grown person.

VII. Rub the limbs with the hands or  
th dry cloths constantly, to aid the circula-  
ion and keep the body warm.

VIII. As soon as the person can swallow,  
e a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water,  
some warm coffee or tea.

IX. Work deliberately. Do not give up

too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts  
of hours.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRYING.

The object of all cooking, says J. B. Hodg-  
kins in the *Housekeeper*, is to bring about  
those chemical changes in articles of food  
when exposed to the influence of heat. Bak-  
ing, frying, boiling, or roasting are all only  
so many different methods of applying heat.  
The commonest, the most convenient, the  
cheapest and quickest of these methods is fry-  
ing, which can be applied to almost all arti-  
cles of food, which requires the least appar-  
atus and the smallest fire, yet of all methods  
is the least understood, the one which destroys  
most food, and is the cause of more indiges-  
tion and dyspepsia than all the other methods  
combined. The reason of this is, that in  
many substances the admixture of fat pre-  
vents chemical processes of cooking from hav-  
ing their proper development. The perfec-  
tion of frying would be to have food fried  
without coming into contact with the fat at all.  
But as this is, of course, a self-evident impos-  
sibility, the next best thing is to have the  
food come into contact with the fat as little  
as possible. This is accomplished simply by  
having the fat hot. Grease of every descrip-  
tion is capable of being heated to a very much  
higher temperature than water ; in fact, it  
can be made almost three times as hot as  
boiling water. When fat is at its boiling  
point it is so hot that any article of food  
brought into contact with it is actually burnt,  
and this is precisely the reason why, for pur-  
poses of frying, fat should always be boiling  
hot. For any article of food, a doughnut,  
for example, dipped into boiling fat, is imme-  
diately covered all over by a thin crust of  
burnt dough which prevents the fat from pen-  
etrating further in, and enables the rest of the  
doughnut to be exposed to a greater degree  
of heat than can be applied to it by any other  
process, without coming in contact with the  
fat, and the natural chemical processes go on  
inside with a greater degree of perfection  
than can be obtained by any other method.  
Perfect frying is the perfection of cooking,  
but so soon as the fat is not sufficiently hot to  
create the burnt crust around the article fried,  
the fat penetrates it and absolutely prevents  
cooking from taking place at all. If the fat  
is not boiling, bubbling hot, the process that  
takes place is not cooking, but simply drench-  
ing the food with a tepid fat and rendering  
it totally indigestible. It makes no difference  
how hot the fat is afterward, the mischief is  
done the moment the fat penetrates inside.

All perfectly fried food has a thin, crisp,  
brown outside crust (which has in itself a  
relishing taste) and is perfectly free from



even the suspicion of fat inside, except what was intentionally put there by the cook. All housekeepers know that to fry well their fat should be hot. But they do not attend to it half as scrupulously as they would if they understood the true philosophy of it. Boiling, bubbling, hot fat cannot penetrate anything, and cooks to perfection; tepid fat penetrates everywhere and does not cook at all, but actually prevents cooking. Any housekeeper who reads this, and chooses to profit by it, need never put any greasy, fried, half-cooked, and indigestible food upon her table. The whole secret consists in having the fat boiling hot before the things are put in. There is one other condition which follows naturally from this first one, but which is almost invariably lost sight of even by good cooks, and that is that the fat should entirely cover the article to be fried. The reason of this is, that the part not at once covered by the fat remains cold, cools off the fat near it, and then absorbs the tepid fat just the same as if it had never been hot. Frying pans should be deep, well-filled, and heated to the boiling point, and then it is easy to turn out fried food, crisp, brown, and dry on the outside, and perfectly soft, moist and well-cooked within. It is a peculiarity of the outside crust of things fried in boiling fat, that the fat itself drips off from it as readily as water; hence, well fried articles are neither greasy in appearance nor very greasy in reality. Frying ought to be as easy as boiling.—*Delaware County Republican*.

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### NOTICES.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day, Ninth month 17th, at 3 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting room, Race street (being the same day that the Representative Committee meets). Full attendance desirable.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

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#### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

9th mo. 25th, Canada Half-Y. M., at Yonge st.  
 " 29th, Scipio, N. Y.

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#### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 19th, Merion, Pa., 3 P.M.  
 [Take Paoli train at 32d and Market at 1 P. M., for Elm Station, about half a mile distant from the Meeting-house.]  
 9th mo. 19th, Gwynedd, 3 P.M.  
 " 26th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P.M.  
 10th mo. 3d, Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.  
 " " Quakertown, Pa., 3 P.M.  
 " " Birmingham, Pa., 3 P.M.

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### ITEMS.

THE peaches taken to Liverpool in the Ohio, which left Philadelphia on the 26th ult., were found

rotten upon the arrival of the vessel. They kept in perfect order until the 2d inst. The supply of ice was exhausted on the 29th ult.

ICE 80,000 YEARS OLD.—The altitude of the Stevens' Mine, on Mount McClellan, is 12,500 feet. At the depth of from 60 to 200 feet the crevice material, consisting of silica, calcite and ore, together with the surrounding wall-rock, is a solid frozen mass.

Mount McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range; it has the form of a horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of feldspathic rock nearly 2,000 feet high, which, in some places, is nearly perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurred until a distance of some 80 or 90 feet had been made, then the frozen territory was reached, and it has continued for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw, summer or winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the load itself is as hard and massive as the rock.

The miners, being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick or drill, found that the only way was to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the mode of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over 290 feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. There are other mines in the same vicinity in like frozen state. The theory is that the rock was laid down in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In the case the mine is an ice-house, whose stores have remained unthawed for at least 80,000 years! The phenomenon is not uncommon nor inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Brandon frozen well and the Stevens' mine, show no way for air currents, are still referred to in bedded icebergs and the glacial period.—*Alma (Colo.) News*.

A REMARKABLE discovery has recently been made on an island in the Mississippi, eight miles below Davenport, Iowa, by some fishermen. It was a subterranean cave, hewn out of a heavy, solid rock which was covered by a rock, and which was reached by stone steps. The floor of this cavity which had undoubtedly been made thousands of years ago, was thickly strewn with ashes, and charred remains of bodies and substances which they took to be dead leaves, first wetted and then pressed together, resembling in color and solidity cake from oat-meal. Among the dry ashes they picked up three tusks, about the size of a boat-tooth, and a little lower the boat-hook came in contact with a hard substance, which proved to be a skull, as brown as polished walnut, perfect in every respect, and of extraordinary size. On further examination, an almost complete skeleton was discovered; but the most singular fact came to light in the hardened and almost petrified leather strip bronze buckles and a wooden leg, which contained the extremity of that limb, it having been removed half way between the hip and the knees. This is a very interesting discovery, proving that a knowledge of bronze was among the learning of the original Americans, and that mechanical surgery in those days was equal at least to the adaptation of a timber extremity.—*Ex. Paper*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

OL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 25, 1875. No. 31

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## OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

BY M. J. G.  
 (Continued from page 451.)

On First-day afternoon an appointed meet-  
 ing was held, in which there was extended  
 service; the voices of nearly all the minister-  
 ing Friends from a distance being heard.  
 There was in all unity of spirit and much  
 that was worthy to be treasured.  
 There was a meeting in the evening, ap-  
 pointed by B. G. Walters, formerly a mem-  
 ber of our Society.  
 On Second-day morning the meetings as-  
 sembled for entering upon the usual business.  
 These, though small, were thought to be as  
 large as has been usual for some years. In  
 the women's branch, during the season of  
 eighty solemnity which so frequently char-  
 acterizes the opening of the first business  
 session of our Yearly Meetings, the young  
 members were exhorted to give faithful service  
 during the several sittings; to come fearlessly  
 to the post of duty, conferring not with flesh  
 and blood; and all were admonished to dwell  
 on that spirit of prayer which depends neither  
 on vocal utterance nor bended knee.  
 Upon calling the names of the Representa-  
 tives, they were found to be all present.  
 Cordial welcome was extended not only to  
 those in attendance with minutes, but also to  
 those without. The presence of all was felt  
 to be a comfort.

One, a member of a large Yearly Meeting,  
 said she had never before been so impressed  
 by the value and beauty of our established  
 custom of epistolary correspondence as upon  
 this occasion, when the reading of epistles,  
 teeming with thought, introduced to the meet-  
 ing the wide field of interest that had been  
 livingly before our larger sister organiza-  
 tions.  
 Besides the business usually claiming the  
 attention of this sitting, valuable advice and  
 exhortation were given. The sweet travel to-  
 gether was compared to the precious oint-  
 ment that went down to the skirts of the gar-  
 ment, to the dew of Hermon, that descended  
 where was commanded the blessing, even life  
 for evermore. After a short prayer from one  
 young in the public service, the meeting  
 adjourned for the day.  
 In the evening there was a meeting of those  
 associated in First day school interests. Re-  
 ports from the few schools within the limits of  
 the Yearly Meeting manifested that in each  
 school there is a concern for the furtherance  
 of best interests and growth in religious life.  
 Epistles from Associations of Baltimore and  
 Philadelphia were read, dwelling on subjects  
 full of life to those who have entered into  
 First-day school labor, realizing its breadth  
 and responsibility. An address from *Scattered  
 Seeds* Publishing Committee, was also read.  
 Though there is a deep-rooted interest in



the subject of schools, it is evidently not widespread, and the Association feels that there has been a lamentable loss sustained by the neglect of that class of instruction which it is the aim of First-day schools to foster.

On Third-day morning, at the opening of the second session of the Yearly Meeting, all were feelingly called by an aged mother to the remembrance, that a tribute of thanksgiving and praise should arise for continued favors and blessings. In the answers to the Queries, there was free acknowledgment to the lack of much which must be attained before there can be a correspondence between the state of our Society and the standard we profess; but a good degree of love and harmony, and a desire to conform to the requirements for pure living, were reported as pervading. The admonition went forth, to search the heart as with a lighted candle, that that against which the Lord holds controversy might not find lodgement. The remissness in attending small meetings elicited a comparison between these and the little streams, without which there cannot be great rivers: If there is not a preparation in these and in Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, there cannot be an entering into the fuller current which makes our Yearly Meetings a time of refreshment and inspiration.

During an acceptable visit from Thomas Foulke, the meeting was called to renewed courage, with the assurance that, though but a little speck in the religious world, history shows that great power for good has gone out from Friends, much of the progress in humane movements since the rise of the Society having received impetus and the strong hand of support from within it. Our testimonies were held up as still containing that which will nurture best and truest thought, if there be individual devotion to God, his Christ and pure, holy living. This devotion was feelingly commended to all.

Following this was a visit from James W. Haines, accompanied by his grandfather and Ezekiel Roberts. That vital religion, which can transform cold, formal meetings into an enkindling of spirit comparable to flame bursting from live coals, was earnestly recommended. The young were urged to hold not back that which was theirs to offer, and to conditions believed to be present, exhortation and counsel were extended.

A reference from Short Creek Quarterly Meeting was read, calling attention to the need of care being extended to members who live without the limits of meetings, and by their conduct do not manifest a conformity with our testimonies and usages. The subject claimed attention, and a joint-committee was appointed to consider it.

The meeting adjourned, to meet in joint session with men's meeting the following afternoon.

On Fourth-day morning there was a meeting of Ministers and Elders, which was thought to be a highly favored season.

Shortly after the gathering of the meeting for public worship, the expression "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," was cited as being applicable to us as when uttered, pointing to the inward and spiritual Christ, the Son of the living God—that Christ so beautifully referred to by Isaiah, when he said "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son given." All now willing to obey this voice will find rest to their souls. The necessity of obedience as illustrated by the beautiful and instructive allegory of Jonah, who, sinning against light and knowledge, refused to obey, and was plunged into the depths. Whoever now refuses to obey will, in like manner, suffer until there is a cry unto the Lord and a willingness to sacrifice with a voice of thanksgiving. The Scriptures were held up as the best of books, valuable for deep spiritual instruction when read under the influence of the Holy Spirit, but when read only in the letter, they may produce confusion and spiritual death; and all were assured that charity, that holy gift so beautifully described by Paul, is essential to peace and happiness.

The speaker following called attention to the beautiful order to be observed in communications, that they be concise, one exercising not closing the way for another. He wished to impress upon his hearers the necessity of those who wish to come to God, believing that He is. The error of becoming the follower of any man, and accepting as a name this or that *ism*, was pointed out. When we acknowledge this name and conform the conduct thereto, we become worthy indeed of being friends of Christ and of His cause.

Toward the close we were called to remember that one is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren, and to entertain the charity which thinketh no evil, but unite all who serve this Master in a strong bond of fellowship.

A deep feeling pervaded this meeting, and on some minds present, there will doubtless be left a lasting impress.

In the joint session of the afternoon the Report of the Indian Committee was read, also the Report of the Visiting Committee. The Representative Committee presented, by its minutes, a memorial addressed to the General Government in the interests of peace, and one to the General Assembly of Ohio, asking for such change in certain laws as will make them less favorable to liquor-sellers. Unit

was expressed with both, and the committee was directed to have them properly forwarded.

By appointment of James W. Haines, there was, in the evening, a solemn, weighty meeting. The discourse was too comprehensive to be treated in these limits. It was particularly addressed to those not acquainted with the foundation upon which rests those testimonies which mark us a peculiar people, but was, perhaps, of the deepest interest to those to whom, by birth and association, these have descended as a heritage, without a satisfactory knowledge of their significance. The inspired writings, conscience, ordinances and inspiration were prominent points, and were clearly dwelt upon. The impressiveness of truth in the power of its simplicity was truly felt, and the adjournment was under a covering of composed thought.

In the women's meeting on Fifth-day, there was a fulness of instructive discourse as the reading of epistles, presented by the committee appointed at the first session, and other business, brought different subjects into view. The committee to consider the reference from North Creek Quarter reported that they united in retaining it under consideration for one year, and advise careful attention being given to such members as have long absented themselves from meetings, who, by non-conformity with disciplinary requirements, may be standing aloof, feeling that they have forfeited full right of membership, not only that our good order be established, but that such may, if possible, be gathered, and thereby live and receive strength. A trusting hope had been expressed, before assembling, that here might be a good Yearly Meeting. The loss may be said to have brought but one feeling—that this had been gratified. There truly had been sweet travel and counsel together. The mourners lingering between the porch and the altar were encouraged to arise in their might, exhortation and gospel Truth bounded, and harmony pervaded throughout.

Following the reading of the concluding minute the shutters were opened, and a solemn opportunity was afforded together before the final dispersion.

THE greatest man is he, who, choosing the right with invincible resolution, resists the worst temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is the most unflinching.—*Channing*.

THE more polished a person's mind is, the more susceptible is it to the warmth of friendly impressions.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.

On Seventh-day, the 11th of Ninth month, 1875, the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders was opened at the Clear Creek meeting-house. The Joint Committee appointed by Baltimore and Indiana Yearly Meetings to attend the opening were present, and the meeting was opened by reading the minutes of their appointment. Caleb Russel and Elizabeth Coale were appointed Clerks, and the Queries and answers were read. There was a season of silent worship, and several weighty communications were made. The meeting then adjourned to convene again on Second-day morning, at 8 o'clock.

On First-day, meetings for worship were held in the new meeting-house, both in the morning and afternoon. The number in attendance was very great. It was said that the meeting-houses of other denominations for some miles around were closed, in order that the congregations might attend Friend's meeting. The meetings were favored with the evidence of Divine life, and the discourses delivered were generally satisfactory.

On Second-day morning, the meeting for ministers and elders again assembled, and closed in a satisfactory manner.

About 10 o'clock A. M., the Yearly Meeting was convened, the partitions between the men and women being opened. After a season of solemn silence and some brief communications, a member of the Joint Committee, appointed to attend the opening, read the minutes of their appointment, and those in attendance answered to their names. All those from Baltimore Yearly Meeting were present, but some members of the Indiana committee were absent. The meeting was then considered as opened, and the partition was closed, in order that the men's and women's meetings for discipline might proceed.

In the men's meeting, Jonathan W. Plummer of Chicago, was chosen Clerk, and Caleb Russell of Prairie Grove, Iowa, Assistant Clerk. It was proposed and concluded that the Book of Discipline of Indiana Yearly Meeting should be used as the Discipline of Illinois Yearly Meeting, with the understanding that Monthly and Quarterly Meetings were to bring forward next year such amendments as they may deem proper.

The next business was the reading of the minutes of Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings. There were twenty of such minutes; seven of them being for recorded ministers. The Epistles from other Yearly Meetings were read, and much satisfaction with them was expressed, as well as with the large attendance of visitors from within the limits. A committee was appointed to pre-



pare Epistles, and to bring to a future sitting a minute on the exercises of the meeting. Committees were also appointed to bring forward the names for a Representative Committee, a Committee on the Indian Concern and a Committee on Receipts and Expenditures.

On Third-day the meeting assembled about 10 o'clock A.M., and most of the sitting was occupied with the consideration of the answers to four of the Queries. The attendance of meetings for worship and discipline, and the salutary effects derived from them, when held in the authority of Truth, called forth much expression from exercised minds. The promotion of love and harmony and the proper training of children, the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and the supplying of families with a pure literature were among the subjects that claimed the earnest attention of the meeting.

In the afternoon a meeting for youth was held by invitation of Joshua L. Mills, at his residence. There being too many to find room in the house, seats were placed on the lawn adjoining, where a precious season of Divine favor was experienced, and many testimonies, from both old and young, were borne, to the excellency of Christian principles and the joy of a holy life.

In the evening, at the new meeting-house, a First day school conference was held, which was well attended, lively and harmonious.

On Fourth-day a meeting for Divine worship was held at the new meeting-house. It was a favored opportunity, and a Gospel ministry flowed freely.

In the afternoon a meeting for discipline was held, when the answers to the remaining Queries were read and considered.

The answers in relation to the use, as a beverage, of intoxicating liquors, were remarkably clear. Some earnest remarks were made on the use of tobacco and its pernicious effects, which it was thought would hereafter claim more care and concern than it has hitherto received. The subject of a guarded, religious education for the children of Friends was discussed, and a committee was appointed to take into consideration the best means of promoting it. A committee on the Indian concern was appointed, which met in consultation at the rise of the meeting, and agreed to name Cyrus Blackburn, of Baltimore, to represent them in the Central Executive Committee.

Fifth-day the meeting assembled about 10 o'clock A.M. and sat till about 4 P.M. A memorial from Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting, concerning Susan Price, a little girl who died at 7 years of age, was reported from the Representative Committee, and read. It was very touching and instructive, and was ordered

to be published with the Extracts. Reports from committees were read; also, a minute of the exercises of the Yearly Meeting, and an Epistle addressed to the several Yearly Meetings in connection with us.

When the business before the meeting ended, a proposition was made to open a partition, which, being submitted to women's meeting, and approved by them, was done. A season of precious solemnity was felt to prevail, lively testimonies were borne to the great truths of spiritual religion, and prayer and thanksgiving offered up to the Divine Author of all our blessings.

In the Women's Yearly Meeting the order of business and the subjects considered were nearly the same as in the men's meeting. Elizabeth Coale and Elizabeth S. Walton served as clerk and assistant on Second day, when the minutes of Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings were read; the proposition from the men's meeting to the Indiana Book of Discipline was adopted. Epistles received from Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us were read, and satisfaction expressed with their edifying content. Committees were appointed to prepare answers to the epistles, to serve on the Representative Committee and to act in conjunction with men Friends on Indian affairs.

Third-day, the name of Caroline Lukens was reported for Clerk, and she was appointed to the meeting being informed that Elizabeth Coale, who had served the day preceding, called home by indisposition in her family. Elizabeth S. Walton was continued as assistant clerk.

The consideration of the state of Society was entered upon, and the answers to the Queries were read, after which, Joseph Dugdale and John Mercer made an acceptable visit.

The reading of the answers to the Queries was then resumed, calling forth much satisfactory counsel from sisters in attendance, encouraging to faithfulness in the various duties of life. The subject of intemperance called forth much deep feeling, and Friends were earnestly entreated to exert their influence against it whenever and wherever an opportunity might offer, and to exercise great care in using it in their families for culinary purposes, or as a medicine. Overseers were solemnly advised to consider well the responsibility of their charge and to be very careful in dealing with offenders. The great need of having our children educated by teacher membership with us was urged, and a committee on education was appointed.

Being informed by the men's meeting that they had appointed a committee to memorialize the Legislature in opposition to ca-

punishment, and to prepare a memorial to the President and Congress of the United States in favor of the settlement of national differences by arbitration, and being invited by the men to co-operate therein, a committee was accordingly appointed.

Fifth-day, the Committee on Epistles reported essays of epistles to the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond, which, being read, were satisfactory to the meeting.

The memorial concerning Susan Price, sent in from the men's meeting, was read, which was deeply touching to the hearts of all present, and brought to remembrance the words of the Divine Master, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The minute containing the exercises of the meeting was then read, under a feeling of reverent thankfulness that our Heavenly Father's canopy of love had been over us, enabling us to move in harmony and to worship Him in spirit and in truth. S. M. J.

#### THE NECESSITY OF EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

BY AMOS WILLETS WRIGHT, A. M.

##### PART SECOND.

(Concluded from page 468.)

It is a hard thing to say that those to whom the general Government has given this great educational trust have acted dishonestly with; but does it not appear that they have upon very slight examination? If West point made soldiers after the manner that these agricultural colleges make farmers, we should feel a little shaky about our national defences. It has been said that the system of requiring physical labor at the hands of the students is impracticable—that there are difficulties attending it not to be overcome; that it will be found that the plan has not been given a fair trial, and that in most instances scarcely an attempt has been made in the right direction. There are obstacles to be overcome certainly, and the worst of them is prejudice. In the first place, it is difficult to obtain members of faculties who are competent instructors in classics and mathematics, and at the same time in sympathy with the plan of combining mental training with practical work. They are covered with the scholastic dust of ages, and it is almost impossible for them to shake it off. They inherit from their own *alma maters* an almost instinctive idea that there is something degrading in physical labor. They set no examples for students to follow, and insensibly communicate to them their conservative ideas. All the influence of educational tradition and intellectual foppiness is thrown against the introduction of bodily work. A great effort is necessary to break through this time-honored

error; but it must be done, and eventually it shall be done. The man will yet rise, determined and powerful to overcome the difficulties which lie in the path, and bring the desired system into established and accepted use. The failures of the attempts which have already been made can be easily traced to causes capable of correction. The instructors must be educated up to the required standard, and there must be perfect equality among the students. All must work, so that all alike shall receive the benefit, and no line of caste appear to mark the sham aristocracy of loaf-erism.

It is not for the agricultural and mechanical classes alone that the benefits of combined mental and physical labor are reserved. They are applicable to all classes of students, both in a sanitary and moral sense. The importance of physical culture has reference to all human beings. With the coming man, pale and sallow countenances and cadaverous forms, will not be the insignia of scholarship. Learning and dyspepsia are not necessarily bedfellows. Other things being equal, the individual with the strong physique is capable of a higher order of intellectual work than his house-bound brother. As a rule strong minds inhabit strong bodies. The strong mind in a weak body labors at a disadvantage. Horace Mann in his later years wrote: "I am certain I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home and taken the stars when it should become their turn. The consequence was I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since." Here we see that the great educator confessed to having made an almost fatal mistake. The truth was that he was a victim to an imperfect system of education. Had he performed a stated amount of physical labor, daily, he would have been powerful for more effective work while he lived, and his very useful life spared to the world probably some years longer than it was. It was a strong body which carried Webster through his work, and made such a perfect and lasting intellectual engine of Brougham.

It may be claimed that in this respect the athletic sports will serve the same purpose as



labor. To some extent this is true, but sports lack regularity, and every one does not participate in them. There is no system about them, and they lack the moral force of actual work. It is not to be expected that they should be abrogated altogether. Something must be allowed to the spirit of exuberance and love of fun, without which youth would be divested of half its charms. But there is time enough in the twenty-four hours for a proper amount of this kind of recreation without interfering with a reasonable amount of study and practical labor.

The moral effect of physical work is of incalculable importance. It offers a vent for superabundant vitality, which, otherwise directed, it is found from experience, is likely to spend itself in worse than unprofitable mischief. Perhaps the best system of education in the world, so far as it goes, is that of the farmer boy who lives at home and attends the district school. He has his farm work to attend to morning and evening, and when he leaves school is as capable for labor as he was when he entered it. Extend this system through a college course and the boy could hardly be spoiled, as many are under the prevalent system. The life of the average student at our universities and colleges is almost one of luxury. It was not so formerly when chapel bells rang at six in the morning, and the fare was hard and even scant. The sons of wealthy parents now-a-days are apt to adorn their rooms with pictures of race-horses and ballet girls. Their wardrobes rather resemble those of dandies than students, and their apartments are no strangers to the midnight carouse and indecent conviviality. The inducements to become fast young men assail these wealthy youths, in a large percentage of cases, irresistibly, and their influence extends to other classes, whose parents are exerting themselves and denying themselves to give their sons a college education. It has been stated somewhere, I know not with what authority, that one-third of the graduates of the largest and best known university in this country die drunkards. The statement is not an astonishing one when the circumstances are considered. There is, of course, a class of students who have a hard time in getting through college, who work their own way through partly or wholly. These are likely to come out of the ordeal unscathed, unless indeed their health is injured by too intense application to study and too little bodily exercise. But there is another class who go there because their parents send them to be fitted for the duties of life. They stay four years, their expenses are paid for them, no cares or responsibilities press upon them. A certain number of hours per day are re-

quired in the recitation room, and, outside that, they do pretty much as they please. They study more or less, but they very seldom learn to look down on anything like use work, and to exhaust their vitality in no chief. Does this kind of training seem well fitted to prepare young men for the practical work of the world? But suppose these young men were required to take off their fine clothes and put in two hours of honest physical labor each day, on the farm, handling tools or other work, would they not learn self-respect, properly dispose of their unappropriated vitality, and become interested in something other than the usual occupations of fast youth? They would at least acquire habits of industry in the place of habits of idleness. We are considering now the moral effects of the combination of physical and mental labor as applicable to all classes of students, the rich as well as the poor, professional as well as agricultural and mechanical students. We are looking at it as a means of preventing dissipation and the contraction of bad habits as a safeguard against the dangerous influences which are likely otherwise to surround the individual at that period of his life when he is the most susceptible to impressions, and when his character is forming. This last consideration is specially important. The time usually spent in college is precisely that in which surrounding influences are most powerful for good or evil. The moral as well as the physical muscles are then shaping and developing themselves. The character is plastic then; but when it becomes hardened it is difficult, often impossible to correct the wrongs which may have been made in its formation.

The condition of the average newly-fledged graduate from our colleges is almost a pitiable one. He is upwards of twenty years of age. If he expects to become a business man, he must commence at the foot of the ladder and find his proper place with boys of fifteen or sixteen years. He is awkward, unhappy, and comes to a sudden and miserable realization of the fact that the world is not what he expected to find it. If he is to be an engineer and has paid special attention to mathematics, he naturally thinks that after so much hard work, he is fitted to be entrusted with important trusts, and looks for them. But he soon finds that he has an apprenticeship yet to serve, and a long one at that. And so it will be in architecture and almost everything else he will undertake. But if the new order of things is adopted, and he studies and practices together through his college days, the asperities of the transition from school life to after life are smoothed over or done away with. He is ready to go on. He has been

fitted for his business. In the professions the case is somewhat different. The prospective clergymen, lawyers and physicians have another course of study before them, which partakes somewhat of the character of the old; and hence it happens that our college courses are better adapted to them than to others; and indeed they are marked out chiefly with reference to them. The time has arrived when we can no longer afford to have our educational systems cut to fit the figures of the three professions. And it is also certain that students having the three professions in view will be benefitted more by the course which seems particularly adapted to the farmer, mechanic and practical man generally than they will by the old system. Considerations of health, morals and habits of industry, all urge them to make the change and advance with the others. To a certain point, all can profitably go forward together.

With respect to the education of females, the same general principles apply. She should be trained to perform all those duties of life which pertain to the part of human usefulness which circumstances assign to her. Her field is a wider one to-day than it has ever been before, and will grow still more wide. In a great measure, she has grown out of her state of dependence on, and subordination to, the other sex, and has demonstrated her capacity to stand alone and sustain her responsibility as an individual, outside of matrimony as well as in it. There is every reason why she should be rendered capable of earning her own livelihood and of performing labor that can be well paid for. The advance which is taking place in the science of education has reference to her as well as to men. One-half of the human race cannot progress without the other. The mothers of one generation are as important to them as the fathers; and throughout history they have been sadly neglected—the more barbarous the race, the greater the neglect.

It is almost enough, even in this age and country, to sicken a thoughtful man, to behold the methods through which a large proportion of young girls are ushered into womanhood. Many female seminaries are little else than hot-beds of silly sentimentality. A smattering of French, a little music, a skimming over of many things, and the mastery of nothing, except certain items of etiquette, dress and dancing constitute the "education" of the average boarding-school miss. After emerging from school, she has nothing to do but wait until some one asks her to marry. That settles the problem of life with her, and seems to her to be about all there is in it. There is a large—fortunately, very large—exception to this kind of training, and the

difference in the result is so marked as to be almost startling. There are institutions in the country out of which young women come prepared to battle with life in earnest, ready to teach, to keep house, to become book-keepers, and to manage certain kinds of business. These generally have some ideas of the laws of health, and pay more or less attention to them, and moreover have had the benefit of physical labor. The school at Mount Holyoke, Mass., has achieved an excellent reputation for producing more than ordinarily capable graduates, and there the students perform the work in the institution commonly left to servants. There are a few other schools of the kind in the United States, but far too few.

The ill health of American women has become proverbial, and it is entirely owing to their mode of life, occupation, or lack of it, dress, and other things within their control—in short, to the errors of their education—that they are not as strong and well as any. There is a wonderful opportunity for the introduction of common sense and physical training in the majority of our female schools. The difference between a young lady, whose aspirations are simply to be fashionable, and one who understands house-keeping, knows how to cook and wash, and is not afraid to do it, is at once apparent. Husbands find it out very quickly. If they are poor, or in moderate circumstances, the superiority of the capable woman is all the more a blessing; if they are rich, they will have well managed servants and an orderly household, and if the woman has only her own resources to depend on, industrious habits are indispensable to her. It is not necessary to dwell at length on the advantages of the combination of physical and mental training to women. The principle is equally applicable to both sexes.

The object of this paper has been to show that a change is demanded in our educational system, in order to adapt it to the wants of the age. A revolution has actually begun to take place. The widening of knowledge no longer permits so much time as formerly to be devoted to the classics. The sciences have indisputable claims which must be regarded; and the criterion by which courses of study must be selected, is usefulness. The number of those who need and seek higher education is constantly on the increase, and represent more callings in life than formerly. The masses are more fully represented in our colleges, and the methods of instruction must be shaped to meet their needs. This can only be done by giving a practical turn to their culture. Physical industry is essential in the education of farmers and mechanics, and it adds to the health, morals and habits of indus-



try of all classes of students. It is calculated to correct the crying evils of the prevalent college system. The chief enemies to its introduction are the force of custom and the unfortunate and mistaken idea that manual labor is degrading. These obstacles, it is to be hoped, will be gradually overcome.

MIAMI VALLEY COLLEGE,  
Springboro', Ohio.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

All the Preparative and Monthly Meeting schools of Friends of Philadelphia with the Central School and Swarthmore College have been re opened, each having its complement of teachers, and only a few vacant seats. All these schools, Swarthmore excepted, are free to the members of our three Monthly Meetings, and make an abatement in price of tuition to those children not members, but who have one parent a member.

A number of seats have been reserved in Central School, for the accommodation of Friends' children who have been prevented from attending at the opening. R.

### SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

When questioning doubts have arisen, it has appeared very clear to me, that correlative with the capability for enjoyment is that of suffering, one could not exist without the other, both have their origin in the same source, yet the amount of enjoyment is greatest. Our grief for departed friends has its birth in the love we entertained for them while living, yet the enjoyment afforded by that love has been greater than the sorrow for their loss.

Thus I learn to recognize heavenly goodness and mercy in all things, and in all things to give thanks.

Thou mentioned being at a loss to know my feelings concerning the First-day school movement. In response, I may say, it is a subject that has not claimed a sufficient degree of thought, or a movement with whose workings I am sufficiently familiar to enable me to arrive at a decided judgment regarding it. My inquiries have turned more upon the Creator's laws as impressed upon Nature and our own constitution; yet, in course of these inquiries, I have learned to recognize that young minds of varied constitutions and capacities, have need to be fed with food convenient for them; and also if that which is pleasant and wholesome be not furnished to them, it will be sought by them at the risk of imbibing that which is hurtful and poisonous.

It is not in the natural course of laws that the fertile field, unattended, should long fallow. If the good seed be not sown and cultivated, noxious weeds will spring up and take possession of the soil. The same agencies of nature, which would develop and mature the one, will contribute to the rapid growth of the other. So it is with your minds. And yet, though Paul may plant and Apollos water, it is God that giveth the increase, and if the First day school movement is a labor in His cause, it must be through an instrumentality chosen and qualified in Him and working under His direction, whose intelligence is all sufficient.

These interchanges of thought and feeling have a powerful tendency to beget and maintain an interest in distant friends and strengthen the bond of unity.

### FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 25, 1875.

**CHEERFULNESS.**—Cheerfulness is an element in human character that largely contributes to the happiness of the individual and the enjoyment of the family circle.

It can hardly be called a trait, but rather a result,—depending mainly on temperament and subject to the modifying influences of early training and of the will.

It is the birthright of healthy, happy childhood; and in after-life, while faith and hope are cherished, it continues to be the sunshine of the heart. So dependent are we upon the cultivation of a cheerful disposition for happiness, that we turn instinctively from the person in whom it is wanting.

There are some minds that habitually seek the dark side of life; a present good is but half enjoyed, if enjoyed at all, in the fear that a latent evil may succeed; and this continual brooding upon what the future holds in store, frequently turns the good that ought to be received with cheerful thanksgiving, into a doubtful blessing, defrauding the individual of his full share of positive enjoyment.

This self-immolation to the fear of what may come, shows a want of courage to meet and keep brave company with the vicissitudes incident to our human condition. What if to-morrow may be dark and stormy, let us walk in the sunshine that brightens our path to-day; we are not sure that we will

here to see "the clouds we so much dread" rather, and if they do, may it not be to "drop fatness" into our garner? As in the outward, changes are necessary to the full and perfect development of vegetation, so, in the growth and perfection of the inner life, there must be seasons of proving and times of darkness; yet, if all these are cheerfully acquiesced in and accepted, as designed for our ultimate good, we will not yield to discouragement.

And this cheerful acceptance of our allotment always increases the real value of living. If we determine to gather up all, even the smallest grains of happiness, we will find that the aggregate overbalances the ill, that we have a much larger share of blessing than we are accustomed to credit ourselves with; and when we look beyond ourselves, to the influence that our dispositions have upon those with whom we associate, how shall we be excused if by the shadows in which we walk, the paths of our nearest and dearest companions are made cheerless and sad? Surely, every one has need to inquire of his inner self, Am I making the most of this gift of life, which I inherit, for myself and for others? Do I accept it in good faith, and am I filling up the measure of my days with fruits that mellow and ripen into abundant sweetness? or, is my harvest only Dead Sea apples, that yield but dust and ashes to their possessor?

Life to each one is just what each makes it; age is only "dark and unlovely" when the years in passing have garnered up no stores of bright and cheerful memories, to draw it more closely to the hearts of others. A cheerful old age is always trustful and happy, still finding much to enjoy; and having by long experience learned to bear with the weaknesses and frivolities of youth, it can look beyond these, with hopeful anticipation that there will not be wanting brave and willing hearts to take up the burthen where, by reason of failing strength, it is dropped, and carry forward to its consummation the perfecting of the race in all that constitutes its ultimate happiness.

PROPER INDEPENDENCE.—In view of facts connected with one phase of our social life as

it now is, in which our "young men and maidens" are especially involved, we want to encourage the exercise, by both, of more moral courage and proper independence, that they may lift themselves out of a rut in which they are now traveling.

We refer to a custom which has largely obtained, of young girls allowing their young men friends to pay their city car fare, when waiting on them to or from an evening company or lecture, a custom for which we are sure no satisfactory reason can be given; and this dependence does not stop here, but extends to trips by steamboats, cars or carriages.

To illustrate our concern by a fact, we give the experience of a mother whose son, in common with many of his companions, was invited to an evening entertainment. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with a very agreeable young woman, whom he would gladly have escorted to and from the scene of expected enjoyment, but he thought he had discovered that his friend, who was accustomed to luxuries in her home-life, would be unwilling to go except in a carriage, which, of course, according to the custom of the day, he would be expected to provide. An obstacle presents itself: he is a clerk, and receives a moderate salary; his board aids in the support of his widowed mother, and therefore he cannot *conscientiously* indulge in such an expense. The result was, he had to deny himself an association that was otherwise altogether desirable.

Others of our sons or brothers, while still quite young and receiving a salary barely sufficient for board and clothing, would gladly avail themselves of the benefits and pleasures of such associations; but, to do so, they must either incur expenses beyond their means, or else possess a degree of moral courage not often seen, but which is requisite to stem a popular current.

We may take an extreme view of the matter, but we believe it is quite possible for some temperaments, through a determination to carry out their gallantry (falsely so called), to resort to unjustifiable means to supply such a drain, small, we admit, in detail, but so large in the aggregate that our young women



would be surprised were they to learn the amount they have thus received from their young friends, upon whom most frequently they have no kindred claim.

Let mothers instruct their daughters to be more independent than to allow their expenses to be thus paid by (as is sometimes the case) a mere casual acquaintance.

Daughters who are accustomed to having their purses liberally supplied by indulgent parents, forgetful that all are not thus supplied, submit *thoughtlessly* to the custom of the times, and allow themselves to be placed under obligations which fetter both them and their companions. Some are conscious that things are not quite as they should be, and yet they appear unaware of the fact, that the change rests *with* themselves, and that the reform could readily be made by the exercise of a little moral courage, combined with proper independence.

NOTE.—We regret the long interval that has elapsed since the publication of the first part of the Proceedings of Ohio Yearly Meeting. The delay was unavoidable.

In this issue we present the remainder, which came too late for last week's paper.

#### DIED.

BICKNELL.—In Harford county, Md., on Eighth month 20th, 1875, of typhoid fever, Rebecca M., only daughter of Pamela and the late Isaac Bicknell, aged 29 years; a member of Broad Creek Particular and Deer Creek Monthly Meeting.

This dear young Friend was a sufferer for the last few years of her short life, but she never failed in the discharge of her loving duties to the living; and, though we miss her greatly in the family circle, and miss her everywhere, we trust our loss is her eternal gain.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 66.

(Continued from page 461.)

#### FROM ROME TO PERUGIA AND FLORENCE.

Our departure from Rome Fifth month 6th was most reluctant, for not half the vast stores of interest which she offers to travelers had we even tasted. Six weeks is far too little for the famous city and its environs, but it is as long as can be allowed by our plan of travel in Italy. The extensive ruins of the Thermæ of Diocletian and the so-called temple of Minerva Medica, are among the last objects that claim the attention as we pass out

from the depot and through the city gates into the Campagna, and the famous church of St. John Lateran, with the host of warrior-like apostles which seem to keep eternal guard upon the roof, seems just at hand as we pass the walls, though a reference to the map shows it to be half a mile away. The tranquil and silent Campagna is soon around us. Radiant with flowers of many hues, all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine are the ancient fields we are traversing; but their loneliness is most impressive. Over the broad expanse, diversified with gently-rolling hills, scarcely a human dwelling or tree is to be seen. One is forcibly reminded of the Western prairie lands, "those gardens of the desert, for which the speech of England has no name."

As the train glides swiftly northward toward the hills, I look backward and get another view of the great dome of St. Peter's, dim and shadowy with distance like the mountain, and looming up grandly above all other the works of men's hands. For a little time our way lies along the Arnò, the principal affluent of the Tiber, but soon we enter the valley of the parent river.

The scene is varied and beautiful beyond description, and I am reminded of the enthusiastic lines of the poet in praise of Italy:

"Thou art the garden of the world, the home Of all Art yields or Nature can decree; E'en in thy desert what is like to thee? Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste More rich than other climes' fertility, Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced With an immaculate charm which cannot be effaced."

Our first pause is at Passo di Correse, near the site of the ancient Sabine town of Curia, memorable as being the reputed birth-place of Numa Pompilius. Then we soon enter most lovely hill country, and come in sight of the thrice indented ridge of Monte Sorace. On its summit is seen the monastery of S. Silvestro, founded in 746, by Charlemagne, son of Charles Martel, and brother of Pepi. The highest peak of the mountain is 2,200 feet. At station Borghetto we pause a moment, and then thunder on between the hill. Curious cavernous ruins near the summit of the ridge on the right hand suggest the rock-hewn tombs of Egypt. We have reached charming mountain land, with verdant valley, olive-clad slopes and solemn heights. In favorable situations we see the mulberry and vine in loving concord, according to the custom in Italy. The mulberry has been shorn of its twigs and boughs, and has a remarkably snubbed appearance, but it leans friendly shoulder to the clinging, dependent vine, and hand-in-hand they do their life work amid the waving wheat, which is generously arrayed with crimson poppies.

At ten o'clock we reach Orte, the ancient Hortia, one of the military colonies of Augustus. The town is on a lofty site, on a bank overlooking the valley of the Tiber; and here our road, which has been tending due north, turns to the northeast, crosses the Tiber by a chain bridge and follows the course of the Nera up its glorious valley. We pass through two tunnels, and then pass the ruins of the Bridge of Augustus on the Via Flaminia. Only one of the three noble arches remains entire, and this is 60 feet high. As we mount higher and higher into the hills, though their summits are often crowned with ruins, very few modern habitations are observed.

Terni, memorable as being the birth-place of the Emperors Tacitus and Florian, and of the historian Tacitus is near, and the waterfalls, called La Caduta delle Marmore, said to be far more beautiful and imposing than any other, either in Switzerland or Italy. But we pass them by, remembering the cascades of our own land, to which the waterfalls of Europe are as nothing. We get a noble mountain view now, and as I am in the full enjoyment of the bright and glorious montide, we dash into a tunnel, and then into another much longer, which seems interminable in its roaring darkness.

And now our way lies through the luxuriant valley of Clitumnus. A most lovely scene around us, worthy, indeed, of the poet's apturous praise. Here still,

"The milk-white steer  
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!"

From an over-hanging canopy of cloud to the left, we can now see the rains streaming down upon the valleys while we speed onward along the heights. But the shower reaches us very soon, and pours down awhile in almost tropic fury as we dash along the vale of Clitumnus. The rain fails to keep pace with us many minutes; the clouds vanish as if swept away by magic, and the sweet valley is again revealed, all the more beautiful from its brief deluge. The sky is bluer, the grass is greener, the flowers brighter.

Trevi, picturesque on its hill-top, is now seen on the right, and on the near mountains are frequent patches of snow. But in the wide, fertile valley the mulberry-trees, the vines and the olive flourish. At Foligno, in the midst of this smiling land we pause awhile, but do not descend from the car. Then onward once more, past Assisi, famed as the birth-place of Francis Bernardone, founder of the monastic order of Franciscans.

Now we cross the little Chiascio and the Tiber, pass through several tunnels, and yet onward, reaching the station for Perugia about half-past two. This town, the ancient

Perusia, sits aloft on a mountain throne as grandly as if it had not felt again and again the devastations of war and civil strife. An omnibus is in waiting, and in it we mount the heights, for to-night we propose to rest in this ancient eagle's nest.

As we enter the gates and ascend the substantially-paved old streets, and take note of the stately antique edifices which stand on either hand, we realize the magnificence of the old Roman city of Etruria. The Hotel Grande Bretagne receives us, and we take advantage of the few remaining hours of daylight to see what Perugia has to show us. In the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo solemn ceremonies are in progress, for it is the festival of the Ascension, and quite a large congregation are joining in the vesper service. Some notable paintings are here, but they are veiled, and we think it not a suitable time to pry into mysteries. The University is readily found, and we are promptly admitted to see its fine antiquarian collection and the picture-galleries, noteworthy as the receptacles of many of the works of Perugino, the instructor of Raphael. These are all church pictures, and are illustrative of that phase of devotional life of which St. Francis was the example and teacher. They express reverie, longing and profound feeling; but, I am sorry to say, I found them very monotonous, and turned willingly to the Etruscan Museum, where there are numerous remains of the works of art and the war like and domestic utensils which the excavators have found while delving in these historic hills. I was specially struck with the strong, stern faces of some of the old fragmentary marbles and bronzes, looking just as one would imagine these independent, war-like Etrurians. An inscription in the Etruscan tongue, the longest that has been discovered, is pointed out to us, but its import has not yet been satisfactorily determined. Some of the remains suggest the revelations of Egypt, and some the later days of Pompeii.

As evening comes on, we find our way out on the lofty platform in front of the fine new Palazzo Comunale, and enjoy the unrivaled sunset view over the hills and dales, and to the snow-flecked summits of distant mountains. The variety and richness of tinting at this hour is not to be pictured by words, and I only wished that such revelations of the glory and gladness of the earth could be unfolded to those who dwell quietly apart and patiently bear the monotonous burden of the day. A multitude of the citizens of the town were assembled on the beautiful piazza to enjoy the coolness of the evening; and I have never anywhere seen a more agreeable and polite people. There were meri-



ment, pleasant greetings, social talk and quiet musings, but not the slightest impropriety of any kind, nor any indication of the excitement of intoxication.

The next day we pursued our researches in Perugia, taking note of its old palatial dwellings and civic halls, of its delicately sculptured fountains, of its beautiful benignant bronze statue of Pope Julius III, of its antique churches, and of the glorious land which lies around. The city of Perugia is entirely mediæval, quaint and dingy with age; and while there are abundant evidences of former grandeur, there seems to be very little present wealth, except of art. The market place where the people from the surrounding country were offering the flowers, fruits and vegetables of the pleasant valleys for sale, was a pleasant, cheerful scene, and nothing in it was so admirable as the handsome and neatly attired *contadini*, who are specimens of the rural Tuscan people.

It is surprising to see how sparingly the fruits of the spring time are offered. There are very few strawberries, and fewer cherries—no more in fact than in Philadelphia at this season—and the asparagus is very small and very scarce. Oranges and lemons, evidently freshly plucked from the trees, are offered in abundance, but are scarcely cheaper than we have them at home. The people generally are not in the way of indulging in luxuries of any kind.

Entering the Cathedral, we find it quite emptied of the crowd of worshippers, and two charming little boys, in red gowns, are readily found, who promptly unveil the pictures for our benefit, and with great clearness and politeness explain their significance. The trifling gift we bestowed upon them was most thankfully received, and I found myself regretting that such graceful, beautiful specimens of young humanity were destined to the formal, rather stupid life of the Catholic priesthood.

After a little patient waiting we succeeded in getting admission to the ancient Palazzo Comunale, where, in the now disused Sala del Cambio (Chamber of Commerce), are interesting and beautiful frescoes by Perugino, assisted by his wonderful pupil, Raphael. On one hand we see the sibyls and prophets, while above them and shedding his radiance upon them is the Eternal Father, who guides their utterances. On the other are the heroes and philosophers of antiquity. The nativity and the transfiguration are presented on the end of the hall, and on the ceiling are the allegoric representations of the days of the week, said to be the work of Raphael. Apollo with the chariot symbolizes the first day (Sunday); the huntress Diana, with the attendant moon,

the second; the warrior Mars, the third agile-winged Mercury, the fourth; the benignant Jove, the fifth; Venus, the sixth while the venerable god of time, armed with scythe and hour-glass, Saturn, solemnly personifies the seventh. Other frescoes are shown us in the adjoining chapel, but they are of less interest than these fanciful and graceful creations. Our morning in Perugia is soon exhausted, and we have to take leave of it with the feeling that we have done scant justice to its various objects of interest. We are on our way toward Florence by half-past two, and go dashing along through numerous tunnels and by tranquil fields of abounding fertility, till we reach the shores of the lake of Thrasimene, where, B. C. 217, the brave Roman host under the Consul Flaminius was entrapped and destroyed by the "Carthaginian's warlike wives." The whole scene is before us, and we can see how, between the mountains and the shore, they struggled with their conquering foes.

The calm, silvery lake with its olive-clad environing hills is wonderfully lovely to-day, and in the most interesting and picturesque spot, our train pauses while we admire and enjoy the scene. The lake, which is thirty miles in circumference, and, in places, eight miles wide, has three little islands, on one of which we can see the now deserted monastery. The plough is at work on the plain of battle and the bright green of advancing vegetation, the fair flowers which assert themselves in every spot where they find tolerance, the aged trees in which the songster finds a home, the tranquil, sparkling little rill which once ran blood—all things, warmed and soothed into smiling joyousness by the spring-time sunshine and the soft breeze, are in strange contrast with the tragic drama here enacted 2,000 years ago. As lake Thrasimene is 74 feet high, the project of draining it of its waters, and making its bed a garden land, is said to be under consideration. A few minutes more and we reach the station for Cortona.

We next pass Arezzo, the ancient Arretium also one of the twelve confederates noted by Macaulay, in his resounding lay of "Horratius."

Before the daylight has departed we draw near to the city of Florence—"the Etrurian Athens"—girt, as of old, by her theatre of hills.

"Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps  
Was modern luxury of Commerce born,  
And buried learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

Florence has dispensed with her mediæval walls, and has quite overflowed the basin of the hills in which she nestled of yore, while

er more opulent citizens have dotted the sheltering hill-sides with villas and gardens, making it a kind of fairy land. Perhaps the words of Rogers are not too strong :

"Of all the fairest cities of the world  
None is so fair as Florence."

S. R.

Fifth month 8th, 1875.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
AWAY FROM HOME.

No. 3.

Although at home at the present writing, the above caption is retained in order to continue the series with the two preceding numbers, written while "on the wing."

This will doubtless be a desultory production, and possibly go back somewhat from the route of travel, to dot down such little matters as may present themselves, even out of the proper routine.

Port Austin is looked upon as one of the most, if not the most difficult "to make" on any of these lakes. The boats have to make a very large circuit, and then head in, in order to effect a landing, and even then are not always successful. On the trip but one before that which landed me, they could not make it," and all the passengers had to continue on to Bay City or Saginaw, and there wait about two days for the return trip. If the lake is rough, a landing is not even attempted.

I have said nothing of lake travel. When the water is smooth, it is delightful. This was my experience with the exception of one morning, when by dint of perseverance, after having managed to swallow a little breakfast, found my comfort would be best promoted by remaining perfectly quiet; so, seeking my pillow, I retained my reclining position for about three hours, during which time the lake had become very calm, and I experienced no further unpleasant symptoms.

It is said that lake sickness is far more severe than that experienced on the sea, and is accounted for by some in the fact that, the water being more shallow, the waves are shorter, with more of a rolling motion, whereas on the sea they take the whole length of the vessel.

There are now two families "camping out" here, from Detroit, their only shelter being tents, one family having two—one comprising the sitting-room and lodging room, and the other the kitchen. In this party there are two or three small children. I understand they have become weary of the ordinary fashionable summer resorts, and are trying this experiment. I saw two of the ladies sitting on the rocks on the brink of the lake, engaged in sewing and reading, while

the children, barefooted and untrammelled with fashionable attire, were enjoying themselves finely in the little inlets.

They are so well satisfied with the summer's experience, that I believe they contemplate having next year something rather more permanent in the way of shelter.

A few words as to Chicago, in addition to what was written in No. 2.

In the nomenclature of the streets I observed a very free use of the names of prominent Western States. Here, as in Cleveland, wooden pavements are very prevalent, with the same evidences of decay; and yet I noticed some streets being repaved with the same material.

Upon querying of a resident why this was so, with the experience they had already had, his reply was, What are we to do? we have no stone of a suitable quality, not even gravel to any extent. This subject, as it is with us, is claiming considerable attention here, as is evinced by the following extract from an article which I clipped from a Chicago paper :

"THE CEDAR-POST PAVEMENTS.—Since the revival of the discussion relative to street pavements, which is one of the most important practical topics for our citizens to consider at the present time, we have sent to Detroit for information concerning the cedar-posts which have been substituted to some extent for the pine blocks in the wooden pavements. We find that the Detroit Board of Public Works have used the round cedar-blocks for the past four years, and have laid them on twenty different streets this year. No other blocks are now used at Detroit, and no pine whatever. The cedar-posts have been found to be much more durable, and the experience of Detroit thus far would indicate that they last about twice as long as the pine-blocks. The reason for this is that the decay of the wooden pavements is due more to the rotting of the wood than to the ordinary wear and tear of travel, and it is notorious that cedar lasts longer under ground than any other soft wood. It has been noticed in the worn pavements which have been taken up that the wood has rotted to a degree that it may be scooped out like mud after being down a few years. This would scarcely occur with cedar. As to the wear and tear, it is believed that the roundness of the cedar-blocks would enable them to bear the pressure against the edges better than the square pine-blocks. An objection urged against the cedar at one time was, that it would emit an offensive odor; but the experience in Detroit has proved the contrary. There is no odor whatever."

As has always been the case, pedestrianism in Chicago is attended with considerable fatigue, in consequence of the irregularities in grade of the footways in some portions of it, and in others, from these being so much higher than the cartways, having frequently to descend, at each end of the "block," from two to four steps—the same thing occurring with intermediate smaller streets in the square.

While this may answer admirably for en-



tering carriages with the floor on a level with the pavement, it is not very convenient for those desiring to cross the streets at other points than the regular corners. This defect is, however, being remedied as fast as possible. In all the business sections, a regular grade for all the footways has been established, and where repaving of the center has taken place, these cartways have been brought up to the proper height; and where these cross any of the very low streets, descents are made each side to accommodate it.

"The great fire in Chicago," "Chicago rising phoenix-like from its ashes," have become familiar phrases, obviating the necessity of much further mention. A few words, however may not be inappropriate.

The business portion is rebuilt, leaving comparatively very few vacant lots. Here and there may be seen one with nothing left except the cellar walls, and in some instances the old brick fire-proof standing about the centre of the lot, as a sad memento. I cannot vouch for the correctness of the information, but I was told that most of the brick fire-proofs preserved their contents, while, generally speaking, all others proved worthless.

The new buildings in the business portion are nearly all splendid structures, of the most substantial character, and one thing particularly attracted my attention. Having been erected, as we know many of them were, in haste, without the same opportunity for the selection of materials as in ordinary times, it would be natural to expect more or less settling, or giving way, with great shrinkage of the lumber used. I looked for these things, but was not able to discover any defects. If they have existed, they have been remedied in such a way as to escape detection.

Some of the stores are magnificent buildings. I went through that of Field, Lighter & Co. How it stands in comparison with that of A. T. Stewart, of New York, I cannot say, neither can I give its size, but it is very large, five stories in height, the first devoted to miscellaneous dry goods, the second to ladies' wear, and the third and fourth to carpets, oil cloths, &c.

A number of the hotels are also models of their kind. I went through two of them—the "Pacific House" and the "Parker." The former is too gorgeous, and has too much gilding to be even pretty, reminding one of the cabins of some of our old-fashioned steamboats, while the latter is in better taste with apparently every appliance for the comfort of its guests, and containing six hundred and sixty-four rooms.

The parks are gradually assuming great beauty, and are much more extensive than

they were at the time of my last visit. Possessed of few natural advantages, except the proximity to the lake, and on a level plain it is astonishing what art has accomplished in the way of artificial mounds and depression—artificial lakes, with little pleasure-boat paddled about by delighted occupants,—magnificent flower-beds, &c., &c.

Before closing, I feel like giving a little personal detail.

Noticing, as I passed up one of the streets an individual, in the garb of a Friend, approaching me, I found the desire to make his temporary acquaintance to be irresistible, and, at the risk of being thought intrusive, extended my hand (which was cordially taken), and greeted him something after this wise: That I saw by his garb he was one of my kind of folks; that, of course, I knew not which "side of the fence" he was on, but that, if our hearts were only in the right place, it mattered not, &c., that I was from Philadelphia, and felt as if I must speak to him.

He replied, that if he mentioned the name of some Friends with whom he was acquainted in Philadelphia, I could probably form an opinion as to where he was. He then named three prominent members of Race Street, adding that he took the *Intelligencer, Journal* at the *Friend*.

Upon our exchanging names, I found was our Friend Elihu Durfee. After some conversation he desired me to accompany him for an introduction to Jonathan W. Plummer, which I did, and had a very pleasant interview with both of them, only too short, as time was then limited.

I look upon such little episodes as "green spots" in my pathway, that never fade from my memory; and I believe, if we were more frequently true to our best feelings, irrespective of conventionalities, we would often diffuse a ray of sunshine, not only into our own hearts, but into those of others.

I could not but censure myself for not having ascertained, before leaving home, the locality of their little meeting, as I could have attended. Had the notice that appeared in the *Intelligencer* during my absence, been published some two weeks earlier, I would have been all right in this respect. Finding myself in Chicago without this information, I had purposed attending that of the other branch of the Society; but not knowing the precise locality, other than that it was at the extreme end of the place while I was at the other, I suffered this fact and some other circumstances to prevent me.

Upon glancing over what I have thus hastily written, I find I have said nothing about the stock yard, which I visited and found

that, since I last saw it, almost a young town  
as sprung up in and around it—offices, a  
bank, &c., &c. Neither have I spoken of our  
beautiful moonlight lake travel, nor of a sunset  
more gorgeous than any I have ever seen.  
Asking my kind friends to excuse the many  
effects they must have discovered in what I  
have thus offered them, and believing they  
could do so did they know the disadvantages  
under which these numbers were penned, I  
now close.

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Ninth month, 1875.

**ERRATA.**—No. 2 of "Away from Home"  
should have been dated *Goodrich*, Michigan,  
which was by some means inadvertently  
omitted. Of course, all the remarks refer-  
ring to the town being situated on a high  
 bluff, &c., applies to the before-mentioned  
*Goodrich*, and not to Port Austin, as might  
be inferred from the reading.

J. M. E.

# WAITING ON GOD.

BY A. L. WARING.

My heart is resting, O my God !  
I will give thanks and sing ;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise ;  
I seek the treasure of thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known,—  
The fear that sends me to Thy breast  
For what is most mine own.

Mine be the reverent listening love  
That waits all day on Thee ;  
The service of a watchful heart  
Which no one else can see ;

The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God !  
My heart is in Thy care ;  
I hear the voice of joy and praise  
Resounding everywhere.

# IN AUTUMN.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

Put on your beautiful garments,  
O toiling earth, and rest !  
The goal is won and the toil is done,  
And now you may don your best,  
Your robe of purple and scarlet,  
Your tassels and plumes of gold,  
The misty sheen of your veil of green  
And your mantle's crimson fold.

earth, so glad and so fruitful !  
O nature, so brave and true !  
would that we were as wise as ye  
In the work we have to do !

We loiter and waste,—we sow not,  
Or scatter our seed in vain,—  
For the stony field must be wrought to yield  
Is treasure of golden grain.

"Put on your beautiful garments,  
O toiling soul, and rest !"  
Faint heart of mine ! to that call divine  
Be all thy powers addressed ;  
Sowing beside all waters,  
Faithful in that which is least,  
Constant and still, do the Master's will  
Till the time of toil has ceased.

Then the peace that shall come and the gladness !  
The service that shall be rest !  
And the plaudit won of that word, "Well done !"  
And the Master's "Come, ye blest !"  
O earth, in your sweet fruition  
Rejoice and be glad !—but this,  
The joy of a soul that has reached its goal,  
Is a deeper, holier bliss.

—Christian Union.

# LIVING WITHOUT BRAIN.

M. Voit has demonstrated by experiment,  
that a warm-blooded animal, a bird at least,  
may live after its brain has been removed.  
He skillfully removes, with hooks and scalpel,  
the cerebral hemispheres from the skull of a  
pigeon. When the operation is concluded,  
the poor bird hides its head under its wing,  
and remains motionless, with closed eyes, in  
this attitude, which it resumes whenever it is  
disturbed, in order to receive nourishment,  
and seems to be overcome with profound  
slumber. This condition lasts a few weeks,  
after which the victim of the singular mutil-  
ation leaves its somnolent condition, opens its  
eyes, and even attempts to fly. It avoids ob-  
stacles, shuns the hand that would seize it,  
and appears to enjoy in full force the faculties  
of hearing and seeing. Thenceforth the pige-  
ons without brains cannot be distinguished  
from those with brains, except by their entire  
forgetfulness of the means of securing nour-  
ishment. They would die of hunger in a  
heap of grain. It is necessary to introduce  
food into their beak and stomach by the aid  
of a small rod. They coo boldly, come and  
go, and seem thereafter to be strangers to  
every sentiment of fear. When once they  
commence walking, they continue the impetus,  
following the same path around the same  
table, and continually taking refuge in the  
same corner. One of these animals, deprived  
five months before of its cerebral lobes, seemed  
to have recovered almost all its primitive  
faculties. It was sacrificed—to use the con-  
ventional expression—and its skull opened.  
Previous to this, the space originally occupied  
by the central hemispheres, in other victims,  
was found to be filled either with a fibrous  
mass or a serous fluid, while the cerebellum  
maintained its primitive condition, and the  
skull was sunken. In the skull of the pigeon



in question there existed a white mass, which presented the character and consistency of the white mass of the brain, divided into two hemispheres, and filling the place which the operation had left vacant.

LET it not be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess, for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater.—*Pascal*.

## NOTICES.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of "The Association of Friends for the Promotion of First-day Schools within the Limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," will be held at Friends' Meeting-house, in Wilmington, Del., on Seventh-day, Tenth month 16th, at 10 A. M.

Reports are desired from each of the "Unions" and First-day Schools not belonging to Unions, and the attendance of delegates appointed by them is requested. The company of any Friends and those professing with us will be acceptable.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR.,

ANNIE CALEY,

*Clerks.*

The Executive Committee will meet the evening previous, at 7½ o'clock, and on Seventh-day morning.

Full attendance would be very gratifying.

JAMES GASKILL, *Clerk.*

Excursion tickets, good from Sixth day to Second-day, may be had at Friends' Book Store, 706 Arch street, previously, and at the Baltimore Depot on the day of the meeting. Price, 75 cents.

Bucks County First-day School Union meets at Solebury Meeting house on Seventh-day, 25th inst., and visitors from a distance will be met at Lambertville Depot on arrival of train due there at 9 A. M. In order that there may be no lack of conveyances, it is desirable that such notify of their intention to S. J. Reeder, New Hope, Pa. If necessary, Friends can return to Philadelphia same day.

## ITEMS.

A TERRIBLE disaster occurred on Lake Michigan on the 10th inst. The propeller Equinox, with a cargo of salt, towing the schooner Emma E. Waynes, loaded with lumber, was overtaken by the storm about 2 A. M., near Point au Sable. Capt. Woodworth of the Equinox came to the stern of the propeller at that time and called out to cut the lines. This was done, and the propeller careened and sunk in a few minutes with all aboard, numbering twenty-two persons.

A SECOND visitation of disaster by flood to Southern France, though not comparable to the first in extent, has caused the loss of many lives. The number of deaths caused at St. Chinian by the waterspout is eighty-eight. One hundred and twenty houses were destroyed.

Disastrous inundations have occurred in the Department of Lozère, accompanied with great loss of life and property. The river Tarn has risen prodigiously, carrying away several bridges. The Allier

also overflowed its banks, but the rains have ceased. The sudden rise in the affluents of the Garonne may be due not less to the heavy rains of an extraordinary season than to the destruction of the forests the mountains where these rivers spring. Wolds hold the rainfalls in the soil and give the volume to mountain streams more slowly than cleared and naked hillsides.

THE increasing demand for "antique furniture" has started a new feature of Venetian industry, pearlwood and bone being successfully substituted for ebony and ivory. A dealer in antiquities, and now the manufacturer of these imitations, has formed a school of workmen, whom he furnishes with designs and models. The pupils have succeeded in producing such admirable counterfeits that their master has thrown off the mask, priding himself in the avowed imitations of that which would have passed for the cinquecento with all the most experienced connoisseurs. The English are encouraging this trade on a large scale, and some of the oldest firms for antiquities have adopted the "imitation" business. There has also been a revival of the manufacture of ancient brocade, and the industry at Venice. This fabric existed before that of Lyons, and was then patronized by the Doges for gifts to Eastern potentates, at which time no fewer than 14,000 hands were employed. Some of the stuffs were of extraordinary texture and beauty; but the secret of the rarest is lost and died with the inventors. An endeavor is now being made to recover some of its splendor.—*Exchange Paper*.

IT used to be a common saying here that France was rich enough to pay for her glory, and in the days she little thought of the cost of adversity. Now the attention of the country is drawn to the following items, which show what a costly game war sometimes is. The war indemnity is 5,000,000,000 francs; the interest on the same for two years 300,000,000 francs; the keep of the German troops 273,637,000 francs; requisitions, 327,581,000 francs; value of objects taken without requisition, 25,172,000 francs; war contribution levied on Paris 200,000,000 francs, and so on, till the account forms a total of 6,673,811,000 francs. But this enormous sum does not include pensions to the army, damage done to material, nor the expenses of organization, nearly as much again. The average value of a day's work in France is one franc a quarter, so it is easy to calculate the amount of labor which will be required to repair the folly of a few months of violence and bloodshed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A SUBSTITUTE for natural leather is described in the French journals as now coming into use, which the grains of all the well-known varieties such as basil, seal, morocco, are reproduced with remarkable fidelity. In the process of graining, real skin of any kind which it is desired to imitate is taken as a mould, and from this an impression is obtained on sheets of fibrous pulp by enormous pressure. The artificial stuff is obtainable in any color, and while it is said to cost only about one-eighth as much as leather, it possesses some advantages over the latter, which, it is presumed, will make it a commercial success. For one thing, it is stronger than leather of the same thickness, and of uniform quality. Forty or fifty forms may be cut at a time, whereas the blemishes that occur in natural leather necessitate each form being cut singly, even by experienced hands. The manufactured article is not so liable to soil, and is waterproof.—*Exchange*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 2, 1875.

No. 32

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON THE REVISION OF THE BOOK OF FRIENDS' DISCIPLINE, PARTICULARLY THAT OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen: for we be brethren." Gen. xiii: 8.

In the published report of the proceedings of some late Quarterly Meetings of Friends, Concord or Western perhaps, when a proposition for a change in the Book of Discipline was before the meeting, a sentiment was expressed implying a disinclination to any change in the contents of that Book, seeming to regard the result of the labors on this point of those who have gone before us, as too perfect or too sacred, to admit even of considering the propriety of an alteration in it.

This report, together with the interesting editorial remarks in the last number of *Friends' Intelligencer* (No. 29, Ninth month 11th) on the subject of the new Yearly Meeting about to be established in Illinois, where the editors say: "Believing it to be a right movement at the right time, our great desire is, that those who have banded together to establish the Yearly Meeting, may be left free to carry out their own views in its organization, and in adopting the *Rules of Discipline* by which its future is to be regulated," awaken

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the inquiry why may not the members of an older Yearly Meeting "be left free to carry out their own views" in a modification of their religious organization, "and in adopting the Rules of Discipline by which its future is to be regulated?"

In 1871, I wrote an article for *Friends' Intelligencer*,\* entitled: "Friends' Discipline when rightly regarded, and the Comprehensive Injunction of George Fox, 'Mind the Light,'" are one and the same Rule; not two Rules. This so fully expresses my present views on that part of the subject, that I will quote from it, with a slight modification in a few points:

Friends are charged with the inconsistency of having *two* rules to walk by. I am concerned to endeavor to show that this is not the case. *When rightly regarded*, they both blend harmoniously into one.

The testimonies of Truth as professed by the Society of Friends, are the natural outgrowth from the Divine Life in the soul. They are the harmonious development of the good seed planted by the Great Husbandman in every heart, into its distinct branches, and varied fruits of Truth, Justice, Love, Charity, Purity, and Holiness and all the blessed attributes, through a *manifestation of which* in ourselves, *we come to know God*. This growth

\* See vol. xxviii, No. 42, page 657.



or development is *gradual*, both in individuals, and in religious organizations. Like the breaking of day in the outward world, the light dawns increasingly upon the human soul. "The path of the just, is as a shining light, that shines more and more unto the perfect day." The Blessed Jesus declared: "When the Spirit of Truth is come, He will *guide* you into all Truth." It will not enable us to see *all Truth* at once. The light would be too painfully great. But it will unfold it gradually. "It will *guide* into all Truth."

And this gradual unfolding of the Light, corresponds with the experience of the faithful servants of God in all ages of the world: "Those who are *faithful* in the *little*, shall be made *rulers* over *more*."

This Spirit of Truth, or Spirit of God, in man, which is both Wisdom and Power, Light and Strength, imparts to every soul *ability* to see and *power* to do, the whole mind and will of God concerning that soul. This is the great fundamental doctrine of Friends. And it must, from its very nature, be an *all sufficient* guide and help. Nothing more could be needed.

The inquiry then arises, What place has Friends' Discipline? If the Discipline is a distinct and separate rule from this Spiritual Guide, then are Friends required to "serve two masters," which we have high authority for saying "no man can do."

But this is not the case. The *true Discipline* of the Society of Friends, like their precious Principles and Testimonies, is the outgrowth from this same seed of Divine Life, and must necessarily harmonize fully therewith. Unless the Discipline has its root in this Life, it is without power, and is dead.

The Book of Discipline, in itself, possesses no power. Unlike the Light, it may point out a way, but it imparts no ability to walk in it. The Light, on the other hand, is always accompanied with power, so that it shows the way, and gives strength to walk in it. And it is the same with every outgrowth from this root of Divine Life.

But, in addition to this Guide—the Spirit of Truth—we are blessed with the practical experience of those who have been, and those who still are, under its teachings. This practical experience is of great value. But, as continual additions are made to this experience, its amount is not a constant quantity. It must, in a living body like the Society of Friends, be continually increasing. The Book of Discipline contains a record on the points under consideration of the highest convictions and experiences of the Society at the time the record was made, of the *practical requirements* of these *eternal principles* in the *varied incidents of life*. While the Discipline

continues to be the record of the highest convictions and experiences of the Society, it clearly ought to be, the *two* rules are beautifully and harmoniously blended into *one*.

But, a live Society, like a living individual, must be continually advancing. The experience of those who have preceded us, together with our own, raises each generation if faithful, higher than the former ones. So far as experience is the test of age, each generation is *older* than the one that preceded. "Wisdom is the gray hair [the mark of age] to man." We must look *forward*, not *back*, for the highest type of humanity, and for the greatest capabilities of our beloved Society. To look back, except so far as to retain, and profit by, those experiences which are adapted to present needs, is as fatal *now* as the Scriptures teach us *it was* to Lot's wife.

With this advancement under the "Guide of the Spirit, and the increase of enlightened experience, Society as aggregated individuals comes to apprehend more elevated and refined duties, and to see an extended field of the requirements of Truth, Justice and Love. Also, surrounding circumstances may so vary as to cause what may appear right and proper at one time, to be improper and strictly inexpedient at another, and *vice versa*."

But, during all this progress in Society in accordance with the promise to "*guide* into all Truth," the Book of Discipline remains stationary. The Society *outgrows* its Book of Discipline. In our Yearly Meeting, the Book of Discipline has not had a *general* revision for over 40 years. In this long period, many of its provisions are naturally outgrown by the increased light and experience of its living members. Just at this point, lie the *practical* difficulty and danger which it is so desirable should be removed.

Some honestly-concerned Friends who are justly beloved, have such veneration for the past and for the "worthies who have gone before us," that they feel not only an objection to making any alteration in the Book of Discipline, but also an imperative obligation to enforce all its existing provisions. Such members consequently do not regard with favor any proposition for a general revision of what our fathers did.

Others, again, who are equally beloved, are equally concerned for the advancement of Truth: who have high regard for the present and future of our beloved Society; and an abiding trust in the sufficiency of the Spirit of Truth, if its dictates are humbly and faithfully obeyed, "to *guide* into all Truth" and preserve us therein, *view* as an *inconsistency* the effort to support what has been outgrown—a thing of the *past*, and *dead*. They believe,

that while such a provision of Discipline may have been right and proper in a former stage of Society development, and no doubt it was, yet it was like the laws of Moses to the Jews. The Spirit of Truth now shows to us, as it did to them, an advanced state. "It hath been said, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy.' But I [the Spirit of Truth] say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." What an advance from the time of Moses! And there is no standing still, spiritually. Society must advance or decline. If Friends are a living Body, as we certainly are, we *must grow*, and *provision must be made for that growth*. If such provision is not made, we seem called upon to serve two masters—the Light and the Discipline. Young people see the inconsistency. They also observe the confusion it sometimes creates in our Meetings for Discipline. It is with the hope of harmonizing the practical working of the two views by bringing them into *one*, that this communication is written. "Come, let us reason together." "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, for we be Brethren."

When we come rightly to understand the relation of the Book of Discipline to the Society of Friends, we must recognize the Society to be as it really is—a *living Body*, *spiritually*, and hence a *growing, increasing, developing Body*. For where there is life, there must always be growth—expansion—in some parts of the Body. The Book of Discipline, then, must be adapted to this natural growth and development of the Body of Friends. Otherwise, there must be an *oppression* to the under life that is striving to burst forth.

The adaptation of the Book of Discipline to the natural growth and expansion which must attend all healthy, living bodies, can be secured by its frequent and periodical revision, say once in sixteen years, which would be twice in a generation. Then it would be continually the production of those who are most immediately concerned and active in its administration. They would understand its provisions better, and be able to show their compatibility and harmony with the principles of Truth which we profess.

Let us not be afraid to trust our members, even those who are young in years, with a frequent examination of our Principles and testimonies, and of the ground upon which these rest; or with a voice in *forming* the Discipline which we expect them to observe and administer. Truth has nothing to fear from the strictest scrutiny. Indeed, its loveliness comes more apparent, the closer it is examined. And one of the good effects of a fre-

quent revision of the Discipline, when done in that freedom and confidence which Love and Truth give, is, that its different provisions could be examined in the Light, and the reasons for them explained, so as to bring all the members—older and younger—to be more familiar with the provisions, and to see their beauty and loveliness. For, *they must* be lovely and beautiful if they are in harmony with Truth, Justice, and Love.

The Book of Discipline, thus coming frequently and at stated times under consideration for revision, no growth or expansion would be likely to be so rapid as to cause much suffering or loss before an opportunity for relief would arrive; and the certain prospect of such opportunity would greatly aid in bearing patiently such as might at any time exist.

*Principles* never change. They are Eternal—"the same yesterday, to-day and forever." But, the *apprehended, practical requirements* of those Principles which are the objects of Discipline, *do change*. With increased Light and Experience, they advance and develop. Witness the unchangeable Principle of Justice in the gradual development of its practical requirements to our beloved Society in regard to Slavery. In the year 1754, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, issued an address to its members, "testifying the uneasiness and disunity of the meeting with the *importation and purchasing of negroes and other slaves*," and recommending "to all our members who have slaves, to be careful to come up in the performance of their duty towards them."

What a pure and deep travail of concern these dear Friends labored under upon the subject! How our hearts sympathize with them in reading their address! Yet they could only "testify" against the "importation and purchasing of negroes!" Slavery was still recognized and tolerated in the Society. What a happy advance in the testimonies of the Society since that day, in a more pure, elevated, and expanded idea of the practical requirements of Justice on this subject! Such advance and growth are interesting evidences of Life. Our Society has been, and continues to be, a growing Body. It must continue to expand and develop; and its interest, welfare, and harmony will be greatly promoted by practically recognizing that fact, and making provision therefor in its Organization, or Book of Discipline.

A parallel to the concern on the subject of Slavery, may be traced in the gradual development of the testimony of the Society in relation to spirituous liquors and temperance.

The *true Discipline* of Friends as previously intimated, must be in harmony with the



teachings of the Spirit, or the manifestations of the Light of Truth. And, being in this harmony, they must admit of *being shown to be so*, to every intelligent mind. This gives a needed qualification for administering or exercising the Discipline. To undertake, gravely, to treat with an "offender" for a mere violation of the *letter* of the Book of Discipline, without being able to show what *principle* of Truth and Right has been violated, is an empty mockery. Young persons of discernment see it to be such. And seeing the importance that is attached to those evident non-essentials, they are led more or less to regard our important and most valuable principles and testimonies in the same light.

*Religion must be free*; and it must recognize individual freedom in others. Its healthy actions and restraints must all be *voluntary*. Anything *compulsory*, whether in *form, ceremony, or whatever else*, strips it of all its genuineness and loveliness.

Ninth month, 14th, 1875.

(To be continued.)

THOSE persons will grow in the best strength who do not demand agreement, but who are stimulated to think, and are willing to hear, to look into, to rejudge matters which are presented to them in other than the stereotyped way, under other than the old and sometimes dim light which has been for generations growing dimmer and dimmer, and less and less sure as a guide.

For Friends' Intelligencer.  
CHIROGRAPHY.

Dear Editors,—Will you allow me a little space in your paper for the expression of a few thoughts on a subject not religious nor even moral, unless it is admitted that every thing we do may, by the manner of doing it, and the motive present, be made so. There are some things which have been classed under the head of "minor morals," and though I do not remember that in their enumeration, *neat and legible penmanship* has been placed among them, it certainly deserves to be. I had a writing copy at school which has served me as a test through a long life. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Now this "doing well" is especially applicable to the written vehicle by which we convey thought of any kind to one another. Defects in speech may be incurable, but not so with the manual part of writing. It is capable of indefinite improvement. My old writing-copy adds, "And we cannot do anything well without attention."

Here is the gist of the matter. Those persons who write illegibly, whose "a's" look

like "u's," "e's" like "i's," &c., and the whole like hieroglyphics, or, as some one has humorously said, as if a fly out of an ink stand had crawled over the paper, have paid no *attention* to the letters they were forming. More than this, they have taken no thought as to the annoyance they may occasion to those who have to decipher what they have written. I may confidently appeal to any one as to the pleasure experienced on opening a letter in which the neat, plain writing is as easy to read as "print," and in which the writer seems to have said so much in the space occupied. Contrast this with an epistle written in the *flowing style*, with but two or three words on a line, and then "crossed" because space has been wasted. Can any one tell why slovenly penmanship is any better than slovenly dress? Few who call themselves *ladies* especially, would be willing to appear *slipshod* before visitors, and yet that is the word which some epistles, written too by educated persons, suggests. A habit of neat plain penmanship can, of course, be best acquired when children are learning to write. Their attention should be confined to forming each letter distinctly, and each word by itself, with suitable spaces between. After this, elegance may come or not by frequent practice; but the habit acquired in the first lessons should never be deviated from, with the idea of making the writing more ornamental.

But, it may be asked, supposing a habit of careless writing to have been fallen into, how can it be remedied? Only by *attention* and a recurrence to first principles. By beginning at the child's first lesson in penmanship and forming each letter distinctly, and the words at proper distances from each other. Of course, this will, for some time, necessitate the writing slowly and *taking pains*, but the result will reward the effort. A young friend of mine, well educated, but who had fallen into a *sprawling* manner of writing, acquired a neat, legible hand by this simple process. Some persons who form their letters tolerably well, make the whole manuscript indistinct and difficult to read by flourishes, long "loops" and other attempts at ornament. This, though appropriate in some writings, is out of place in letters, or anywhere else where easiness of reading is the essential. Should not the endeavor to write in such a manner as to give the reader the least trouble and the most pleasure be regarded as a duty?

I had lately the privilege of reading some interesting letters written by an intelligent young woman, while on a visit to her relatives in England more than sixty years ago. As they met the well-filled pages (this was before the days of cheap postage and thin paper), and the

exquisitely neat writing, there seemed a reason why they had been preserved, apart from the clear descriptions and refined thoughts they contained. Had the latter been conveyed in a slovenly, illegible manner, I doubt whether the letters would have been thought worth preserving, and this evidence of the beauty and harmony of her character would have been lost. It has been asserted by some one that the hand-writing is indicative of the character; and so far as the traits of neatness, order and love of fitness go, we may conclude it is, where *fashion* has not perverted the taste. I close with a repetition of the old maxim, which, I hope, is still in use in our schools, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and we cannot do anything well without attention." \* \* \*

*Philadelphia, Eighth month, 1875.*

THE way to right yourself is to be careful not to wrong others; "With what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

"Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!" and also for the dispensations of His providences, by which we are crucified to the world and the world to us. So that when we look upon the beauty and utility of the material universe, from the heart's deep recess there arises anthems of gratitude and praise to the great Creator; and with the poet, we can exclaim:

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how wondrous then!"

Can it be that He who framed the worlds infinite in space, and who upholds them by the right hand of His power, will watch over and care for the least of His children? Oh, yes; if a sparrow fall not without His notice, if the hairs of our head are numbered, surely we may rest confidently in His loving protection, and feel there is security in His Divine favor! Ye little ones whose lot in this life is in comparative seclusion, obliged to combat with poverty and toil, with but little human sympathy; for it may be that the companions of your choice perceive not the deep and hidden sorrows which weigh down the spirit, as day by day you patiently perform your allotted task, lift up your heads in hope! Your sighs, and tears, and secret prayers are held in remembrance by Him who "sleeps not by day, nor slumbers by night." His ways are in the deep, and His path in the mighty waters; and when life's short span is run, these afflictions, which are comparatively but for a moment, "will work out a far more exceeding weight of glory."

May the weary and heavy laden be encouraged to hope on, hope ever! A rest, an undisturbed rest will come with an admission among the blest.

There is too much toil for the body, while the mind lies fallow. May we be aroused to higher aims and more noble purposes.

The times are ominous; the heavens and the earth are shaken, and every false rest must be broken up. Philosophy will be tested, and finite man shown there is a God. If the day of His mercy is despised, His judgments will be poured out, that the inhabitants of the earth may learn righteousness.

Happy is that nation which accepts His mercies and owns His right to rule; thus averting calamities that hang as "a sword suspended by a hair." But, alas! for such as have slighted the highest good, and refused to be humbled by the hand lifted in Fatherly correction. Self sits in the temple exalted; pride and luxury abound, and the language, if not in words, of conduct, is, "Who is the Lord that we should serve Him? and what will it profit us, if we pray unto Him?—my own hand hath wrought salvation."

Presuming mortal! away with all such reasoning! He who made the eye, shall He not see? He who made the ear, shall He not hear? Yes; He does see and hear, and is about to show this vaunting spirit His mighty power and supremacy, by using the elements He has formed to bless and to destroy. Fire and flood are devastating the earth, while the Egyptian locust, the army worm and the insect world have become a power too mighty for man, with all his boasted achievements, to conquer.

It is well for us to look at these things. They are solemn warnings. The end is not yet. May we repent ere the day of mercy is closed. That meek and self-denying servant, J. Woolman, said, "the things mentioned was God's army—with Him I fully accord. Though His wisdom be foolishness with men, all will some day have to own that He is wiser than they."

SARAH HUNT.

*Ninth month, 1875.*

WHENEVER the devotional aspect of Christianity has been prominent above the practical, whenever the first duty of the believer has been held to consist in holding particular opinions on the functions and nature of his Master, and only the second in obeying his Master's command, then always, with a uniformity more remarkable than is attained in any other historical phenomena, there have followed dissension, animosity, and in the later ages bloodshed.—*Froude's History of England.*



## TRUE RELIGION NOT SORROWFUL.

The great Christian graces are radiant with happiness. Faith, hope, charity—there is no sadness in them, and if penitence makes the heart sad, penitence belongs to the sinner, not to the saint: as we become more saintly, we have less sin to sorrow over.

No, the religion of Christ is not a religion of sorrow. It consoles wretchedness, and brightens with a Divine glory the lustre of every inferior joy. It attracts to itself the broken-hearted, the lonely, the weary, the despairing; but it is to give them rest, comfort and peace. It rekindles hope, it inspires strength, courage and joy. It checks the merriment of the thoughtless, who have never considered the graver and more awful realities of man's life and destiny; but it is to lead them through transient sorrow to deeper and more perfect blessedness, even in this world, than they had ever felt before the sorrow came. Take the representations of the Christian faith which are given in the New Testament, and you will see that, though it may be a religion for the sorrowful, it is not a sorrowful religion. To hearts oppressed with guilt it offers the pardon of God; to those who dread the Divine displeasure it reveals God's infinite love; to those who are tormented with the consciousness of moral evil, and penetrated with shame and self-contempt by the habitual failure of every purpose and endeavor to live a pure and perfect life, it offers the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. If at the commencement of the Christian life, it relies on the purifying power of penitence, and if, to the very end, it encourages devout and reverential fear, it also teaches that the joy of God is our strength; and it is an apostolic precept that we should "rejoice evermore." As for the chief troubles which annoy and distress mankind, it possesses the only secret which can make them felt less keenly, and borne without that bitterness of spirit which poisons grief and transforms a calamity, morally harmless, into a curse and a sin. It tells the anxious to cast all their care upon God, and to "take no thought for the morrow;" the poor that they may be heirs of a Divine glory; those who have had heavy losses, of riches which never take to themselves wings, and treasures of which they can never be robbed; it tells those who have suffered from injustice and calumny, of a righteous judge and an equitable judgment-seat; it reveals to the sick a life of immortal health; and to those whose hopes are wrecked in this world, a world beyond death, in which they may have a career brighter and more triumphant than their happiest imaginations can conceive. . . .

It does not become a Christian to be "melancholy."—*R. W. Dale.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## MOURNING.

Our religious Society early took an advanced step in opposition to the custom of wearing mourning, which is oftentimes an expensive one, and, sometimes at least, follows merely as a form without any real feeling of sadness on the part of the wearers.

It is very much to be regretted that many of our members, especially women, on the occasion of funerals, put on black dresses or other dark garments.

"Quaker mourning," as it is termed, does not elevate the wearers in the eyes of the world; on the contrary, I have heard "observers" remarking on the want of consistency in those who deviate in this respect. The world needs and desires the force of our example, as a religious Society, to strengthen in a more sensible course.

I know this is regarded as a small matter, but the principles of Truth and the principles of our Society are manifested in little things, and it is, I apprehend, mainly on account of their being considered so small that they are not more generally carried out.

Let us not be ashamed of being faithful in these little matters, for thereby only can we grow in a knowledge of the Truth: "He that is faithful in the little shall be made ruler over more."

Augustine says, "Little things are little things; BUT TO BE FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS IS SOMETHING GREAT."

I may add that Philadelphia Yearly Meeting adopted in 1724: "Friends are advised against imitating the vain custom of wearing or giving mourning habits, and all extravagant expenses about the interment of the dead."

This, excepting the word *habits*, is the same as appears by the London Discipline to have been embraced in their printed epistle of that year (1724), and doubtless was copied from

London Yearly Meeting had previously, in 1717, adopted the following:

"According to the primitive innocence and simplicity of Friends, it is the advice of the meeting that no Friends imitate the world in any distinction of habit, or otherwise, marks or tokens of mourning for the dead. And, in 1745:

"Whereas, a custom hath of late prevailed with some amongst us of wearing mourning at the funerals of their relations, contrary to the ancient practice and repeated advice of Friends, it is desired that Friends everywhere would discourage such a custom; and the ministering Friends whose company may

desired at funerals are requested to signify to the persons concerned the uneasiness and difficulty they are put under, by reason of such appearances, which, by their presence, they may be supposed to countenance."

In 1751, the following, in their printed pistle, was incorporated in the Discipline:

"Whilst others are putting on external marks of sorrow for the loss which this nation hath so lately sustained, let us demonstrate the sincerity of our sorrow, and express our gratitude and duty in a manner becoming our holy profession; for a conformity in mere externals, not agreeable to our principles, and contrary to the practice of our worthy ancestors, will but expose us to the observation and pity of wise and discerning men."

J. M. T.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

Baltimore Quarterly Meeting, held at Gun-der, on the 12th of Ninth month, was not large as usual. A number of Friends were sent on account of the opening of Illinois Yearly Meeting, and some were prevented from attending by sickness in their families. On First day, our friend A. H. was favored the exposition of the principles of our Society. He was followed by E. C. to much satisfaction. Dear John and Mary Needles were "at their posts." Great solemnity prevailed, and the order among the young people was beautiful.

On Second-day A. H. again appeared in testimony. I. H., from Long Island, succeded him, and afterward E. C. offered her testimony. It was an instructive and good quarterly Meeting, and there were those present who could adopt the language, "It is good for me that I was there."

R. T.

Ninth month 20th, 1875.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

NINTH MONTH 16th, 1875.

I thought a little account of a recent visit to the Yearly Meeting-house might not be unacceptable. Thou art aware that it claims to be the oldest in the country; it is where George and William Penn have both preached. It looked to-day quaint enough to imagine the ancient standard-bearers holding forth to the eager multitude who thronged to hear. It was easy to imagine those time-worn benches filled with listeners. Every-thing has a look of antiquity; the old fashion-plate wood-stoves are resting upon the floor as in days of yore, instead of feet; the baize doors lead up to the youths' gal-

lery, but they are never opened now. The stately looking Friends who, in their neat attire, used to shake hands under the old button woods, or drive up the green in their smart-looking gigs, are no longer there. They are resting in the quiet grave-yard adjoining. Even the places where they lived and died, their fine, rich farms, do not echo to the tread of their children's feet, for they, too, are gone, and strangers, who knew them not, have taken their places; "another generation who knew not Joseph."

The day was lowering, the place quiet and solitary, and as we drove up, the long row of sheds was empty, not one vehicle there. After lingering awhile we entered the grave-yard, in which repose the honored dead, who did not live in vain. Their faithful adherence to their convictions of duty, and their unpretending piety have left their impress, and can never pass away. Long rows of small stones bearing the same name, show where members of one family are buried together, and bear witness to the distant period when the first one was laid there. The graves look neglected, save some few of recent date, newly made, which show tender care of loving hands. The wall is broken and falling to decay. The whole place needs repairing; yet it is not for want of love for those departed or interest in the old meeting-house, but that there are so few members left (there are but five now) to bear the burden. They are eager and willing to do their part, and are even now endeavoring to call together the scattered households to raise the means to save the time-honored building and grave-yard from decay.

Perhaps some who read these lines may feel willing to put their shoulders to the wheel, and help them in their undertaking.\*

We left the grave-yard on seeing a solitary vehicle enter and drive under the old shed beside our own, and were soon walking beside two of a family of four, who are almost the only members, and who, twice a week, leave their own home to sit together in silence here. We entered by different doors, and took our places, two on one side of the house and two on the other, and sat down feeling that unseen forms were around and the spirits of the just made perfect, and we felt that it was good to be there. After sitting awhile in silence, we shook our friends by the hand, and took our departure.

This meeting-house is only six miles from Philadelphia, and yet, excepting on the holding of the Circular Meeting, twice a year, there is seldom a Friend to go and sit beside

\* They can leave their contributions at the office of *Friends' Intelligencer*, 706 Arch street. Friends will need \$3,000, they have raised \$1300.



these solitary ones and strengthen their hands, not their faith, for they show their faith by their works.

It seems remarkable that so many of our valued friends should have passed from mortal ken in my absence within the past two years. It contains a lesson by which I hope I may profit. How does our dear friend bear the loss of her brother? That question, however, seems almost out of place in regard to one so near the kingdom *always* as she appears to be. With such I sometimes think that there can be but little sense of separation. The spiritual life is so much in the pre-eminence that the laying away of the poor worn casket is but as the removal of that which had fulfilled its part, and this removal now reveals to the spiritual vision a more glorious state by which faith in the great Unknown is increased, and the desire renewed so to live the few remaining days of our earthly tarriance, that we, too, may be permitted to partake of the "rivers of pleasure that flow at the right hand" of our Father in Heaven.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 2, 1875.

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ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.—In addition to the account of Illinois Yearly Meeting sent us last week, we have received from a correspondent another, which, though in some respects similar, contains, we think, too much of interest to withhold from our readers. We give the following extracts as containing further information, in regard to that favored and important occasion :

"Seventh day evening, quite a large company gathered to open the Annual Association for the Promotion of First day Schools. Reports from the Quarterly Associations were read, and also excellent Epistles from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Indiana Associations, and with the appointment of a few committees, the business of the session closed. Warm words of approval and encouragement were offered by our aged friend Ann Weaver and by Harriet E. Kirk, and others, when the meeting closed about half past 9 o'clock to meet again on Third day evening.

Fifth-day morning the meeting again as

sembled, and heard the reports of various committees. One, upon the auditing of the accounts for the building of the Yearly Meeting-house, showed an estimated cost, when fully completed, of \$5062.67, with receipts \$4796.08.

The opening of Illinois Yearly Meeting now a fact of history, duly recorded in official records; but the many heart-warings of the once isolated and scattered only entered in the pages of unwritten history, known and read of the spirits so cheerful and of the All-seeing Eye. One aged Friend, 87 years old, living fourteen miles distant, missed but one meeting, riding back and forth twenty eight miles a day in a carriage, sitting through the long session, and declaring, at the close of the last sitting of five and a half hours, that he was feeling better than at the opening. During the week, a youths' meeting was held at the meeting house, another in a Friend's yard, and a second session of the First day School Association also, closing its labors as a meeting till next year. Several house meetings and family sittings were held by different persons, and with cheerful and strengthened hearts, the visiting members started on their homeward trips.

The company of the Friends with minutes of Friends without minutes, and of the committees of the two parent meetings was acceptable, and their labors strengthened and helpful; and now, if we can stand firm to our principles, move fully up to the openings of the revealed wisdom, stop in the Light and not beyond, there has been inaugurated a body destined to be more aggressive—more progressive and influential in spreading the simple, but profound truth which profess than perhaps any similar body for during this century—as it has a wider field with a greater hungering and preparing among the people for the peaceable kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer. If, however, we become wiser than the Light, and hold to a living, regenerating faith in the foundation principle that God reveals to the individual soul its duty, and leads us to His own wisdom, His attentive and obedient children into the building up of His

and the spreading of His Truth among men, then our zeal will scatter, and we shall only add another illustration of the truth that man is fallible, and his best works, unblest of God, are as the building of the tower of Babel."

## MARRIED.

**MICHENER—ELY.**—On the 23d of Ninth month, 1875, at the residence of Alfred Ely, Plumstead, Bucks county, Pa., with the approbation of Solebury Monthly Meeting, Edmund E., son of Comly and Mary B. Michener, to Phebe Anna, daughter of Alfred and Rebecca Ely, all of Bucks county, Pa.

**BROWN—LAMBORN.**—On the 22d of Ninth mo., 1875, at the residence of George S. Lamborn, Drumore, Lancaster county, Pa., with the approbation of Little Britain Monthly Meeting, Jacob K. Brown, of Goshen, to Sallie E. Lamborn, of Drumore.

## DIED.

**COLES.**—On the 11th of Ninth month, 1875, Martha Coles, a minister, aged about 82 years.

**VALENTINE.**—Second month 18th, 1875, Hannah Valentine, an Elder, in the 82d year of her age.

Both the above-named valued Friends were lifelong members of Matinecock Preparative and Westbury Monthly Meetings, Long Island.

**HALLOWELL.**—On the morning of the 30th of Seventh month, 1875, John T., son of Henry W. and Margaret T. Hallowell, aged seven weeks.

**HERITAGE.**—On the 24th of Eighth month, near Mullica Hill, Eliza M., only child of George and Elizabeth M. Heritage, aged 5 months.

**SATTERTHWAIT.**—On the 29th of Seventh month, 1875, Eliza Satterthwait, wife of Joseph M. Satterthwait, in the 66th year of her age. She had been an invalid for several years, which affliction she bore with great patience and resignation, allowing not the spirit of murmuring to have any place in her mind, possessing a knowledge of where, and an entire faith in Him to whom we apply for strength in weakness, and help in a needful time. In very early life she was shown by her Divine Master the path in which she must walk, in order that she might be qualified for one of His fold, which proved to be a narrow road. But it was only as she abode therein that she felt justified in any action. She was often called to minister unto the people, to testify of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. She was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, kind neighbor and a great sympathizer with the sick and afflicted of all classes, ever ready to extend a helping hand to such as long as she had strength. It was interesting and instructive to be with her the last few months of her time here. There seemed a heavenly atmosphere to pervade her room, and near her close, her mind was unusually bright; spoke to her children in a very impressive manner, commending them to the Father in whom they must trust, for He would be an anchor to their troubled minds. She leaves many friends to mourn the loss, with a clear evidence of her rest in the mansions of peace.—*Hoopeston Chronicle.*

LEISURE is sweet to those that have earned it, but a burden to those who get it for nothing.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 67.

(Continued from page 493.)

## THE GREAT DEAD OF TUSCANY AND SOME OF THEIR WORKS.

It is surely a striking proof that the world does indeed move when Catholic Florence does cordial and costly honor to the memory of the sage who dared to use his observing and reasoning faculties in the examination of the physical universe, and who brought upon himself the condemnation of the learned theologians of his time, by reading intelligently the manuscript of God which He has placed eternally in the firmament.

A beautiful Tribune or Temple, erected by order of the last Grand Duke of Florence, Leopold II, is attached to the museum of Natural History, and was inaugurated upon the occasion of the meeting of the Italian Association for the Advancement of Science at Florence in 1840. A statue of the Tuscan sage stands in the center, and around him are placed the busts of his principal pupils, and the very humble instruments with which he made his discoveries. For the edification of those who value such relics, here is a finger which was cut from his hand when his remains were taken from their first resting-place to the grand sarcophagus prepared for them in the church of Santa Croce. I care nothing for the poor little bone, albeit it may have been instrumental in dispelling the gloom and superstitious darkness of the fifteenth century, as it helped to steady the telescope, or guide the pen or pencil of the glorious pioneer of modern astronomical research.

One of the first objects which claim our attention on entering the temple is a fine large fresco which represents Galileo demonstrating the law of falling bodies in a public lesson at Pisa. Sympathizing friends, filled with something like his own enthusiasm for truth are around him, but resentful enemies are also present, who are filled with wrath, that the student of nature dares to teach and advocate the principles which have been unfolded to him, but which they cannot find in the ancient books they considered the source of all wisdom. "Who is this upstart," they seem to say, "who presumes to be wiser than what is written?" and look resolutely away from the rolling ball which is obeying the law of the universe before their eyes. Here, too, is shown the young Galileo standing in attentive attitude before the vibrating lamp in the Cathedral at Pisa. In another place he is observing the orbs of heaven through the telescope; and in yet another mural pic-



ture we see him old and blind, dictating to his loving pupils who are seated around him. He is almost done with time now, but he is yet zealous and earnest that what has been revealed to his understanding shall not perish with him, but become an everlasting inheritance to all future generations. His eyes are now closed to the physical world, which has been to him so great a book of revelations and memory, reason and scientific imagination are building up the fabric of knowledge from the materials acquired. Turn again to the sculptured marble which shows the sage in his prime, standing with broad brow upturned toward the firmament. Reverently he reads the hand-writing of Creative Wisdom, and I can imagine the ungovernable impulse which must have burned within him to make plain to others the beautiful lessons he has learned from the Great Teacher, the architect of the heaven of heavens.

In the Tribune of Galileo are also preserved the instruments with which were made the earlier experiments of the Florentine Academicians. The globes of lead by which it was proposed to test the compressibility of water. They have been squeezed into *cubes almost*, and there they lie upon the shelf to attest the fact that at such a time the Professors of the Academy put an earnest question to Nature—and that she replied truthfully, but partially. She has to be cross-questioned to give the full and rounded whole of truth.

Besides the telescopes of Galileo, there are treasured up here the instruments of his beloved and gifted pupils, Viviani and Torricelli. Viviani was a celebrated mathematician, and when he died, 1703, he desired to be laid to rest beside the great master, in one of the chapels of Santa Croce. Galileo had earnestly desired interment in the nave of the ancient church beside the remains of his ancestors, but the Romish authorities would not permit so honorable a place to be given to the ashes of the bold scientist. Viviani, knowing the wish of his master, had raised a sum of money sufficient to erect an appropriate monument in the nave of Santa Croce, but it was not till 1757, that at a meeting of the Professors of the University, and the members of the Academy, and of the Franciscan friars of Santa Croce, it was resolved to disinter the remains of Galileo and Viviani, and bear them to the monumental resting-place. His marble semblance now looks toward the low lying slab in the center of the aisle, which covers the resting-place of an earlier and a notable Galileo, of whom the marble testifies, that this ancestor, of the martyr of science "was, in his times, the head of philosophy and medicine, who also,

in the highest magistracy, loved the republic marvelously; whose son, blessed in inheritance of his holy memory and well-passed and pious life, appointed this tomb for his father and for posterity." Says John Ruskin: "You may observe in this epitaph on what was based the pride of Florence. That her philosophy was studied together with the useful arts, and as a part of them; that the masters in these became naturally the masters of public affairs; that in such magistracy, they loved the State, and neither cringed to it nor robbed it; that the sons honored their fathers, and received their father's honor as the most blessed inheritance."

It is utterly vain to think of giving a description of the great Museum of Natural History to which the Tribune of Galileo is attached. To me it was simply marvelous, and I vainly wished I might go again and again and build up the waste places of my own defective knowledge from this rich storehouse. Among the most interesting objects here are the anatomical wax preparations, which illustrate in the most wonderful manner the complex and beautiful animal structure. Here we have the magnified anatomy of the lobster, cuttle-fish, earth-worm, and the tongues of molluscs; here is the egg in the various stages of development; the anatomy of the various types of vertebrates; and, most interesting and valuable of all, here are specimens of human anatomy which make the mysteries of the house of life accessible to the unlearned multitude.

In the Botanic Gardens attached to the building are over 121,000 plants, including a fine collection of Palms, Cycadææ, Conifers, Tree ferns, Orchids, Dracææ, Maranite, &c. What a place for the lover of plant life, and the student of the beautiful science of botany!

Of mornings spent in the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries, and in the National Museum, I can only make most hasty mention. The treasures of a thousand years of high culture of the fine arts are not to be appreciated except by long and attentive study, such as we cannot pretend to give in this short visit.

Admission to the Pitti and Buonarrotti is quite free, and each hall is furnished with cards on which the names of the objects are printed. Convenient seats tempt to prolonged contemplation at the most desirable points, and obliging officials are at hand to give any information, or to direct the sight-seer from place to place.

Around the choicest and loveliest of the pictures sit the copyists, transferring, with more or less success, the fine fancies of the old masters to new canvas. If I had the purse of Fortunatus, I would possess one of these holy

angels, which an enthusiastic-looking young woman is copying from the border of the splendid Altar-piece of the Virgin and Child, by Fra Angelico. I would take this triumphant, yet tenderly spiritual being who bears a golden trumpet, or this, with meekly folded arms, who floats gently onward, with radiant, down cast brows, on some mission of love or of consolation.

The collection of paintings and of sculpture through which we wander is accounted the richest and the most varied in the world, though less extensive than the Vatican and the Louvre; having a vast wealth of fine Greek and Roman antiques, as well as representatives of every age and every school of art.

Here is a marble group entitled *The Drunken Bacchus and Faun*, by Michael Angelo, which looks marvelously like an antique. Concerning it, I find the following anecdote:

"During the palmy days of Michael Angelo, his rivals strove to disparage him by comparing his works with the antique. To confound his unjust critics, the artist made his group, broke off the right hand, which holds a cup, and buried the rest in the ground. After a time he contrived that it should be found, and its discovery reached the ears of his adversaries. When they had cleared the earth from it, they immediately judged it a very fine antique. Michael Angelo came, too, but was much less enthusiastic in praise. His rivals asked him, scornfully, if he could value it, upon which he astonished them by intimating that this was his work, and proceeded the hand he had broken off in proof of his assertion. Thus were envious critics silenced, and thus did the great artist prove his power."

From the Uffizi we pass along a covered corridor, lined with rich Gobelin tapestries, and works of the painter and the sculptor, to a fine Palazzo Pitti, on the south side of the river. This was the royal residence during a few years that Florence was capital of Italy, and we are shown the grand apartments which are yet reserved for the use of the king when he visits Florence. More than 100 pictures, many of them of great value, are treasured up here, as well as wondrous frescoes, beautiful mosaics, and countless sculptures.

At the National Museum, in the interest-  
ing old Palazzo del Podesta, is a collection intended to illustrate the history of mediæval and modern culture in Italy. Here is the most authentic portrait of Dante, by Giotto, which, after a long repose under layer after layer of whitewash, was brought to light in

1841, but which has been almost ruined by restorations since.

But the old grim palace itself is of more interest to me than any of its contents. Hawthorne accounts its great interior court one of the most picturesque places in Florence, "with the lofty height of the edifice looking down into the enclosed space, dark and stern, and the armorial bearings of a long succession of magistrates carved in stone upon the walls, a garland, as it were, of these Gothic devices, extending quite round the court."

This building was erected as the residence of the Podesta, the chief criminal magistrate of the republic. The law required that this officer must be a Guelph, and that he must be a native of some other state of Italy. In later times, this palace has served the purpose of a prison, but now its more beneficent use is, to preserve the relics of art, and to delight the eye and instruct the understanding of the traveler.

We easily found the way to the house of Michael Angelo, called the Palazzo Buonarrotti, in the Via Ghibellina. In 1858, the last of the race bequeathed it and its contents, including all the treasures of his great ancestor, to the city of Florence. It was to be preserved unchanged, not only as regards the arrangement of the building, but in the disposition of the furniture.

The rooms are not large or magnificent, but look suitable to be the home of the studious man of genius. In them we are shown some works of his own production, and one room is completely lined with paintings which represent the important events of his career. We did not ask to have opened the old chestnut-wood presses in which are preserved some of his manuscripts and other articles which belonged to him; though they would be of great interest to the investigator who understands the language.

Passing one day along the Via Maggio, my attention was arrested by a marble tablet over the entrance to a rather modern-looking house, on which was an inscription in Italian.

This, then, is the Casa Guidi in which the poet Elizabeth Barrett-Browning lived and died, and from those windows she looked down on the troubled multitudes who were agonizing for liberty. Her heart was with the people among whom she sojourned so long; but she did not live to see Italy free and united. Says a writer: "The voice of a little child, singing beneath her window in the Via Maggio, 'O bella Libertà,' was the prophetic twittering of the first adventurous swallow announcing the advent of spring. Would that she might have seen those spring-



time prophecies unfold into glorious summer fulfilment."

Through an open doorway, we enter the the court of the Casa Guidi, and ask an old woman, who seems to be in charge, if we may see the rooms where the poet lived. She tells us that it is impossible, for they are occupied, and one of the family is sick. She adds, with much feeling, that she was the servant of Mrs. Browning, and was with her till her death, and spoke with great affection of the gentle, dark-eyed woman who loved Italy, and specially loved the Tuscan people and "this Florence of ours." And now we must make a visit to the Protestant cemetery at Florence, a beautiful oval enclosure in the outskirts of the city, where her ashes rest. It was first laid out by the Reformed Swiss Church, in 1828, and is now under the care of a committee composed of Swiss, German and English Protestants. The city limits now enclose it, and no further interments are permitted here, but it is preserved as a public square; and a custodian readily admits us. We walk up the central avenue, and rest awhile at the foot of the beautiful marble column surmounted with a cross, which was the gift of Frederick William of Prussia, who visited it in 1857. Here there is a moderate elevation from which, at this sunset-time, there are fine views of the beautiful city with its great mother-like dome and majestic campanile, and its more beautiful monastery-crowned hills. A short distance down the avenue to the right is the simple grave of Theodore Parker, who died at Florence in 1860, in his 50th year, worn out with the warfare of a life devoted to an uncompromising conflict with all wrong among men. Just before his death, he wrote to a friend: "I never fought for myself, nor against a private foe, but have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone, and much grain lies in my fields waiting only for Him that gathereth sheaves."

It requires quite a persevering search to find the beautiful monumental stone of E. B. Browning. It is of white marble, consisting of a cubic sarcophagus, supported by six columns, which rest on an ornamented base. On the front is a medallion-likeness of what the poet was, perhaps, in the freshness of youth, and the letters, E. B. B., O. B., 1861.

I have been astonished at the very little interest English travelers generally take in these memorials of the most gifted woman of their isles—sometimes, even inquiring if she was an American lady. I believe her works are much more widely read and appreciated in our country than in her own.

I love to imagine her gravely explaining to her little son, her "Florentine," the cause of the grief of Italy, and how

"God's fruit of justice ripens slow:  
Men's souls are narrow."

Her love for Italy is indicated in her desire to identify her beautiful child with the people among whom he was born:

"They say your eyes, my Florentine,  
Are English: it may be;  
And yet I've marked as blue a pair  
Following the doves across the square  
At Venice by the sea."

One of our bright and beautiful mornings in Florence is devoted to a leisurely visit to the church of Santa Croce, the "Pantheon of Tuscany," where we are thrilled with consciousness that we stand among memorials of the most honored of her departed. Among others, famous for their patriotism for their genius, upon his monumental sepulchre stands the bust of Michael Angelo, stern, and is considered a most faithful likeness. The semblance of the exiled Dante, even more stern and sombre, looks down from the huge urn where his ashes do not rest. On the other side, the rugged features of Galileo can be seen amid the gloom. But the main purpose in coming here this rainy morning is to examine some of the old frescoes which have lately been discovered under an investing layer of whitewash. I am directed to repair first to the first chapel on the right of the high altar, called the chapel of the Bardi della Libertà, which is all covered with frescoes by Giotto, painted in the latter part of the fourteenth century. This, as Ruskin considers, the most interesting perfect little Gothic chapel in all Italy, because there is no other of the great time which has all its frescoes in their place; and these frescoes are the work of Giotto at his maturity. The chapel commemorates the faithful teachings and the works of St. Francis of Assisi, who sent his colony of disciples to teach and preach in Florence in 1212. The painter has given us the likeness of the man himself in one of the four divisions of the vaulted ceiling. In front of him, under the entrance arch, is Poverty, on his right hand is Obedience, and on his left is Chastity. These, Ruskin calls the three commandments of his order. Poverty is clad in a beggarly robe, and flies from a black horse. Chastity, watched by angels, is veiled and imprisoned in a tower; while Obedience, under the yoke, and lays her hand on a book. On the side walls are various events in the life of St. Francis, ending with the death of the saint, with his brethren weeping around him.

It is wonderful that these interesting

oes, commemorative of a great reformer in the church, should have so lost their estimation in mediæval days as to have been rudely measured with whitewash, and gratifying that he taste for delicate and masterly delineation of exalted sentiment has strengthened in our day.

Over the principal entrance to Santa Croce, is a bronze statue of Louis, Bishop of Toulouse. Above his head are the letters I. H. S. (Jesus Hominum Salvator.) The letters were placed here by Bernardino of Sienna after the plague in 1737. It is related of him, that having remonstrated with a maker of playing-cards upon the sinfulness of his calling, the man pleaded poverty and the needs of his family. "Oh," replied Bernardino, "I will help you." He wrote the letters I. H. S., and advised the maker to gild and paint these on the cards, and sell them. He did it, and his illuminated letters were very successful, begging, perhaps, more profitable to the maker than the grotesque pictured cards with which so much evil and ruin are associated. Would that no one could be found in all the world ever to make another!

We spent another morning in Florence at the church of Santa Maria Novella among the earlier and ruder frescoes of Giotto, painted in his boyhood when Cimabue, the greatest artist of the day, took him from his books on the hill-sides, and opened the way for him to rise higher than his master, becoming one of the great painters of Italy. Says Ruskin, "Whatever other men dreamed he did. He could work in mosaic, he could work in marble; he could paint; he could build; and all thoroughly: a man of preme faculty, supreme common sense." His great point of superiority was, that he studied Nature for his model, both in form and in expression, forsaking the formalism that had fettered the genius of previous artists.

S. R.

Fifth month 12th, 1875.

#### RELIGIOUS IRREVERENCE.

Unbelief comes oftener from *irreverent association* than intellectual doubt. The sneer of Voltaire has killed more than all his arguments. A jesting tone of talk on religious things, a habit of reckless criticism on religious things, is to take the name of God in vain as truly as the vulgar oath; and when we hear him who calls himself a Christian, or gentleman, indulging in burlesque of this sort, I at once recognize some moral defect in him. Intellect, without reverence, is the head of a man joined to a beast. There are many who think it a proof of wit; but it is the cheapest sort of wit, and shows as much lack of brains as of moral feeling. I would

say it with emphasis to each Christian who hears me, Never indulge that habit, never allow sacred things to be jested at without rebuke; but keep them as you would the miniature of your mother,—for no vulgar hands to touch. There is an anecdote of Boyle, that he never pronounced the name of God without an audible pause; and whatever you think, I recognize in it the dictate of a wise heart. We need this reverence in the air of our social life, and its neglect will palsy our piety.—*E. A. Washburn.*

#### FUNGUS IN A FLAMINGO.

Prof. Leidy remarked that a pair of Flamingoes had recently died in the Garden of the Zoölogical Society at Fairmount Park. Dr. Chapman, who had dissected the birds, called his attention to the diseased condition of the lungs of one of them, the other not being affected in this respect. The posterior part of the lungs on both sides, contiguous to the abdominal air sacs, was occupied by an indurated brown substance, in striking contrast with the usual bright roseate hue of the neighboring pulmonary tissue. An incision made into the indurated substance exhibited a brown compact surface with greenish-black dots which corresponded with the bronchial tubes. On microscopical examination the substance was found to be pervaded with a fungous vegetation, and the greenish-black dots were due to the fruit heads profusely covered with colored spores.

Prof. Owen, upwards of forty years ago, mentioned the existence of a green mould he had observed in the lungs of a Flamingo, which died in the menagerie of the Zoölogical Society of London, but he gave no description of the plant by which we can recognize it. Since then, many accounts have been given of the existence of fungous vegetation in the diseased lungs of various birds, but I think it has not been determined whether the diseased condition was due to the fungus, or whether this was a subsequent production.

The plant observed in our diseased Flamingo belongs to the Moulds or Mucedines, and is evidently an *Aspergillus*. A number of species of this genus have been described, growing on various decaying substances. The common Blue Mould found in cheese and bread kept in a damp place, is the *Aspergillus glaucus*. From this the mould of the Flamingo is quite distinct in the structure of the fruiting receptacles, in which respect it more nearly resembles the *Aspergillus dubius*, growing on rabbit's dung. The *Aspergillus* of the Flamingo, I suspect to be the same as one described by M. Robin, under the name of *Aspergillus nigrescens*, discovered by him



in the lungs of a pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*) affected with phthisis.

In the Flamingo mould, the mycelium consisted of a dense flock of delicate ramifying filaments pervading the indurated pulmonary tissue, which consisted largely of nucleated cell elements and granules. The threads of the mycelium were branching, and occupied on the interior with clear globules appearing like rows of beads. The threads measured usually the  $\frac{5}{60}$ th of a millimetre or less in diameter.

The fruiting stems (see accompanying figure) were straight, from one fourth to two-fifths of a millimetre long, not articulated, usually simple, and rarely divided approximating a right angle, near the head. They were about the  $\frac{2}{50}$ th mm. wide at the mycelial origin and double the width approaching the head. The head continuous with the stem was pyriform; or the stem expanded into a globular receptacle, which was closely crowded with linear processes, or sporophores, supporting the spherical, translucent colored spores. The latter profusely invested the heads, but were too ripe and readily detached to determine their exact arrangement in relation with the sporophores. These, on the contrary, remained firmly attached to the receptacle.

The receptacles measured from the  $\frac{6}{60}$ th mm. to the  $\frac{1}{60}$ th mm. The stratum of sporophores was from  $\frac{1}{168}$ th mm. to the  $\frac{1}{126}$ th mm. thick. The spores were the  $\frac{1}{333}$ d mm. in diameter.

By transmitted light, the spores appeared so faintly colored that the tint was undetermined; by reflected light, in mass they appeared of a greenish hue. The receptacles including the sporophores appeared fuscous by transmitted light, but white by reflected light.

In M. Robin's plate of *A. nigrescens* he represents most of the fruiting stems as articulated, but in our plant none of this character were detected.—*Proceedings of Academy of Nat. Sciences, First mo. 19th, 1875.*

THERE is one kind of wisdom which we learn from the world, and another kind which can be acquired in solitude only. In cities we study those around us; but in the retirement of the country, we learn to know ourselves. The voice within us is more distinctly audible in the stillness of the place; and the general affections of our nature spring up more freshly in its tranquility and sunshine, nurtured by

the healing principle which we inhale with the pure air, and invigorated by the genial influences which descend into the heart from the quiet of the sylvan solitude around, and the soft serenity of the sky above.—*Long fellow.*

#### THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.

Across the rapid stream of seventy years,  
The slender bridge of human life is thrown;  
The past and future form its mouldering piers;  
The present moment is its frail keystone.

From "dust thou art" the arch begins to rise,  
"To dust" the fashion of its form descends;  
"Shalt thou return," the highest curve implies,  
In which the first to the last lowness bends.

Seen by youth's magic light upon that arch,  
How lovely does each far-off scene appear!  
But ah! how changed when on the onward march  
Our weary footsteps bring the vision near!

'Twas fabled that beneath the rainbow's foot  
A treasure lay, the dreamer to bewitch;  
And many wasted in the vain pursuit  
The golden years that would have made them rich.

So where life's arch of many colors leads,  
The heart expects rich wealth of joy to find;  
But in the distance the bright hope recedes,  
And leaves a cold gray waste of care behind.

A sunlit stream upon its bosom takes  
Th' inverted shadow of a bridge on high,  
And thus the arch in air and water makes  
One perfect circle to the gazer's eye.

So 'tis with life; the things that do appear  
Are fleeting shadows on time's passing tide,  
Cast by the sunshine of a higher sphere  
From viewless things that changelessly abide.

The real is but the half of life; it needs  
The ideal to make a perfect whole;  
The sphere of sense is incomplete, and pleads  
For closer union with the sphere of soul.

All things of use are bridges that conduct  
To things of faith, which give them truest worth  
And Christ's own parables do us instruct  
That heaven is but the counterpart of earth.

The pier that rests upon this shore's the same  
As that which stands upon the farther bank;  
And fitness for our duties here will frame  
A fitness for the joys of higher rank.

Oh! dark was life without heaven's sun to show  
The likeness of the o'er world in this;  
And bare and poor would be our lot below  
Without the shadow of a world of bliss.

Then let us, passing o'er life's fragile arch,  
Regard it as a means, and not an end;  
As but the path of faith on which we march,  
To where all glories of our being tend.

—*Good Words.*

KNOWLEDGE cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and like digging for deep waters; but when you once come to the spring, they rise up to meet you.

From the Public Ledger.

#### DRAWING CONCLUSIONS.

It is somewhat strange while in all mate-  
rial and practical matters the necessity for  
previous preparation of a more or less thor-  
ough nature is universally admitted, that in  
decisions or conclusions of the mind which  
are continually forming but little stress is  
laid on any such requirement. We instruct  
children in the various branches of knowl-  
edge; we teach them to fulfil their domestic  
social relations; we prepare them for  
a useful and honorable occupation, but  
seldom do we even attempt so to educate  
as to keep in exercise their mental faculties as  
to enable them to form correct and unpre-  
judiced conclusions. Even in self-culture it is  
in the last thing at which we aim. Infor-  
mation of all kinds is eagerly sought, but the  
cultivation of those faculties which enable us  
to weigh impartially both sides of a subject,  
to investigate without prejudice, and to em-  
brace opinions only from a firm conviction of  
their truth, occupies but little of our delib-  
erate thought. Yet when we consider how  
common are the errors of judgment into which  
we continually fall; how greatly our decisions  
are influenced by desires, passions and pre-  
judices; how often we are deceived by de-  
ceits and cheated by fallacies, we can but  
realize something of the importance of a men-  
tal training that shall improve, direct and  
strengthen the judgment. Even the evidences  
of our senses need the constant exercise of  
the judgment to enable us to place reliance  
on them. One impression overpowers an-  
other, and, though the sense always performs  
its duty correctly, our conclusions are often  
wrong for want of knowledge, and the trained  
faculty that enables us to give to each impres-  
sion its true value.

The same is true of all other conclusions.  
It is nothing more common than to hear  
persons declare confidently, after the most  
careful investigation, that such a thing is the  
cause of an event, or its result, and in  
familiar phrase, "it stands to reason," is  
upon lips that would utterly fail in  
attempt to *prove* the reasonableness  
of their assertions. There is a self-discipline  
which every one *may* subject himself, that  
goes far towards correcting hasty and ill-  
founded conclusions. Careful self-examination  
convince us of much ignorance on  
points where others are well informed, and  
thus lead to a humility of mind and a  
sobriety of expression which are among the  
requisites. The best cultured judgment  
nevertheless be the most familiar with the possi-  
bility of its own errors, and the most willing  
to give correction upon good grounds. In-  
deed without this mental attitude, no real

education of the judgment can take place.  
He who blindly adheres to preconceived opin-  
ions, refusing to listen to or even to think  
upon the other side, is in no position to arrive  
at truth. Even should he be correct in that  
one particular, his spirit, narrow, contracted  
and one-sided, can neither appreciate nor em-  
brace truth, which, in its largeness of liberty,  
courts all possible scrutiny, and welcomes the  
closest investigation.

There is a strong tendency in us all to be-  
lieve what we *desire* to be true, and to draw  
those conclusions to which our inclinations  
lean. If this is cherished, it is fatal to any  
culture of the judgment. It induces us to  
seek for all the evidence on one side, and to  
ignore all on the other; to receive and wel-  
come the one as a friend, to dislike if not to  
resist the other as an enemy. This tendency  
is so universal, and so insidious, that the  
utmost watchfulness is needed to oppose it.  
The love of truth must triumph over all  
other affections, the desire to possess it must  
overpower all other inclinations, the mind  
must be trained to resist its wishes until they  
are proved right, if we would form true con-  
clusions. To this more than to any other  
cause, must we attribute the fierceness of  
dispute, the bitterness of spirit, the animosity  
and enmity that exist between parties and  
sects.

Each, allowing the wish to be father to  
the thought, cherishes fondly and repeats flu-  
ently the arguments which are used to uphold  
his platform, at the same time inwardly re-  
jecting the consideration of the reasons urged  
against it. Could this spirit of bondage to  
the inclinations be abolished, and the free-  
dom of investigation which the pure love of  
truth would impart, be put in its stead, a  
harmony of feeling, and even a unity of view  
would in a great measure take the place of  
the division and antagonism that now exist.  
Such self-discipline will involve humility,  
patience, research, a careful balancing of  
evidence, and, above all, an open heart to re-  
ceive that which is unpalatable. Even then  
we must not always look for certainty, but be  
content to rest in that degree of probability  
which the evidence on all sides conveys, and  
in some cases the absolute suspension of the  
judgment may be its wisest, if least pleasant  
exercise.

If efforts at such self-culture went no fur-  
ther than to turn conceit into humility, and  
a bold confidence of certainty into a diffident  
and patient waiting for evidence, its value to  
society would be incalculable, but the work  
once begun will not rest there; each fresh  
truth thus gained, and each conclusion thus  
drawn, will incite to vigorous and well di-  
rected action, and will be a power for good



in the world that no amount of vehement self-confidence can ever exert.

To DISAGREE in a choleric sort of way, as if a personal injustice had been done, in the spirit of contention and fault-finding, is one thing, and a discreditable and useless thing; but to disagree thoroughly, honestly, diametrically, is perhaps the healthiest thing for the hearer as the speaker.

## NOTICES.

Philadelphia First-day School Union will meet at Green street Meeting-house, on Sixth-day evening, Tenth month 8th, at 8 o'clock. An essay is expected, and business, preparatory to the Association meeting, transacted.

### REOPENING OF FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

Race street, Girard avenue, West Philadelphia, Germantown and Frankford Schools will resume their sessions to-morrow morning, at 9 A. M. Green street, also, at 2½ o'clock in the afternoon. All are invited to connect themselves with one or other of the schools.

### AFTERNOON MEETINGS.

The Meetings for Worship on First-day evenings will be resumed at Race street and Green street Meetings to-morrow, at 7½ P. M. The afternoon meeting at Spruce street, at 4 P. M.

Burlington First-day School Union, will convene at Crosswicks, on Seventh-day, Tenth month 9th, 1875, at 10 o'clock A. M. All interested are invited to attend. There will be ample conveyance from Bordentown for all who may go by rail.

MARY J. GARWOOD, } Clerks.  
MARTHA C. DECOU, }

### NOTTINGHAM QUARTERLY MEETING FIRST-DAY SCHOOL UNION.

The next meeting will be held at East Nottingham, on Seventh-day, the 2d of Tenth month, at 10 o'clock. A general attendance is desired.

THOMAS P. KING, } Clerks.  
MARY F. BROWN, }

### FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated meeting will be held at 820 Spruce street, on Fourth-day evening next, Tenth month 6th, at 8 o'clock. Samuel Parrish will commence the reading of a paper concerning the Friendly Association, organized over a century ago, for the protection of the Indian natives. Any, of either sex, who incline to attend, will be welcome.

WM. J. JENKS, *President.*

N. E. JANNEY, *Secretary.*

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS,

Have been appointed within Salem, N. J., Quarter as follows:

- 10th mo. 3d, Penn's Neck, 10 A.M.
- " 10th, Salem, 10 A.M.
- " 17th, Alloway's Creek, 10 A.M.
- " 24th, Greenwich, 10 A.M.
- " 31st, Woodbury, 10 A.M.

- 11th mo. 7th, Penn's Neck, 10 A.M.
- " 14th, Upper Greenwich, 10 A.M.
- 12th mo. 5th, Penn's Neck, 10 A.M.

Other Circular Meetings are :

- 10th mo. 3d, Frankford, Phila. county, 3 P.M.
- " " Richland, Pa., 3 P.M.
- " " Birmingham, Pa., 3 P.M.
- " 10th, West Grove, Pa., 3 P.M.
- " 17th, Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A.M.
- " " Catawissa, Pa., 3 P.M.
- " " Radnor, Pa., 3 P.M.
- " " Byberry, Pa., 3 P.M.

## ITEMS.

The New York *Tribune* states that the steamship State of Texas, which encountered the late gale the Gulf of Mexico, arrived in that city on the 24th last month. A large portion of the saloon was carried away, the port rails were broken, and everything movable on the upper deck had been swept into the sea. The safety of the vessel, according to her owners, C. H. Mallory & Co., is due to the efforts of Capt. Bolger. The path of the hurricane as given by the captain, was as follows: "It I the Gulf Stream, and was felt first in all its power at Santiago de Cuba on Sept. 11. Sweeping along the southern coast of the island of Cuba, it struck Cape San Antonio in the western end of that island on Sept. 12. Its full force was not felt at Key West. Thence it passed along the Gulf of Mexico, approaching the Texas coast, overtaking the steamship and other vessels on Sept. 13, 14, and 15. Sept. 16 it desolated Indianola and neighboring coast towns and villages, sweeping over Galveston on Sept. 17. It afterward exhausted itself at the Isthmus of Darien." The captain also mentioned that the barometer sank to 26.04, a lower point than he had ever noticed in a long coasting career. A special dispatch from Galveston reports that town of Velasco, Texas, is entirely swept away, no lives were lost. A letter from the steamship railroad agent at Indianola says 200 houses were swept away, and the steamship and railroad wharf which cost \$200,000, is almost a total wreck. 150 to 200 lives were lost. Indianola was a village of about 1200 inhabitants; it was almost annihilated by the storm; not half a dozen buildings were left unhurt in the town. The place was flooded eight feet deep, and at night, when the storm at its height, houses, stores, wharves, and the houses were swept away. Lynchburg and San Antonio, in Texas, were half washed away. The steamer City of Waco went ashore in Florida, no lives were lost.

GARIBALDI has caused inquiries to be made in Holland respecting the plans and expenditures proposed for the drying up of the Zuider Zee, intending to use the information in connection with the Tiber project.

THE Emperor of Brazil contemplates a visit to Europe and the United States. On the 21st ult. Minister of Public Works presented in the Chamber of Deputies a request of the Emperor to sanction a visit of eighteen months' duration to Europe and the United States.

In Egypt great attention is now being paid to the education of girls. The Khedive's mother supports a school where 300 girls are being educated. There are a great many schools besides this, well provided with teachers, expressly for training girls and women.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 9, 1875.

No. 33.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE REVISION OF THE BOOK OF FRIENDS' DISCIPLINE, PARTICULARLY THAT OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

(Continued from page 500.)

In 1867, Baltimore Yearly Meeting appointed a large joint committee, consisting of men and four women Friends from each constituent Monthly Meeting to take the subject of a revision of the Book of Discipline into deliberate consideration, and report to the Yearly Meeting in 1868 the result of their labors.

At our first meeting after the close of the Yearly Meeting, it was recommended that the members of the Yearly Meeting Committee belonging to each *Monthly Meeting*, should get together on First-day afternoons, and read the Discipline carefully and thoughtfully through, noting such changes as it appeared to them would be beneficial, and that they should agree to forward for further action by the Quarterly Meeting Committee.

After this was accomplished by the part of the Committee that belonged to each Monthly Meeting, the members of the Yearly Meeting Committee belonging to each Quarterly Meeting should get together, with the results of the labor of the Monthly Meetings, and adopt

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such changes proposed by the Monthly Meetings, as they approved and could agree in forwarding to the General Committee of the Yearly Meeting.

Lastly, that all the members of the Yearly Meeting Committee should get together in Baltimore, with the result of the labors of the different Quarters, and decide on a report to the Yearly Meeting.

This recommendation was carried out, and much thought and labor were expended on the subject in different branches of the Yearly Meeting, the effect of which was felt to be salutary. The Reports of the different Quarterly Meetings, were sent to me as Secretary of the Committee, and I prepared an embodiment of the substance of them all, in a copy of the Book of Discipline, designating, where the Propositions differed, the Yearly Meeting from which each came by the initial of its name—B. for Baltimore, F. for Fairfax, &c. This Book or Copy of the Discipline, I still have.

The Yearly Meeting Committee had several meetings on the subject, and it became evident to my mind that we *could not propose a change in the unity*; and therefore I drew up a Report to the effect that the Committee, "after meeting several times, and comparing sentiments, have come to the conclusion that they are *not prepared to recommend any changes in the Discipline at this time*," which



was presented to the Yearly Meeting, and adopted by that Body.\*

Although this Report was against the wish of some of my particular friends in the Committee, yet I have never doubted that it was right and best to make it at that time. But, having drawn up this report in 1868, I feel now that it is my duty thus to revive the subject, in the hope that it may receive the consideration of the next Yearly Meeting at Baltimore. In the seven years that have since elapsed, there have been many events tending to induce unity of feeling, and to *desire nothing but what is right and best* and calculated to Glorify the Good Father. A Committee of the Yearly Meeting coming together under the influence of such a feeling, which I do not doubt would prevail, to finish the work that was begun in 1867, the Book of Discipline of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, which has had no *general revision* since 1821, although there were reprints of it in 1844, and again in 1860, could be made *consistent throughout*, and it would be as complete a system of Government for a Religious Organization as can anywhere be found. With the proposed periodical revision, no changes in the Discipline would be made except at these times, which would preserve all its parts in harmony with each other.

It is the concern of many Friends now, to substitute *Love and Labor*, for *Authority and Law*, in administering the Discipline. When *Love* is substituted for *Law*, and *proper Education and Reason*, for *Authority*, the *Right will be followed from choice*.

When Friends were first gathered to be a People, they came out of various sects, in which Religion had long been a thing *entirely of Authority*. First the Scriptures; then the Pope; then the Priest; then the Church; and, from such an Educational bias, *Friends* substituted the *Discipline*, to supply their needs on this point, which, in its practical exercise, partook of the same deleterious nature as all previous Authorities, and came to be exercised in the same spirit—to cut off—excommunicate—and thus laid waste some of the fairest fields of our heritage, and rendered our Organization (especially to the young), *repulsive*, rather than *attractive*.

I once heard Doctor Wm. Gibbons say, in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, not long before his death, in connection with the defects in the manner in which the Discipline had been administered: "There are at this time, more precious Lambs, without the pale of Society, bleating after the Flock, than there are in it;" and this statement is sup-

ported by my experience, especially in my travels through the Western country. How sorrowful and suggestive!

Clarkson in his "Portraits of Quakerism" says: "The Quakers, in consequence of the vast power they have over their members, by means of their Discipline, lay great stress upon their Discipline. They consider their prohibitions, when duly watched and enforced, as so many barriers against vice, preservatives of Virtue."

This has been the great and hurtful error of the Society. It is only another form of the Arbitrary and despotic system of the Roman Catholic church. THEIR requirement is obedience to the Priest, instead of Principle. That of Friends, obedience to the Discipline instead of the Spirit of God in their own consciousness. This, in weakening the feeling of immediate individual responsibility and accountability to the Supreme Ruler, is entirely at variance with the Fundamental Principle of Friends' Profession.

Every enlightened understanding, feels and knows, instinctively, that this is an unjustifiable interference with the sacred right of individual Freedom, and is thus drawn to resist the requirement, with a force, proportioned to the strength of character of the individual upon whom it is attempted to be imposed. Hence have resulted the *scatterings* and *strifes*, with which our beloved Society has been afflicted.

The effort ever has been, and ever will be in vain, to substitute, in moral government, Power instead of Principle, Law instead of Love; and this has been emphatically affirmed by the result of such effort by Friends.

Our Discipline has been *Imported*. It is formed by those, and for those, who were accustomed to submission to the Authority of Kings and Princes. We need an American Discipline, in which individual Freedom be recognized, subject only to the healthy influence of Divine restraints in their consciousness, so that, instead of Authority and Law, Love and Labor will be the reliance, aided by the Spirit of God in their own hearts, which is the only efficient power for Good in the moral world.

The general principles that govern in making upon some of the alterations proposed to be made in our Book of Discipline, the following, viz.:

1. To recognize the existing fact, that meetings of the Society of Friends are composed of both men and women, and that instead of having two modes of proceeding in the Book of Discipline as hitherto, one for the Men, and a different one for the women, it is proposed to have the same in all res-

\* Extracts from the Minutes of Baltimore Yearly Meeting for 1868, page 23.



or both; believing that the course of proceeding which is *best* for the *men*, will be *best* for the *women* also; and that what is *best* for the *women*, will also be *best* for the *men*; so that it is designed that the same manner of proceeding, shall, in all cases, be observed by both men's and women's meetings.

2. In making quotations from Scripture in the Book of Discipline, the name of the Book from which the quotations are made, and the name employed by the Evangelists to denote the author of the sayings or writings quoted, are to be used, rendering the name of that blessed personage of Judea, (when preferred) the "Blessed Jesus." Also, that the same term be used to denote that Blessed personage wherever referred to in the Book of Discipline. The Angel of the Lord said to Joseph as recorded in Scripture, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus" (Matt. 1, 21), and he so called by all the four Evangelists throughout their Gospels.

3. While it is earnestly recommended that those of our members who deviate from our order, or become in any way whatever objects of uneasiness and concern, shall be timely, tenderly, and faithfully labored with, to convince them of their error, and to restore them to a course of conduct in harmony with our precious principles and testimonies, it is at the same time desired, that *no person shall be disowned or cut off from the Society*, for anything that is not, manifestly, disturbing, unbecomingly, unkind, unloving, untruthful, unjust, immoral, criminal, or sinful, and contrary to the precepts of the Blessed Jesus in his sermon on the Mount; the object of concern remaining unwilling to be reclaimed by the labor bestowed. And in such labor, Friends are affectionately encouraged not "to be weary in well doing," but to remain under an abiding hope and belief, that those who labor "shall reap if they do not," (Gal. vi, 9.)

When the term "labor," or "labored with" is used in the Book of Discipline, it is intended to mean, a practical and patient effort for the help and restoration of the individual member who is thought to need assistance. The points to be aimed at by such labor, are, the good of the individual, the glory of our Religious Society, and the advancement of Truth.

It is, hence, of the highest importance that those who enter into this engagement, should be kindly to the object of their labor and concern, not as "armed with the Discipline" but cut off and separate, but to *restore* and *reclaim*, bearing in mind that the strongest influences for this purpose, are, Love, kindness, sympathy, and humility. Where these, and the Divine Help, are the *sole reliance*, inasmuch as they include the strongest pow-

ers known to the Human Soul, they can very rarely fail of ultimate success. If one Committee does not succeed, let the monthly meeting send another, in order that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established; and finally, if needed, let a joint Committee of Men and women Friends be appointed to visit the delinquent member, thus keeping the case under care of the meeting; and we cannot doubt such labor will very generally be crowned with success, and, it being the work of Righteousness, *it will bring Peace to the laborer*. If, however, notwithstanding all this care and labor, the delinquent member still persists in a course of conduct that is unsatisfactory to the Committee, and is *unwilling* to be *reclaimed* therefrom, then the Monthly Meeting should issue its testimony against such conduct as not being in harmony with our Religious Principles and testimonies, and that he or she is no longer a member of our Religious Society.

Of the efficiency of such "labor in love" the experience of the Teachers of the First-Day Schools gives us an instructive example, and illustrates the salutary influence of the labor *on the Teachers* as well as *on the Scholars*, and such would be the case if the same course were adopted by our meetings towards its erring members. From the concurrent testimony of various Teachers of those Schools, the interesting fact is obtained that not one scholar among several hundred, in an experience of a number of years has had to be dismissed or "disowned" as being incorrigible, although a few have been requested temporarily to withdraw from attending the school.

One Teacher writes under date of Fifth month, 1875: "My connection with the School as superintendent commenced Tenth month 1st, 1870, since that time my service has been continuous and regular. By preserving a perfectly kind, interested regard for each *individual* of the School, and evincing clearly a disposition to preserve its order and discipline, I have succeeded in keeping it in a very healthy, prosperous condition, and have never expelled a scholar, though on *two* occasions I have been obliged to hold them on probation. *For best results, Love and Discipline must go hand in hand.*"

Another reports under same date, that in an experience of 14 years, with an average attendance of fully 60 scholars, there was no "occasion formally to dismiss a pupil, although a few, say two or three, may have voluntarily withdrawn on finding that they could not have their own way."

Another superintendent writes under same date: "In three years, out of 450 scholars, only two have had to be expelled; and even



this would not have been done, only that their influence on the other children was very unfavorable."

Under date of Sixth month, 1875, another Superintendent of a First-day School writes: "No expulsions have been necessary. But I have been in a position to see the relative power of *Law*, compared with *Love* and *Labor*; and I have no difficulty in deciding which is the more powerful. *Law* deals powerful blows, *stunning* and *disabling* for awhile, *not destroying* that at which it is aimed. Punishing an offender, does not remove the offence. No penalty is severe enough to check crime. States have learned this; and with the amelioration of the penal Code, gains have been made that were secured in no other way. To convict and punish by the *Law*, is to destroy much of that which restrained before. It destroys self-respect, and thus *separates* from the *good* influences, and *exposes* to the *bad* ones.

"Numberless examples can be furnished, where the quiet, unobtrusive love of some dear one, displayed for no purpose but the good of the individual for whom it was intended, has reclaimed from most unfortunate conditions. This is a power which is closest in quality to the Almighty Father, who is all Love, Mercy and Goodness. This quality, unlike the *Law* which deals with a *Case*, deals with the *Life* and all its collaterals.

"The *Law*, is good as an outward ordinance, exercising authority and power *after* the offence. *Love with Labor* 'writes the *Law* in the inward parts,' so that they become 'not hearers only, but doers of the *Law*. Then, although they have not the *Law*, they are a law unto themselves.'"

The mode of proceeding in a revision or change of the Book of Discipline, which my judgment, after much reflection upon the subject, would approve, is, that when any change is proposed to be made, or new matter is offered to be introduced, the subject should be referred to a joint Committee; and in the Committee, the reasons in favor of such proceeding should be clearly and calmly stated; then, *if objections exist to what is proposed*, those objections should be fully and impressively presented, until a clear view of the subject in its different lights and bearings be had: then (*without any "debate"*), after a time of solemn deliberation and waiting, and an endeavor to feel after the mind of Truth, each member of the Committee should express his or her opinion, for or against the proposed change or modification; and no proposition to be adopted unless *two-thirds* of the Committee present, are in favor of submitting it to the consideration of the Yearly Meeting.

Then, every member of the Committee should religiously resolve to acquiesce cheerfully in the decision of the Committee by this mode, leaving its correctness to be tested by the final judgment of the Yearly Meeting when the Question comes before under the solemn and enlightening influence of the Great Head of the Church, with which it is hoped that Body will be graciously vored.

*Sandy Spring, Md., Ninth month 14th, 1875.*

THE word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is the seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a dew flower.

#### FAITH THE BASIS OF THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY.

There is one kind of doctrine which the Creator has appointed shall be acquired by the busy intellect, and which, when so required, is held in inalienable possession. There is another kind of knowledge which He gives to faithful and obedient hearts, and which even the truest of them hold on a precarious tenure of sustained faith and relaxing obedience. The future world surely belongs to this latter class of knowledge. It is, as one of the greatest of living teachers has said, a "part of our religion, a branch of our geography." Why is it that our passionate longings for more satisfying information cannot be indulged, we even partially see; for we may perceive that it would instantaneously destroy the perspective of this life, and nullify the whole present system of moral tuition by earthly joys and chastisements. The mental chaos into which those persons obviously fall, who in our imagination that they have obtained tangible and audible and visible proofs of another world, supplies evidence of the ruinous results which would follow were any such corporeal access to the other world actually opened to mankind. Let us then courageously face the conclusion which we seem to have reached. The key which must open the door of life beyond the grave will never be found by fumbling among the heterogeneous stores of the logical understanding. Like the door with which the pilgrim unlocked the dungeon of Giant Despair's castle, it is hidden in our own hearts—given to us long ago by the light of the way.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

NOTHING can be great which is not right, nothing which reason condemns can be able to the dignity of the human mind.

THE soul is a soil which requires to be watered and stirred deeply, otherwise nothing will grow in it but weeds.



## A TRIP TO EUROPE.

PHILADELPHIA, 9th mo. 22, 1875.

*Editors of Friends' Intelligencer :*

DEAR FRIENDS,—You have had, for a year or more past, so many interesting letters upon travels in Europe and the East, that I should not be doing justice either to your readers or myself should I presume to burden them with anything further in the way of a narrative of daily personal observations over routes of travel already made so familiar. But some remarks of a general character may not be uninteresting, and it seems to be in some measure a duty that I should give some account of what we saw of Friends in Great Britain.

Leaving Philadelphia by the steamer *Indiana*, of the American Line, the morning of Seventh month 1st, we landed at Queenstown on the morning of the 11th; and, returning by the same steamer, left Liverpool at noon, Ninth month 1st, and arrived at Philadelphia at the same hour on the 12th. This left us seven weeks and three days for travel on the other side, and it was a matter of continual surprise and gratification that so much of surpassing interest could be seen in so short a space of time. We traversed, to a greater or less extent, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, and found sufficient time to explore some of the wonders of those great cities, London and Paris, as well as others of less note, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Cork, Geneva, Frankfurt, Cologne, Brussels, &c.

If I were asked what most of all excited my admiration, I believe I should refer to the rich and beautiful green fields and agricultural regions of England, which we traversed north and south by two different routes, the Midland and the London and North-western Railways; and not much less to be admired is beautiful green Ireland, and the abundant crops of Belgium, and portions of France and Germany. These and other countries of the old world have the advantage of age and long culture, and in average productiveness exceed our own.

For wild and romantic scenery, of course, Switzerland takes the palm, and it is with something like the excitement of romance that I recur to it. We ascended the Alps from Chamouni, up to and into the clouds, where the rain-drops were forming and falling thick and fast at times, and then on above them to the top of the mountain adjacent to Mont Blanc, called Montaurert, being as high as mules could carry us. We then crossed a foot the Mer de Glace, one of the prin-

cipal glaciers; and, descending from Mont Blanc and meeting our mules on the other side, we returned around the foot or termination of the glacier in the valley below. The view of the mountain peaks, especially those of Mont Blanc, with their coverings of perpetual snow, white and pure as it falls from the clouds, and glistening in the bright sunshine, and of the formation of the glaciers by the sliding of the snow into the descending ravines, where it becomes ice and moves like rivers down into the valleys, is supremely picturesque and grand.

Among other scenery on the continent which came in our course, I may mention as specially interesting the stage-ride from Geneva to Chamouni, over fifty miles, and back, along the Arve river, over a smooth macadamized road, with mountains on either side, the tops of many of them covered with snow, and numerous small cascades tumbling into the valley; the steamboat rides over lakes Geneva, Thun, Brienz, Lucerne and others; the Giessbach Falls, and the Falls of the Rhine; the ascent of the Alps and the ride through the Brunig Pass, in a stage coach, from Brienz to Alpnach; the ascent of Mount Rigi, nearly six thousand feet above the sea, and the grand prospect there afforded of snow-covered mountains on one side, and an endless view of lakes, towns, villages and farm districts on the other; and a day's ride down the historic Rhine.

In England, I may refer, as especially beautiful, to what is known as the lake district, embracing lakes Windermere, Rydal, Grassmere and others, and the mountain scenery from Windermere to Keswick, made famous by the writings of Wordsworth and the home and resting-place of himself and Coleridge, and also the home of Harriet Martineau. In Scotland, may be mentioned the ride down the Clyde, lined on either side with ship-building, and up the western coast, by steamers and canal, to Ballachulish, and thence by stage-coach thirty-six miles, by way of Glencoe Pass, abounding in scenery of surpassing beauty, to Callender. The Trossachs and Loch Katrine, the scene of Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Loch Lomond, are highly beautiful and interesting. Loch Katrine has within a few years been tapped and made to supply Glasgow with a profusion of excellent water. Ireland also boasts, as well she may, of her lake district. Of Killarney we had a fine prospect, as also of her mountains bordering the Gap of Dunloe, which we passed on the backs of ponies. Of castles, abbeys, cathedrals, palaces, and the ruins of them, I am no admirer, and will say nothing of them, though we saw many and visited some.



Shortly after our landing at Queenstown, we made a visit of a few days to our friend, Joseph B. Forster, a few miles out of Manchester, who is known to many of the readers of the *Intelligencer* as the editor of the *Manchester Friend*. The Friends who have separated from the general Society, and hold meetings at Memorial Hall, Manchester, of whom our friend J. B. Forster is one, have a social gathering monthly at each other's residences, and they honored us so much as to arrange one of their monthly gatherings to be held at the residence of our friend the next Seventh-day after our landing, and then and there, on his beautiful lawn, they met us to the number of some forty or more. It can be more easily imagined than portrayed in language how grateful it was to have, so far from home, the company of these Friends, so much like the intelligent, liberal-minded and open-hearted Friends we are accustomed to meet at our own gatherings, and all so much interested to know about our branch of the Society. We attended their meeting at Manchester next day, which was a sitting in silence for nearly an hour, after which one of the company read a paper containing some remarks and criticisms as to the objects and modes of conducting their meetings, &c., which led to a general interchange of views on the subjects treated of.

The experience of these Friends strikingly brings to mind the circumstances and the spirit which led to the separation among Friends in this country in 1827. There seems to have been, however, less of what may be called personal bitterness here, but the same spirit of intolerance exists which is inseparable from that peculiar system of religion which consists in the upholding of certain doctrinal opinions as all-important, and which therefore prescribes as unsound all expressions of opinions that do not square with these fixed dogmas. We visited, by invitation, several of these Friends at their homes, and parted from them with a feeling of earnest desire that they and our Friends should know more of each other.

We attended, on a First-day morning, the meeting at Devonshire House, London, where the Yearly Meeting is held. About fifty persons were present, and we were kindly taken by the hand by a number of the most prominent of them. They have there a Friends' Institute, with a library and fine reading-room, which is open on First days. There is a dining-room beneath it, where dinners can be had by paying for them. We concluded to remain for that purpose, and had an excellent dinner of roast beef, &c., with dessert, for which we would have paid a shilling (twenty-four cents) each; but a kind Friend had been

beforehand with us, and paid it. They provide a dinner every day for members and attenders of the meeting, and are now erecting a building for lodging-rooms. We also attended the meeting in Liverpool. Several hundred persons were present. The exercises were lively, and continued throughout a long meeting. At the close it was announced that the preparative meeting would then be held. We attended also the meeting in Edinburgh which was smaller than that in London. Over the entrance was a notice that there would be readings at the close of the Fifth-day morning meetings. The meeting, though small showed evidence of life, and at its close we accepted an invitation from some kind and liberal Friends to accompany them home to dinner. In our intercourse with Friends of the regular Society, we were careful to make it distinctly known that we were not of those called Orthodox, but the few we came in contact with seemed indisposed to recognize any difference, and could not have been more kind and cordial.

So far as we could observe, English Friends in their deportment and appearance, and in the manner of conducting their meetings, are strikingly similar to our own, though I understand there is less of the friendly appearance in some of the other meetings in London, and there was little we could object to in the communications we heard. As far as I could learn, the First-day schools of Friends in England are of the missionary sort, for the benefit of the children of the poorer classes and these in some instances appear to be recognized and upheld by the Monthly Meeting. But there seem to be no such schools at the meeting-houses, or for the members and those who attend their meetings, as are now almost universal with us. T. H. S.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

One of the most satisfactory ways of convincing the public that certain things can be done is to do them yourself, by way of example. Such was the course adopted by a few spirited ladies of New York a year or two ago. They were greatly moved by the necessities of the number of destitute women in the metropolis; but, instead of holding meetings and passing resolutions blaming men and demanding that the State Legislature or Congress should make appropriations or pass special laws for the benefit of these women, they informally resolved these women could be made self-supporting. Just at this stage of the proceedings, however, they departed from the usual method of the procedure on social questions, for they went to work to instruct these women *how* to support themselves. "The Woman's Educational and Industrial



Society" was formed, and in connection therewith, was established a "Free Training School" at the residence of a member of the Society. The experiment resulted as follows: In a single year *three thousand* women, understanding no business or industry, were received for instruction; *five-sixths* of this number were instructed, and provided with situations. Satisfied that the supply of seamstresses, (of whom the Society trained over 2,000,) was greater than the demand, the nature of the instruction given was changed, in many cases, from sewing to domestic cookery. A furnished house was taken, intelligent ladies volunteered as teachers, and the Society have been graduating classes of cooks possessing a knowledge of cleanliness, taste, manners, household economy, and other "lost arts" of the kitchen, as well as a knowledge of cookery, as it was in the days when people did their own work. The Society's rooms are at 47 East Tenth Street, where ladies wishing trained help, or desiring to leave the wherewithal to train other women, are always welcome.—*New York Paper.*

#### FEELING AND ACTION.

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from action; to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly. It is a danger to which, in a refined and polished age, we are peculiarly exposed. The romance, the poem and the sermon teach us how to feel. Our feelings are delicately correct. But the danger is this: feeling is given to lead to action; if feeling be suffered to awake without passing into duty, the character becomes untrue. When the emergency for real action comes, the feeling is as usual produced; but accustomed as it is to rise in fictitious circumstances without action, neither will it lead on to action in the real ones. "We pity wretchedness, and shun the wretched;" we utter sentiments just, honorable, refined, lofty; but somehow, when a truth presents itself in the shape of a duty, we are unable to perform it. And so such characters become by degrees like the artificial pleasure-grounds of bad taste, in which the waterfall does not fall, and the grotto offers only the refreshment of an imaginary shade, and the green hill does not strike the sky, and the tree does not grow. Truth is given, not to be contemplated, but to be done. Life is an action, not a thought. And the penalty paid by him who speculates on truth is that by degrees, the very truth he holds becomes to him a falsehood.—*F. W. Robertson.*

balances, but takes gratitude for granted, and regards affection as always solvent. It has no clearing-house, gives no notice of hand, carries on no brokerage of attachment, makes no bargains in this commerce of the affections. With it "yours truly" goes a great way, and certainly, worn threadbare as they are by incessant use, no words have a stouter body of significance left in them.

#### WORK.

Do it above all things! Throw your whole soul into it, if it be right, if not, leave it and find something better to do. Only one life is to be yours, and you cannot afford to spend it in doing anything meanly. Get yourself into harmony with your employment, and make it what it needs to be. Do not trust to being ennobled by it—everything lies in yourself, and all the possibilities are in your own keeping. If you are a young man and do not quite succeed in the law, or medicine, as an accountant, engineer—what not—quit the business and make shoes, barrels, clothespins, anything which you can do, and do well! You will never succeed in half doing a thing, and the sooner you find this out the better for you.

You notice one who goes forth to his labor with a strong, even step and sunny face. If you ask, you will find that the day promises vigorous tussles with toil, hard exhausting labor, but the worker is deeply in earnest and loves his work. Ah, this is the secret—loves his work, and if every one would do so what a musical bee hive of a world we would have. That is, love so the object towards which the labor tends, be so inspired by its dignity and right, that the unpleasantness of its performance would be entirely lost in the great joy of its completion. Many very odious things have to be done from necessity in this world, but it is the loving hand which gets rid of them the easiest, and gives most good to the race.

Yet while we insist upon adaptability to work, we know there is another extreme to be avoided and that is discontent, and a tendency to change. Be certain you have employed all the resources within reach for making yourself successful in your employment, and not till then (being assured of failure) do you meditate a change. Perhaps you have only been lazy or half in earnest, or theorizing, and have not given yourself fully to it. See to this point, and then decide. Be the best of your craft, or at least among the best. God means every man to be "earnest in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Whatever your hand, or your brain, or your heart can do for the world, it is your

TRUE friendship keeps no profit-and-loss account, posts no ledgers, strikes no daily



duty to do, and to do excellently. It will impart new zest to your existence to know that you are doing a worthy thing worthily; then be in your place and in earnest.—*Methodist Recorder*.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

After my letter had gone, I thought I might have told thee of a religious opportunity we had with the young people at the house of T. H. M., at the time of our Quarterly Meeting. E. C. felt her mind drawn toward them, soon after we arrived; but the cross being very great, she shrank from it, until the requisition became so clear, she was constrained to request the family to gather for the purpose. Soon the large parlor was filled with a company of interesting young people. Her communication was appropriate, and it proved to be a profitable season.

Last year, S. M. J. felt a similar concern, and was favored to address the large number assembled very satisfactorily, after which he appeared in supplication. The company was so solemnized that many, I believe, felt a responsibility they had not done before, and our meetings appeared to be more attractive to them. Such opportunities are very precious, but they seldom occur now-a-days. Why is it?

Memorials for Mary B. Brooke and Margaret E. Hallowell, both excellent, were offered to the Quarterly Meeting and accepted. Of course, they will be submitted to the Representative Committee before the Yearly Meeting.

While on a recent visit to the "eastern shore of the Chesapeake," I went with my son and a grandchild to meeting. Two others soon joined us, but the meeting-house was not open. The Friend who had the key was absent and we could not get in. After waiting a half hour, it was proposed to sit down on an old bench beside the wall of the house. The seat was just long enough to hold the five. We sat under a locust-tree, and within ten feet of the burial ground, and immediately in front of the graves of my husband's father and mother, who for more than forty years were active laborers in this part of the vineyard, at which time the meeting was quite large. How it has dwindled! I never felt so much the force of abiding under our "own vine and fig-tree," as on this occasion. This meeting, belonging to the Southern Quarter, is so remote that it is seldom visited by Friends from other Quarters.

I have been asked if the meeting alluded to would be considered "dropped," because we could not get into the house.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 9, 1875.

NOTICE.—We are under the necessity of reminding those of our subscribers who are in arrears, that seven months of our present volume have already expired, and an unusually large number of our subscriptions are still outstanding. As our terms are in advance we trust no stronger appeal will be required to bring a prompt return.

A PROPOSED CHANGE.—In looking at the various responsibilities connected with our Society, and under the belief that these might be more evenly distributed among our members, we are disposed to make a suggestion which, if put in practice by the different Monthly Meetings, would, we think, greatly relieve one class—our ministers.

We propose that the closing of our meetings for worship should rest upon those who are in the position of Elders, two being selected by each Monthly Meeting for this service; their place of sitting to be at what is called "the head of the meeting."

The reasons for such change, which does not involve any change of Discipline, may appear to those who have given some thought to the subject, so obvious, that mention of them is needless, while others may ask, What the change? Why disturb a long-established custom? We answer, that evidence is not unfrequently given of the unfitness of ministers, who generally occupy those seats, to judge of the general state of a meeting as regards the time to close it; partly owing to their feelings being largely absorbed by their own exercises. Perhaps they have been called to express these, and having done so, and thus cast off their burdens, they are ready to conclude the service of the meeting is ended while there may yet be other exercised minds unrelieved.

The foregoing remarks have no personal application. The inability to judge rightly in such cases, is the natural result of the position or exercises of a minister, and we only wish to place the burden of this care where we think it properly belongs. It is reasonable to suppose that a concerned Elder could judge

most clearly as to the condition of a meeting. Order is said to be "Heaven's first law," and we think good order requires that the head seats in the gallery should always be occupied by the *members* of a meeting rather than by strangers. The general control of the assembled congregation would then rest upon them; and should any especial occasion for it present, this control would be much more fittingly exercised by members than by strangers who might be present, to whom, under the existing custom, such seats are out of courtesy assigned. A minister, perhaps young in age and in experience, visits a meeting under a religious concern, and, taking the seat appropriated to strangers, he has upon his shoulders the burden of the order of the meeting in addition to his own proper business.

We would like to see, on all occasions, the first seats occupied by our aged, experienced Friends, such as are generally found filling the station of Elder.

It may be urged as an objection, that a minister can be more readily heard if at the head of the gallery; but this difficulty could be obviated, if those whose voices are weak would, on rising to speak, take a few steps toward the center of the house.

These thoughts are offered for consideration under the belief that the adoption of the proposal would be beneficial; and with a wish that every responsibility shall rest where it properly belongs.

**ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING.**—Several Friends who were in attendance at the opening of Illinois Yearly Meeting, have kindly furnished full and interesting summaries of the proceedings of that meeting for our paper.

In returning thanks therefor, we do it as well for those whose communications came after we had already sent to the printer, as for those which have appeared in our columns.

#### DIED.

**MATLACK.**—At the residence of Brinton Warner, Harford county, Md., on the 25th of Eighth month, 1875, Hannah Matlack, aged 87 years; a member of New York Monthly Meeting.

**MCCOY.**—In Harford Co., Maryland, the 28th of 9th month, 1875, William McCoy, in the 76th year of his age. A Member of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting.

Before his close he was favored to be able to say, all is peace, and nothing in his way.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 68.

(Continued from page 509.)

#### IN THE CITY OF FLOWERS.

The city of Florence does not lay claim to great antiquity, being probably founded by the Romans during the first century before the Christian era. But its history during the middle ages is of the most interesting character, and is illustrated by many famous names. Florence was greatly agitated in the eleventh century by the struggle between the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines; the Guelphs being the partizans of the Papal authority, and the Ghibbelines of the imperial power.\* At the commencement of the fourteenth century, the Guelphs triumphed, and banished their antagonists, the Ghibbelines, from the city. Among the exiles at this time was the great Dante, the author of the Divine Comedy, and the founder of the modern Italian language. He died at Ravenna in 1321, and his repentant fellow-citizens have never been able to procure the removal of his remains to the city of his nativity:

"Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,  
Fortress of falling empire! honored sleeps  
The immortal exile."

Savonarola, whose martyrdom (1498) marks the era of the downfall of the turbulent liberties of Florence, is also an honored name here, and among the first spots to which we found our way, was the old Dominican convent of St. Mark, of which he was the prior and with which his memory is specially associated. From the Piazza San Marco, a portal admits us immediately into the cloisters, where we are introduced to the touching and eloquent frescoes of the two saintly painters of the fifteenth century, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo, and to some far less expressive works of the eighteenth century. The long series of paintings before us, the works of the old monastic "seers of the pencil," seem to raise the mind to the conception of a higher order of existence. The faces of these saints and martyrs are beautiful—but beautiful with the light of holiness.† The dying Christ gives us no thrill of pain, for it expresses only a gentle patience, a Divine calm, and the joy of a high mission accomplished. The agony is all forgotten; and the saints and angels who contemplate the drama are not

\* The Guelphs were advocates of the rights of the people; the Ghibbelines, of the feudal tyranny of the nobles.

† It is said that Fra Angelico painted these wonderful frescoes on his knees.



merely sorrowing over the scene of cruel physical pain before them; but they have risen to a triumphant accord with the Blessed Master, who has just given the final seal to His ministry. H. B. Stowe describes the angels of Fra Angelico as "grave, radiant beings, strong as a man, fine as a woman, sweeping downward in lines of floating undulation, and seeming, by the ease with which they remain poised in the air, to feel none of that earthly attraction which draws material bodies earthward. Whether they wear the morning star on their foreheads, or bear the lily or the sword in their hands, there is still that suggestion of mystery and power about them, that air of dignity and repose that speak the children of a nobler race than ours."†

An intelligent and patient guide soon joins us, as we linger musingly before these eloquent pictures which make visible the thoughts of grave, earnest artist brethren of San Marco; yet preaching to man the lessons learned centuries ago—patience, self-sacrifice, adoration and endless aspiration towards the Infinite Beauty and Perfectness. He takes us to the long refectory, now lonely and dreary, where the brethren once met around the social board, and then up a stairway to a hall or corridor. On each side are the small cells of the monks, in all of which are interesting frescoes, now growing pale with age—"Passing away!"

At last we reach the cells once occupied by Savonarola, and now containing his portrait by Bartolommeo, a modern bust, and a copy of an old picture representing his martyrdom. The man who boldly preached righteousness to a corrupt church, and denounced the evils of his day with intense energy and zeal, till, for his testimony against the corruptions of Rome, he suffered unto blood and burning; had a strong Jewish physiognomy, indicating rather the fierce reformer than the patient saint. It is said of him that there was a magic in his personal presence which drew all hearts to him in his day; but the representation that has been preserved to us fails to tell us of the fine and melodious inflections of his voice; of the flexible delicacy of the muscles of his face and form, which gave expression to every emotion and to every changing thought. We note the broad, low forehead, the prominent Roman nose, the full positive-looking lips and the finely-moulded jaw and chin, which betoken the noble vigor and energy of his character.

A tyrant of the Borgian race, Alexander VI, occupied the Papal throne at this time, and his authority was no protection to the faithful preacher of San Marco. Savonarola

was thrown into prison, cruelly tortured many times, and then, with two of his faithful friends, was led forth to a fiery death in the public Piazza della Signoria.

Reading the bold and burning words of Savonarola, even at this distant day, we cease to marvel that the rulers of the church should have determined to destroy the fearless and faithful preacher who spared not his rebukes, either to prince or peasant.

"The church is shaken," said he in one of his sermons, "to its foundation. No more are the prophets remembered; the apostles are no longer revered; the columns of the church strew the ground, because the foundations are destroyed. The teachers who should preach the Gospel are no longer to be found. The church, once so justly honored, has been remoulded by wicked prelates and rulers into a church according to their fashion. This is the modern church. It is not built with living stones. Within it are not found Christians, rooted in that living faith that works by love. In outward ceremonies, it is not deficient. Its sacred rites are celebrated with splendid vestments, rich hangings, golden candelabra and chalices incrustured with gems. You may see its prelates at the altar, arrayed in jewelled vestments stiff with gold, chaunting beautiful masses, accompanied with such voices, such music, that you are astonished. You cannot doubt that they are men of the utmost holiness and gravity. You cannot suppose they can be in error, and are ready to believe that whatever they say or do must be right as the Gospel itself. But on such husks as these are its members fed. Rise Lord, and liberate Thy church from the power of the demons and tyrants, from the hands of wicked prelates! Hast Thou forgotten Thy church? Dost Thou no longer hear? Come, Lord, for her deliverance—come and punish these godless men!"

It is said that Lorenzo di Medici, in his last illness, was visited at his own request by Savonarola; and the accounts of what passed in the death-chamber are contradictory. Savonarola insisted upon the necessity of faith and repentance, adding, that they must bring forth fruits. He exhorted the dying man to make restitution to all whom he had wronged. One account says Lorenzo gave all the evidence of sincerity required, and that Savonarola prayed with him and gave him his blessing. The other, that the dying man turned his face to the wall in silence; and that the uncompromising teacher left the room, to return no more.

In Savonarola's cell we were shown his Bible, the margin of which is filled with annotations in his own hand, and a volume of his discourses. The writing is very small.

† Agnes of Sorrento.

and delicate, contrasting strangely with his passionate utterances.

Another of the famous sons of Florence, whose memory is held in highest honor, was Michael Angelo. He was at once painter, sculptor and architect, and surpassed all other men in his three vocations; but it is not so generally known that this colossal genius was also a poet of high order. Wordsworth thus translates his noble sonnet, addressed

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

"The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,  
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray:  
My unassisted heart is barren clay.  
Of good and pious works, Thou art the seed,  
Which quickens only when Thou sayst it may.  
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way  
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred,  
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread:  
The fetters of my tongue, do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,  
And sound Thy praises everlastingly."

Among the sculptured creations of the mighty mind and hand of Michael Angelo, with which Florence abounds, I was most impressed by the monuments of Dukes Guiliiano and Lorenzo de Medici. Guiliiano was the third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and brother of Pope Leo X. He was a man of high character, averse to the crimes which stain the annals of his family, and was elected chief of the Florentine Republic in 1512, but died at the early age of thirty-eight, in 1516. The majestic statue opposite is Lorenzo, nephew of Guiliiano, who is recorded to have inherited the vices without the genius of his family, being ambitious, unscrupulous and dissipated. He was united in marriage with a Princess of France, and the celebrated Catharine de Medici, consort of Henry II of France, was his daughter. His statue is a marvel of sculpture, being one of the finest works in existence for the expression of deep and intense feeling, while it rivals the best productions of antiquity in repose and dignity.

Under the majestic statue of Lorenzo are allegorical representations of Aurora and Twilight, and under Guiliiano are Day and Night; not less noble and expressive than the grand monumental sculptures that above them "rest everlastingly." Night or Death is a wonderfully real female figure crowned with poppies; an owl sits at her feet, and beneath her pillow is a mask, symbolic of the body whence the soul has departed. Day, or Resurrection is a strong man, slowly wakening to life, full of living power, but stern and sad. It has been suggested that Michael Angelo probably pictured the dark and

troubled times in which he lived by these statues. Shame, grief and ruin were associated with the rule of the Medici, and it was a day of war, cruelty, doubt and darkness for Florence.

Sorrow came with the Dawning; Day rose wearily to his appointed work; Twilight sank down gently to repose, and Night or Death is the only condition which seems happy or beautiful. When a contemporary (Strozzi) wrote:

"Night, in so sweet an attitude beheld  
Asleep, was by an angel sculptured  
In this stone; and, sleeping, is alive;  
Waken her, doubter; she will speak to thee."

The artist replied:

"Welcome is sleep, more welcome sleep of stone  
Whilst crime and shame continue in the land;  
My happy fortune, not to see or hear;  
Waken me not—in mercy, whisper low."

My first visit to the Duomo, or Cathedral of Florence, was on the Sabbath evening, Fifth month 9th, while the people were entering for vesper service. Now, if the *Friends' Intelligencer* were expanded to treble its present size, and could spare me twelve, instead of only five or six columns of its sheet, I should like to describe the beautiful and stately group of buildings which are the pride of Florence. The Duomo was begun at the close of the thirteenth century, and was not completed in its present form till the middle of the fifteenth. The lofty octagonal dome is the largest in the world, excelling in dimensions, though not in elevation, the glorious cupola of St. Peter's at Rome. It was so much admired by Michael Angelo, that when reminded, while engaged on his design for the dome of the great central Cathedral for the Roman Catholic world, that he now had an opportunity of surpassing the Florence Duomo, he replied, "I will make her sister larger; yes, but not more beautiful."

The whole interior of the edifice is covered with many-colored marbles from Sienna, Carrara, Prato, Lavenza, Monsumano and Monterantoli. The exterior appears to be all delicately and beautifully finished except the facade; but within it is simple, unadorned and almost austere, as compared with other Catholic cathedrals. But, as we step into the cool silence, leaving light, warmth and dazzling brightness without, we find the vast space in all its majesty of height, breadth and depth, very impressive. The entire length of the Cathedral is 500 feet, and its width is 128 feet; the height from the pavement to the summit of the dome is 387 feet. The windows are filled with rich stained glass—the work of a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, and the pavement is a mosaic of many-colored



marbles. Standing in the center of the majestic and solemn temple, it is interesting to be reminded that this is the spot especially beloved by Dante and by Michael Angelo, and that it expresses the taste and aspirations of the best days of the Florentine Republic.

The octagonal edifice, called the Baptistry, which stands just in front of the Duomo, is much more ancient, dating back as far as the eleventh century. We walk round it, noting and admiring its famous doors of bronze, which have been extolled by so many observers. The eastern gates were the delight of Michael Angelo, who is said to have remarked, enthusiastically, that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

Hawthorne remarks, that the Florence Baptistry suggests the Pantheon at Rome, but that it lacks the great eye in the roof that looks so nobly and reverently heavenward from the ancient temple. Dante speaks of it as "St. John's fair fane by me beloved," and it is related of the great poet, that he had the mischance to break a part of a baptismal font in the church to save a drowning child—a circumstance which caused an unjust charge of sacrilege against him.

From the Baptistry we turn to the contemplation of the beautiful Campanile, or bell-tower, which was designed by Giotto, and begun by him in 1334. It was decreed by the Florentines that the architect should construct an edifice which, in height, and richness of workmanship, should surpass any structure of the best days of Greece or Rome. It is a square tower, 275½ feet high, of the richest Italian Gothic architecture, enriched by masterly sculptures illustrating the story of man's creation, and of the development of the various arts and sciences which have ennobled his existence on the earth. His ideas of deity, of religion, of moral duty and of the spiritual life, are also finely expressed. One appreciates, after a little attentive study of this tower of many-tinted and of delicately-wrought marbles, that its cost must have been something enormous, attesting the magnificence of Florence in the days of liberty. Six fine bells send forth rhythmic peals from the high place.

Hawthorne, speaking of the Campanile, imagines that it is like a toy of ivory, which some ingenious and pious recluse had spent a lifetime in fashioning and adorning; and when it was finished, seeing it so beautiful, he prayed that it might be miraculously magnified from the size of one foot to that of three hundred.

S. R.

Fifth month 14th, 1875.

Good temper is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything.

#### MY HUSBAND.

In my quiet home I listen  
For the step I long to hear;  
Time is passing—I am waiting  
For the one to me most dear;  
While a great love, all unmeasured,  
Fills my restless, beating heart  
For my husband, of whose being  
I myself am but a part.  
Does he dream, I often wonder,  
That in him I live and move—  
That my path would be most dreary  
If unlighted by his love?  
When to him my troth was plighted,  
My devotion seemed supreme;  
Now the light which then was kindled  
But appears a fitful gleam;  
For through all my cares and troubles  
Brighter glows the sacred flame,  
Till my path by it is lighted,  
And in pride I bear his name!  
Though I seldom count my blessings  
In the wear and tear of life,  
And my courage often fails me  
In the weariness and strife  
Which beset the path of duty,  
Yet his love I feel so sure  
That it lightens all my labor—  
Makes it easy to endure.  
Thus, while waiting for his footstep—  
While I long to see his face—  
I renew my waning courage  
For life's sad and trying race.  
Hand in hand we walk together  
Through the world with loving hearts;  
And though Want our path may darken,  
Envy pierce us with its darts,  
All the ills of earth may hover  
Over each devoted head,  
Still our love shall grow and strengthen  
Till we're numbered with the dead!

—S. Dispatch

Selected.

#### MY FRIEND.

BY S. M. P.

She is not beautiful, nor deeply wise;  
She owns no trick of tongue, no lure of eyes;  
But there is naught of loveliness or grace  
But finds a mirror in her tender face!

In her pure presence all of good and true,  
In word or deed, she seems to draw from you;  
And never dreams that the fine gold of thought  
Is all her own in others' language wrought.

Should life's long path grow dark unto your sight  
Follow her footsteps—for she walks in light;  
And all her acts unconscious lessons teach,  
Bright with sweet thoughts that blossom into speech.

I may not liken her unto a flower  
That charms all eyes and withers in an hour;  
I may not liken her to a star—  
Though it shines ever, yet it shines too far;—

But I have seen—and, seeing, thought of her—  
Some forest fountain flow so faint and clear  
It would be all unnoticed, save that there  
The grass is greener and the flowers more fair

## WHY IS GAMBLING A VICE?

Perhaps there is nothing in which moralists, as a whole, are more deficient than in explaining the correct grounds upon which the justice or injustice of an action depends. It takes more than a superficial view of immediate results to discover the underlying principle which determines the character of a deed; but when it is once comprehended, it not only carries profound conviction to the mind, but it also furnishes the secret spring by which to test the quality of other actions, and prepares the way for a broader view of ethics than had previously been taken.

An apt illustration of this occurs in a paragraph upon gambling in a late work of Herbert Spencer's, in which he declares that we rarely recognize the fundamental reason for condemning its practice. The usual grounds on which it is censured are the pecuniary ruin frequently resulting, the risk of reducing a family to penury, the alienation from business it causes, the bitter feelings engendered, and the bad company into which it leads. These are doubtless injurious effects that will eventually follow the act of gambling when it becomes a habit. But when urged they fail to carry conviction to the tempted or infatuated one for obvious reasons. For they are not absolutely certain to follow in every case. One, or perhaps all, may be avoided, so at least the would-be gambler persuades himself. They pertain chiefly to the loser, not to the winner, and no one expects to lose in the long run. If he wins, as he hopes and believes he shall, he will not bring down ruin upon his family, but rather bless them with increasing comforts; he will be no prey to bitter or revengeful feelings, for his good fortune will make him amiable, and if he should lose interest in his regular occupations, it would be of little consequence, as this irregular one would afford so much better results. Could he only be certain of winning, none of these threats need appal him. All combined, they do not furnish any clear notion of where the inherent *wrong* of gambling resides. This, if it is to be found, will not consist in possible calamities, but in some irrevocable principle, and its condemnation will bear with an equal force upon the most successful winner as upon the most unfortunate loser.

This principle is clearly set forth in the paragraph before mentioned. Speaking of gambling, Mr. Spencer says: "It is a kind of action by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. The normal obtainment of gratification, or of the money which purchases gratification, implies firstly that there has been put forth equivalent effort of

a kind which in some way furthers the general good; and implies, secondly, that those from whom the money is received, get, directly or indirectly, equivalent satisfaction. But in gambling the opposite happens. Benefit received does not imply effort put forth, and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is therefore essentially anti-social, sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egotism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct." It is evident that from such reasoning there is no escape. No excuse, no possibilities can ever justify a single indulgence in what is so utterly opposed to uprightness and equity. Certainly the probability of success can no longer be urged in its favor, for it is the willingness to win, or to gain happiness at the expense of another's misery, that is the very element of its condemnation. If this principal is essentially just, it must be the deathblow of every excuse by which the gambler strives to palliate or extenuate his course.

Not gambling alone, however, is condemned by such a view. Every effort to obtain pleasure at the cost of pain to another, is thus redere reprehensible. All fraud, all mean advantage taken of another's ignorance, all extortion, all oppression, all abuse of superior power or ability, find here the source of their iniquity. The tradesman who thrives by crushing out his rivals, the speculator who counts his gains by the downfall of hundreds, the manufacturer who takes full price for inferior or adulterated articles, the laborer in any sphere who gives poor work for good wages, all in fact who knowingly benefit by another's loss, are condemned by the same law that pronounces the guilt of gambling. An idle or fruitless existence comes into the same catalogue. No one has a right to the enjoyment of life who does not in some way contribute his share to the general good. He who lives in idleness, whatever be his resources of wealth, inherited or acquired, is subtracting so much from the total sum of human good, and is to that extent a dishonest man. It would indeed be well if the principle which condemns gambling were only violated by the professional gambler. But who that examines his own conduct impartially, who that analyzes his own motives carefully, can plead wholly guiltless of the same fault?

The exhibition of a principle, however, is not of itself sufficient to induce men to conform to it. Their sentiments must be adjusted to it, their emotions must sway in unison with it, their feelings must uphold it, before they will absorb it in their daily life. The great need of humanity is a keener,



deeper sympathy, a love which shall make the golden rule the natural expression of the heart, a justice and kindness that shall be the spontaneous fruit of every new principle received by the intellect. These must be gradually developed; but we may help to develop them by every noble sentiment we cherish, every virtuous resolve we carry out, and every act of loving sympathy or aid by which we bless our fellow-men.

In this country, even with its mighty lakes and great rivers, it has been found necessary at times to be cautious and economic in the use of water, and its waste is condemned. In Australia the case is very different. Water is scarce, but the natives use very little of it. Mr. John Forrest, an explorer, who crossed the Australian Continent when the overland telegraph was laid between Adelaide and Port Darwin, related some of his experiences and observations at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London. The natives of the interior, he said, "are entirely without clothing, and sleep with a fire on each side of them, without any hut, unless in very wet weather, when they make a very poor shelter with wood and thatched with grass. A native *does not wash or cook with water; all he uses it for is to drink*; therefore a small rock cavity, with, say, from twenty to one hundred gallons, will suffice a long while for a number of them, and they cover it up to keep it from evaporating. They sometimes go a long way away from water, and get it from the roots of a species of eucalyptus, called the mallee scrub. They choose the roots, break them in lengths of about a foot, and stand them on end, when all the moisture drains out into a wooden dish. The traveler meets with great heaps of these roots, and it is a bad sign when in search of water." Mr. Forrest might have added that the native Australians, instead of washing, rub themselves all over with fine sand (a process somewhat similar to that performed by the Arabs in the desert when water is unattainable), and consider this equivalent to the ablution so common in most other countries.—*The Press*.

PARASITES are among the most deadly enemies of canary birds, goldfinches and other household pets. Many people have observed a bird in a state of excitement and anxiety, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong. In vain is his food changed, and in vain is another saucer of clean water always kept in his cage, and all that kindness can suggest for the little prisoner done, but still all is of no use;

he is no better, because the cause of his wretchedness has not been found out. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and look up to the roof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stuff looking as much like red rust as anything, and thence comes the cause of the poor bird's uneasiness. The red rust consists of myriads of parasites infesting the bird, and for which water is no remedy. By procuring a lighted candle, and holding under every particle of the top of the cage till all chance of anything being left alive is gone, the remedy is complete. The pet will soon brighten up again after his "house-warming," and will, in his cheerful and delightful way, thank his master or mistress for this important assistance.

#### LETTER WRITING.

During an absence from home for a few days I found the following, in which I was much interested. Finding its strictures very appropo in my own case, I felt willing *others* might also profit by its perusal, and forward it by mail for republication, if considered of sufficient value. J. M. E.

There are very many persons who are in the habit of doing much more letter writing at this season of the year than any other. The separation of families and friends in Summer is the occasion of a great deal of correspondence. Numbers of persons who, during nine or ten months of the twelve seldom take up a pen, are, between the 1st of July and the middle of September, among the most liberal supporters of the stationery business and contributors to the United States postal revenue.

The ordinary style of letter-writing has of late years undergone a good deal of change. This is owing, in a great measure, to the alterations in the rates of postage. When these charges were such as to be, with people of moderate means, a material consideration there was generally more care taken in writing letters than there is now. It should be recollected that not only was postage higher than at present, but the community were, on an average, much less affluent; and besides the value of money, in proportion to other commodities, was much greater. All these circumstances tended to attach to the sending of an ordinary letter a degree of importance which, to the younger two-thirds of the present generation would seem almost ludicrous. The very process of folding and sealing an epistle was then a serious operation. As our post office laws prohibited more than one piece of paper being sent except at extra

rates, the sheet had to fulfil the double purpose of letter and envelope. To make it do this to the best advantage was a performance requiring more time and skill than is needed in these days of self-sealing envelopes. But in addition to the higher rates of postage, there was another circumstance that rendered letter-writing in former years a more serious matter than it is now. The style of writing required by custom was a good deal more formal. Intimate friends wrote to one another with a precision of expression which would now be regarded as unnecessary between casual acquaintances. As for letters between persons not on intimate terms with each other, the style was often what would, in these days, be considered more appropriate to official communications between the dignitaries of different Governments than to private correspondence.

But the old method of letter-writing, though it had its faults, possessed certain excellencies in which modern letters are apt to be very deficient. Postage is so cheap now that people feel that they can write as often as they please without concerning themselves about the expense. The etiquette, also, of the times requires less formality of expression. In consequence of these and other circumstances, the extreme care formerly taken in writing letters has been succeeded in many cases by extreme carelessness. The writing is often one in a great hurry, and the whole style and appearance of the document indicate a decided consciousness on the part of the composer that the postage is only three cents. All this tends to increase the quantity of letter writing, but by no means improves the quality. On the contrary, it frequently cultivates a slovenliness of style, which in the use of young people, and indeed of a good many who are not young, sometimes becomes a fixed habit, which prevents their writing well, even when they take pains to do so.

A letter of former days was often too much mere piece of literary composition. This was undoubtedly a great fault, especially in family letters or letters of friendship. But in order to avoid this error, it is not necessary either through negligence or design, to set all the rules of literary composition at defiance. To be a really good letter-writer is an accomplishment of a high order. Apart from the value of this art in itself considered, it is one of the extensive prevalence of which could not fail to exert a most favorable influence upon the literature of a nation. Many a great author owes much of his skill in putting his ideas into appropriate language to the practice acquired in writing private letters. And among individuals who make no effort to become authors, the accomplishment in ques-

tion is eminently useful in improving the taste and enabling them to appreciate literary productions of real merit.

We especially commend this subject to the younger portion of our readers. There are a great many young people of both sexes who seem to imagine that in writing letters to their friends the manner of expression should be as careless and slovenly as possible. We beg leave to remind such persons that it is sometimes much easier to acquire a habit of writing in this way than to get rid of it. We would also remark that this mode of composition by no means necessarily constitutes true ease of style. On the contrary, it is particularly apt to be rough, ungraceful and unintelligible. It is a mode which it is not well to allow to become habitual through negligence, and most certainly one which should not be purposely cultivated.—*N. Y. Times.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR NINTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	5	7
Rain all or nearly all day.....	5	0
Cloudy, without storms.....	6	7
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	14	16
Total.....	30	30
TEMPERATURES.		
	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Ninth mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	70.12	60.36
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	89.00	89.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	53.00	44.00
RAIN.		
	Inches.	Inches.
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	3.98	2.93
DEATHS.		
	Numb'r.	Numb'r.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year.....	1174	1304
MEAN TEMPERATURES.		
		Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Ninth month for the past 86 years.....		66.28
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1865.....		72.68
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1840.....		60.00
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
	1874 Inches.	1875 Inches.
Totals for the first six mo. of each year.....	21.47	16.81
Seventh month.....	2.75	4.17
Eighth month.....	6.53	6.56
Ninth month.....	3.98	2.93
Totals for the first nine months of each year.....	34.73	30.47

It will be seen by the above figures from the



Pennsylvania Hospital that for the long period of *eighty-six years* has been but *one instance* of a corresponding month where the mean temperature has been *less* than the one under review, and then only the fraction of a degree, viz.: 1840, 60 degrees; the present year 60.36. It may be well to add that as low as 62 degrees has been reached *only once* before in that space of time, viz.: 1816, 62 degrees. This, in addition to the account of extreme heat given below from a private record, makes it appear almost incredible, and shows that the cold days we did experience were unusually cold:

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Ninth month 3,	84	88	90
" 4,	86	90	91
" 6,	82	85	87
" 7,	80	81	83
" 8,	78	82	84
" 9,	79	82	86
" 10,	80	84	82
" 15,	76	77	80
" 29,	62	68	73
" 30,	69	78	80

To have overcome all which, and to have reduced the *average* for the month, as is above exhibited, this locality *must* have had some weather of a corresponding character to what is noted in the following "*clippings*:"

"OMAHA, Sept. 20.—The weather in this section is very cold, and there have been severe frosts. Dispatches from Cheyenne and west of that point report a snow-storm prevailing to-day."

"SIOUX CITY, Sept. 21.—Sunday night was the coldest of the season. Ice formed in many places and the frost has seriously injured the hay crop."

"LINCOLN, Sept. 21.—The first frost of the season appeared yesterday. Corn was all out of danger, but garden stuff was very badly injured."

Our own notes furnish the following:

Ninth month 11, 1875. Great change. Yesterday (the 10th) the mercury reached *eighty-six* degrees at the Pennsylvania Hospital, while at the same place to-day it dropped down to *fifty-eight*.

Subsequent accounts for several succeeding days reported frosts and very cold weather.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Tenth month 1, 1875.

## NOTICES.

The semi-annual meeting of the Association of Friends, for the promotion of First-day Schools, within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will be held at Wilmington, Del., on Seventh-day next, 10th month, 16th, at 10 A. M. All interested are invited.

The Executive Committee will meet on 6th day, evening 15th inst., at 7½ o'clock, and 7th day, morning, at 8 o'clock. Full and punctual attendance desired.

Excursion Tickets 75 cents, can be had at Friends' Book Store, 706 Arch Street, previous to, and at the Depot, on the day of the meeting; good from 6th day to 2nd day following.

Committee of Management of Friends' Library Association will meet on 4th day, evening next, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

Committee on Circular Meetings of Philadelphia Quarterly will meet on 6th day, 10th month, 15th, at 4 o'clock.

JAMES GASKILL, Clerk.

A meeting of the Committee on the Indian Concern of Baltimore Yearly Meeting will be held: Lombard street Meeting-house, in the City of Baltimore, on 6th day, 22nd of 10th month, 1875, 7½ P. M. Members of the Committee will please take notice.

## ITEMS.

THE advance in civilization in Japan is seen in the "speech from the throne" of the Mikado, which he has explained the views of his Minister He said:

"Our object in opening in person this, the Provincial Parliament, has been to secure by its means the thorough discussion of all matters affecting the interior economy of our empire, and to secure to the provinces adequate representation. You have been convoked for this purpose, and in order that your knowledge of the condition and feeling of the people of your several districts may aid you in discussing their requirements and introducing such reforms and changes as may seem to you to be most urgently demanded, it is our wish that your deliberations should be marked by general harmony, and that, sinking minor differences, they should tend to promote the ends in view in calling you together. If with one mind you adhere steadily to this course, your conduct will be surely productive of the general welfare, and thus your deliberation may become the foundation of the eternal well-being of the empire."

THE RECENT INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.—A great deal has been said and written about the late disastrous inundations in the south of France, but so far we have not had a complete or distinct estimate of the loss of life or property that occurred. Some fresh statistics have just been published, which will go a great way to fill up this lapsus. According to the official report of the Toulouse authorities, it appears that the number of persons drowned or crushed in that commune was 209, which is much below the calculation made at the time of the disaster. Of the cattle lost and missing in the same district 210 were horses, 35 pigs, 15 cows and 1 dogs. The number of houses in the inundated part of Toulouse was 2,212, of these 1,141 were washed down, and 346 will have to be rebuilt. The loss of property in Toulouse alone amounts to 11,270,000f. or nearly half a million sterling. Some idea of the ravage of the waters may be drawn from the fact that in some fields, after the subsidence, a bed nearly two yards deep of slush, stones and debris was left behind. So much for Toulouse. From the reports sent in to the Minister of Public Works to the state engineers we gather interesting details of the damage caused in the neighboring districts. The roads and bridges of no less than ten departments suffered. Those of the Haute-Garonne and the Hautes-Pyrénées will cost as much as 1,250,000f. to put into order. As regards the rivers the damage done to the Garonne is estimated at 500,000f. the Baise, 100,000f.; Adour and Gaves together 60,000f., and the rest 40,000f. The railways are still greater sufferers. The line from Toulouse to Bayonne was damaged to the extent of 530,000f. that from Montréau to Luchou, 250,000f.; and a batch of smaller lines to the sum of 400,000f. The total charge, consequently, that will fall on the Ministry of Public Works is about 3,400,000f. The railways have all been repaired, but it appears that the government is not in any hurry to repair the roads, bridges and rivers.—*London Standard's Paris Correspondence.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 16, 1875.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohu, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## A CALL TO DUTY.

In reading the remarks under the heading of "Scraps," Ninth month 25th, I felt a desire to add something more. The thoughts expressed were all good, and I take no exception to them; but, to my mind, they did not embrace all that seemed proper, and I wish to add a few supplementary thoughts.

The saying, often repeated in our hearing, though Paul may plant, and Apollos water, is God that giveth the increase," though beautifully true, may sometimes be construed to our hurt. From the manner in which this quotation is often made, I fear that we rely too much upon the Lord's doing, and neglect our own part, which seems to come first. I fear that Paul is not always earnest to plant a season, going forth in travail of spirit, under a weighty sense of the importance of sowing the good seed: Apollos is not always ready to water and nurse the tender plants, watching that none faint and die: and the good Husbandman mourns the soil not planted; the plants not duly watered, and consequently there is nought on which to bestow the blessing or give the increase. Though we may neglect to employ the talents and improve the opportunities vouchsafed to us, nevertheless the soil was good; and had the planting and the watering been properly done on our

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part, God would have given abundant increase. Let us look well to it, then, earnestly striving to be found doing our part faithfully, fearlessly, lovingly; not in our own will, but as servants of Him who made us.

It may be generally admitted that there is a lamentable dearth, or want of growth, in many places within the borders of our Society, where the life seems to have died out. If this be true, the fault or cause must be somewhere; it must be among ourselves, and it is worth our while to search—as with a lighted candle—in order to find it and cast it out. I am inclined to think that one cause of our weakness is the lukewarmness and indifference which exist among us—pleading the false excuse that there is nothing for us to do. Our Master testified against this inactive, lukewarm state "I would," said He, "that ye were either hot or cold." There seems a want of living concern among us. We need stirring up to more activity. We need live men and live women among us. We are called to enter into His vineyard and labor, and we are to pray that more laborers may be sent, for the harvest truly is great. Are we heeding and answering this call? I cannot believe that in this world, where so much needs to be done, we are to sit with our arms folded. Life is full of momentous events, and we are to do our day's work while our day lasts. Let us awake, and see to it that



the language is not to us, "Why stand ye here idle?"

I believe there is need of a loud call throughout our borders to awake, arise and shake ourselves from the dust of the earth; and the beautiful garments we are to put on will be of the Lord's preparing—meekness, charity, forbearance, love and everything comely; and how our lights would shine when clothed in this robe of righteousness! Let it not be understood that I wish us to make undue haste, and run in our creaturely wills, but that we look to the inward Teacher, and, as George Fox said, "mind the light," and that with us doing may follow seeing. I unite in the feeling that it is well for us to realize our entire dependence upon the Author of our being—that our strength all comes from Him; and that spiritually, as outwardly, this is true. We believe in the saying that when He shuts none can open, and when He opens none can shut. We further believe that there must be seasons of waiting, and that there should be a state of watching always. Our shortcomings are chargeable, firstly, to our not waiting and watching, and, secondly, to a want of willingness and of readiness to answer the call, saying, "Here am I, Lord!" "What wouldst Thou have me to do?"

The all-wise Creator hath endowed us with reason and understanding, talents and abilities, with great power for good or for evil, for the right use of which we have to answer. And, inasmuch as He looked upon us with a father's love, and saw meet to send upon earth, in a prepared body (as He declared), His beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased, in order that He might heal us of our sins and reconcile us to God, it is altogether likely that there will be much working as well as some waiting for us to do, if we are followers of this Christ, the Saviour of men.

In the history of the Israelites, as contained in the Bible, we learn that when they had come to the Red Sea, and destruction seemed to await them on every side, they were commanded to stand still and see the salvation of God. They had no outward help to look to. The outstretched arm of almighty Power, which had led them, could alone save them. And when the waters were divided before them, and for them, they were to go forward, and not waste any time. For they were but safely over when Pharaoh and his host, who were pursuing, were overtaken by the returning waters and swallowed up. Then where were those who loitered by the way, or did not march at once? Surely there is a right and an accepted time. Let no man wait till it is forever past.

Paul and Apollos cannot do the Lord's

work, neither may we expect the Lord to do our work. He has given it to us to do. It is His all-wise decree. It is right and best that we should do it. He will bless all right labor, and both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together. Life has its duties, and we want strong, upright men, who will bravely and faithfully perform them. When a man is called away from among the living, one of the first queries in my mind is whether he had done all the good he could and should have done while here, and it makes me turn to see whether I am doing all I should to serve my God, my particular family, and the larger family of mankind, of which we all are members.

In relation to the First-day School movement in our Society, there is much difference of opinion, and it is quite interesting to see how these differences produce no discordance, no bitter fruits of opposition. I am one of those who am fully satisfied that the Lord has work here for many to do; and I feel that we are suffering for want of the help of some devoted minds (the writer of the *Scribner* referred to may be one) whose eyes are not yet opened to see the way clear. They may be like Peter before the vision of the letting down of the sheet from heaven. On the other hand, some of us may have run without knowledge, and we suffer loss because the lack of larger experience and riper judgment has not put forth their hands to steady the ark. Therefore let those who are qualified for the service forsake it not. Let it move on, for it is not yet out of the wilderness.

EDWARD MERRITT.

*Poughkeepsie, Ninth month 30, 1875.*

#### GO UP HIGHER.

There is a climbing instinct in man which makes him love to go up higher. The great popularity of Longfellow's little poem "Hi-celsior" is due, in part, to its touching and much-loved note. To go to the top of high places is attractive. Therefore, in traveling, we love to ascend spires, towers, mountain peaks to go to the top of the Pyramids, the dome of St. Peter, the spire of Strasburg, or Antwerp, or the lantern of our own State House. It is to go thus a few hundred feet above the level of earth seems to lift us for the time above cares into a more serene state. We look down from the summit of Trinity, in New York; or St. Paul's, in London; or Notre Dame, in Paris, upon the streets which swell below. The currents of life move on, but seem far away from them; the roar of business comes up to us softened through the intervening air. We look down upon this hurrying crowd with a certain angelic composure.

and wonder at their impatience. Their hurry and haste appear quite unnecessary. To us, in our sublime elevation, bathed in the circumambient air, life has suddenly become calm, and our soul is serene.

Much more is this the case when we go to the summit of a mountain. A deeper calm comes over us and we pass into the region of nobler thoughts. Climbing mountains has, in fact, become to the English a matter of business, and they have an Alpine Club, who search for virgin peaks never yet scaled, and who publish each winter a volume describing their summer triumphs. I confess to the harm of these descriptions. I do not wish to run the risk myself, nor can I think it right to peril life and limb for no adequate object; yet there is something very interesting in these accounts of strenuous exercise; of the long, patient ascent from the Swiss valleys, up over the steep meadows, over the rugged glaciers, over the long, dazzling fields of snow, until at last, the sharp mountain edge, with precipices on either hand, is the only method of progress; where *crevasses* are to be crossed on their bridges of snow, and walls of ice are to be climbed; where the axe must cut a foothold for every step, and perpendicular walls of rock are to be scaled; with certain and terrible death the penalty for a moment's dizziness or a moment's carelessness. "Friend, go up higher," something seems ever to say, and at last the mountain is conquered; and they stand victorious on the submissive peak, looking down upon the immense solitudes below, the valleys far away, the frozen rivers which plunge a main adown enormous ravines; the motionless torrents and silent cataracts; the deep, deep blue of the half-buried lakes; the sister mountains, whose silver peaks cut the air near by or far away. In that lofty calm of silence, amid pure airs and snows, the rocks piled by the hand of God, and unchanged since the morning of creation, the soul within us is also lifted, also purified. Therefore I do not wonder that men like to climb, for this *does* give us a certain experience not easily gained in any other way. But all this is but the type and image of mental climbing. If the British Alpine Club, for scarcely any reason, run these risks and go through this toil, seeking always some new danger to surmount, ought not we all to become an Alpine Club, to climb mentally, morally and spiritually to loftier and still loftier heights of excellence? The Master says to us all, "Friends, go up higher!" This is what Jesus Christ has done for the human race. He has told it to *go up higher*, and it has heard his voice. Christianity has been in the world a principle of *progress*, moral and spiritual. Jesus said this in his

first sermon on the Mount. What was the substance of that marvelous discourse? It was that to enter heaven, and have it, was to be "pure in heart," humble in spirit, meek and merciful; that his disciples were sent to be "the salt of the earth" and "light of the world"; that, therefore, their righteousness must "exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees"; that their goodness must strike in from the action to the motive; that their religion must be in the heart, their goodness heart goodness, and that they must be "perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect." Wonderful words, uttered at such a time, among such a people? Wonderful confidence, that there was in man something to answer this appeal? Dr. Channing once said to me, in conversation, that the thing which astonished him most of all in the character of Christ was just this: that he had such profound faith in the capacity of men for goodness; that he could say such words to a people so bigoted, so ignorant and hard. "Why," said he, "we should have as soon thought of saying to these chairs and tables, 'Be perfect, as your Father in Heaven,' as to those Jews."

We are all mean enough and selfish enough but this is not what we like. No orator no writer, ever became widely popular by appealing to low motives. But this popularity comes by appealing to this moral sentiment. It was because Charles Sumner was always true to justice, freedom, humanity, progress, that he always had the heart of the people with him. Politicians often hoped to defeat him, and wondered they could not do it. It was because he was true to a sentiment of honor and justice, and he had his reward.

The power of Jesus over the human heart has been just here. He saw the evil of man, but also saw his good. He saw that man is a sinner but knew that his sin is an alien element, not natural to him. Jesus appealed to his better nature. Men of the world assume that man is essentially selfish and to be moved by selfish considerations. But Christianity has called on him to make sacrifices, and he has denied himself, taken up his cross and followed his Master to the ends of the world, seeking to save souls. Man is sensual, fond of ease, fond of pleasure, but, at the voice of Christ, he has renounced the world, and devoted strength and life to heroic labors for his Master. Man loves to get and keep money; but Christ has taught him to find a higher pleasure in using it generously for great purposes. Jesus, because he dared to say "Go up higher," has infused a new element into the world, and has been the salt of the earth.

The best way to escape many difficulties which beset us on a lower plane is to go up to a higher one. It is sometimes easier to go up



than to stand still where we are. In climbing a precipitous rock, if you stop you may grow dizzy and be in danger of falling; but if you push upward you are safe. So, sometimes, if you find it hard to do your duty, try to *do more*, not less. Adopt a higher standard, go up to a higher ground. There you have more motive purer air, better inspiration. If it is hard to be a moderately good Christian, try to become a better one; you will often find that easier. To give yourself *wholly* to what is true and good is easier than to halt between two opinions. When you try to compromise between right and wrong, to be *moderately* just, to be truthful to a certain extent, and religious without ceasing to be wordly, it is a hard matter. But if we say, "We will do *whatsoever* things are just, *whatsoever* things are true, *whatsoever* things are noble," it simplifies the matter amazingly. To stand still and be decimated by the enemy's cannon is harder than to charge, and many a lost battle has been retrieved by a leader who knew how to inspire his troops with hopeful ardor, and to fling them on the foe.

And so of religion. If religion is "saying our prayers" so many times a day; if it is going to church on Sunday; if it is joining the church, and "*making a profession*"; if it is adopting a certain tone in conversation, abstaining from certain amusements, and doing certain works; then, though it does not amount to a great deal, it is not a very easy matter, because it is a burden and a yoke. But if religion consists in "going up higher," if it is progress from bad to good, good to better; if prayer is simply being with God all day long, and talking with him when we feel like it; enjoying sunlight and summer the more because He is in them; bearing trial and sorrow cheerfully because the heavenly Father sends them; sure that all things are right which He ordains, and glad to do any service, however small, to any of His children, however humble, because He loves them all, if this is religion, to trust, to hope to love; why, then it is a great deal *higher* than all the old formalities but it is also a great deal easier and simpler and sweeter than those.

If we live in such a spirit as this, then life itself will lead us up *higher*. As we grow older, we shall become better. Men and women of good-will, whose aims are pure and true, *do* grow better as they grow older. They are like those clear October days, when the air is so pure and so exhilarating; when the heats of summer are gone, when the grapes are growing sweet on the vine, the apples growing mellow on the trees. Decay has scarcely begun to touch the green leaves with its effacing fingers; the red battle-flags of autumn are just beginning to wave in the

forest, the advanced guard of the winter. So good men and women, as they advance toward age, are apt to grow more mellow and tender, to bear better fruits in word and deed purified from the hot passions of youth, and redeemed from the struggles of ambitious manhood.

But besides this gradual ascent of life, our road sometimes rises over hills, from which we again descend into valleys. On the hill we rest a moment, and look over the level plain below, breathe for a little while the purer air, enjoy the large landscape, and then pass down upon the more even level of common life. Such a hill-top is the Lord's day when we rest from tormenting cares, dwell for an hour or two in contemplation of high themes, and then turn refreshed to the work of every-day life. The Lord's day is no more holy, no more sacred, than other days; every day that dawns comes to us direct from God, and on every day we are to serve Him. But each returning Sunday is a little hill-top on which we rest, and from which we look forward, and it carries us up higher in thought and heart, if it be used aright.

And there are other mounts in life, where we go up into some mountain summit of thought, as Jesus and his disciples ascended the Mount of Transfiguration. When Christ gives us a dear child, or when he takes a dear child away, we are taken up into a mount of transfiguration. We are taken away from the lower world, and our faces are transfigured in the light of an opening heaven. Sweet and holy hours come sometimes to all of us, freighted with love, when we seem worth living, and we feel a profound rest. All weariness is gone, all loneliness we have a perfect peace in our heart. Let us say, like Peter, "Let us stay here. Let us put up tents here, and live always on this enchanted ground." But the inexorable current carries us on, and we descend again from that mountain. It recedes into the distance, and stands at last almost a transparent cloud on the far horizon; yet we occasionally turn back and look at it, and are encouraged by the knowledge that there are such moments in life, worth all the trials which remain as the master-lights of all being; which strengthen us in our weakness and comfort us in our sorrow. They are sent to teach us to "go higher."

A lady once said to Whittier, "I thank you for your 'Psalm,' for it always suits me exactly." "I wish" the sincere replied, "that it always suited me." It is to be expected that we shall forever remain on the elevations we are competent sometimes to reach. We have hours of peace, insight, courage, followed by o

hours of routine, of hard work, of discomfort, of impatience; hours in which we almost forget that God or man has ever loved us. Be thankful that, though we may thus forget God, *he* does not forget us. And be thankful if you know, by your own experience, that there is such a thing as peace and love, even though you may for the time have lost them. You have not really lost them, if you have ever really had them. God never takes back his gifts. If He ever gave you a sight of His truth and love, you have it still. Clouds may pass between you and the sun, but the sun is there and will shine forth again. It may be a stormy night, and the stars are hidden; but they shine on, permanent and pure, behind the driving rain, and will again look out upon you with their calm eyes, and say, from their inaccessible and infinite heights, "Be patient, little child! be patient! and wait till all storms and all darkness shall have passed away forever."—*J. F. Clarke, in Saturday Evening Gazette.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE FORMATION OF HABITS.

There are few persons who have arrived at years of discretion that do not find themselves confronted by some habit which interferes with their satisfactory advancement in the best things. The most carefully trained have some "sin that easily besets," or some weakness to combat that was acquired in early life, and though they may again and again resolve to shake off its hold, a continued yielding lessens the power of resistance, and the old enemy too often maintains its ground to the close of human existence.

Some of our bad habits are traceable to the association with others whom we esteem, who are in the same practice; especially is this the case in respect to the animal appetites. There are, it is conceded, some individuals who have strong tendencies to excess. That it is difficult for such to refrain from gross indulgence, the records of reformatory institutions painfully disclose. But in the majority of cases, the instincts of little children are healthy, and these, if not warped or smothered, run into channels that are mainly free from evil consequences.

There needs the exercise of earnest, patient, persevering effort on the part of parents not only in directing the development of their children, but in watching over themselves, that they mar not the moulding of the plastic mind through any unworthy example; and this is the most difficult part of a parent's duty. Failure comes not through lack of interest in the formation of proper habits, but from the overmastering power of their own

weaknesses. To forbid is a light thing and easily said. To secure prompt and loving obedience, involves firmness and a moral courage that is lamentably wanting in a large majority of parents.

We do not fully recognize how full of life the little brain is, or how eagerly it takes in and assimilates whatever is within reach of its intelligence. It seeks constantly to add to its enjoyment, and the best security against evil habits is to make its life happy. This is not accomplished by a weak compliance with every wish of the child, though it is not wise to deny a child any prospective pleasure that is practicable and innocent; but when for any reason this must be done, let it be firmly, kindly and tenderly adhered to. To suffer one's self to be coaxed into a consent, usually ends in a slavish submission to the caprices of our children, and fosters in them the spirit of domination and self-will.

It does indeed require more than human wisdom to so regulate the habits of a child, and so guide its impulses, that the tender soul-plant, swayed by every breath of home influence, may not be rudely crushed or wantonly bruised, but gently bent and trained into right form and beauty.

The restraints of wholesome discipline must be felt and acknowledged at every point of divergence. The tendency to excess in anything must be checked, and order and neatness insisted upon.

The necessity of becoming useful may be taught with the first lessons in the nursery. Little duties performed for others make the child feel that it is of some value, and open a channel for the outflow of activity that is of lasting benefit. Much of the petulance and ill-temper exhibited by children might be avoided by simply giving them employment. The little fellow that insists upon dressing himself ought not to be hindered from performing such service, for it educates him to be self-reliant. In the act, he is unconsciously gaining a mastery that will do him good service in after life.

Children cannot be too early taught respect and courtesy towards all with whom they have intercourse. We have seen children who were models in deportment to the visitors of the family, exhibit wanton disregard for the feelings of those employed to do the labor of the household. There is a want of attention to this matter that adds materially to the difficulties in the way of securing good servants, for no man or woman who possesses any degree of self-respect will long remain in the service of a family where the children are permitted to be discourteous in behavior or offensive in language.

"Good or bad habits formed in youth com-



monly go with us through life," is an old adage of our "First Reader," which we cannot ignore or neglect in the training of our children, as well as in watchfulness over ourselves; for in this matter, as in every other that concerns our welfare here and our hopes for hereafter, we have need to remember the injunction of the Blessed Jesus: "What I say unto one, I say unto all, Watch."

L. J. R.

*Philadelphia, Tenth mo., 1875.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

### USURY.

BY EDWARD RUSHMORE.

No. 1.

Three or four years ago, in reading Ruskin's "Munera Pulveris," I met with the following statement: "I have worked out the question of interest of money, which always, until lately, had embarrassed and defeated me; and I find that the payment of interest, of any amount whatever, is real 'usury,' and entirely unjustifiable. I was shown this chiefly by the pamphlets issued by Mr. W. C. Sillar." . . . I naturally felt interested to see the pamphlets of W. C. Sillar, and made an ineffectual attempt to obtain them through an importing house.

In the course of my reading within the present year, I learned the name of certain parties in London who, I supposed, could tell me how to obtain the pamphlets. I addressed them accordingly, and soon received most of the pamphlets and some more recent papers on the same subject. They have convinced me of the wrongfulness of the entire system of interest-taking, and a desire to proceed in relation to it according to the gracious light which comes from the Lord Jesus Christ, has made it appear to be my duty to relinquish the taking of interest, which I have accordingly done, with much joy in the Lord.

Mazzini, a year or two before his death, said of Ruskin, that he had "the most analytic mind in Europe."

I have shown above that Ruskin attributes his own conviction mainly to the treatises of which I have spoken, and which, with some of his own writings, appear to me so lucid that it seems as if I cannot better press the subject upon the consideration of my Christian brethren, than by selecting their most forcible passages. This, with the permission of the editors, I will endeavor to do. The work cannot be well done in less than a series of papers. Let us remember that the calling of the disciples of Christ is to be "the light of the world."

W. C. Sillar's first pamphlet shows:

"First—What usury does. It withdraws men with capital from trade; for a system which promises profit without risk, is naturally preferred. In proportion as trade is deprived of capital of its own, so does it lose credit, and in consequence it is forced to borrow on conditions more and more unfavorable; the interest paid being a very severe tax upon it. Gross profits upon trade are or should be, devoted to three purposes—clerk's salaries, &c., reserve and subsistence. Usury beats down the first, exhausts the second and curtails the third.

"The trader loses his independence, and being at a disadvantage, is not in position to treat fairly in his buying and selling markets.

"One injudicious trader disarranges the whole system, producing loss and chaos where pleasure and profit ought to exist. This would seldom occur were his capital not borrowed.

"When trade becomes unprofitable the arises the argument. 'A man must live,'—one quite strong enough to conquer scruple against usury, and to induce the capitalist to forsake the unremunerative trade and join the ranks of the more profitable usury.

"Trade, then, being conducted by men of insufficient means, is more heavily taxed (by interest) than ever, has more evil competition and more loss, till the keen competitors allow shady transactions and downright dishonest ones to become the trade custom, and again these, few honest men can stand, but are compelled to choose one of three alternatives—to adopt the dishonest practice; to stay in trade and be ruined, or to retire. When the have selected the last-named, trade runs riot and ends in the utter collapse in which we now find it. The moral standard is lowered; fraud and dishonesty introduced; insufficient wages prevent young men marrying; women are compelled to work, still further competing with the under-paid men; prostitution flourishes; the increase of the population looked upon as a curse; pauperism and crime increase, with the consequent expenses of oppression; general demoralization and the overturn of society.

"To quote from Lord Bacon: 'Usury bringeth the treasure of a realm or state into few hands, for the usurer being at certain terms and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box, and ever a State flourisheth where wealth is more equally spread.'

"Capital and labor do not treat on equal terms, and to demand interest is to take an unfair advantage of the position.

"That man is a slave who mortgages his future labor.

"The usurer, for a fixed sum, sells his

chance of profit; he therefore deals in chances, and so far is a gambler.

"He wishes the jackal to hunt for him, find the game, lay it at his feet for his lionship to eat as much as he thinks fair (save the mark), and pay him besides for being allowed to do it. Or, if his conscience is too tender to squeeze his victim, he kindly shelters himself under the plea that the squeeze is such a little one that the squeezee does not object; in fact, he rather likes it. He admits that there are men who squeeze hard—they are usurers, real usurers. Very plausible all this; but strip it and examine the naked fact.

"He induces the borrower to dispose of and promise to give what is not his; for the profits do not exist excepting in prospect, and consequently belong to God.

"A bargain of minimum profit and minimum risk is a fair one. The usurer, or interest-taker, if the term be preferred, wishes minimum profit and no risk. The bargain is unfair, and therefore immoral, whether it be made with a fool, a knave, or a wise man under pressure."

The next paper will show what usury is, and present some of the teachings of the Church of England, and possibly of the scriptures on the subject.

#### HORACE BINNEY.

Age is always venerable, but when in a man of great ability, deep learning, profound wisdom and exalted character, it touches the threshold of a second century without palsying the hand, dimming the eye, or clouding the intellect, it inspires something more than veneration. Death seemed but recently to have spared Horace Binney as an example to his younger countrymen at a time when they had most need of the lessons which his life could teach. From the rare promise of his youth he passed through the fulfillment of his remarkable manhood into his extraordinary old age, with a firm and almost majestic head. In all the relations of life he was a model—as a lawyer, as a citizen, as a man; in the family, in society, in the forum, in the state. He was, perhaps, the best type of lawyer which this country has produced; one formed on the old English plan,—learned, skillful, eloquent, high-toned,—and his like, as a professional man, (owing to the varied influences which make up the American of to-day,) we are not apt to look upon again. Born during the Revolution, he had witnessed the whole course of his country's history as an independent power. He had seen it grow from a little confederacy struggling for existence into vigorous manhood, through inter-

nal as well as external trials. And he never lost for a moment his interest in the events of to-day. Unlike so many aged men, the Past never obscured the Present to his eyes, and he bore so lightly the unwonted burden of his ninety-five years, that no one who looked into his face and listened to him as he spoke could believe it possible that he was so old.

The present generation hardly knew him personally, for he withdrew from active life more than thirty years ago; but his influence seemed to increase with the years that touched him so gently, and few men in full vigor and activity have wielded in this community the power which Mr. Binney exercised to the last moment of his life. Yet, after all, his native city, characteristically enough, did not wholly appreciate him. In her own peculiar fashion she was proud of him, and yet it was a selfish pride. Had Horace Binney lived in Boston, and been half the man he was, the best part of his life would no doubt have been spent in the service of his country, and Philadelphia would have been among the first to honor him. But as he was one of her own children, she suffered him, with the exception of one term in Congress, to remain all his life a private citizen. The future critic of our institutions, glancing through the list of obscure and sometimes ignoble names, which Pennsylvania has sought to honor, will wonder why men like Sergeant and Meredith and Binney were never made Governors, or Chief Justices, or Senators of the United States, and will see in that fact, perhaps, one explanation of the smallness of her influence on the country, in comparison with that of South Carolina, or Virginia, or New England. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" by the worth and character of their men are cities and commonwealths rightly to be judged. More than one Bostonian has become famous because of his surroundings; Horace Binney was great in spite of his. But now that he is dead, Philadelphia, perhaps, will appreciate what manner of man he was, and realize, when too late, that she will probably never again possess or lose so great a citizen. —*Penn Monthly.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

##### BIRMINGHAM MONTHLY MEETING.

At Birmingham Monthly Meeting, held at West Chester, Pa., on the 25th ult., during the first meeting the vocal exercise was a concern for the continuance in life and spirit of our business meetings. It was shown how in wisdom they were instituted, and how continuously we have need of them, that we may keep a watch over the flock, looking after them for good, that this can best be done by



association, and that all such need rules and regulations. The speaker said in substance:

"The excellency of our Discipline is unquestioned, and if lived up to by all would proclaim us a people of greater worth than we now are. In the changes thought needful by some, if the same spirit, that of waiting for the true light, is manifested, these might come with good results. Those who feel the weight of the organization need the presence and help of all of our members, that the vigorous spirits of our business men and the women might infuse life into the action of meetings, which too frequently are composed of the older and middle aged members. These, in turn, will be benefitted by a feeling of having aided in the good cause of looking after the welfare of the body. The gift of overseer is not always, or alone, with those who are appointed to that station, but with very many others; and if these would only be watchful and give the kindly word of counsel, offences might not be known amongst us. If each one was faithful we need not mourn over a decrease of numbers, but there would be an arousing to a faith that is in advance of others. This being so, we need not be discouraged if after labor we see not immediate fruit. Solomon's truth, 'Train up a child,' &c., remains a truth still. In the intermediate time between childhood and mature age, the wisdom of the teaching may not be seen, but the time will surely come when it will be valued."

The testimony came with force, and the regret was that there were not more to hear it. In the business meeting, the changing of the time for assembling was discussed, and it was agreed during the winter season to gather at 10½ o'clock on First and Fourth-days, and on First-day evenings at 7½; change to take place the first First-day in Tenth month, and that the arrangement be a permanent one.

At Goshen Monthly Meeting, held on the 22d ult., there was no business to claim the attention of either the men's or women's meeting. A very unusual occurrence.

L. H. H.

FRANKFORD, PA.

On First-day afternoon, the 3d inst., the Circular Meeting of Frankford was held. There are only a few members now belonging to this meeting, but on Circular Meeting occasions there is a general rallying to the old meeting-house by all who still have a warm place in their hearts for the testimonies held by those ancient worthies who once occupied its seats.

There was the usual attendance of those not connected with Friends, who do not forget the days on which these meetings occur.

A number, also, were present from the cit making altogether quite a large gathering.

As there is no minister belonging to the meeting, the sound of vocal testimony in the midst is heard with gladness. On this occasion a fervent prayer, followed by earnest words of instruction and encouragement, filled up the time of sitting together, and the opportunity closed under a feeling of Christian love that made it pleasant to be there.

R.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 16, 1875.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.—We are disappointed in not having any account of the proceedings of Indiana Yearly Meeting lay before our readers at this time. Were some one of those present send us a few notes in time for our next number?

GENEROSITY IN CHILDREN.—This feeling is rarely *rightly* cultivated in young children. It is sometimes largely developed in individual organizations, and the parent allows large indulgence, but the means come from the parent's purse, and the giving by the child involves none of that personal sacrifice upon which true generosity rests.

There is danger, too, that a feeling of miserliness be engendered in the child by its being allowed to think it has been giving when in fact it has only been an almoner of another's means.

It is well for a child to be early accustomed to the ownership of money, and to be taught its value through its use; and, also, to have an opportunity to give from its store "bread to the hungry." Even very little children might, by some family arrangement, have something they could call their own, and in giving from this store, they would have double pleasure.

Many years ago, we were impressed pleasantly on hearing of a parent who, near the close of his earthly life, requested that his two children might have a liberal supply of pocket-money, that they might taste the pleasure of "aiding the needy." This was a legacy of love to them, and from the goodness of character subsequently developed we can believe that a blessing rested upon

father's request; and it is mentioned, in connection with our concern, in the belief that *facts* are sometimes the most successful teachers.

Perhaps no feeling is more easily brought into action in a little child than that of benevolence, hence the importance of its exercise being rightly directed and care taken that the seed of vanity be not mixed with it, and thus the beauty of the growth spoiled. Its right culture will be greatly helped by a simultaneous nurture of a devotional feeling, which, under usually favorable circumstances, is also very active in early life.

At our present writing, we are impressed with the language, as it stands recorded, as bringing into close connection the two feelings of devotion and benevolence: "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

If, in the training of a child, we work in harmony with this commandment, we will first nurture the devotional feeling as the root from which true benevolence springs; then we may reasonably expect a healthful growth, which will prove a blessing to the giver as well as the receiver.

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**MICROSCOPY.**—The Biological and Microscopical Section of the Academy of Natural Sciences held its semi-annual exhibition at the hall of the Academy, N. W. corner of Broad and Sansom streets, on Second day evening, the 4th inst.

Dr. John L. Leconte, in a short address of welcome, expressed the hope that the next reception of the Section might be held in the new building, now in process of erection at the S. W. corner of Nineteenth and Race streets, where a much larger and more convenient hall for such purposes will be provided.

The gathering was large, more than half being women. We were glad to see so many *Friends* among the company. The Academy of Natural Sciences is one of the few places in this city open to the public, where members of our religious Society may spend their leisure hours to profit and instruction, in the truest and best sense, and it offers a channel for the contributions of men and women of large incomes among us, that few other insti-

tutions outside the limits of charitable objects can lay claim to. The Biological and Microscopical Section is composed of members of the Academy interested in microscopy; their meetings are held at the Academy.

The object of these receptions is to give others, interested in scientific researches, an opportunity to see for themselves through instruments of high magnifying power and of the finest construction, the wonderful revelations of beauty that, to the unaided eye, are invisible, but which, when viewed and studied with the help of the microscope, are found as perfect, and fulfilling the laws of being with the same exactness that is observed in things visible to the naked eye.

At one microscope, the object of interest was the spectrum of blood; at another stand, a salamander, of infinitesimal proportions, caged in glass with a connecting tube to furnish a continuous supply of fresh water, frisked and gamboled, unmindful of the throng that, by turns, peered at him with wondering eyes, watching the current of blood coursing its rapid way through the heart and lung, vein and artery.

Another instrument displayed the fat tissues of an animal injected; a current of blood completely encircles each and every fat cell in the body. Nerves, arteries and veins were seen in natural situation.

Ferns in fruit, every cell transparent, crystals nearly filling some plant tissues, sparkling like jewels, were clearly demonstrated. A photograph of the Declaration of Independence, *not so large as a pin's head*, containing 7,650 letters, heads of all the presidents, and coats of arms of all the States, was magnified enough to render every letter legible.

At another, the tiny scales from the wings of South American butterflies had been arranged into leaves and flowers, presenting to the observer a fairy bouquet in various colors.

One exhibitor showed the eggs of a moth-fly, magnified to the size of a wren's egg, and looking very like the little turban sea-shells so common in collections.

Some specimens were exhibited by polarized light passing through a revolving prism of Iceland spar, which, at every turn, gave a different arrangement of colors.



It would be a difficult task to note all the objects of interest and beauty which presented such a rare treat to the assembled company. The revelations of the microscope have always excited feelings of wonder and admiration, but the improvements that have been made in their construction and adjustment within the last few years, enable the biologist to fathom depths of nothingness that were never dreamed of in the earlier stages of discovery.

THE late refusal of a permit to bury the remains of Henry Jones (a man of color) in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, where it is stated he owned an improved lot, has been the subject of much comment in our community. The right of the directors to prevent the interment will be tested in our courts, when all the facts of the case will be given to the public. We shall await with much interest its further development.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 69.

(Continued from page 524.)

*MORE TUSCAN DAYS.*

One of the many evidences of the taste and learning of the Medici family now to be seen in Florence is the great collection of manuscripts in the Mediceo-Laurentian library. It is connected with the cloisters of the Church of San Lorenzo, and is contained in a long and lofty gallery, which is lighted by delicate and beautiful stained glass windows, each of which is decorated with the armorial shield of the Medicean Pope Clement VII. The hall is furnished with two rows of benches, with an aisle between, as if for a place of meeting; and in front of each seat is placed one of the valuable manuscript books, on an inclined support, making a leisurely study of them a rather convenient, if not a luxurious thing. Each volume is chained fast to its resting-place, lest it should be purloined by some ravenous book-collector, and some of the more precious are enclosed in wooden boxes with sliding covers.

The librarian can speak French, and receives us very politely, and proceeds to show us some of the most remarkable volumes. A noble old manuscript in dark, heavy covers, is the *Pandects of Justinian*, the discovery of which led to the study of the Roman law in mod-

ern times, and to its adoption in the jurisprudence of many nations.

In 1411 it was removed from Pisa, where it had remained near three hundred years, Florence. Here it was held in high veneration. Tapers were lighted before it, monks and magistrates bared their heads as before holy relics, and the book was opened under silken pall. We can see that the work is written in bold and beautiful style, and consists of two quarto volumes. The leaves are of thin parchment, and "the Latin characters," according to Gibbon, "betray the hand of a Greek scribe."

After this the attention is called to the earliest manuscript of Virgil, containing almost the whole works of that poet; two fragments of the works of Tacitus, of very early date, perhaps 394 A. D.; and the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, completed in 1384, twenty-two years after the death of the author.

We are allowed to examine these at leisure, and to admire the great elegance of the writing, as well as the delicate style in which they are illuminated. No wonder the books of these early days were so highly valued, for the work on one of the volumes would be enough for a lifetime. Indeed, many lives of respectable length do not accomplish so much labor as has been expended on some of the elegant old books. The Syriac manuscripts are of great value, and some of them contain illuminations which are fine specimens of Byzantine art; and the librarian patiently displays the treasured volumes to us till the time allotted to the visit has expired; and then, though he is evidently a scholar and gentleman, gratefully accepts the trifling gratuity it is customary to offer. The library now contains more than 9000 manuscripts.

After long mornings spent in sight-seeing within the walls of the city, the many delightful rides to the envioning hills were an inexhaustible source of enjoyment and refreshment in the cool of the declining day. I think no city is better supplied with pleasant grounds, and these places of delight are easily accessible to the people, that all may enjoy them. Instead of fences of iron and walls of stone, we find hedges of blooming roses, of such affluence that every one may have a bouquet who chooses. The "City of Flowers" deserves her title, for never was there such a wealth of floral fragrance and beauty as crowns these May days in Florence. If the carriage pauses a moment at a beautiful place while we enjoy the view, a smiling-faced woman will graciously present us with a bouquet of fresh rose-buds, intimating that it is a free gift, though it would otherwise be utter poverty or extreme hard-heartedness which would refuse the few centesimi for

which she hopes. There is much less direct beggary here in Florence than in most other cities of Italy, though the proportion of poor among the people must be large. It is but half an hour's drive to the church of San Miniato, on the hill-top yonder to the east, and so we ascend the cypress-shaded road, pass two monasteries, and soon reach the closed entrance to the old sanctuary of San Miniato. The door opens at our knock, and we are at liberty to visit the fine old church, founded by Bishop Hildebrand, of Florence, in 1013, and inspect its frescoes, its miraculous crucifix, its fine old paintings, its beautiful marble work, its mosaics and its inlaid work in wood. But far more interesting and satisfactory to me is the lovely view from the lofty terrace in front of the church, whence we look down on the fair city of mediæval palaces, towers and domes, bathed in the soft purple light of the fading day. We are reminded that this is the eminence fortified by Michael Angelo, as engineer of the Republic when the city made its last desperate stand against the grasp of the Medicean tyrants. But the freedom of Florence fell, and with it fell the prosperity and the greatness of the Tuscans. According to Sydney, less than one hundred and fifty years of the tyrannic rule of the Medici destroyed nine parts out of ten of the people of Tuscany, and Florence suffered more than any other town of the province. "The best families," says he, "sent to seek habitations in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples and Lucca. This was not the effect of war or pestilence: they enjoyed a perfect peace, and suffered no other plague than the government they were under. The churchyard of San Miniato is the general cemetery of modern Florence, and the grand old basilica is destined to become the center of a great Golgotha.

Another delightful evening drive from Florence is out the Porto San Gallo, past the suppressed convent and church of San Dominico, by lovely villas and gardens, to the ancient Fiesole, an Etruscan city, considered the parent of Florence. Our visit was rather late in the evening, but we could note the huge, regular stones of which the city wall is composed. The site of the fortress or acropolis of the Etruscan city is on the hill-top, 1000 feet above Florence, and is now covered by a Franciscan monastery. We seek admission to the old cathedral, and the custodian kindly lights a taper to show us the very elegant bas-reliefs which still adorn the old sanctuary. We get a faint idea, too, of the ancient frescoes which illustrate incidents in the life of Romulus, and the friendly custodian does his best to illuminate a most beautiful marble group which represents the Virgin Mother

with her Son and St. John in front, and St. Remigius and St. Lawrence on either hand. A bust of the Christ surmounts the whole. The full moon was shining without, and we soon forsook the venerable shades of the cathedral to resume our carriage and ride down the poetic and historic hill side to the fair city which nestles in the vale. I can give no idea of the charm of these moonlight nights in Italy, where the nocturnal arch has such a deep dark-blue tint that its reproduction in a picture looks like an absurd exaggeration. All decay and all obtrusive newness are tenderly veiled, all grandeur is exalted, and the eye rests on scenes with which the glare of the day is not in harmony.

A ride of two and a half miles from the Porta Romano brings us to the suppressed monastery of the Certosa. We mount a steep hill, pass through an old gateway surmounted by a statue of St. Lawrence, through which, in former days, no woman could enter, and out of which no monk could pass without the express permission of the archbishop. But now, under the new order of things, we are quite at liberty and very welcome to the magnificent retreat of the Carthusian order of monks. A few venerable men, wearing the white woolen dress of their silent order, yet linger in their lofty house, and are allowed a moderate support from the revenues of the monastery, which the state has taken possession of. The heights of la Certosa are about the same distance southwest as those of Fiesole are northeast of Florence, and the position is not less imposing and beautiful. The hill, 400 feet high, rises at the junction of two mountain torrents, and its sides are clad with the olive and the vine, and the building crowns the summit like a mediæval fortress. We enter the grave, dark, old Italian-Gothic church, where are still many valuable and interesting works of art, and walk round dreamily, without feeling any obligation to stop and study in the obscurity the fine fancies of the painter and the sculptor of old time. Many of the paintings of the early Florentine school have been removed to the Academy of Fine Arts, but enough and more than enough remains to bewilder the observer. We lingered longest in one of the small cloisters, which is glazed with stained glass, in which is elegantly depicted the leading events in the life of St. Bruno, and drew up water from the deep old well in the inner court, which tasted remarkably good. A vegetable garden, which looked rather sad and neglected, was doing its best to furnish a supply of radishes and artichokes for the table of the poor old white-robed brethren who yet linger silently in their holy house. Doubtless, they dream sadly of the days when every cell of the great cloister



had its occupant; when a saintly abbot held almost royal, yet fatherly state, and when studious, scholarly men paced thoughtfully along the long cloisters. Perhaps it seems to them that all good and blessed things are passing away from earth, and that the virtues of Poverty, Silence and Obedience will soon be quite forgotten.

We are shown the apartments, large, plain and rather gloomy, which were occupied for several months by Pius VI, when banished from Rome by the French, and were taken down a stairway to a sort of a laboratory, where excellent perfumes are distilled, of which it is hoped we will buy some little bottles. It would certainly be a great pleasure, in its way, to make a tour of Italy with as mighty a trunk as ever landed at the port of New York, and a long, long purse, so that it would be possible to buy and store away memorials of every place visited; now, I only walk gravely away from temptation. A gratuity to the amiable lay brother who has been our escort, and away we go, down to the fair, poetic city which rests by the waters of the golden Arno.

It was a matter of much regret to me that I could not visit the famous old sanctuary of Vallambrosa, which lies on the wooded hills, twenty miles east of Florence. The ancient monastery has been suppressed by the Italian government, only four brothers remaining in the conventual buildings. The strangers' apartments have been fitted up as an inn for visitors, and as a sanitary station for invalids; but those who visit the classic shades of which Milton speaks in such harmonious numbers, bring back rather doleful accounts of hard fare, and of poetic imaginings disappointed.

But I must make glad mention of a day delightfully spent in an excursion to Pisa, which lies about sixty miles east of Florence, on the Arno, near its entrance to the sea. We pass out by the northern border of the Cascina, the fine park of Florence, and then onward down the lovely fertile valley, between sheltering hills, through rich gardens and vineyards, by ancient towns and pleasant villas, onward and yet onward for two hours and a half, and we have reached Pisa. It is a most beaming, bright day, this fifteenth of Fifth month, but such a refreshing breeze greets us as we descend from the car, that we do not find it warm. Now here, sure enough, is the beautiful old city, and here are plenty of carriages, the drivers all eager for the pleasure of driving us to the northern side of the town, where are the wondrous buildings so well known to fame. We select a coach, and away we go up a quiet street, paved with broad, smooth flagstones, over an ancient bridge, spanning the broad and tranquil Arno,

then out another silent and shadowed avenue and soon are landed in the presence of the strange anomaly in architecture, the delicate beautiful Campanile, which seems to be rocking in a stormy sea; the fairy-like Cathedral and the not less perfect Baptistry. Strange though we be, we decline the escort of the much-experienced cicerone who has conducted so many thousand groups of wondering Americans, and walk resolutely forward, guide-book in hand, to inspect for ourselves the fair temples bequeathed to the nineteenth century by the eleventh. And, really, if to day all the architects in the world were to choose the most gifted representative, and he should be given unlimited supplies of treasure, I doubt if he could rear a more gloriously beautiful edifice than this monument of the taste and magnificence of the Tuscan people 800 years ago. It is constructed entirely of white marble, with black and colored ornamentation, and the tasteful and perfect workmanship is indescribable. An imposing ceremony, accompanied with majestic strains of music, was in progress as we entered, but none said nay, and we walked forward and stood before the high altar with the gorgeously-attired ecclesiastics. We find it stated that all the twelve altars of the Pisan Cathedral were designed by Michael Angelo, and very grateful they are, with their sculptures and paintings, but I am specially attracted by the ancient bronze chandelier above my head, which revealed the principle of the pendulum to Galileo by its vibrations. A long, long rope suspends it from the roof, and any disturbing cause would set it in slow and solemn motions of time. The chandelier has three tiers of lamps, counting thirty-six in all, and the upper two rings of lights are upheld from below by a band of four sturdy boys of bronze and horribly grotesque faces are gaping upward from the higher part. It is, perhaps, four feet in circumference at the lower part and six feet in height. To be sure, the Pisan Cathedral has the best right to it, but I think it would be an interesting addition to the Galileo Tribune at Florence, if Pisa should be inclined to spare it.

Having duly admired the central building we ascended the Leaning Tower, and stood on the splendid height, whence a widely extended view of the fertile plain and the distant hills is obtained. Sitting down on the shady side, I wished for a full hour to loiter here, and would respectfully suggest to future pilgrims, to make such arrangements as will spare them the dull necessity of a midday visit to a restaurant. A wonderful well adapted place was this for Galileo's experiment in regard to falling bodies; and



can imagine him leaning over this firm balustrade and dropping the two unequal balls at the same instant, with the entire faith, founded on experimental knowledge, that they will accomplish the descent (179 feet) in just the same time. Strange it seems that, when the law was plainly demonstrated by simple experiment, the doctors of that age should have thought it a fit subject for doubt and for argument. To the west, not far away, rolls the blue sea, and a breeze from it is wafted to us as we inspect the seven great bells which hang here. The largest weighs seven tons, it is said, and one of our company is tempted to raise the mighty hammer just a little, and let it fall against the sonorous rim. A deep, solemn tone, like a mighty admonition, resounds from the leaning tower, and I almost expect to see the head of the outraged custodian appearing from the depths below, to inquire who it is who causes the big bell to raise his voice so unseasonably. Descending to the common level again, I wonder how it is that I am not impressed as painfully as other travelers have been by the fearful leaning of the marble tower, "seeming to sway and threaten in the blue sky overhead."

Our next point of interest is the Campo Santo, or Burial Ground, which dates from the twelfth century. It is stated that after the loss of the Holy Land, Archbishop Ubaldo caused fifty-three ship loads of earth to be conveyed hither from Mount Calvary, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground. A structure surrounds this burial-place of exquisitely arched and traceried colonnades, which seem to grow, like the slim cypress, out of the sainted earth of Jerusalem; and those old paintings, made when Art was—if ever—a Soul, and not, as now, a mere Intelligence, enforce, more effectively than their authors conceived, the lessons of life and death; for they are themselves becoming part of the triumphant decay they represent.\* We walk round the serene and solemn old quadrangle, and muse on the amazing frescoes which picture out the religious hopes and fears which filled the minds of the devout in the middle ages. Here Dante may have filled his imagination with dread imagery for his terrific drama of the life to come; and here, I am sure, walked the youthful Milton, thoughtfully considering the great concerns of life, death and immortality, while the gigantic frescoes were fresh and bright. Here is the whole story of the Creation, the Fall, the Expulsion from Paradise, Cain slaying Abel, the Ark, Deluge, Noah's Sacrifice, and twenty-three other great frescoes, representing the scenes from the Old Testament up to the

times of Solomon. The Triumph of Death is represented by a fine equestrian group, who, on their way to the chase, are suddenly reminded of the end of earth by three open coffins.

Our next visit was to the beautiful circular Baptistery, where we inspected some fine works of art; but of these all recollection is effaced by the memory of the astonishing echo which the custodian awoke for our edification. Standing near one of the pillars close to the entrance, he turned his face upward and poured forth a musical wail. A moment's pause, and then came down from the solemn height a deep and tender answering cry, as if from a choir of pitying angels in a gallery above. It seemed the very expression of divine compassion, and we asked its repetition again and again, till we were ashamed to tax the patient fellow's voice more. I never before heard anything so unearthly and so serenely sweet. S. R.

*Fifth month 15th, 1875.*

#### SUCCESSFUL ARBITRATION.

Recent events have shown, in a most satisfactory manner, the fitness of the Arbitration principles, even amongst non-Christian nations. The example set by the leading powers of the West—Great Britain and the United States—in submitting themselves to the decision of an arbitral tribunal has been followed in a very encouraging manner by two countries of the extreme East—China and Japan. Some Japanese having been murdered in the island of Formosa, belonging to China, demands for compensation were made upon the Government of the latter country. These were not, at first, acceded to; and an angry correspondence ensued between the Courts of Jeddo and Peking. At length matters became so embittered that hostilities on a large scale were preparing on both sides. But at this juncture the British Minister at Peking, Mr. Wade, came forward and offered his peaceful mediation as arbiter. This offer was eventually accepted by both parties, and they have finally bound themselves to abide by his decision. He accordingly, as Umpire, made an award to the effect that China shall pay the sum of 500,000 taels to Japan for compensation and expenses in relation to the Formosa outrages, and that all the Japanese troops shall be withdrawn from that island. These terms have been accepted by both parties, and thus, at the eleventh hour, a sanguinary war has been prevented, and another proof afforded of the practical efficacy of International Arbitration, and of the vast saving of life and treasure secured by even a

\* Howell's Italian Journeys.



single resort to it. Both the Governments of China and Japan now also gratefully acknowledge the importance and value of the services thus rendered in preventing a costly and destructive war.—*The Voice of Peace.*

FROM A PARENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY E. O. VAILE.

That little two-year old sits at the dinner-table like a conqueror in complete possession of the field. He has a clean sweep as far as chubby hands can reach. Plates, cups, sugar-bowl, everything is pushed out of his way. He certainly can do no mischief; but the prevention is merely a physical, not a moral one. Such a policy is not the best one. It is the easiest and most common, but it does not impart moral strength. By such a course what had better be done now is being deferred to the future. If the infant cannot be controlled by authority at two years of age, work for a coming day is accumulating. It is the stitch in time here that saves nine. It is better to begin a little too soon than a little too late. Let the baby at the earliest moment learn the great lesson of life—resistance to temptation. With the exception of the hot teapot, let the table stand arranged as convenience demands, and teach the child not to molest. Let not mamma's work-basket be put out of reach, nor the books out of sight. Leave them in their proper places, but govern the little fingers. A few weeks of determined effort will be sufficient, and an incalculable amount of vexation will be saved to both parent and child. Suppose, in spite of warning, a dish is pulled to the floor or the work-basket overturned. One such experience, managed skillfully and impressively by the parent, is worth months of that discipline which is chiefly concerned in putting things out of reach. In life we are kept from evil by facing and resisting temptations, not by having them removed from our path. It is the part of wisdom to require the child to practice this kind of self-control in the nursery.

There is no doubt that a large amount of our carelessness when we are grown is due to the fact that we were not taught and compelled to be careful in our earliest years. Daily occurrences impress the question: "How is H——, about three years old, to be kept from the number of those, both old and young, for whom things are always breaking and going wrong, and who are a cause of constant annoyance to themselves and friends simply from a want of carefulness?" Accidents *will* happen; but children should not be allowed to think so, at least not until they are convinced of the fact by the irresistible

logic of events. When the results of heedlessness and mistakes are involved, explanations and extenuations are dangerous things. A *little* reasonable severity now will be a blessing to the child hereafter. Of course a parent will shield his child as much as possible from a severe pain, but, at the same time, care should be taken to see that the natural consequence follows every casualty as far as prudence will permit. Parental interference too much between the child and the consequences of its own acts. Events are not allowed to speak with their full or sufficient force. Nature's course, although the best, is not followed. When an accident occurs, although it might happen to any body, and especially to a child, impress it on him that he might have avoided it, and that he ought to have done so. Such is, or ought to be, your reproof to yourself when you are in trouble from your own carelessness. If you can but make the little one *feel* that he *can* avoid such things as dropping his knife or fork, upsetting his tumbler, breaking his tin house, pinching his fingers, forgetting to bring in his wage and having it stolen, you have done very much toward making him a careful man.

As it is not a good practice to exact thoughtless promises from a child, so it is a bad practice to refer the child lightly and frequently to its promises. It is painful ordinarily to hear, "What did you promise mamma just now?" "Didn't you say you would do so and so?" Such reminders seem irresistible sometimes, but they are the most hurtful where they seem the most needed. At the beginning the child is innocent of the slightest intention to promise without meaning to perform. It is only from the example of others or by being referred to his own case that he will learn what it is not to keep a promise, a piece of intelligence I would withhold from him as long as possible. Let him give promises, but upon a perfect and impressive understanding of what he promises. Be sure that he realizes it, and then so order circumstances that he will not forget his obligation nor think of evading it.

The proper use of infantile promises is a very important matter. By them we learn to calculate for the future, and to realize the responsibility which comes from assumed obligations. We learn to hold the present at its proper worth in comparison with the future.

You have cause for considerable pleasure when your little one declines to agree to certain conditions for the sake of securing immediately what is desirable to him. The act indicates thoughtfulness and a comparison of values including the element of futurity. Every time he hesitates or declines to promise

as short-sighted policy advises, he gives a strong guarantee for his future. Most of the lying in the world comes from speaking or acting without due deliberation. The habit cannot be formed too early of weighing consequences carefully.

A circumstance is recalled which illustrates how the practice of telling falsehoods originates so mysteriously with some children: H— was sent to see if the housemaid had started a fire. He returned with the report that she was up stairs and could not come down to start the fire; apparently aiming to convey the impression that he had obtained that answer from her, which he knew he had not. Had surprise been expressed, or any special attention given to it, as was the first impulse, he would probably have been inclined to attempt the same thing again, from the mere novelty and enjoyment of the sensation. It was simply an effort on his part at original composition; an attempt to say something on his own account, taking remarks of his elders as models. As such it was passed by, and no evil tendency seemed fostered.

Some parents are astonished to find the habit early developed in their child of manufacturing stories, which are set down as lies. So soon does the habit appear that it seems an instance of heredity, at least from old Adam, if from no nearer source. The whole mystery finds a solution in the indiscreet expression of surprise and approval at the child's first attempts at invention. Natural love of approbation led him to another experiment in the same line; and so on until the vicious habit was formed, not as the result of any special depravity, but as the result of the father's and mother's training.—*The Christian Union*.

WERE we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

#### A KINDLY DEED.

A kindly deed is a little seed  
That groweth all unseen;  
And, lo! when none do look thereon,  
Anew it springeth green.

A friendly look is a better book  
For precept than you'll find  
'Mong the sages wise, or the libraries,  
With their priceless wealth of mind.

The little dole of a humble soul,  
In all sincerity given,  
Is like the wings of the heart, as it springs,  
Singing clear, to the gate of heaven.

Alice Hay Jenner.

#### EXTRACT FROM MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,  
There stood an image with its arm in air,  
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,  
A golden ring with the device, "strike here!"  
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed  
The meaning that these words but half expressed,  
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday  
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,  
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,  
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;  
And, coming back at midnight, delved and found  
A secret stairway leading under ground.  
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,  
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;  
And opposite a brazen statue stood  
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.  
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,  
Were these mysterious words of menace set:  
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim  
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"  
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,  
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased  
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,  
And gold the bread and viands manifold.  
Around it, silent, motionless and sad,  
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,  
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,  
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;  
And the vast hall was filled in every part  
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,  
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;  
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,  
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold.  
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,  
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,  
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,  
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,  
And all was dark around and overhead;  
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records  
Its ghostly application in these words:  
The image is the Adversary old,  
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold,  
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair  
That leads the soul from a diviner air;  
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel Life;  
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;  
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone  
By avarice have been hardened into stone;  
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of self  
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

#### ASPIRATION.

There is a desire in the human heart best described as the cravings of infinitude. We are so made that nothing which has limits satisfies. Hence the sense of freedom and relief which comes from all that suggests the idea of boundlessness—the deep sky, the dark night, the endless circle, the illimitable ocean. Hence, too, our dissatisfaction with all that is or can be done. There never was the beauty yet, than which we could not conceive something more beautiful. None so good as to be faultless in our eyes. No deed done by



us, but we feel we have it in us to do a better. Therefore, to never rest is the price paid for our greatness. Could we rest, we must become smaller in soul. Whoever is satisfied with what he does, has reached his culminating point—he will progress no more. Man's destiny is to be not satisfied, but forever unsatisfied. Infinite goodness—a beauty beyond what eye hath seen or heart imagined, a justice which shall have no flaw, and a righteousness which shall have no blemish—to crave for that is to be “athirst for God.”

F. W. ROBERTSON.

### NOTICES.

An Annual Meeting of Friends interested in the welfare of “Friends’ Library Association,” will be held at the Library Room (Race street Meeting-house), on Sixth-day evening, 22d inst, at 8 o’clock. The Minutes of the Committee of Management for the entire year will be read, and it is believed the meeting will be one of interest. Friends generally, both male and female, are particularly invited to attend.

T. ELLWOOD CHAPMAN, *Clerk.*

Tenth mo., 1875.

#### FRIENDS’ BOARDING HOUSE.

A General Meeting of the Contributors will be held on Sixth-day evening, Tenth month 22d, at 8 o’clock, at Girard avenue Meeting-house, for the transaction of important business. All others who are interested are invited.

#### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

- |                |                                      |
|----------------|--------------------------------------|
| 10th mo. 17th, | Radnor, Pa., 3 P. M.                 |
| “ “            | Byberry, Pa., 3 P. M.                |
| “ “            | Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A. M.         |
| “ “            | Catawissa, Pa., 3 P. M.              |
| “ “            | Alloway’s Creek, N. J., 10 A. M.     |
| “ 24th,        | Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.            |
| “ “            | Greenwich, N. J., 10 A. M.           |
| “ 31st,        | Woodbury, N. J., 10 A. M.            |
| 11th mo. 7th,  | Providence, Montgomery co., 10 A. M. |
| “ “            | Norristown, “ 3 P. M.                |
| “ “            | Chichester, Pa., 3 P. M.             |
| “ “            | Penn’s Neck, N. J., 10 A. M.         |

#### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

- Western, Pa., Tenth mo. 26th.  
 Caln, Pa., Sadsbury, Tenth mo. 28th.  
 Westbury, Flushington, L. I., Tenth mo. 28th.  
 Concord, Darby, Pa., Eleventh mo. 2d.  
 Purchase, Chappaqua, N. Y., Eleventh mo. 3d.  
 Farmington, Eleventh mo. 3d.  
 Abington, Horsham, Eleventh mo. 4th.  
 Nine Partners, Oswego, N. Y., Eleventh mo. 9th.  
 Philadelphia, Eleventh mo. 9th.  
 Baltimore Yearly Meeting is held Tenth mo. 25th.

The Executive Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting First-day School Association will meet in Lombard street school building, on Second-day, the 25th inst., at 8 o’clock A. M. Members will please be punctual in attendance.

J. WM. HUTCHINSON,  
 CLEMENTINE A. JENNINGS, *Clerks.*

### ITEMS.

CORNELL University now has 454 students, of whom 36 are women.

A DESPATCH dated St. Louis, Missouri, on the 12th inst. says: A correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* at Las Cruces, New Mexico, says that a great waterspout suddenly appeared in the hills about one mile back of the town at 5:30 P. M. on the 11th of September, and before the citizens had time to comprehend the impending calamity it was upon them.

The tall column composed of water and dust approached with such velocity that in less than ten minutes from the time of its appearance, and before property could be saved by any one, sixty-two houses had been hurled to the ground. The streets were soon covered to the depth of four or five feet with water, and the current was of such great strength that boulders of large size were carried away. On the 12th, the entire population were out repairing the damage as much as possible, in order that the homeless might be housed and cared for. The work was kept up on the 13th, and every body began to look cheerful, when, at 4 o’clock, another waterspout made its appearance in the exact spot where its predecessor was first noticed, and came on with equal celerity. Sixteen houses, fortunately enough to escape the previous visitation, were tumbled down and their contents destroyed.

This flood lasted three hours. The damage done by these storms will amount to \$150,000.

PARTICULARS of destruction wrought by the floods in various parts of India continue to reach us daily. In Allahabad and its neighborhood the full extent of the damage done has not yet been ascertained, but it is certain that at least 177 human lives have been lost and 2,428 cattle drowned. The number of houses ruined amounts to 10,024, and upwards of 4,200 tons of grain were submerged in subterranean storehouses, and rotted before the floods subsided. About 39,000 acres of growing crops have been destroyed. This loss is altogether due to the overflowing of the rivers, and the floods which I have given do not include the injury done by the heavy rainfall, which prevented the rebuilding of the huts and the sowing of the bajra. The city of Allahabad and those portions of the district which border on the river Tons have suffered most. The magistrate and his assistants are engaged in inquiring into the damage and in relieving the sufferers, and two junior civilians from other parts of the country have been deputed by the government to assist them. The value of the property destroyed is estimated by the *Pioneer* at £145,000.

From other parts of Northern India, too, there come tales of calamities little short of those of Allahabad. At Chunar a large portion—some counts put it at one-third—of the native towns have been swept away, and nearly all the houses of poor Europeans in the lower lines have been destroyed. The jail for women at Lahore has fallen in, in consequence of the heavy rain. Up to the end of last week, although the floods were subsiding, the Punjab Northern State Railway was still under water in many places. The Punjab and Delhi line has suffered so much damage between Umsoor and the river Beas that the repairs will take at least a month. In the districts of Benares, Ghaipoore, Mirzapore and Azimghur, in the Northwestern Provinces, villages and crops have been seriously injured. Nor have Bengal and Assam escaped. Large tracts in the districts of Tipper Cachar and Sylhet have been submerged. In Bombah there have been heavy floods at Promet and Thayetimoo, but, beyond sweeping away road bridges, they appear to have done no great damage.—*London Times.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

USURY.

BY EDWARD RUSHMORE.

No. 2.

W. C. Sillar continues as follows:

"Having shown what it does, let me now,  
 secondly, show what it is.

"It is essential evil. Were all the money  
 in the world lent out on usury, and payment  
 demanded, the aggregate payments would  
 equal the aggregate loan, but the usury would  
 be deficient; the bargain, therefore, has an  
 element of impossibility in it, and I take it to  
 be decidedly immoral to exact an uncondi-  
 tional promise, the performance of which  
 may be impossible.

"What is true in the aggregate is equally  
 so in the individual; for, if all the world is  
 trading profitably, and one man on usury, the  
 one pound paid by him must, of necessity,  
 come from the purse of some other; for,  
 though the aggregate wealth increases, the  
 aggregate money does not; therefore, if there  
 were but this one borrower on usury, his pay-  
 ment would vibrate through the whole socie-  
 ty, not less truly, because minutely, for the  
 hard fact is as incompressible as water, and  
 no cupful alters the level of the whole lake.

"Now, let me examine the tree by its fruits.  
 "Are the banks successful? The list of  
 lead ones ought to be a warning. Are the  
 merchants successful? Certainly not. Who

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oppressed them? The banks. Why did they  
 overtrade? Because they could not live on  
 the profits of their capital. Who cut down  
 profits so that enough was not to be had?  
 Inexperienced competitors, furnished with  
 money on usury. They raised the price on  
 us in our buying-markets because the dealers  
 knew they must buy, as their interest was  
 always running, and they could not afford to  
 wait. They lowered the price in our selling-  
 markets, as the buyers knew their interest  
 was always running, and they could not af-  
 ford to wait.

"When we could trade no longer, we be-  
 came commission merchants, but our com-  
 petitors, who could not afford to wait, under-  
 bid us there, too, working for half wages;  
 but that would not pay, and so, all our cap-  
 ital being lost, we had all to become borrow-  
 ers, and then we competed with them in their  
 market, and borrowed above them.

"These were the glorious days of banking.  
 Bank shares were all at a premium, and  
 good dividends forthcoming, so we all rushed  
 into making banks and lending each other  
 money; but, somehow it did not succeed, and  
 a great many of the banks broke.

"Are the railways successful? Yes, I  
 should say, if it were not for their debenture-  
 holders; they are the usurers who won't  
 listen to any proposition for the good of the  
 line, but must have their bond."



Our author next refers to, and quotes, several pages from "The Merchant of Venice," as giving "a very fair view" of usury. They all seem pertinent to the present subject; but, as they are generally accessible, I will copy only a few lines, which show what hardness of heart has come upon the usurious Jew.

"I hate him, for he is a Christian,  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

The Church of England teaches: "If any offend their brethren, either by adultery, whoredom, incest or drunkenness, or by swearing, ribaldry, usury, or any other uncleanness and wickedness of life, the church wardens . . . shall faithfully present all and every of the said offenders, to the intent that they, and every of them, may be punished by the severity of the laws according to their deserts; and such notorious offenders shall not be admitted to the Holy Communion till they be reformed."

Sermon for Rogation week:

"I would to God, my friends, that in our wants and necessities we would go to God, as St. James biddeth, and as the wise man teacheth us that he did. I would we believed steadfastly that God only gives them: if we did, we should not seek our want and necessity of the devil and his ministers so oft as we do, as daily experience declareth it. For, if we stand in necessity of corporal health, whither go the common people but to charms, witchcrafts and other delusions of the devil? If we knew that God were the author of this gift, we would only use His means appointed, and bide His leisure, till He thought it good for us to have it given. If the merchant and worldly occupier knew that God is the giver of riches, he would content himself with so much as by just means, approved of God, he could get to his living, and would be no richer than truth would suffer him; he would never procure his gain and ask his goods at the devil's hand.

"God forbid, ye will say, that any man should take his riches of the devil.

"Verily, so many as increase themselves by usury, by extortion, by perjury, by stealth, by deceit and craft, they have their goods of the devil's gifts. And all they that give themselves to such means, and have renounced the true means that God hath appointed, have forsaken Him, and are become worshippers of the devil, to have their lucre and advantages. They be such as kneel down to the devil at his bidding, and worship him, for he promiseth them for so doing that he will give them the world and the goods therein. They cannot otherwise better serve the devil

than to do his pleasure and commandment, and his motion and will it is to have us forsake the truth, and betake to falsehood, to lies and to perjuries."

Quotations, some of them very long, are next made by W. C. Sillar, from the following books of Scripture. For the sake of brevity, I will reproduce only such portions as have explicit reference to usury.

"If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury."—Exodus xxii, 25.

"And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee; then thou shalt relieve him: yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him or increase: but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase."—Lev. xxv, 35-37.

"Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victual, usury of anything that is lent upon usury. Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all that thou settest thine hand to in the land whither thou goest to possess it."—Deut. xxiii, 19, 20.

"He that, by usury and unjust gain, increaseth his substance, he shall gather it to himself that will pity the poor."—Prov. xxviii,

"If he beget a son that is a robber . . . Hath oppressed the poor and needy, he hath spoiled by violence, . . . Hath given for upon usury, and hath taken increase; shall he then live? he shall not live: he hath done all these abominations; he shall surely die, his blood shall be upon him. Now, lo, if he beget a son, that seeth all his father's sins which he hath done, and considereth, and doeth not such like, . . . Neither hath oppressed any, . . . but hath given his bread to the hungry, . . . that hath not received usury nor increase, hath executed my judgments, hath walked in my statutes; he shall not die for the iniquity of his father, he shall surely live."—Ezekiel xviii, 10-17.

"In thee have they taken gifts to shed blood; thou hast taken usury and increased, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by extortion, and hast forgotten, saith the Lord God. Behold, therefore, have smitten mine hand at thy dishonest gain which thou hast made, and at thy blood which hath been in the midst of thee."—Ezekiel xxii, 12, 13.

"And there was a great cry of the people, and of their wives against their brethren, the Jews. For there were that said, We,

sons, and our daughters, are many: therefore, we take up corn for them, that we may eat, and live. Some, also, there were that said, We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards and houses, that we might buy corn because of the dearth. There were also that said, We have borrowed money for the king's tribute, and that upon our lands and vineyards. Yet now our flesh is as the flesh of our brethren, our children as their children: and, lo, we bring into bondage our sons and our daughters to be servants, and some of our daughters are brought unto bondage already: neither is it in our power to redeem them; for other men have our lands and vineyards.

"And I was very angry when I heard their cry and these words. Then I consulted with myself, and I rebuked the nobles, and the rulers, and said unto them, Ye exact usury, every one of his brother. And I set a great assembly against them. And I said unto them, We after our ability have redeemed our brethren, the Jews, which were sold unto the heathen; and will ye even sell your brethren? or shall they be sold unto us? Then they held their peace, and found nothing to answer. Also, I said, It is not good that ye do: ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God because of the reproach of the heathen, our enemies? I, likewise, and my brethren, and my servants, might exact of him money and corn: I pray you, let us leave off this usury. Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their lands, their vineyards, their olive-yards, and their houses, also the hundredth part of the money, and of the corn, the wine and the oil, that ye exact of them."—Nehemiah v, 1-11.

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? . . . He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved."—Psalm xv, 1, 5.

"Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth! I have neither lent on usury, nor men have lent to me on usury; yet every one of them doth curse me."—Jer. xv, 10.

"From the words of Nehemiah it seems that the usury thus exacted was not much, being 'the hundredth part,' or one per cent., that he calls it usury."

The next paper will contain several references to the New Testament teaching on the subject.

THE happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions; but in our learning to command them.—*From the French.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### A RESPONSE.

I can cordially unite with the editorial of last week, entitled "A Proposed Change."

It has been a concern of mine for years, that our meetings should be broken up by elders of true discernment, capable of entering into the condition of the meeting.

I have had to mourn that many of our meetings were held after the life had departed; hence, stagnation has ensued; and, instead of being refreshed and strengthened by being together, we have separated under a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, that seemed in a great measure to dissipate all we may have gathered in the early part.

There is a class of ministers who are often so absorbed in their own individual exercises as to lose sight of the condition of the meeting, and to hold it after the vitality has been exhausted.

And another class, who, after giving expression to their own exercises, do not enter into travail of spirit with other exercised minds, who are "turning the fleece," endeavoring to distinguish between a *permission* and a *command*; and whilst in this condition of mind the meeting breaks too soon, and hence suffering ensues.

Why is this? Is it not because we dwell too much upon the surface, and lack true spiritual discernment?

#### A CONCERNED MIND.

#### MEMBERSHIP IN THE ONE CHURCH.

There is one grand, all-comprehending church, and if I am a Christian I belong to it, and no man can shut me out of it. You may exclude me from your Roman church, your Episcopal church, and your Calvinistic church, on account of supposed defects in my creed or my sect; and I am content to be excluded. But I will not be severed from the great body of Christ. Who shall sunder me from such men as Fénelon, and Pascal, and Borromeo, from Archbishop Leighton, Jeremy Taylor and John Howard? Who can rupture the spiritual bond between these men and myself? Do I not hold them dear? Does not their spirit, flowing out through their writings and lives, penetrate my soul? Are they not a portion of my being? Am I not a different man from what I should have been had not these and other like spirits acted on mine? And is it in the power of synod, or conclave, or of all the ecclesiastical combinations on earth, to part me from them? I am bound to them by thought and affection, and can these be suppressed by the bull of a pope, or the excommunication of a council? The soul breaks scornfully these barriers,



these webs of spiders, and joins itself to the great and good; and if it possesses their spirit, will the great and good, living or dead, cast it off because it has not enrolled itself in this or another sect? A pure mind is free of the universe. It belongs to the church, the family of the pure, in all worlds. Virtue is no local thing. It is not honorable because born in this community or that, but for its own independent and everlasting beauty. This is the bond of the universal church. No man can be excommunicated from it but by himself, by the death of goodness in his own breast. All sentences of exclusion are vain, if he do not dissolve the tie of purity which binds him to all holy souls.—*Channing.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE AUTHORITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

I have thought it would not be amiss for us to consider what our condition would be were we deprived of the Scriptures, and unacquainted with the truths we receive from their perusal. I do not wish to place them higher than they deserve, nor to be considered as holding that all Divine truth is contained in them; but have we considered for how much of the latter we are dependent on them?

That man is susceptible of receiving impressions on his mind that cannot be referred to the operations of the mind itself, few, I presume, will deny. Every one's consciousness of this fact is known to himself, and requires no demonstration to prove it. It is one of those self-evident truths that stands on the same basis as the axioms and definitions of mathematics. We cannot disbelieve them if we would. The universality of the belief in a Divine Being, and of our accountability to Him, is the strongest evidence in favor of its truth that human reason can give. Even the scientist is willing to acknowledge that there is something besides the forces of matter that he cannot explain, and is, therefore, unwilling absolutely to deny.

This something, which our finite intelligence cannot comprehend, is apprehended by our spiritual being, through its moral attributes. We feel it to operate on our souls, and always in one direction. It incites us to actions that all mankind acknowledge to be good, virtuous, right and proper. Not, as Paley would have us believe, because they are expedient, for many who feel them are so ignorant of social law as not to know whether they would be expedient or not but because the impression carries its own authority with it. Whether we call this something the Light Within, the Holy Spirit or by any other name, is entirely immaterial so long as we acknowledge it to be the medium of communication between the soul of man and Deity. I will

appeal to the experience of each one of my readers whether he has not felt, when not obeying this voice of truth, a sensible weakening of authority in its commands? Whether from some unexplained law, it may be he has not known a diminution or an entire cessation of the command—thou shalt not do thus and so, or, thou hadst better do thus and so. And, on the other hand, when he has been careful to observe its dictates, has he not had clearer perceptions as to its requirements? I so, two important truths must necessarily result from this fact. The one is,—that by disobedience we gradually drift away from this medium of intercourse between our soul and its Maker; and hence our knowledge of Divine truth becomes less and less, the longer this state of partial alienation is allowed to exist. The other is,—that our perception becoming more acute through obedience, our knowledge of the Divine law increases. Nor is it irrational to suppose that what is possible to one person may be possible to any number of persons living in the same community and influenced by the same surroundings? If this be granted, then we must also admit that when such a condition of alienation arises other agencies become necessary to re-establish this primitive state, which we have lost through disobedience. What these agencies shall be, must be determined by that power which rules, for the power acted on being ignorant of its real condition, is incompetent to the task. Now this is precisely what the Scriptures of Truth teach us. Individuals and peoples sinned against the law of God written in their hearts until they wandered far from Him. He sent to the most favored of these, because they still believed on Him and in His government, His prophets, from time to time, to warn them of their danger, and invite them to come back into His fold. At the fulness of time He sent His beloved Son to show them it was possible entirely to re-establish the communion between Him and their souls. Assuming the same fleshly tabernacle they inhabited, with its weaknesses and subject to its infirmities and temptations, the beloved Son was able, through the aid of His Divine Father, to live and die without sin. He did this that we might live. Live the life that He lived. Become engrafted into Him as a vine whose root was God. Whether we acknowledge or not that these agents of the Most High were endowed with the power of suspending the laws that govern matter, we must admit that they were possessed of a far greater power than falls to the lot of the most favored of men. Their disciples believed on them, died for the truths they taught, and followed their teachings even with the assurance that suffering, so far as this life

concerned, would be their only reward. The power that could sustain them under these circumstances must have been Divine, for no merely human power would be adequate to the task. Jesus Christ came not to save the righteous, but to lead sinners to repentance. For these He opened the way for reconciliation with God. His teachings, as He said, were not of Himself, but "the Father which sent me; He gave me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak. And I know that His commandment is life everlasting." Now we must either doubt His word or admit that his teachings are such as will lead to life. They are embodied in the New Testament, and it is to them we are indebted for much of the spiritual knowledge we possess. Deprive us of the Scriptures and wherein would our knowledge of Divine truth be superior to that of the heathen philosophers of Greece or Rome, or to that of the professors of many religions now extant upon the earth? As christianity is superior to all other forms of ethics, so is the history of its origin and the rules of action laid down by its founder, the knowledge most necessary of all others for a man to possess. And though it may not be for us to confine the workings of Deity in the salvation of the soul to any existing or pre-existing form of action, we must all reverently admit that, in the counsels of infinite wisdom, the plan laid down in the Scriptures is eminently calculated to produce this desired result. And that if we will cultivate a disposition for goodness in our hearts, and apply to him for aid and counsel, as therein directed, we shall ultimately have an evidence of acceptance that will prove a rest to our souls. Let us not, then, dear friends, undervalue any of the agents of the Most High, and least of all, that history of them which has so often proved a source of comfort to the weary and the suffering.

W.

Waterford, Va., 10th month, 1875.

ONE great principle which we should lay down as immovably true is, that if a good work cannot be carried on by the calm, self-controlled, benevolent spirit of Christianity, when the time for doing it has not come. God asks not the aid of our vices or follies. He can overrule them for good, but they are not his chosen instruments of human happiness.

THERE is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest and the most steadfast happiness.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DISASTER.

The idea of Law—that is, an undeviating order in the universe—makes a strong and salutary impression on thoughtful minds in our time. All observation of nature—both external nature, and the inner world of man—testifies to the reign of Laws as a fact. And the moral sense recognizes the sublimity of the fact. It accords with our idea of the fitness of things that with the Perfect One who governs all there should be "no variability, neither shadow of turning."

But it is to be borne in mind that with our limited faculties we can discern but a small part of the vast sweep of Divine Law. And especially, those methods and processes which we discern by the senses are but the outermost rim. Back of these lies a world of mystery unfathomable by sense. In its inmost secret it is wholly unfathomable by man. Yet, far deeper than sense can look, the splendors of the unseen world are revealed to man's spiritual faculties. Trust and love can interpret where sense and reason are dumb.

Material law is truly read by the intellect as a part of the Divine order of creation. But no less truly or certainly does the soul reach the higher law of a Divine beneficence controlling all things.

When a shipwreck, or conflagration, or other catastrophe sweeps away wealth and life, it belongs to us as an imperative duty to trace the disaster back to the immediate causes, and heed the lesson of violated law. When a house falls in because it was badly built, or burns because the mason stinted his work, or when a ship is lost because her owners sacrificed safety to speed, the first duty of society is to trace the disaster to its cause, to hold the culprit sternly responsible, and to see that other builders and ship-owners profit by the lesson.

But if we end here, if in disaster we find no meaning except a warning to guard in future against the causes which contributed to it, we are left encompassed by fate so dark that all our courage and wisdom throw but the faintest ray upon its gloom.

On the steamship *Schiller* there perished a woman who has since been made known to the world by the beautiful and touching tributes called forth by her death. She had prepared herself, against great obstacles and discouragements, for the practice of medicine. She had, even at the beginning of her career, showed rare genius for her art, and a sympathetic nature which made her indeed a messenger of mercy. Young, accomplished, strengthened by many years of patient preparation for her work, full of purpose and capacity to serve her race, the ship she



sailed in struck upon a rock at night, and as she knelt praying on the deck, a sea swept her away.

What shall we say of it? "A terrible fault somewhere—investigate—punish—let captains and steamship companies learn to be prudent"? Yes; but is that all? Was that noble life just opening into usefulness only a sacrifice to point a lesson of careful seamanship, and was it all waste and loss except for this?

If there be no further comfort than that, sad indeed is the lot of man! If all that gives value to life—if ripened character, noble purpose, the love ready to give itself for others, the faith that on the sinking ship looks up to find a Father's face—if all this ends in nothingness, save only that sea-captains may perhaps be taught to be more careful, then are mankind indeed the children of sorrow and despair. It is in vain that we seek to make a deity of Law that thus sweeps our best and dearest in undistinguishing ruin. If we have no God but that, we may wrap our faith in what high-sounding words we will, it is still but orphanage and hopelessness. Man is then himself higher and nobler than anything else in the universe, and is the sport of forces less intelligent and less merciful than the brutes.

This is the inevitable result, if we take material law as the highest interpreter of the unseen Power. We can so take it only by silencing the noblest voices within us, both of the intellect and the heart. We must suppose rather that in that mysterious, all-controlling Power, there is something which corresponds to the highest element in man. We must suppose that the moral sense, the sympathy, the trust in right, which are the crowning qualities of human nature, are the best indications also of that which lies above and beyond human nature. We must suppose that through all the immediate manifestations of matter and force of which the senses take cognizance, there runs an all-embracing purposes; that this purpose moves towards ends not less, but transcendently greater than our thoughts and hopes; and that the generous purpose, the patience, the trust, the love,—in a word, the higher selves,—which are the faintest growth of our earthly lives, are at the mercy neither of man's assault nor of the destroying forces of matter: they are in God's keeping; they share his strength and his immortality. We are to understand that, through all the processes of the material world, through all operations of society, through the very errors and defects of men, a care more than fatherly is working out good to every soul.

"Master," asked the Jews, "who did sin,

this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Always in some form or other we repeat the question before the misfortunes of humanity. No answer has yet been found so deep as that which Jesus gave: "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be manifest in him." "The works of God"—works of beneficence so profound that in the very abysses of human suffering it finds its occasion and instruments to raise men to the shining heights, "of which our God himself is moon and sun."

We are to receive with reverence that truth though incomplete revelation of the Divine plan which is contained in material law. Our own success and our service to others lie primarily in understanding and conforming to all the requirements of the situation which we are placed. There is nothing in the belief in all-governing beneficence to incite any man to ignore the conditions under which that beneficence has placed him. On the contrary, it is only he who heartily seeks to conform every part of his life to the Divine law who can rightly enter in the sense of the Divine love. It is when having done all that lies in our power, we feel our own utter littleness in the vast universe, our own worthlessness compared with that goodness toward which our thoughts are out—it is then that we may rest in absolute trust on God himself. His is "the eternal goodness" of which Whittier has sung, words that embody an imperishable faith:

"I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments, too, are right.

"I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And he can do no wrong.

"I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

"And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

—From the *Christian Union*

LET the grounds of our actions be not beginning upon reason, proceeding with pride measured by the common lives of men, and confident upon the expectation of a usual Providence.—*Taylor.*

**CREEDS.**—It has been the fault of all sects, that they have been too anxious to define their religion. They have labored to circumscribe the Infinite. Christianity, as it exists in the mind of the true disciple, is not made up of fragments, of separate ideas, which he can express in detached propositions. It is a vast and ever-unfolding whole, pervaded by one spirit; each precept and doctrine deriving its vitality from its union with all. When I see this generous, heavenly doctrine compressed and cramped in human creeds, I feel as I should were I to see screws and chains applied to the countenance and limbs of a noble fellow-creature, deforming and destroying one of the most beautiful works of God.—*Channing.*

#### THE SUPREMACY OF THE MORAL LAW.

It may be objected that God's government of the world by fixed laws is in many cases inconsistent with His justice, or at least that only a sort of rough rudimentary justice is to be discerned in them. The fair infant dying of a cough—

"Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,"

because some one has neglected the conditions of health, is not an example of divine justice. And if the question which was once put to Christ is asked in such a case, Which did sin, this child or its parents? the answer will be in the same spirit. Neither this child nor its parents, but that the laws of health and physical well-being might be vindicated. There is no act of justice in this; but a lesson and a warning. And if the objector again retorts: Yes, but might not the same lesson have been taught without this waste of human life? the answer is: First, at any rate you have the power of saving life and removing the evil; and, second, are you quite sure that this or any other evil may not be an imperfect good which will hereafter be perfected?

For indeed the objector is right if he means to say that the heart and conscience of man rise above this state of nature in which we live. There is something within him which is not satisfied; a sense of right or a longing desire for the good of other men, which demands more than he can find in this present world. Perhaps when gazing upon some pleasant prospect of hill and woodland, and the sea beyond gleaming beneath the setting sun; or when he lifts up his eyes and beholds the stars coming out one by one in the azure heaven, he is tempted to think that this is the fairest of worlds. But ever and anon, when he recalls his own miserable condition, and that of his fellow-men, the whole creation, which may be described in the language of the apostle as "groaning together until now,"

waiting to be delivered; when he remembers the clouds of sin and passion which have darkened his whole life, the imperfection of his best things, the festering masses of evil in our great towns, the heartlessness, the conventionality, the irrationality of mankind in general, he is strangely impressed with the contrast of the fairness of the world without, and the sadness of the man within. He feels that he and his fellow-creatures were not meant for this, and that God has not left himself without a witness higher than the order of nature or the common life of all men.

This is that moral law which He has implanted in our hearts, and which tells us not what is but what ought to be, and what will be when His purposes are finally accomplished. This is that witness which tells of God: 1st. That He is true ("Yea, let God be true, but every man a liar"); 2d. That He is just ("shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"); 3d. That He is loving, and wills that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. This is that law of which in a distant age and country the Greek poet also spoke when he said: "Who will give me purity of word and deed that I may observe the laws whose foundation is on high, and of which Heaven is the only sire?" and again, "for these things are not of to day or yesterday, but live forever, and no one knows from whence they came." This is that law of duty which the philosopher summed up in his celebrated formula: "Act so as to approve yourself to every rational intelligence." This is that law of which the psalmists and the prophets speak with an enthusiasm which would strike us as wonderful if our ears were not deadened by familiarity: "Thy testimonials are my delight day and night;" "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart." May not almost the whole Book of Psalms be described as a sort of rapture of the love of good and hatred of evil, accompanied by an intense consciousness that amid all appearances to the contrary God is ever on the side of right? Are not the prophecies again the revelation of the truth and justice and mercy of God (not the second sight of future events, as some imagine), but a real revelation of God, in which the prophet is always rising above the visible and temporal, the ordinances and ceremonies of the Jewish law, the traditions of the Jewish people, correcting, enlarging, purifying them, struggling towards another world which he sees in the distance: Lo, O man! He hath shown thee what He requires of thee: To do justice and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God. Is not this the sum of religion for all men everywhere? Might we not say, in the



words of Christ: On this hang all the law and the prophets?

This is that other and higher voice of law in the world whose seat is the bosom of God, to which not only Christ and the prophets witness, but in a measure the ancient legislators and philosophers also, "feeling after God, if haply they might find him;" the teachers and prophets of the East, too, and good men everywhere, yea, and our own hearts also. Even those who have not acknowledged a personal God have yet recognized a principle of right higher than nature, a future which is to be preferred to the present, a better self which has the care and control over the worst, a duty to other men as well as to ourselves. Nor did anyone ever really doubt the authority of a moral law.—*Prof. Jewett on "Science and Religion," in the Christian Register.*

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 23, 1875.

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"SOCIAL GATHERINGS."—A friend has sent us an essay on the subject of promoting sociability among the members of our Society, with information that a "sociable" has been started in connection with the meeting held in Lombard street, Baltimore; and that it is held monthly except during the summer months, on the evenings of Monthly Meeting days. Our correspondent does not state whether the gathering has any object beyond the cultivation of social feeling, and to pass an hour or two pleasantly. But, whatever the object, we think he errs in drawing a comparison between such social occasions and the more formal character of our meetings for discipline. The latter are *business* meetings; and while it would be very grateful to the older portion of the Society if the younger members would more frequently attend them and give their aid in conducting the business, yet it must be evident that they cannot be so far changed in their object as to be called "social gatherings."

We approve the efforts that are made to bring the older and the younger members of a meeting into more intimate acquaintance, and believe that social gatherings, at stated times and places, when not too formal or burthened by many regulations, have a good influence as far as they go; substituting for the frivolous amusements that attract too

many, something of a more elevating character.

Friends' Social Lyceum of Philadelphia established many years since, is still in operation, and may be cited as an institution of this character. There are, in other places, similar literary societies, that have done and are still doing, much for all classes of our members. We have been informed that Friends near Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, also at Germantown near Philadelphia, have started lyceums; the latter under the title of "Friends' Social Lyceum of Germantown," meets in the meeting house on School lane every Fourth-day evening.

We agree with our correspondent that, as a religious Society, we should have something to reach a class of members who are seldom seen in our meetings for business, and who take little interest in the welfare of the Society; but we doubt the efficacy of purely social and intellectual gatherings to meet this want. These have a place, and should be encouraged, but we have need to develop the devotional element more fully. There is a hungering amongst us for higher things, craving for a clearer insight into the treasures "hid with Christ in God."

Our First-day School Unions and Associations have in a measure prepared the way for a freer expression of religious feeling; they have helped many to rise above the spirit of fear that has in the past kept them silent when, had they been faithful to the Divine promptings, they might have been heard in our assemblies, to the edification and comfort of many earnest seekers. It is not that we lack feeling, but we want more faith; faith in ourselves, in one another, and, more than all, in the promises of our Heavenly Father, which have been declared to be, "yea and amen forever."

Could we at times come together in the freedom of a home gathering, sitting down in the waiting condition that so becomes a spiritually-minded people, and as the glow of heavenly love melts all into the oneness, express the word of exhortation or encouragement, which is felt to arise in the life, taking no thought save to obey, though it may be but in few words, feebly expressed, it might be

as a spring in the wilderness, refreshing the waste places.

We are surrounded by efforts on the part of other branches of the Christian church, to extend what they term "the Redeemer's kingdom." Let us be as earnest for the spreading of this kingdom *as we understand it*, the kingdom of righteousness and peace within our borders. We long to have the wanderers find that there is bread enough and to spare in the portion of our Father's heritage in which they have been reared, and that He has work awaiting the hands now hanging listlessly idle—work for all of every age and capacity.

In the great forward movement now apparent, it will not do for us to compass the mountain longer, having in the past of our history been among the first to hear and obey the command, "Speak to my people that they move forward." If we fail now to respond; in the very position which we have occupied enhances our danger. We cannot fall back without loss, and possible overthrow. We must awaken to the responsibilities of the hour, and, profiting by the experiences of the past and the lessons of the present, adapt our forms of thought and methods of religious instruction, to the wants of the age in which we find ourselves. This is what the fathers and mothers of our Society in its rise saw and acted upon, with results that have benefitted succeeding generations.

#### MARRIED.

GRIFFEN—UNDERHILL.—On the 22d of Ninth month, at the residence of the bride's parents, by friends' ceremony, George J., son of Daniel H. and Mary W. Griffen, to Mary, daughter of R. Mott and Hannah L. Underhill, all of Yorktown, Westchester county, N. Y.

#### DIED.

BROOKS.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Albert J. Cunningham, Eighth month 10th, 1875, after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Hannah Brooks, in the 72d year of age; an elder and member of Fawn Particular Deer Creek Monthly Meeting.

GILLINGHAM.—In this city, on the 11th instant, after a short and painful illness, Lydia Gillingham. It is the privilege of only a few women to be so loved, loved and lamented as Lydia Gillingham. She stood in the foremost rank as an educator the last thirty years, her name has become familiar in many households, and her lessons of purity, truth, of courage and steadfastness in the right,

to the young hearts whose privilege it was to call her teacher, are already blossoming around new hearthstones, and the children's children rise up to call her blessed. Not only in our religious Society will her name be venerated, but the grace and quiet dignity of her manner gave her almost unbounded influence in the families of those who only know of Friends through their institutions of learning. The simple and unaffected courtesy of her deportment, and the candor and purity of her character, gave evidence of the highest moral excellence, and the tenderness manifested towards her pupils won for her an affection scarcely less devoted than that bestowed upon a mother. Her grave is too fresh, for those who loved her to trace fitting words of tribute to her noble nature; but we trust some hand will be guided, some heart inspired, to do justice to her memory. Her earthly life closed in peace.

LEE.—At his residence in Belmont county, Ohio, on the 25th of Third month, 1875, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian patience and resignation, John E. Lee, in the 62d year of his age.

He left a well-grounded hope that his day's work was done in the day-time. He was convinced of Friends' principles when young, and became a member of Baltimore Meeting, where he lived, in the simplicity of the truth, for some years. In 1840 he moved with his family to Ohio, and became a member of Still Water Monthly Meeting. For a few years he was a member of Allen Creek Monthly Meeting; but, returning to Still Water, he remained a faithful and upright member till his death. He left a widow and six children, with many relatives and friends, to mourn their loss. His remains were interred in Friends' burying-ground, Richland, after a solemn meeting which was held on the occasion.

TAYLOR.—At her home, near Springboro', Warren county, Ohio, Ninth month 29th, 1875, Frances Taylor, aged 70 years. She was a daughter of Mordecai and Frances Taylor, deceased, and a member of Springboro' Monthly Meeting of Friends.

WILLIAMS.—On the 16th of Ninth month, 1875, Howard Williams, in his 88th year; a member of Race Street Monthly Meeting.

Full of years, he has been gathered to his fathers, and the places which have known him so long shall know him no more forever. He met death with a tranquility which was a fitting climax to the purity and rectitude of his life. Spotless in his integrity, unostentatious in his charity, lofty in his moral sense—he has left behind him a name and a memory to which we would fain pay the silent tribute of our tears. Nature had bestowed upon him extraordinary physical powers, which his active and methodical habits tended to conserve, and he retained possession of his faculties almost up to the moment when the bonds snapped asunder, and his spirit passed out, through the valley, into the eternal haven of the just.

THE great ends of all study, of all acquirement, are ability and disposition to discharge more effectually our duties as men and as citizens. He who is not a better brother, neighbor, friend and citizen, because of his superior knowledge, may very well doubt whether his knowledge is really superior to the ignorance of the unlettered many around him.



For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 70.

(Continued from page 541.)

## FROM TUSCANY TO VENETIA.

On the 22d of Fifth month we devoted the afternoon to the studios of some of the prominent sculptors who are pursuing their avocation in Florence. Our countryman, Thomas Ball, has just finished a model for a colossal bronze statue of Daniel Webster, for the park at New York, and invites all interested in art to call to-day and see the semblance of the great Statesman before it goes to Munich to be cast in ever-during brass. So away we go in the warm sunshine out the Porta Romana, and up the broad avenue which leads to the palace villa called the Poggia Imperiale. In the midst of beautiful arches of trees, and in full view of the city and its charming environs, we found the studio of the artist. A servant stands at the gate of the pleasant villa to welcome visitors, and another receives us at the door, and we are in the midst of the perfected works of the sculptor—his fine fancies carved in snowy marble. Here is the Evangelist John, full of dignity and earnestness. In apocalyptic vision he has just heard the inspiring voice commanding him to write "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "Faith and the Angel" represents elevated religious feeling, illustrating the words of the Apostle. "Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The angel quenches the torch of life, and withdraws the veil from the kneeling figure of Faith, and holy hope and trust become blessed certainty. These works are for Boston, but it is said that the St. John, increased to colossal proportions, has been proposed for Greenwood at New York. The "Eve" of Thomas Ball, is highly praised by many better judges, but she failed to make any abiding impression on my mind. Abraham Lincoln, stooping with a look of beaming tenderness to liberate the slave, seems, indeed, to be invoking the considerate judgment of mankind and the favor of Eternal Wisdom and Justice. The portrait, statues, and smiling studies of lovely and happy childhood, attest practical skill and taste, and claim a share of the admiring notice of the host of visitors; but here stands the sculptor himself, receiving his troop of friends with a smiling courtesy, and introducing them to his latest achievement, the colossal Statesman in clay. It is a noble, life-like figure, I think, and one that Americans will be proud to see in a prominent position in our country. I am told that

Thomas Ball knew the "Great Expounder" and had heard him in some of his most stirring speeches which contributed so largely to his fame. The majesty and dignity of the statue is combined with great simplicity and naturalness, and one scarcely notices the elegance and almost clumsiness of the modern attire in which it is, of course, represented. He seems to be solemnly warning his countrymen to listen to the voice of reason and to lay aside sectional prejudices, to do justice to each other for the right's sake, and not to appeal to the cruel barbaric sword and plunge into a bitter warfare, which may hopelessly sunder the nation, and forever dispel all hopes of her continued advancement in the pathway of civilization. Standing before the majestic figure of the great senator, one mentally questions how he could have hoped that national greatness and glory could ever be securely builded on a foundation which did not exclude human slavery.

In the immediate vicinity of Ball's studio is that of the son and successor of Hiram Powers. Here we seek and find admission, and are courteously shown the beautiful works which gave a world-wide celebrity to our gifted countryman. I had never before seen the "Eve after the Fall," and was greatly impressed with its noble, pathetic expression, so much more aspiring and grand than the sculptor's ideal of the lovely mother of mankind before her transgression. Perhaps I am not a correct observer, but I imagined I saw the noble and refined expression of the Eve Repentant in many other of the well-known and often described works of Hiram Powers. A bust of Louis Agassiz, striking and life-like, having the genial, smiling visage, so characteristic of the great professor, was in progress as were many other works which I will not attempt to describe. The afternoon was far advanced, and we desired to look upon the models and unfinished works of the lately deceased sculptor, Fuller. This was near at hand and a workman opened our knock. We took a hasty survey of many portrait busts, among which is the remarkably beautiful colored sculptor who memorializes the young Hindoo gentleman, a Rajah in his native land, who died a life time ago in Florence. I had before seen and admired its situation in an elegant life oriental temple, at the extremity of the drive in the Cascine at Florence. There were several elaborate groups in marble, but as daylight was too far gone to admit of any minute examination of them. But if I had contemplated them under the full noon-day light, at leisure, I should not have had enough discrimination to find any fault.

On the 26th of Fifth month, we take leave

of Florence, having given twenty days to its delights. I go away with profound regret, not having seen half the charming city has to show of beauty and interest, but the time has come to go onward towards the fair city of the seas, the bride of the Adriatic. The day is very warm, and the weather dry, the sun beams down fiercely as we move swiftly down the valley of the Arno for a few miles, and then branch away to the northeast, drawing nearer and nearer to the snow-flecked Apennines which stretch away to the northward. Westop a few minutes at Pistoja where, it is said, pistols were invented. We see nothing more of the town, however, than the railway station, which looks just like all other railway stations, and soon are off again towards the mountains, passing pretty villas as we traverse the populous and fertile Tuscan land. We are fortunate in having a car entirely to ourselves, and are indulging in a fine current of air as the train ascends into the mountain lands, when suddenly the pure breeze and the inspiring scenery are exchanged for the sulphurous, stifling darkness of a long tunnel. Hastily closing the windows we await in stifled patience the emergence into daylight and pure air, and open the windows with a view of getting rid of the poisonous gas which has invaded the carriage; but lo! here we are in another tunnel, and then another, and another, and another, till the dispensation of cavernous, roaring, mountain depths seems endless. It is written, and I believe it, that the railway from Florence to Bologna passes through forty-five tunnels, and that the road is one of the grandest in Europe. In the brief intervals of light we could get glimpses of the grandeur of the mountains, of the wild beauty of the deep gorges, and of wondrous bridges and viaducts which lead from tunnel to tunnel. The amount of labor and of skill expended in constructing such a railway over and through the mountain ridges is astonishing, though, of course, less amazing than some other of the roads which have been built in recent days.

At length the mountain ridges are passed, and we descend into the valley of the Po, and a little after mid-day we reach the ancient and famous city of Bologna. It boasts of more than 100,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most important towns in Italy, having numerous churches, monasteries and a celebrated university, besides many valuable and interesting works of art. But the day is so very warm that we dread to undertake a hard afternoon's work at sight-seeing, and think it wiser to go directly onward to our destination—Venice.

In an hour and a half we reach Ferrara, an old town of broad, deserted streets and

mouldering palaces, bearing sad witness to its former prosperity. It was the seat of the celebrated court of the House of Este, a Tuscan family of princes, who were liberal patrons of literature and the arts. Indeed it is said that

"Whoe'er in Italy is known to fame,"

This lordly house a frequent guest can claim."

But we do not linger to examine the House of Ariosto, nor the reminiscences of Tasso; neither shall we take time to muse beside its towers and palaces. It is stated that the Guelphs, from whom were descended the families of Brunswick and Hanover, sprang from the race of Este.

Three and a half miles north of Ferrara we cross the Po and enter the State of Venetia, now a part of the united kingdom of Italy. Away we go over the classic ground of the Republic of the waters, by ancient towns and ruined castles, till we reach Padua on the Bacchiglione, a town which professes to have been founded by Antenor, brother-in-law of Priam of Troy. Here our way turns to the eastward. Far away to the north we can see the Tyrolese Alps, but we are traversing low lands, and I soon fancy I can perceive the coolness of the sea. About five o'clock the waters come in sight, and there is Venice rising from its lagoon, sure enough. And now our train traverses the mighty bridge, more than two miles long and twenty-eight feet in breadth. It is one of the grandest works of its class in the world, consisting of long embankments and 222 arches, and it leads us into the city of our desire. A most commonplace depot receives the train; we descend just as usual, go through the ordinary formula just as in any other city, and I begin to wonder whether the uncrowned Queen of the Seas has any distinct individuality. But passing through a doorway we reach the water again. This is the entrance to the Grand Canal, which makes a double curve through Venice, and these are the Gondolas, so long and so favorably known to fame. Now a gondola is long and black, having a sharp, bright, metallic prow, raised up in an aggressive manner; the stern, too, is sharp and metal-pointed, and rises from the waters in a spirited style, so that not more than two-thirds of the lower surface of the boat touches the waters. There is a nice low cushioned seat with a back luxuriously inclined, in the middle of the boat, and a rower stands at each end and propels us swiftly along the street of waters. On either side rise the ancient buildings—many of them noble palaces—seemingly as firm as when first builded. Many of them are of deep historic interest, but to-night I am too weary to study them, and just let them glide by like a splen-



did dream. Then, too, a sombre gloom, as of solemn and terrible memories seems hovering over the strange scene, and a rumbling roar, like terrific cannonade, startles the silence. "Does Venice welcome us with a salvo of artillery?" I wonder idly, when down comes an unmistakable thunder shower. There is not the slightest chance of shelter, it seems, and my cloak is strapped up so securely that it requires several resolute tugs to get it loose, while, in the meantime, the pitiless rain streams down. But here is a fine bridge which I have often seen pictured, and our little craft darts under its sheltering archway. We rest safely under the shadowy Rialto till the rain has spent its fury. Thus tearfully does the Bride of the Seas receive her votaries to-night. After the shower abates we proceed on our way and soon reach the part of the city where the hotels abound, and after a few disappointments find apartments at the Citta da Monnaca (City of Munich), within five minutes' walk of St Mark's Place, and with a fine view of the open lagoon and of one of the stateliest and most picturesque of the churches of Venice. I am delighted beyond measure to have reached this most interesting city, and now hope to have many days of leisurely sight-seeing in the city amidst the seas.

The city of Venice rests upon 117 islands, which are united by about 400 bridges, and is large enough to have accommodated, in its most populous period, the fifteenth century, a population of 180,000 or 200,000. It was at this period the commercial center of the civilized world and the mistress of the Mediterranean. But in the sixteenth century, when the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, the great commercial importance of Venice declined, and gradually departed forever. The once proud and splendid republic of the seas became the spoil of conquering peoples, and in the eighteenth century Venice ceased to occupy an important place among the nations of the earth. The release of Venetia from the Austrian thrall and her union with the kingdom of Italy, has introduced an new era in the sad city of the Doges, and we see the descendants of the old Roman Veneti under the inspiring influence of a new and joyful hope.

The story of the origin and the early struggles of the people who fled to the marshy islands of the lagoons to save themselves from the hated yoke of the Barbarian conquerors, who overran Italy on the downfall of the Roman Empire; and of the thousand years of republican liberty enjoyed by this energetic and most noble-minded people, is of fascinating interest; and some little knowledge of the

annals of the nation is quite essential to intelligent enjoyment of the wonders of the city of the seas. The splendor with which the eldest republic of Christendom invests her capital city can be inferred from the glorious buildings, which attest the taste and wealth of their founders; and the noble work of art which clothe the walls and decorate the halls of the old palaces, bear eloquent witness to the high culture of the fine arts, and to the creative genius of the sons of mediæval Venice. Goethe enthusiastically praises the relics of art and culture here preserved as "a grand and reverend work of collective human effort," "a monument, not of a ruler, but of a people."

Our first morning in Venice (Fifth month 27th,) is cold with a strong wind, making warm clothing a pleasant necessity after the debilitating heat we have experienced in Florence and during our journey hither. A long repeated clamor of bells awakens the sleepers at a very early hour, and the voices of the gondoliers whose boats are moored just below the windows, drive away all thoughts of sleep. I rise and look down into the narrow street or *calle*, as it is called, which is the line of division between the houses. It is not over eight or ten feet wide, I think, and the buildings rise up five or six stories high on either hand, it is rather a gloomy passage. The people are passing and repassing and exchanging morning salutations pleasantly. They have not the heavy, solid foot-fall of the Anglo-Saxons, but tread lightly, almost noiselessly, and they do not seem to be in a hurry. Calm and serious, clad in the grotesque vestments of his nation and decked with the inevitable long cue of the celestial stands John Chinaman taking a survey of the little spot of Venetian life which the Colle Vallarossa can show. He is serving on an Austrian ship which lies out yonder in the harbor, and is taking his holiday just as he likes it—quietly. The British, the Austrian and the Turkish colors float from the stately vessels at anchor in the near distance, while the fair flag of regenerated and united Italy waves a hospitable welcome to all. I think few cities present a fairer front to the world than she who sits upon the islets of the Adriatic.

The great point of interest is just at hand and we give our first morning to the great square, or rather quadrangle, of St. Mark. We enter it from the west end and get a fine view of the beautiful, gilded, oriental-looking basilica of San Marco under most favorable circumstances. Its domes and spires glitter in the morning rays, and its fairy-like delicacy of detail suggest the work of magic like the fanciful creations of the Arabian Nights.

The edifices surrounding the Piazza embody the history of architecture for a thousand years; the oldest and most striking of these being the church which raises its glittering facade of mosaics at the eastern end.

It is stated that in 552 a chapel to St. Theodore had already been erected on this site by the Greek Captain Narses, who, according to tradition, visited the young city of the isles. In the early part of the ninth century the body of St. Mark, the Evangelist, was stolen from Alexandria by some Venetian merchants, who, to prevent the interference of the authorities, pretended they were carrying from the city nothing more honorable nor venerable than *pork*. The relics of the apostle were received with great exultation by the people, and they quickly deposed their old patron Saint Theodore, and erected a new church which they dedicated to Mark. This edifice was destroyed by fire in 977, and the Doge, Pietro Orseola, commenced the work of rebuilding, in a style of much greater magnificence, out of his own private fortune, calling to the work the most famous architects of the day. In about a hundred years it was completed, in all its glory of rare and costly marbles and golden mosaics. The oriental architecture and the oriental glow and richness of the decorations bear witness to the frequent intercourse of Venice with the eastern lands in these days. Succeeding centuries have repeatedly enriched the glorious edifice, and it was used for various purposes in the best days of the Republic. Here assembled not only the synods and councils of the church, but congresses which were called together to debate upon the public welfare and upon war or peace. According to the Byzantine style, St. Mark has five separate domes, and a separate atrio, also dome roofed, and is cruciform in its ground plan. The outer as well as the inner walls are faced with marbles from the floor to the beginning of the mosaics in the gold ground. Some five hundred columns of marble, of most varied tints, embellish both the interior and the exterior of this dream-like edifice. And here, if I had at hand, I would append John Ruskin's most glorious and poetic description of the basilica in his "Stones of Venice," for it is only such accomplished students of architecture as he who can speak fittingly of this amazingly rich mediæval temple. S. R.

Sixth month 1st, 1875.

#### REST AS A RENOVATOR.

"Blessings on the man," says Sancho Panza, "who first invented sleep!" Probably sleep came upon the first man rather as an

unconscious fulfillment of the order of his being than as a discovery sought out and invented. Every mother and every nurse knows that sleep, instead of being welcomed, is contumaciously resisted by the little child, for, anticipating the character of manhood and womanhood, babies commence life by crying protests against the conditions of existence. The chief and indispensable requisite to long and healthy life is rest, and the indication of its need is fatigue, just as certainly as hunger prompts eating and thirst suggests drinking. Among the courses fallaciously considered improvements on a state of nature is that resistance against rest which the feverish demands of society impose upon everybody. To go without food or drink would be quite as rational as to dispense with sleep and rest. Nobody thinks of abstinence from food, however, though it would be quite as sensible to see how long one could go without eating as without repose. On the contrary, food and drink are drawn in as allies in the unnatural war against quiet of mind and body; pressure on the brain and the stomach is maintained, that no part of the system may escape fatigue. The human constitution in all its parts and functions, is forced into unnatural and wasting excitement.

It is an unwearied world. And what then? It is a hungry world, too, and hunger finds relief in food. So should unrest find its relief in repose, and repose should be sought as resolutely as a hungry man seeks his dinner. We can no more exist without rest than without food. Why not remember the nightly recurring commemoration of primal institution and the seven days' interval, whose antiquity is proven by the mystical traditions concerning the number seven; traditions, the date of which no man can fix. One-seventh of man's working time is consecrated to rest, both by religious and natural sanction. It is overworked man's privilege, and he, of course, will claim it. These are matters to be thought of by those who are seeking "rest" and "recuperation" by rushing about over the railroads and among summer resorts, indulging in card parties, wine parties, "hops," and other inventions for keeping late hours, as if the whole design of the summer holiday is to crowd as much *fatigue* as possible into their season of "rest."

—Public Ledger.

THE roof of Westminster Abbey, in London, long supposed to be of oak, when examined last year was found to be of chestnut. It was sound and perfect, although it had stood for eight centuries already, which would go to show that chestnut timber is pretty good for building purposes.



## THE CALIFORNIA PITCHER PLANT.

One of the most remarkable products of the vegetable world, says the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and one for which this coast is famous, is the singular plant which is familiarly known by the above title, but which among botanists is better recognized as *Darlingtonia Californica*. It is a native of the northern portions of the State, chiefly of the district around Mount Shasta, where it grows in boggy places on the slopes of mountains. It belongs to the natural order *Savaceniaceae*, and is the only species of its genus, though several of its near relatives are found in the swampy districts of the Atlantic States. *Darlingtonia* is remarkable for its habit of entrapping insects which are attracted toward the hood at the extremity of the tubular leaves, probably by its bright color and its resemblance to a flower. Once inside the hood, they pass down the tube which forms the stem, and on attempting to escape find their exit prevented by a number of fine hairs pointing downward, which offer a secure means of imprisonment for the unfortunate insects. It is not unusual to find the leaf stems at their base filled to the depth of four or five inches with insect remains. Mr. Harry Edwards, who has recently spent some time in the region of Mount Shasta, and who has brought to San Francisco some admirable specimens of the *Darlingtonia*, informs us that he counted no less than thirty-six insects of various orders which had met their death in the embrace of this curious plant. It is somewhat singular that Darwin, in his new book on "Insectivorous Plants," makes no mention whatever of this species, particularly as the plant has been successfully cultivated in England. Mr. Robinson, of the Field newspaper, made a journey to this country two years ago for the express purpose of investigating it in its native wilds. The observations made by Mr. Edwards, especially those with reference to the species of insects entrapped, will at once be forwarded by that gentleman to Dr. Darwin, by whom they will probably be employed in a future edition of his book. The specimens which have given birth to these remarks have been admirably photographed by Bradley and Rulotson, and have been placed by Mr. Edwards on exhibition in the garden of the Mechanics' Fair.

---

"HONOR ALL MEN."

Whom shall we honor? Kings on thrones all golden,  
With crowns of orient pearls, and Tyrian robe,  
Heirs of the might of generations olden,  
Stretching their sceptre over half the globe?

Whom shall we honor? Statesmen sage and hoary,  
Wise to retain, and wiser to reform,

Stirred by no thirst but that of life's true glory,  
Bold pilots through the darkness and the storm

Whom shall we honor? Poets chanting sweetly  
The lays of might that thrill a nation's heart,  
High souls that do their Master's bidding meekly,  
And on the mountain summits roam apart?

Nay, not these only; infants in their weakness,  
Slaves in their galleys, prisoners in their cell;  
Young girls that shrink and quail in maiden meekness,  
Sick, poor, unknowing—honor these as well.

Calm let the voice be, kind as angel's greeting;  
Gentle the words, as one who fears to pain;  
Reproach with pity, wrath with love still meeting  
Searching how best thy brother's soul to gain.

So spake true saints of God, and won men's favor  
So lived meek Paul, in pure and blameless guile  
Now with clear joy, and now in accents graver,  
Rousing each conscience, winning each to smile.

So subtly truthful, courteous, calm and gentle,  
Drawing all hearts with cords of trust and love  
His true sons guarding with a love parental,  
He moved, as bright stars through the darkness move.

So spake our Master, patient, meek and lowly,  
To way-worn travelers, Israel's wandering shee  
He, the All-pure, receiving men unholy,  
Sharing their joys, and weeping as they weep.

Yea, doubt it not; each soul deserves that honor  
We may count none as common or unclean;  
She beareth still the King's true stamp upon her  
Marred, half effaced, His likeness still is seen.

Hushed be each word and thought of wrath and scorning.  
Turn not away in weariness or pride;  
When the light dawns of life's eternal morning,  
The poorest, frailest, may be at thy side.

Yes, honor all; but keep thy heart's best loving  
For those true brothers, children of thy God,  
On the same pathway, to the same goal moving,  
The straight and narrow way our Master trod.

Love with a love that does not fail nor languish  
Enduring, zealous, hoping, helping all;  
Quick to console all sorrow, soothe all anguish,  
Still burning brightly though the thick night fall.

—Sunday Magazine.

---

TAKE ALL.

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be,  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

—FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

From the Railway World, June 26.

#### THE DISCOVERY AND INTRODUCTION OF ANTHRACITE COAL.

The discovery of anthracite coal was made in the Wyoming valley over one hundred years ago, when it was used for smithing purposes, and during the revolutionary war quantities of it were taken down the Susquehanna in arks for use at the government arsenal at Carlisle. The impression that it required an artificial blast to burn it, and the abundance of wood, prevented its introduction as a fuel for domestic purposes for many years. The first record we have of its successful use in a common grate was in 1808. Judge Fell, of Wilkesbarre, experimented with it, first using a wooden grate. He argued that if he succeeded in burning up his wooden grate, he would then be warranted in making an iron one, which he afterwards did, making the grate with his own hands in his nephew's shop. The following memorandum of the experiment was made by the judge at the time :

Feb. 11, of Masonry 5808. Made the experiment of burning the common stone coal of the valley, in a grate, in a common fireplace in my house, and find it will answer the purpose of fuel, making a clearer and better fire, at less expense, than burning wood in the common way.

[Signed]

JESSE FELL.

February 11th, 1808.

The first discovery of coal in the Lehigh region was made at Summit Hill, in 1791, by poor hunter of the name of Philip Ginter. He accidentally discovered at the roots of a fallen tree the black dirt and pieces of coal forming the outcrop of the seam. He revealed this secret to Col. Jacob Weiss, for the consideration of a small tract of land and a water-power for a saw mill. He says "the discovery in a few years made hundreds of fortunes; but I may say it ruined me, for my land was taken from me by a man who said he owned it before I did, and now I am still poor man."

To Nicho Allen, a famous hunter, tradition awards the merit of the discovery of coal in the Schuylkill region. In one of his expeditions he camped out over night, and built a fire among some rocks under shelter of the trees. During the night he felt an unusual

degree of heat upon his extremities, and waking up he found the rocks a mass of glowing fire, he having ignited the outcrop of a vein of coal. This was his first experience of stone coal. He never profited by his discovery, we believe, and in disgust with his experience in prospecting for coal, he removed to his native State in New England; sometime afterwards he revisited his old hunting grounds, and in attempting to cross the Mahanoy creek, he fell off a foot bridge or log and was drowned. His discovery was made in 1790, at the foot of the Broad Mountains.

The first successful attempt to introduce anthracite coal in the Philadelphia market was made in 1812 by Colonel George Shoemaker, subsequently the proprietor and host of Pennsylvania Hall, in Pottsville, then as now the principal hotel in the place. The Colonel loaded nine wagons with coal from his mines at Centerville, and hauled them to Philadelphia for a market; but the good people of the city had been so often deceived, as they supposed, in having rocks imposed upon them for stone coal, that the Colonel was denounced as a swindler and impostor, a writ was obtained from the authorities to have him arrested, and he was obliged to make a hasty retreat from the impending justice of the "City of Brotherly Love." He had, however, succeeded in making sale of two loads at a cost of transportation, one to Messrs. White & Hazzard, of the Fairmount Nail and Wire Works, at the Falls of the Schuylkill, and the other to Messrs. Mellon & Bishop, of the Delaware County Rolling Mill. The remaining seven loads he gave away to blacksmiths and others for trial. Mr. White, after great difficulty and vexation, discovered the proper method of burning Col. Shoemaker's "black rocks," which soon gave anthracite coal a reputation as fuel, making it a staple article, and forming an element of incalculable importance in the development and growth of the commerce, manufactures, and industrial enterprises of the country. Nothing has contributed more to the wealth, the growth, and the prosperity of Philadelphia, especially, than the "black rocks," for attempting to introduce which Col. Shoemaker was denounced as a swindler and impostor.

In 1814 five ark loads of coal were sent down the Lehigh, only two of which reached Philadelphia; the coal they contained was sold to Messrs. White & Hazzard at \$21 per ton. The regular shipments of anthracite coal commenced in the year 1820, by a shipment of 365 tons by the Lehigh Canal, which heads the statistical column of the American coal trade. In the year 1822 the first shipment



from the Schuylkill region was made of 1,840 to the Schuylkill Canal. The shipment for the same year from the Lehigh region was 2,240 tons, making an aggregate of 3,720 tons. In the year 1829 the first shipment was made by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company of 7,000 tons; the shipment for the same year from the Schuylkill region was 79,973 tons; from the Lehigh region, 25,110 tons; making an aggregate production of 112,083 tons, which was an increase over the previous year of 34,567 tons, and it broke up every coal operator engaged in the business in Schuylkill county. There was sold on the line of the Schuylkill in 1829, 3,332 tons of coal, which was increased to 1,789,205 tons in 1873. The quantity of coal sent to Philadelphia increased from Col. Shoemaker's nine wagon loads in 1812, to 1,398,505 tons by the Schuylkill Canal and Reading Railroad in 1874, and by the North Pennsylvanian Road, and from Bristol, about 803,054 tons, making an aggregate of anthracite coal consumption in that city in 1874 of 1,891,759 tons. These figures afford the best commentary that can be made, in illustration of the wonderful increase in population, and the growth, wealth and prosperity of the valley of the Schuylkill and of the city of Philadelphia since the introduction of anthracite coal. Equally potent has its influence been in the valley of the Lehigh, and all other channels through which it has passed.

THERE is no graver event in a man's life than marriage. It may prove an inestimable blessing, the subtle influences of which will permeate every hour of the day, strengthen every fibre of his moral being, and by its satisfying repose to the affections give his intellect a calmer and more continuous sweep. It may also prove a desolating evil, numbing the sympathies, irritating and scattering the intellectual energies, distracting the life.—*G. H. Lewes.*

## NOTICES.

The Western Quarterly Union of First-day Schools will meet at Unionville, Chester county, Pa., on Seventh-day, the 30th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. All interested are invited to attend. Exercises by the children and teachers are expected. Reports, giving the whole number of pupils, the average attendance, the number of books in the library, and the number taken out since last report, or in the year, are desired from each school. First-day schools are especially desired to furnish incidental remarks in connection with their reports, giving their practical experience and suggestions, with the titles of such books as have been found not only instructive, but also entertaining.

THOS. F. SEAL, Clerk.

## ITEMS.

PROFESSOR E. D. COPE, of Philadelphia, has found the fossil remains of a camel in New Mexico. The animal was about the size of a dromedary.

JAMES LICK has fixed upon Mount Hamilton, Santa Clara county, Cal., for the building of the great observatory for which he has given the sum of \$800,000. The building will contain the largest telescope in the world.

THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.—In some investigation into the relations between meteorology and the growth of plants, Hoffman states that from numerous observations in Central Europe, we may conclude, as an average, that a difference of latitude of one degree causes and implies a delay or retardation of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  days of the various steps in the development of plants; especially of the blossoming in spring.

In the city of New York, during the past month the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has succeeded in securing the conviction of a number of Italian organ grinders for hiring children to beg for them, and also of the parents for letting out the children. The society is also turning its attention to all cases of street begging by minors, and several children, arrested under its orders, have been sent to institutions. Two cases of extreme cruelty to children are now under investigation, and will probably soon be brought before the courts. Public aid is asked in furnishing information to the society, and in defraying the expenses of its work. The office is at No. 860 Broadway.

THE use of honey to flowers has generally been supposed to be exclusively to encourage insects which are to aid in the fertilization of the flower. It has, indeed, been shown by recent workers in this branch of science, that only those flowers which need insect agency in this respect secrete honey, a sweet liquid. Mr. Hooibreuk, of the Botanical Garden of Vienna, has recently published the results of some experiments, which go to show that this sweet liquid is essential to the full development of the pollen tubes. During the fertilization many plants which refuse to be fertilized by ordinary processes become fully impregnated when a little honey is dropped on the stigma, prior to the application of the pollen.—*Ex. Paper.*

A SUN-DIAL that strikes the hour, has been invented by Abbé Allegret. It is simply a modification of what is termed the solar counter, for registering the times at which the sun shines or is obscured. To effect this there are two balls, one black and the other yellow, fixed at opposite ends of a lever sustained by a central pivot. When the sun shines the black ball absorbs more heat than the yellow one, and the vapor of a liquid contained in the former is elevated to a higher temperature than in the latter. As a result, the vapor leaves the one ball, and, being condensed in the other, this becomes the heavier, overbalances the equilibrium, and in doing so sets free a weight, giving motion to the requisite clock-work. In the sun-dial referred to, a pair of these balls is fixed at every hour mark. When the shadow of the gnomon reaches any particular hour mark one of the balls is shaded, a preponderance of liquid enters the ball, the lever tilts, the mechanism is set going, and a gong sounds many times as the number of the hour to be indicated. Of course the sun must shine at the time of the hour marks being passed by the shadow, the time will not be struck.—*Ex. Paper.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

USURY.

BY EDWARD RUSHMORE.

No. 3.

"His Lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed. Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own, with usury."—Matt. xxv, 26, 27.

"And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow. Wherefore, then, gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own, with usury?"—Luke xix, 22, 23.

After quoting the foregoing passages, W. C. Billar proceeds to say: "The passages in the two Gospels are peculiar, and often much misunderstood, so much so, indeed, as to be frequently quoted in defence of usury, notwithstanding the great pains taken to prevent misinterpretation. The word 'therefore,' in the one, and 'wherefore,' in the other, mean imply this—For the hoarding of your talent thou are utterly without excuse. You new that I was a hard or an austere man, reaping where I had not sowed, &c. A man of that disposition would not have hesitated

to put his money to the exchangers for usury, and, as that was not forbidden, why did you not so place it? So, out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. That, however, was very far from his Lord's character, and so was usury, or any vice, "which is a clear infraction of the law of love to God and your neighbor, which is the sum and substance of the New Testament teaching."

The teaching of these passages is so much more fully considered by men of opposite convictions, in Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*, (No. 53), that it seems appropriate here to insert some extracts. I will first give the correspondent's letter, and then the reply:

"You ask what I think the Psalmist means by usury. I find from Cruden that usury is mentioned only in the fifteenth Psalm. That is a notable and most beautiful lyric, quite sufficient to demonstrate the superiority, in spirituality and morality, of the Hebrew religion to anything Greek. But the bit about usury is pure nonsense—the only bit of nonsense in the piece. Nonsense, because the singer has no notion whatever of the employment of money for the common benefit of lender and borrower. As the Hebrew monarchy was politically a total and disastrous failure, I should not expect any opinion worth listening too from a Psalmist touching directly or indirectly on the organization of industry. Jesus Christ, and Matthew, the pub-



lican, lived in a time of extended intercourse and some commerce; accordingly, in Matthew xxv, verse 27, you have a perfect statement of the truth about usury: 'Thou oughtest to have put mine money to the exchangers, and at my coming I should have received mine own, with usury.' Ricardo, with all Lombard street to help him, could not improve upon that. A legitimate, useful, profitable use of money is to accommodate strangers who come with money that will not circulate in the country. The exchanger gives them current money; they pay a consideration for the convenience, and out of this comes the legitimate profit to be divided between lender and borrower. The rule which applies to one fruitful use of money will apply to a thousand, and between wise lending and honest borrowing, swamp and forest become field and garden, and mountains wave with corn. Some professor or other had written what seemed outrageous rubbish; you confuted or thrust aside, in an early Fors, that rubbish; but, against legitimate interest, usury, call it what you like, I have never heard any argument. Mr. Sillar's tracts I have never seen, he does not advertise, and I have not the second sight.

"P. S.—Some fancy has been haunting me in the night, of its being presumptuous, or your thinking it presumptuous, in me to say that David, or whoever wrote the fifteenth Psalm, spoke, on the subject of interest, pure nonsense. After carefully going over the matter again, I believe that I am accurately correct. Not knowing what lending and borrowing, as a normal, industrial transaction, or trading transaction, was, the Psalmist spoke in vague ethical terms, meaning, 'you should be friendly to your neighbor;' just as a lady economist of to-day might shriek against the pawnshop, which, with all its defects, had, in capacity of Poorman's Bank, saved many a child, or woman, or man, from sheer starvation. Not understanding the matter, the Psalmist could not distinguish between use and abuse, and so talked nonsense. It is exquisitely interesting to me to observe that Christ hits the Psalmist exactly on the point where he goes wrong. . . . The use of the *same word* in the Septuagint (the only Old Testament circulating in Palestine in Christ's time), and in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, to denote in the one case what no good man would take, in the other, what it was a flagrant dereliction of duty *not* to secure, is most precious as illustrating the simple common sense with which Christ used the old Scriptures, and the infinite falsity of the modern doctrine of infallibility, whether of church, book, or man."

To which Ruskin offers the following re-

ply: "The letter of my liberal correspondent, pointing out, in the defence of usury, (of which he imagines himself acquainted with the history), how the Son of David hit his father in the exactly weak place, puts it in my mind at once to state some principles respecting the use of the Bible as a code of law.

"All the teaching of God, and of the nature he formed round Man, is not only mysterious, but, if received with any warp of mind, deceptive, and intentionally deceptive. The distinct and repeated assertions of this in the conduct and words of Christ are the most wonderful things, it seems to me, and the most terrible, in all the recorded action of the wisdom of Heaven. 'To *you*,' (his disciples) 'it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom,—but to others, in parables, that, hearing, they might *not* understand.' Now, this is written not for the twelve only, but for all disciples of Christ in all ages,—of whom the sign is one and unmistakable: 'They have forsaken *all* that they have;' while those who 'say they are Jews and are not, but do lie,' or who say they are Christians and are not but do lie, try to compromise with Christ, to give Him a part, and keep back a part; this being the Lie of lies, the Ananias lie, visited always with spiritual death.

"There is a curious chapter on almsgiving, by Miss Yonge, in one of the late numbers of the *Monthly Packet*, which announces to her disciples, that at least the tenth of their income is God's part. . . . But to the charity or alms of men—to Love, and to the God of Love, *all* their substance is due, and all their strength, and all their time. That is the first commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy strength and soul. Yea, says the false disciple, but not with all my money. And of these it is written, after that thirty-third verse of Luke xiv: 'Salt is good; but if the salt have lost his savor, it is neither fit for the land nor the dunghill. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

"Now, in Holbein's great sermon against wealth, the engraving, in the Dance of Death, of the miser and beggar, he chose for his text the verse, 'He that stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he shall also cry himself and shall not be heard.' And he shows that the ear is thus deafened by being filled with a murmuring of its own, and how the ear thus becomes only as a twisted shell, with the sound of the far away ocean of Hell in it forever, he teaches us, in the figure of the fiend which I engraved for you in the seventh of these letters, abortive, fingerless, contemptible, mechanical, incapable; blowing the winds of death out of its small machine

Behold, *this* is your God, you modern Israel, which has brought you up out of the land of Egypt in which your fathers toiled for bread with their not abortive hands; and set your feet in the large room of Usury, and in the broad road to Death!

"Now, the moment the Mammon devil gets his bellows put in men's ears, however innocent they may be, however free from actual stain of avarice, they become literally deaf to the teaching of true and noble men. My correspondent imagines himself to have read Shakespeare and Goethe; he cannot understand a sentence of them, or he would have known the meaning of the Merchant of Venice, and of the vision of Plutus. . . . He cannot read Xenophon, nor Lucian, nor Plato, nor Horace, nor Pope, nor Homer, nor Chaucer, nor Moses, nor David. All these are mere voices of the night to him; . . . and now, though David and Solomon, Noah, Daniel, and Job, altogether, say one thing, and the correspondent of the *Times* another, it is David, Solomon and Daniel who are Narrs\* to him.

"Now, the Parables of the New Testament are so constructed that, to men in this insolent temper, they are *necessarily* misleading. It is very awful that it should be so, but that is the fact. Why prayer should be taught by the story of the unjust judge, use of present opportunity by that of the unjust steward, and use of the gifts of God by that of the hard man who reaped where he had not sown, there is no human creature wise enough to know; but, there are the traps set, and very slack judge, cheating servant, and gnawing usurer may, if he will, approve himself in these.

"Thou knewest that I was a hard man." Yes; and, if God were also a hard God, and reaped where he had not sown, the conclusion would be true, that earthly usury was right. But which of God's gifts to us are *not* his own?

"The meaning of the parable, Heard with ears unbesotted, is this: 'You, among hard and unjust men, yet suffer their claim to the return of what they never gave; you suffer them to reap where they have not strewed. But to me, the Just Lord of your life, whose is the breath in your nostrils; whose is the fire in your blood; who gave you life and thought, and the fruit of earth and the dew of Heaven. To Me, of all this gift, will you return no fruit, but only the dust of your bodies, and the wreck of your souls?'"

E. R.

MORAL greatness did not die out with the hostles.

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY PROF. JOWETT.

The first reflection or image of God was the order of the visible universe. In former ages men have been like heathens about this revelation of God in nature: their minds were darkened, and they never saw or observed what God intended them to see in the world around them. And even now, many persons regard this great truth, this new source of light and life, not as a part of religion, but as an alien and enemy; and mankind are divided into two parties, the scientific and religious. Yet consider: we are never weary of recapitulating the wonders of science and art, the endless applications of the powers of nature, such as steam or electricity, and we are always ready to talk of some new marvel of knowledge or contrivance to which every day may be expected to give birth. Now, too, we are beginning to be aware of the causes of life and death, and are not like helpless children when we have to meet "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Now for the first time in the nineteenth century man may be said to have something like the mastery over the earth; to know where he is, and as he recognizes himself more and more to be the creature of circumstances, to have more and more the power of controlling them.

And has this nothing to do with religion? Is it not obvious that as our power over nature increases, our responsibility towards other men increases also? Do we not rather seem to want, I will not say a new religion, but a new application of religion, which shall teach us that we are answerable for the consequences of our actions even in things that have hitherto seemed indifferent,—perhaps answerable for the good which we neglect to do as well as for the evil which we do? Our fathers lived "in the times of that ignorance," when nobody knew or thought about anything of this sort. But we who know that the life and health and character of men depend upon their outward circumstances, are we justified in leaving these outward circumstances the same? If another generation grows up in this country like the last—in the same state of poverty, and misery, and vice, and disease, and decay,—who is responsible for this? Now that we know the causes of these evils and the remedies, are we not all responsible for them? For a certain form of organization and self-devotion, combined with knowledge and experience, would certainly remove them. A small portion of the energy and industry which is shown in the accumulation of wealth would suffice in a few years to change the moral aspect of this nation.

\*A character in Goethe's Faust.



A distinguished physiologist has said "there is scarcely a single page in my three physiological works in which God was not present to my mind. I regard the whole laws of the animal economy and of the universe as the direct dictates of the Deity, and in urging compliance with them it is with the earnestness and reverence due to a Divine command that I do it. I almost lose the consciousness of self in the anxiety to attain the end, and when I see clearly a law of God in our own nature, I rely upon its efficiency for good with a faith and peace which no storm can shake." Might not we, too, my brethern, like this good man, come to regard the promotion of the physical well-being of our fellow-creatures as the direct service of God, and even as a sort of worship of Him quite as much as that which we offer Him in churches? And when we are engaged in directing or executing tasks which are disagreeable and painful to us, and which have no religious or ecclesiastical association, may we not still have God present with us as the habitual thought of our minds? Once more from this principle of the order of the world do we not learn another lesson which is immediately applicable to our own lives?

Nature, of which we are a part, works slowly by a succession of causes and effects, by an adaptation of means to ends,—bearing the image of a Divine repose amid the strife and turmoil of men. May not the spirit of nature pass into our minds, teaching us order and regularity and resignation to the will of God? No effort of ours can detach us from the conditions of our being; but we may submit to them, we may acknowledge them; and herein really lies our true peace and strength. We can not recall the past, or be in age what we were in youth; we cannot do in sickness what we might have done in health; at death there may be some things left unfinished which we should like to have completed. But we may recognize that these and all other states of life are the will of God, and to be used in His service; we may cheerfully acknowledge them to be our appointed lot,—knowing also that this order of nature which surrounds us is not all, and that we have a hope of a life to come.

The second reflection of God was the moral nature of man. Every man, or almost every man, has in him a principle of right and truth far above his own practice and that of his fellow-men. But few of us make this better self the law of our lives.

He who will not allow his mind to be lowered to the standard of those around him; who retains his sense of right and wrong unimpaired amid all temptations; who

asks himself not what men will say of him, but what is the will of God in all of his actions,—he may be truly said to bear in his life and character the Divine image for our example. He may be some one who has sacrificed his earthly interests for the love of truth; or who, with the world against him, has been compelled by a natural nobility of disposition to fight the battle of the alien and oppressed; or he may be one who, not knowing God, has sought to live in the ideal; that is, in His image above the common-places of the world, whether Christian or unchristian.

All men are telling him this is politic, this is expedient, this is what your party requires, this is what the church or the world approves, this is the way to honor and preferment; these are the fashions of society, the customs of traders, the demands of nature, the received opinions of men, the necessities of the situation. But he, with unaverted eye, thinks only of the good and the true, having a faith and peace which "no storm can shake"; and in all his life sees like the prophet the vision of God and his duty high and lifted up above the mists of human error, and the dark clouds of passion and prejudice "having the body of heaven in its clearness."

This is a height of perfection to which very few attain, and which will seem to some persons almost to have passed away from this earth. When our will is lost in His will, and our thought is His thought, and no earthly wish intrudes or offends, then, indeed, we may be said to be one with God and God with us.

\* \* \* \* \*

And oh! that it were possible that this union of truth and love might be perfected and that the highest intelligence of nature and of history might be combined with the highest devotion to his service. There have been some in this world who seem to have reached the utmost height of religious passion and devotion: who may almost be said to have been burnt up with the fire of divine love. But their conceptions of the character of God have been narrow and meagre; they have never thought of asking how He governed this world, or how they were to co-operate with Him. Their religion has been a principle of separation quite as much as of union and they have tended to imagine that all which was not contained in the Scripture or taught by the church was alien and antagonistic to them. There have been others again, who have been animated by a sincere and disinterested love of truth who have calmly surveyed the world, and sought out and known all that could be known of nature and of man. But to them the gospel o

Christ has been a dead letter; they have never thought of human beings as needing to be restored, or of the world as a realm to be won back to the service of God. The progress to which they devoted themselves was the progress of knowledge, not the moral or spiritual improvement of their fellow-men. Both have done a part of the work of God on earth, and both, probably, have lived in a state of mutual dislike and mistrust of one another. But if ever there was a time when these two—the spirit of perfect love and of perfect knowledge—met together in the same person or in many persons, then indeed we might have confidence that the kingdom of God was about to appear amongst us, not coming with observation, but working silently, to be seen in the improvement of the condition of the poor and laboring classes, in the greater harmony of different ranks of society, and in the renewal of our own lives.—*Christian Register*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

Mindful of your solicitation to some friend in attendance at Indiana Yearly Meeting to furnish notes of the same to the *Intelligencer*, I herewith send the following:

The Meeting of Ministers and Elders convened at Richmond, Indiana, on the 25th of Ninth month, at 11 A. M.

Both this and the adjourned meeting on the succeeding Fourth-day morning, at 8 o'clock, were seasons of spiritual refreshment, an out-pouring of the divine life and power, a Friend and member of the Meeting remarking that he considered it the most solemn and edifying meeting of the kind he had ever attended. The usual business was transacted, and truth reigned over all.

On the occasion of the public meeting on First-day morning, there being more present than would fill the meeting-house, it was deemed best to hold an additional meeting in the basement, which has been nicely fitted up and carpeted for meetings, committees, First-day school conferences, &c., which our friends James W. Haines, Robert Furnas, and others found it their duty to attend. I understood it was a satisfactory, good meeting. The public meeting up stairs was held to edification. Many testimonies were borne by concerned exercised minds, and the truth, as held by Friends, was felt to be in dominion. The meeting in the afternoon was not quite so large, some friends feeling it right to be present at the meeting-house of the Friends of the other branch, at a funeral of one of their members, public notice of which had been given in our morning meeting.

Although our own afternoon public meet-

ing was somewhat reduced in size, still it was considered a satisfactory good meeting.

The Yearly Meeting convened on Second-day morning, the 27th, at 10 A. M., many Friends from other Yearly Meetings being present. The size of the meeting seems hardly perceptibly less, although Blue River Quarter, which formerly belonged here, is now attached to the new Yearly Meeting of Illinois. The meeting opened in the life and power of truth, and continued so during the session of nearly four hours. At those Yearly Meetings, where from necessity, they hold one session a day, they must be continued at considerable length. However, Friends soon get accustomed to this. The sessions of the First-day School Conferences were animated and interesting. In this part of the Heavenly Father's vineyard, our friends are alive to the importance of this branch of our Christian testimonies, and they are laboring with the right kind of energy in the great cause. The meetings of the Indian Committee were held to satisfaction, and Friends here are alive to that interesting and useful work, and are acting in co-operation with other Yearly Meetings in forwarding the best interests of this much injured race. The action of the Yearly Meeting itself on this subject, was quite in harmony and unity with that of the other Yearly Meetings. On Third-day the state of the Society being before the meeting, there was much concern felt, and the word of counsel, admonition and prayer went forth to the solemnizing of many minds and the edification of the body in love. The wing of Divine Goodness was spread over the meeting, and it was considered to be a season of great favor. On Fourth day there were four sittings—first, the meeting of Ministers and Elders at 8 A. M., then the public meeting at 10 A. M., followed by the Indian Conference at 3 P. M., and in the evening an appointed meeting for the public, by Thos. Foulke, of New York, and James W. Haines, of Waynesville, Ohio, at 7½ o'clock. The public meeting in the morning was largely attended, and the solemnity which crowned it was most precious, and the flow of Gospel Truth and the proclaiming of the testimonies and principles of Friends tended to the strengthening of the feeble, and the comfort and edification of the Assembly. At the public appointed meeting in the evening the house was full, some of the ministers and portions of the congregations of different denominations of the city being present. James W. Haines held the congregation in profound attention for more than an hour, in the elucidation of some of the fundamental doctrines and principles of the Christian religion as held by Friends. This was followed by a few remarks



tending to a further opening of the essential doctrines of the Christian religion, and their efficacy on the human mind to draw it to God. On Fifth-day there were two sittings of the Yearly Meeting, there being too much business unfinished to get through at one sitting. The power of truth was felt to be over the meeting to the close, which was favored under the solemnizing influence of Divine Power. An appointed meeting for the youth of our Society was held in the evening by our dear friend, Samuel M. Janney. It was a precious season of Divine regard, the voice of prayer was heard near the close, and a young Friend, who remained standing, now, for the first time, made public acknowledgment of the truth, both in testimony and in prayer, and called on his young friends to do likewise. It was a tendering time.

T. F.

*New York, Tenth month 16th, 1875.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LYDIA GILLINGHAM.

A notice of the death of this beloved Friend appeared in a former number. Such announcements are among the most familiar things with which we meet, for every moment some sorrowing heart bleeds, and feels, for a time, as if this life had become a blank and a desolation. And yet the busy world goes on. Others step in to fill the vacant places, and again and again we learn the humiliating lesson, that upon no single individual, however great or loved, depends the order and progress of this beautiful existence. There are some, however, who, either from innate ability, long training, or the force of circumstances, leave their impress deeply upon the society in which they move. Such an one was our friend; and it may be well briefly to recall how faithfully and conscientiously she endeavored to fulfil her mission, if thereby we may gain a lesson for ourselves.

Her gentle nature, tenderly alive to all wrong and suffering, fitted her early to become a sincere worker with that earnest band who are so firm and devoted in the cause of the slave; and few hearts could have rejoiced with more fervent gratitude, when the emancipation proclamation ran like an electric thrill through the land.

She will long be remembered in connection with the Monthly Meeting, which she served for many years with dignity and ability as clerk; her amiable deference, impartiality and uprightness eminently qualifying her for such a service. While she held her own opinions and convictions firmly, she gave due place and importance to those of others.

But our brightest memories cluster around

her as teacher, to which, for nearly half a century, much of the time as Principal, her best energies were devoted; not alone to the culture of the intellect of her pupils, but to their moral training and the formation of harmonious character. Her teaching was enforced by a daily example of the virtues she inculcated, while her native refinement and dignity shed an unconscious influence on those around her. And who can estimate her influence upon the thousands of young girls who, in all these years, have been in daily contact with her? The ever-widening circles of the stream into which an object has been thrown seem the most fitting illustration of such an influence.

Admonished by advancing years and failing health, she resigned, at the close of last term, her position as Principal of the female department of Friends' Central School of Philadelphia, which she had held for twenty-two years. Her friends indulged the hope that the rest and retirement she had so justly earned would have renewed her failing strength for other duties, especially for those connected with the religious Society whose welfare was so dear to her, for fuller social intercourse, and the enjoyment of a happy home. But this was not to be! Her work in this world was finished, and she has been gathered to rest before the wintry season of life had succeeded to the beautiful autumn of ripened fruits.

A FORMER PUPIL.

*Philadelphia, Tenth month, 1875.*

"I TRUST everything, under God," said Lord Broughman, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the law-giver, as well as the school-master, has mainly placed his reliance. Habit makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be avoided. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, cheating or stealing."

THE *Indian Mirror*, organ of the Hindu Brahma Somaj, has a department which it calls "Devotional," and which is occupied with such prayers as the occasions of the day seem to demand. They have, of course, no taint of the old Paganism about them, but are penitent and humble petitions to the Great Father. We copy one of the four in the last number that has reached us, explain

ing that when it was issued, a war with Burmah seemed not improbable: "O God of love and peace, do thou, we humbly beseech thee, avert the calamity of a terrible war about to burst upon us. It is sad 'o think of the misery, and sin, and bloodshed, which are caused by war. O Lord, thou hast forbidden war, and commanded thy children to live in peace and brotherly love, so that we may be fit for thy holy kingdom. Our vengeful hearts are easily excited by indignities and insults. Teach us, Father, to love our enemies and forgive them, and return good for evil always. Merciful Sovereign, vouchsafe unto our rulers, in these days, wisdom and foresight, clemency and patience, and keep them from bad counsel. May thy good name promote peace, good will and love, among all the nations of the earth."

It would be a charming power to be able to carry one's library in one's mind. I envy men with large memories. Still nothing is utterly lost; and I comfort myself with thinking that even what has flowed away has at least lent its color to my thoughts, and deepened the channel through which it passed. I hope so, at least. That is the kind of riches I envy. What one is within, and what one has educated himself to do and think and feel, *that* is truly his, and no one can take it from him. Nor can he himself lose it, or willfully throw it away. But wealth and goods are not ours. They do not really belong to us, but may be added or taken away, and leave us what we were. They may be squandered, or stolen, or lost. But one's mind and one's memory cannot be pilfered like a chest of coin. What we possess in our mind, is ours forever till the mind itself decays.—From "*Conversations in a Studio*," Blackwood's.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We had a call this morning from a young Episcopal minister who preaches occasionally in this vicinity. He impresses me very pleasantly, and I defined to him my position by reading Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." He was evidently touched by the tone of humble reverence breathed throughout the poem, and remarked that it was so impossible to find any organization perfect, that we often found the purest-minded people were least fixed in their sectarian preferences, or words to that effect. I then quoted F. Hemans'

"For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given,  
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto Heaven."

and added that I had chosen the latter alternative, and had "lifted them unto Heaven," not wishing to lay aside the God-given ideal.

Dost thou remember that little poem of Ann Preston's—"The *Ideal* is the *Real*"?

"Fear not to build thine eyrie in the heights,  
Bright with celestial day;  
And trust thyself unto thy inmost soul,  
In simple faith alway;  
And God will make sublimely real  
The highest forms of thy *Ideal*."

— seems to feel it quite a comfort to have us here. . . I sit by his side in the Bible class, and enter into the exercises with all the interest of which I am capable, and when he is absent I conduct them to the best of my ability. Thou knowest that it is not every one, of suitable age and experience, who is sufficiently well read to conduct the exercises, and I can only do the best I can.

I am glad that thou and thy friend P. sometimes wished for me during her charming visit to thee. I fear she would think me a strange erratic character, looking into the innermost to find out-hidden meanings, and appropriating the kernels with too little regard for the shell—of Quakerism, at least. But, as I have often said before, we must take people as we find them, and extract all the good we can from the different characters. Thou hast always been so lenient towards me in this respect, that I shall anticipate equal leniency from thy friend.

The extracts from Wm. Dorsey's Journal are very interesting. He must be very much missed in your Yearly Meeting, for he was a shining light, and

"If once all the lamps that are lighted  
Would steadily blaze in a line!  
Far over the land and the ocean,  
What a girdle of glory would shine!  
How all the dark places would brighten!  
How the mists would roll up and away!  
How the earth would laugh out, in her gladness,  
To hail the millennial day!"

A society composed of such characters as W. Dorsey would be a "city set upon a hill, that could not be hid."

I am often struck with the excellence and fitness of —'s remarks, which appear to me to be always in the right place. Yesterday we had a Friend at meeting who spoke very well indeed on the subject of "*doing right*," taking for his text, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." He interpreted the "hungering" to be a longing to *do right*, and said the promise was that ability would be afforded to those who asked for it with sincerity of purpose. The sermon was good as far as it went, but I thought the additional teaching given by — toward the close of the meeting was applicable to many who need consolation in



their afflictions. The righteousness of Job, with his beautiful works of charity, was rehearsed; the "perfect man," who was "eyes to the blind," "feet to the lame," &c., &c.,—who, during his affliction was brought into closer communion with God, and was led to acknowledge, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, and I abhor myself in dust and ashes." He had maintained his integrity, and upheld his own righteousness, until God manifested Himself to his perceptions, and then, in contrast with God's glory, he abhorred himself. The lesson, therefore, is, "He woundeth for His mercy's sake" even those who do righteously, that they may learn to lean more closely upon Him and trust in Him rather than in their own righteousness. Of course it is an old truth newly spoken, but this thing of trusting God is what brings the "peace that passeth all understanding."

"If He wound thy spirit sore,  
'Trust Him more."

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 30, 1875.

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**FIRST-DAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.**—"The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" held its semi-annual meeting in Friends' Meeting-house, Wilmington, Del., on Seventh-day, the 16th inst.

The gathering was large, and, "notwithstanding the unfavorable weather," the remote sections of the Association were well represented.

Before entering upon the business, mention was made of the bereavement sustained by Wilmington meeting and by the First-day school cause in the decease of our aged friend Samuel Wollaston, which occurred the day previous. Testimony was borne to the worthy example of his long and useful life and the interest manifested by him in First-day schools.

Reports were read from Philadelphia, Salem, Bucks, Haddonfield, Concord and Burlington First-day School Unions, and from Frankford, Byberry, Pennsgrove, Fishing Creek, Penn's Manor, Upper Dublin and Plymouth Schools.

Through some inadvertence, no report was received from the Western Union.

Haverford School sent a report, but too late to be read at the meeting.

The report from Philadelphia Union states that "most of the schools composing it have so recently re-opened after the summer vacation that not much can be reported." Some increase, and a bright outlook for the winter are mentioned. The importance of individual faithfulness, and the strength that would be gained by promptness on the part of teachers and scholars, are prominently brought to notice.

Salem Union reports the opening of a school at Woodbury, which further account informs is well attended by most of the members of the meeting. To the query, "Have we gained anything?" the answer comes, We have; for it is a gain to meet and exchange kindly greetings. It is a gain to see the youthful countenances light up with joy and interest as some thought or idea new to them has been expressed, and we in return have been given something to reflect upon. The company of our older Friends is always cheering to us, and encouraging to the young, who are looking to them for example. Would be glad if more of these would meet and take an active interest with us. The difficulty of selecting proper literature for the youthful mind is complained of.

Bucks Union reports that the schools composing it are in a healthy condition; that vitality, growth and harmony prevail throughout their borders. There is an increasing interest on the part of the younger members of the Society in this needful work, an earnestness in their labors and a seeking for Divine aid in discharging the responsible duties of teachers and Superintendents. Questions having a practical bearing are referred to the different schools, to be answered at the meetings of the Union which are held semi-annually.

Haddonfield, embracing the schools of Camden, Haddonfield, Westfield, Moorestown and Medford, reports: "All the schools have been vacated during the summer months, and all have re opened with a full complement of attendants. The bright and happy faces of the children cheer the hearts of those who have traveled farther in life's pathway. The attri-

tion of mind caused by the old and the young thus mingling freely together, is beneficial to both; the asperities of age are smoothed and tempered by the overjoyousness of youth, and the waywardness of the latter is moderated and guided by the stability of the former. And this is not the least of the advantages to be gained by a properly conducted First-day school, which now seems to be recognized by nearly all concerned Friends as a necessity, and as filling a space in the Divine economy which cannot with safety be omitted. Whether it will result in filling the waste places and rebuilding the walls of our Zion, remains to be seen."

"Our duty consists in doing, to-day, what our hands find to do, steadfastly to plant and to water. We are but instruments in the Divine hand, that will guide us in the work, and in God's own good time the increase will be given.

"The mission of the Society of Friends is not accomplished; the world needs its influence yet; there are reforms to be instituted, evils to be corrected, and wrongs to be righted. Our forefathers combatted the errors of their day, and were successful; new ones are constantly arising, and the question is, How shall they be met?" The value of silent prayer, and the fact that other denominations are realizing its efficacy; the importance of teachers' meetings, and the advantage of reading the Scriptures in the family, were topics that have engaged the attention of the schools in this Union.

The schools of Concord Union, with two exceptions, are reported "strong and healthy." They are learning from each other that good points can be gathered from our varied experience, in the same field of labor, and that nearness of feeling and love, which this comparison stimulates, is no small feature of our Union meetings."

"Above all," says this report, "let parents know what they desire their children to be." Attention was called to the importance of the unity of life, and of the fathers sharing with the mothers an equal responsibility in the training of the children, and that every word and act should be carefully guarded, bearing

in mind that our lives are reflected on those of our offspring.

Burlington Union reports a slight increase in some localities, and the general interest manifested by Friends of all ages, as being encouraging. A school has been opened at old Springfield, with an increased attendance of the meeting for worship. Vincenttown is mentioned as a locality where a school is needed. A Friends' meeting was formerly held at this place, but for some time the house has been closed except on rare occasions. An interest has recently been revived, and it is hoped Friends may make an effort to do something in this direction.

In reviewing the two years that have elapsed since their union was formed, the evidence is that "each meeting gains something in interest and attendance, each being larger than the one which preceded it. An encouraging feature is, that men of all ages, from the eldest to the youngest, are regular attenders, and the responsibility is equally divided.

The report adds, "May we all feel called upon to live by, as well as hold up to our scholars, the highest standard of truth. We think there is too much taking it for granted that our children and youth will naturally fall into correct habits; that temperance, Godliness and virtue come as a natural consequence, are breathed in with the air about us. Surely there is efficacy in 'the line upon line, and precept upon precept,' which we hear recommended. The age is one which demands that our youth should be educated to consider intelligently the great questions and issues of the day. The children who sit before us week after week, looking to us for instruction, whose characters we are helping to mould, will ere long be filling responsible positions as men and women in society. Shall we not use every effort of precept and example, exert every right influence with which we are possessed to enlist these on the side of truth and right? showing by our own lives how full and sweet and beautiful life may be when consecrated to Him whose gift it is."

The reports from the individual schools were equally suggestive and interesting, and the remarks called forth by the several subjects introduced were instructive and encour-



aging. The literary wants of our schools were dwelt upon at some length, and the hope expressed that there might yet be formed a literature that would meet their necessities. Some uneasiness has been caused by the offer of premiums for books suitable for our libraries, but a willingness to submit to the decisions of the Executive Committee was manifested, and gave evidence of the desire on the part of all engaged in the promotion of First-day schools to work in harmony.

The minutes of the Executive Committee were read, embracing the reports of the sub-Committees on "Scattered Seeds," Libraries, and Visiting Schools, all of which showed attention to the several objects embraced. An epistle to Baltimore First-day School Association, also an essay accompanied the minutes, and were read, united with, and the former directed to be forwarded to the approaching meeting of Baltimore Association.

The proposition to hold in future but one general meeting of the Association in the year, was introduced, and after free interchange of views, united with by most, with the understanding that an adjourned meeting be held during the week of our Yearly Meeting.

Three meetings of the Executive Committee were held. The Association held two sessions, which were felt to be favored opportunities, marked by great harmony. Then adjourned to meet at Race Street Meeting house in Fifth month next, during the week of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

**INDIAN AGENCY FRAUDS.**—The Commission to investigate the charges of fraud and mismanagement in the administration of Indian Affairs has closed its labors, and submitted a report to the President and to the Board of Indian Commissioners, by whom it was appointed.

The Commission takes up the allegations of Professor Marsh, examining all available sources of evidence, and submitting documents and records to the closest scrutiny. The printed testimony as taken, covers more than 800 octavo pages.

The charges of official incompetency against the Agent at Red Cloud are sustained, and

his removal recommended, but he is exonerated from imputations of dishonesty.

The report, or a synopsis of it, will doubtless appear in the local papers of the country where every one can read and judge individually. There appears to have been a fair and open investigation, and we feel that the Commission has acquitted itself in this difficult and intricate appointment with honor and ability.

Having faithfully performed its part, remains now for the Administration to carry out its recommendations, and for the nation to see to it that these recommendations are acted upon without unnecessary delay.

**BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.** The meeting of Ministers and Elders convened, usual, on Seventh-day, the 23d inst., in the Lombard Street Meeting-house. A large representation from other Yearly Meetings was present, with a full attendance of those belonging to Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Ten lengthy sessions were held, in which the overflow of the Father's love was felt to abound.

Three meetings were held in the Lombard Street Meeting-house on First-day, the one in the morning being crowded. The Old-Town Meeting-house was also well filled both morning and afternoon. The service in all the meetings mostly fell upon ministers from other Yearly Meetings, and their labors were felt to be owned by the "Master of Assemblies."

The business of the Yearly Meeting was entered upon on Second-day morning, the 25th inst., with a fair attendance in both branches. Women's meeting was opened with a tender and loving exhortation, which allusion was made to the account given in the Scriptures of the creation; that in the beginning, when the earth was without form, and void, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and that as then in this beginning of the Yearly Meeting if His Spirit moves upon these waters. He says "Let there be light," all will be according to His ordering, and we shall move gently and smoothly along, guided in our actions by His Spirit.

Many are anxious that this may be a memorable season, that the anointing power

may descend, enabling us to transact the business that comes before us with sisterly condescension and love. The Representatives on being called, answered to their names, except 18, for the absence of 9 of whom written excuses were read; attention was called to this as being a pleasant feature of the meeting, worthy of imitation. A letter was also read at this time from a member who was prevented from being present. A hint was thrown out that in future those belonging to remote Quarterly Meetings have homes provided for them, and they be notified of the same at an early date, so that there may be no obstacle of that kind in the way of their attendance of the Yearly Meeting.

Minutes from Friends in attendance from their Yearly Meetings were read as follows, *viz.*: For Elizabeth Paxson, a Minister, and Mary Buckman, an Elder, also Jonathan Paxson, an Elder, all of Bristol Monthly Meeting, Bristol, Pa.; Elizabeth T. Andrews, Minister and her companion, Mary H. Atkinson, an Elder of Pittsgrove Monthly Meeting, Woodstown, N. J.; Edith Webster, Minister, and Thos. Bonsal, her companion, from Sadsbury Monthly Meeting, Sadsbury, Pa.; Mary S. Lippincott, Minister from Chester Monthly Meeting, Moorestown, N. J.; George Truman, a Minister, and Catharine, his wife, from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting; and Wm. Webster, an Elder of Spruce street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joseph Livezey, a Minister of Woodbury Monthly Meeting; and Samuel Borton, an Elder of Woodstown Monthly Meeting, N. J.; George Webster, a Minister of New Garden Monthly Meeting, Chester county, Pa.; Metson Powell, a Minister of Westbury, L. Sunderland P. Gardner, a Minister of Farmington Monthly Meeting; and Edward Bridge, an Elder of Scipio Monthly Meeting, New York.

Besides these there were present, Sarah A. Patton, of Indiana; Rachel Tilton, of New Jersey; Rebecca Wells, of Ohio. The company of these was felt to be acceptable, as well as that of many others who were present at distant Meetings, without minutes, and a desire was expressed that these may be

enabled to feed the sheep or lambs of the Father's fold administering the word of comfort, encouragement, admonition, and if need be, of reproof.

Epistles from all the other yearly meetings, including Illinois, were read, and called forth expressions of thankfulness for the spirit of sisterly love and interest manifested in them. The names of Mary C. Cutler and Lydia C. Stabler were offered and united with as clerks for the ensuing year.

Men's meeting informed that they had appointed a committee on the change of Discipline, left over from last yearly meeting; also, to consider a proposed change introduced by Baltimore Quarter, on the subject of funerals. Women's meeting entered upon the subject, and appointed a large committee to unite with them in their deliberations.

Much loving counsel was extended to mothers and teachers, and the preciousness of the admonition of faithful, concerned mothers, presented as an incentive to greater diligence in guarding the tender minds of the young.

In men's branch there was less speaking, and the usual business transacted that comes up at the opening of the meeting.

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#### DIED.

VALENTINE.—At Glen Cove, L. I., Sixth-day morning, Tenth month 8th, Elizabeth, wife of John T. Valentine, daughter of the late Jacob and Hannah Mudge, in the 59th year of her age.

To many of our readers this brief record will carry a sense of personal bereavement; to all, it may proclaim the irreparable loss of one called suddenly, at the maturity of her years and strength, from a life of untiring and unbroken usefulness to the eternal rest. Endowed with a gentle nature, strong and faithful in the varied relations of an energetic life, with a loving heart that sanctified the home and embraced in its regard the poor, the unfortunate and the friendless of a wide neighborhood, her life was a long beatitude. On the quiet First-day morning following, a multitude of sorrowing friends gathered from far and near to perform the last sad offices of affection.

WALKER.—At his residence in Frederick county, Virginia, on the 2d of Tenth month, 1875, of typhoid fever, Daniel Walker, aged 68 years; an Elder of Hopewell Monthly and Particular Meetings.

Loved and respected for his integrity of character and genial spirit, his loss will be deeply felt in society, and by the large circle of friends to whom he was endeared.

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SOME people reserve themselves for great occasions, instead of spending their sympathies lavishly along the way.



For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 71.

(Continued from page 557.)

*VENETIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS.*

"Before St. Mark's still glow his steeds of brass,  
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun."

Yes, there they stand on their high place upon the gallery in front of the great central window, the four antique horses of gilded bronze, a strangely inappropriate decoration for a house of prayer. By some authorities they are accounted of Greek origin, but others consider them a Roman work, and believe they once decorated a triumphal arch of Nero. The first Constantine removed them to the Hippodrome at Constantinople, where they stood till the Crusaders, 1204, brought them with other prizes to Venice, after the capture of the capital of the Greek Empire by the forces of Doge Henry Dandolo and Baldwin, of Flanders. Napoleon I carried them captive to Paris in 1797, whence the Austrian Emperor, Francis I, caused them to be brought back in 1815. Have they not seen wondrous dramas enacted in the arena of the nations? Perhaps they witnessed the extinction of the glory of Greece as the conquering Roman swept with his fierce legions over the classic land, and bore them away to the imperial city by the Tiber. Then, in the course of the swift centuries when the mistress of the world lost her awful supremacy, away go the trophy horses to the rival capital on the Bosphorous. But their destiny is to witness yet other glories, struggles and triumphs, and in another realm. The blind old conqueror, Dandolo, bears them again over the seas, and they are raised to a high place over the portal of the shrine of St. Mark—witness the days of Venetian splendor and joy—and when the Queen of the Adriatic sank down from her high place and became subject instead of ruler, they were taken away from the humiliated city and helped to glorify the short lived triumph of the modern Cæsar. Now they stand again in their place of splendor, and seem to swell the triumph and joy of Venice in her disenthralment. But in all their vicissitudes they have not grown old: they outlive the nations and may yet see the dawning of the beautiful day when the peoples of the earth will learn war no more.

To the right, and in front of St. Mark's, rises the noble belfry (304 feet high), overlooking not only all the neighboring edifices, but the city, the harbor, the lands, and the sister islets. With a good spy-glass on clear mornings or evenings, from this high place, the eye enjoys a circuit of 140 miles, from

"the southern slope of the Alps, and from the calcareous hills of Verona to the spires of the Istrian heights, where the eye falls upon the remotest point of the silver mirror of the lagoon and the limitless expanse of the sea. This I give on authority of Müller, not having been enterprising enough to ascend myself. There is so much of delight to be enjoyed on the common level in St. Mark's Place, that aspiration dies. The quadrangle is 54 feet long and 252 feet broad—is paved with dark-gray freestone and white Istrian marble—and is enclosed on three sides by colonnades, which form a broad arcade of 12 arches. Here are shops for the sale of a manner of pretty things, for the unrivalled Venetian photographs, for the curious and elegant glass ornamental goods, for mosaics and corals, for articles of use and taste, and of luxury of every kind; and here are cafés where meals are dispensed at all hours, and where the people come to rest in the arcade and enjoy each other's society. It is like a great saloon, clean, orderly and beautiful, enriched with all architectural splendor, safe from unpleasant intrusion, being perpetually watched by the statuesque policeman, and safe from the clamor of wheels and horses as these have no existence in this city of the waters. The artist might spread his white umbrella, fix his canvas, and work a day in the open square quite undisturbed, the tourist may take the note-book, borrow a chair from the great piles in front of the restaurants, and give permanence to his thoughts and fancies in this most interesting place under the azure dome of sky. A vast myriad of pigeons abide in the recesses and nooks of the roofs of the Piazza, and these are the special pets of the Venetians and of strangers. They are quite fearless and will eat corn from the hand, settle on the shoulder, nestle in one's lap if they see any prospect of gain in so doing. No one disturbs the pretentious creatures, and at two o'clock every day a quantity of corn is thrown to them at the public expense. A legend of important service rendered the city in early days by carrier doves, is related to account for the loving kindness of Venice to her little feathered wards, whom long ages of millennial peace and good will have erased all their natural timidity. Sitting among the eager little creatures, I remarked to a friend that this was probably a foretaste of the blessed time to come, when all the creatures of the earth would live in peace and harmony with their human brethren; but he replied, unpoetically, that he never desired to see the golden age when rattlesnakes, for instance, should be so affectionate in their attentions. At the east end of the Piazza another prospect opens. Here is

smaller square open to the sea, in front on the south, enclosed by the splendid old Ducal Palace on the east, and by the "Old Library" (now part of the Royal Palace), on the west. Two imposing monoliths of oriental granite, forty-eight feet in height, rise on the seaward side, one bearing aloft the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other a statue in marble of St. Theodore.

These columns, says tradition, were brought to Venice in the twelfth century, by the Doge Domenico Michieli, who found them on one of the Greek isles as he was returning from the Holy Land. After they were landed at Venice it is said that some of the architects of that city knew how to raise them on their pedestals. A Lombard named Rattieri performed this service, and when the Venetian Senate gratefully desired him to take his own reward, he asked the exclusive privilege of keeping gaming tables between them. It is to the eternal honor of the old publicans of Venice that they found this odious an encroachment on the good customs and order of their city, and so disastrous to the morals of the people, that they dedicated the spot to public executions, and thus politically nullified their rash concession.

But what is the meaning of the winged lion that stands aloft in the city of St. Marks? It is the symbol which was ascribed to the evangelist Mark, in accordance with the mysterious vision of Ezekiel (i, 5-10), and of St. John, recorded in the fourth chapter of the Book of Revelations. The winged lion seems the very embodiment of power and energetic activity, and was strikingly appropriate to Venice in her palmy days; but now the great creature looks eastward as of yore, over the scene of famous wars and of silent commerce, but he looks in vain for a departed realm. Still

"A dying glory smiles  
On the far times, when many a subject land  
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
When Venice sat in State, throned on her hundred  
Isles!"

The old bronze is a perpetual reminder, not only to the Venetian, but to the traveler of the days when the daughters of Venice were dowered.

From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East, adorned in her lap all gems in sparkling showers, purple was she robed, and of her feast monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased."

Turning to the right from the foot of the Rialto, we walk along the broad quay or promenade in front of the seaward side of the Palace of the Doges, and soon stand on a fine bridge which spans the canal that divides the city from the Prisons of Venice. Look-

ing up we see the famed Bridge of Sighs, over which criminals were conducted from the hall of judgment, in the Ducal edifice to their doom. Really I could not see any great cause for emotion in view of this very common-place modern structure over which we were conducted, nor did I find the dungeons any worse than such abodes necessarily ever are. They are well ventilated and quite dry, and the philanthropist, John Howard, is said to have found them among the least objectionable in Europe. We are shown the dark cell in which poor Jacopo Foscari was confined on a false charge, and the dungeon occupied by the traitorous Doge Marino Faliero before his execution. The guide points out the stone pillow which was his only luxury during his short imprisonment. "Poor old Doge!" I exclaim. The conductor turns to me rather indignantly, replying, "not poor old Doge, at all! he was a great traitor to the Republic!" I say no more, but think "all the more sorrowfully, must his head have rested on this low stone, knowing that on the morrow it must *justly* fall upon the giant's stairs, where it had received the Ducal crown one year before." The secret character of the accusation, arrest, trial, and condemnation, which was the policy of Venice, is calculated to make a terrible impression on the imagination of the people, and upon the record of history, though perhaps no country in the middle ages was blessed with wiser legislators or with juster laws. The use of torture to obtain confessions of guilt and accusations of accomplices, seems to us not only dreadfully unjust but most irrational, and it is certain that under excessive physical pain there are very few persons but would make such statements as their torturers required, in order to gain a respite. Nothing remains suggestive of the cruel times of old in the chamber of torture but the pulley attached to the ceiling and the table at which sat the three Inquisitors of State and their secretary.

A little additional fee procures us admission to the four prisons of the State Inquisitors, under the leaden roof of the palace, called the Piombi. They were low, narrow cells, one facing toward the court and the other three toward the canal, and are especially interesting from their association with the experience of Silvio Pellico, who has given so touching and beautiful a record of his silent life in this high place during the days of Austrian rule. These low-roofed attics must have been cold in winter and fearfully hot in summer, but there was no lack of fresh air, and we are told that the prisoners were from time to time allowed the range of the corridor.

But a far more satisfactory day in the Palace of the Doges, is that spent in wander-



ing through the grand old halls, now stored with the noble works of Tintoretto, of Titian, and of Paul Veronese, and with a thousand memorials of the brave days of old, when Venice was "the pleasant place of all festivity."

The vast painting, "The Glory of Paradise," by Tintoretto, occupies one end of the Hall of the Great Council, and was a glorious background to the Ducal throne. The hall is 165 feet in length and 79 in breadth, and is completely clad with noble historic pictures representing the long story of the triumphs of Venice, the struggles between the mighty Barbarosso, the Red Beard of the Rhine, and the Papal forces; the deeds of the grand old Enrico Dandolo in the crusading days; the portraits of the seventy-six Doges who look down from the upper part of the wall, and the vacant space where Marino Falieri's portrait is in order, are reminders which call up a crowd of associations. In 1353 Marino Falieri was invested with the Ducal authority in his eightieth year. He was insulted twice by a nobleman, Michelo Steno, who first gave serious offence to one of the ladies of the Doge's household, and then wrote contemptuous verses on the Ducal throne in the audience room. For these offences the Senate punished Steno with two months' imprisonment, and with banishment for one year. Soon after a citizen complained to the Doge against a nobleman, when Falieri replied that he had himself no protection against the insolence of the nobles. From this grew a conspiracy contemplating the destruction of the aristocracy, in which the Doge was implicated. But it was discovered and the head of the aged Marino Falieri fell beneath the sword of the executioner, after a short reign of seven months.

Again we make the old complaint, that so much of wonder is around us that it cannot be duly appreciated in the limited time allotted. Splendor, glory, joy and triumph are expressed at every point, on frescoed ceiling, on lofty walls, and by the chisel of the sculptor in the imperishable marble. It was in Venice that Frederic Barbarossa made his remarkable submission to Pope Alexander III, in the year 1177, thus bringing to a close the bloody struggles of twenty-four years. The Emperor despaired at last of making himself absolute master of the cities of Italy, and the Italians found it impossible entirely to throw off the yoke of German domination, and the meeting of the two great representatives of authority occurred in the Church of St. Mark. The Pope repaired first to the sanctuary, and solemnly absolved the Emperor and his partizans from the sentence of excommunication, and then the Doge, with a

splendid retinue of civil and ecclesiastic dignitaries, escorted Frederic to St. Mark where the Pope awaited him in great state in front of the basilica. Then, according to the old chronicle, the Emperor "moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity and throwing off his mantle, prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantly from the ground, kissed him and blessed him, and immediately the Germans of the train sang with a loud voice 'We Praise Thee, O Lord.' The Emperor then taking the Pope by the right hand led him to the church, and having received his benediction, returned to the Ducal Palace." Although this may be considered a triumph of superstition, it was also a triumph of liberty for Italy, and, as such, a most important incident in mediæval story.

There is a wonderful charm in a tour of the Grand Canal in the convenient and most restful gondola, after a day's active exertion in sight-seeing. Forming an alliance with two of our young fellow-countrymen, a brother and sister from Buffalo, New York, we start from the Piazzetta quay, enter the broad mouth of the canal, passing the Royal Garden and the Marine Hospital, and approach the majestic Church Santa Maria Della Salute, a lofty domed edifice, most elaborately decorated on the exterior, which was erected in accordance with a vow of the Senate during the ravages of the plague 1630.

To the left of the Church of the Salute is the low but elegant Custom House, and on the other hand, on the same side of the canal, rise noble, palatial buildings, some of them 400 years old, but, so far as I could see, as erect and firm on their foundations of wooden piles as when they were first reared. Some of the elegant edifices are now used as hotels, others have passed into the possession of other great families, and yet others are museums of art. Many varieties of architecture are illustrated as we glide along, and some of the palaces are combinations of several orders. Our gondolier points out to us the grand dwelling of the family Foscari, in a pointed arch street of the fourteenth century. It is said that the Doge, Francesco Foscari, added another story to this palace received from the State, that it might overlook his neighbors; but we may easily conceive it possible that he had nobler motives in magnifying his superb mansion.

Further on to the right is pointed out the palace occupied by Lord Byron during his residence in Venice in 1818, and here he wrote several of his works, among others the Tragedies of Marino Falieri, Sardanapalus, and the Vision of Judgment. Just before

the arch of the grand Rialto bridge we see the Palazzo Manin, the private residence of the last Doge of Venice, Ludovico Manin, who held that office from 1791 to 1800, when the venerable Republic lost her independent existence, and was partitioned between France and Austria.

One can imagine with how much feeling the English poet poured his lament over the dethroned Queen of the Adriatic.

"In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—  
Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
The 'Planter of the Lion,' which through fire  
And blood she bore o'er subject, land and sea."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thy lot

is shameful to the nations,—and most of all,  
Albion! to thee; the Ocean Queen should not  
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall  
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall,  
I loved her from my boyhood—she to me  
Was a fairy city of the heart—  
Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart."

As we glide along in the moonlight, it seems to me nothing can exceed the romantic beauty of the elegant Byzantine or perhaps Saracenic edifice called the "Fandaco di Rurchi," the former warehouses, dwellings, etc., of the Turkish merchants. This is one of the oldest buildings of Venice, dating back to the ninth century, when the Byzantine architecture predominated. It has been the dwelling place of princes of the race of Ferrara, and of the poet Torquato Tasso, before it was devoted, in the seventeenth century, by the Republic to the Turkish merchants. And so onward we go past the old historic buildings, past great solemn churches, where the old lords of Venice found majestic tombs, past gardens with pleasure houses, till we have reached the railway bridge and see the open lagoon beyond. Here we turn back and idly, lingeringly, glide back through the glorious avenue of the waters to the bright Piazzetta once more.

Of evenings of delight on the Lido shore, where the soft Adriatic dashes her gentle billows on the strand, and where the Venetians come at the evening hour to bathe in the waves, to enjoy the tranquil moonlight, and to hold converse with each other in the frequent pauses of music, with which men seek to enhance the melodies of the universe, much might be said; and of the rejoicings and illuminations in St. Mark's Place and on the Grand Canal, over the Anniversary of the Union of Venetia with the Kingdom of Italy. It were a gracious task to write, but I must forbear.

S. R.

Sixth month 4th, 1875.

ALL our appetites are, in themselves, innocent and useful.

COMPRESSED PEAT.—S. R. Roberts called attention to a piece of artificially compressed New Jersey peat, prepared at the People's Iron Works, Philadelphia, by John Cooper.

The peat, in a dry brown powder, was fed into a cylinder, and subjected to pressure by means of a drop-hammer weighing 1500 lbs. falling a distance of 11 inches. The result was a compact mass of a black color, having a conchoidal fracture, and the lustre of bituminous coal.—*Proceedings Academy of Natural Sciences for Seventh month, 1875.*

#### GOD'S WAITING.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Grand is the leisure of the earth;  
She gives her happy myriads birth,  
And after harvest fears not dearth,  
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.  
Dread is the leisure up above,  
The while He sits whose name is Love,  
And waits as Noah did the dove,  
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us while, houseless things,  
We beat about with bruised wings  
On the dark floods and water springs,  
The ruined world, the desolate sea.  
With open windows from the prime,  
All night, all day, He waits sublime,  
Until the fulness of the time  
Decreed from His eternity.

From the Boston Herald.

#### HOW MESSAGES ARE SENT BY THE OCEAN CABLE.

He (the ocean telegraph operator) taps the "key" as in a land telegraph, only it is a double key. It has two levers and knobs instead of one. The alphabet used is substantially like the Morse alphabet; that is, the different letters are represented by a combination of dashes and dots. For instance, suppose you want to write the word "boy," it would read like this: "— . . . — — — — — — — — —" B is one dash and three dots; O, three dashes; and Y, one dash, one dot, and three dashes. Now, in the land telegraphy, the dashes and the dots would appear on the strip of paper at the other end of the line, which is unwound from a cylinder, and perforated by a pin at the end of the bar or armature. If the operator could read by sound, we would dispense with the strip of paper, and read the message by the "click" of the armature as it is pulled down and let go by the electro-magnet.

The cable operator, however, has neither of these advantages. There is no paper to perforate, no "click" of the armature, no armature to "click." The message is read by means of a moving flash of light upon a polished scale, produced by the "deflection" of a very small mirror, which is placed with-



in a "mirror galvanometer," which is a small brass cylinder two or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool or bobbin, composed of several hundred turns of small wire wound with silk to keep the metal from coming in contact. It is wound or coiled exactly like a bundle of new rope, a small hole being left in the middle about the size of a common wooden pencil. In the center of this is suspended a very thin, delicate mirror about as large as a kernel of corn, with a correspondingly small magnet rigidly attached to the back of it. The whole weighs but a little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fibre of silk, much smaller than a human hair, and almost invisible. A narrow horizontal scale is placed within a darkened box two or three feet in front of the mirror, a narrow slit being cut in the center of the scale to allow a ray of light to shine upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind said scale, the little mirror in turn reflecting the light back upon the scale. This spot of light upon the scale is the index by which all messages are read. The angle through which the ray moves is double that traversed by the mirror itself; and it is, therefore, really equivalent to an index four or six feet in length without weight.

To the casual observer there is nothing but a thin ray of light, darting to the right and left with irregular rapidity; but, to the trained eye of the operator, every flash is replete with intelligence. Thus, the word "boy," already alluded to, would be read in this way: One flash to the right, and three to the left, is B; three flashes to the right is O; one to the right, one to the left, and two more to the right, is Y, and so on. Long and constant practice makes the operators wonderfully expert in their profession, and enables them to read from the mirror as readily and as accurately as from a newspaper.

THE contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—*Cicero*.

## NOTICES.

### FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting on Fourth-day next, Eleventh month 3d, 1875, at 820 Spruce street. Samuel Parrish will read balance of his interesting paper concerning the "Friendly Association for regaining and preserving peace with the Indians by pacific measures." All, of both sexes, who may so incline, are invited to attend. WM. J. JENES, *President*.

N. E. JANNEY, *Secretary*.

Circular Meetings will be held on First-day, the 7th of Eleventh month next, as follows: at North Street, at 11 o'clock A. M.; at Scipio, at 3 P. M.; at Sherwood, Cayuga county, N. Y., at 7 P. M.

The Tenth Anniversary of Race Street First-day School will be commemorated by a meeting, with appropriate school exercises, on First-day afternoon Eleventh month 7th, in the meeting-house.

Friends generally are invited, and especially those who have been connected with it, either as teachers or pupils.

## ITEMS.

THE largest library in the United States is the Congress Library, which contains 261,000 volumes. The Public Library at Boston contains nearly the same number, and increases at the rate of 15,000 volumes a year. Harvard College has 200,000. There are only nine that possess more than 100,000.

DURING the season just closed, no fewer than 9,000,000 of the eggs of the California salmon have been secured by the United States Fish Commission for introduction into Eastern rivers. The greater number have already been sent to the Fish Commissioners of the different States, to be hatched out and planted by them.—*Public Ledger*.

POSTAL CARDS have become so popular in the United States that the demand for them greatly exceeds the supply. They are manufactured at Springfield, Mass., and, we are told, that the postal card factory at that place is unable to keep up with the orders. In one week 9,000,000 cards were ordered and the factory was before that time three million behind. The presses run day and night to the fullest capacity. Among recent shipments of cards are noted an invoice of 500,000 to the Philadelphia Post-office.—*Public Ledger*.

AN exhibition is announced to take place next year at Brussels, for the purpose of devising the best possible means of reducing the risks to which life and limb are now exposed. The exhibition to be divided into sections, like most of its kind but the one grand idea is kept steadily in view throughout all the details. Thus, in one class will be shown the latest and best contrivances for rescuing those who may be in danger from fire, water, and here a wide range is suggested, as, dealing with the perils at sea, exhibitors are not only to furnish what they can in the way of waterproof dresses and the like, but also to turn the attention to coast lighting and signalling.—*Boston Transcript*.

WHAT MOSQUITOES ARE FOR.—Dr. Samuel Francis, of New York Academy of Medicine, says

"Education teaches us to see beyond the surface. Taking as my standpoint the aphorism, that all things were created for some good purpose, it is my firm conviction that the mosquito was created for the purpose of driving man from malarial districts; for I do not believe that in Nature any region where chill and fever prevail can be free from the little animal. Now, if man will not go, after a warning is given in humming accents, then the mosquito injects hypodermically a little liquid which answers two purposes: first, to render the blood thin enough to be drawn through its tube, and secondly, in order to inject that which possesses the principles of quinine. This theory I published in 1871, and it was ridiculed at first by many, but recently some German philosophers have actually obtained the liquid from mosquitoes, and, by careful analysis, discovered that it contained the 'principle of quinine.'"—*Southern Workman*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*

Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

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## EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF INDIANA YEARLY MEETING OF MEN FRIENDS,

*Held at Richmond, Indiana, by adjournment, from Ninth month 27th to Ninth month 30th (inclusive), 1875.*

Nearly at the appointed hour the meeting convened.

Minutes for Friends from other Yearly Meetings, who are acceptably present with us, were read as follows: One for Samuel M. Janney, a Minister, from Goose Creek Monthly Meeting, Loudon county, Va.; one for Thomas Foulke, a Minister, from New York Monthly Meeting; one for Esther Haviland, a Minister, from Chappaqua Monthly Meeting, Westchester, N. Y.; one for Samuel Townsend, a Minister, from Baltimore Monthly Meeting; one for Harriet E. Kirk, a Minister, from Horsham Monthly Meeting, Montgomery county, Pa.; one for John J. White, a Minister, from the Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at Spruce street, Philadelphia; one for Anna M. Birdsall, an Elder, in company with Esther Haviland, from Purchase Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; one for John W. Pierce, an Elder, in company with Esther Haviland, from Chappaqua Monthly Meeting; one for Charles Kirk, an Elder, in company with his wife, Harriet E. Kirk, from Horsham Monthly Meeting, Pa.; one for Martha S. Townsend, a member, in company with her father, Samuel Townsend, from Baltimore Monthly Meeting; one for Louisa Powell, a member, in company with

Samuel and Martha S. Townsend, from Baltimore Monthly Meeting; one for Sarah P. Smith, an Elder, from Horsham Monthly Meeting, Pa.; and one for William Cocks, an Elder, and his wife, Charlotte Cocks, a member, from Rochester Monthly Meeting, Mendon, N. Y. A number of Friends without minutes are also acceptably with us.

Epistles from our brethren of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Genesee, Ohio and Illinois Yearly Meetings were produced by our Corresponding Committee, and the first three read, greatly to the solemnizing of our minds, and bringing us into a unity and fellowship with all the different branches of our religious Society, and to our encouragement in the support of the excellent principles and testimonials which we profess.

A committee was appointed to prepare essays to the Yearly Meetings corresponding with us.

A proposition for a change of the sixth paragraph of our Discipline on Marriage was forwarded to this meeting by Miami Quarterly Meeting, and referred to a committee. On Third day morning, the 28th of the month, the meeting convened.

The representatives proposed William Parry for Clerk and William M. Jackson for Assistant, which was united with, and they are appointed to those services for the ensuing year.

The Epistles from Genesee, Ohio and Illinois Yearly Meetings were read, their con-



tents being edifying and instructive. They are referred to the Epistolary Committee.

The meeting proceeded to the reading of the Queries and their answers from the Quarterly Meetings, and summaries were united upon as representing the substance of the answers received.

The meeting then adjourned, to meet on Fourth-day afternoon, at 3½ o'clock, in joint session with women Friends, to consider the subject of Indian Affairs.

Fourth of the week and 29th of the month, near the time to which the meeting adjourned, men and women Friends met in joint session.

The Indian Committee made a satisfactory report of its proceedings for the past year, extracts from which will appear in a future number.

Fifth of the week and 30th of the month, near the time to which the meeting adjourned, Friends assembled.

The Committee appointed last year to attend, in conjunction with a like Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, the opening of Illinois Yearly Meeting, produced the following report, which is satisfactory:

"Report of the joint Committee of Baltimore and Indiana Yearly Meetings, appointed to attend the opening of Illinois Yearly Meeting.

"On Seventh-day, the 11th of Ninth month, 1875, the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders was opened at Clear Creek meeting-house. The minute of our appointment being first read, a clerk and assistant clerk were chosen, and the answers to the Queries were considered. The meeting was solemn, and several weighty communications were made.

"Our First-day meetings for worship were held in the new meeting-house, both in the morning and afternoon. The number of Friends and others in attendance was very large, the communications were generally lively, and the evidence of Divine life was felt.

"On Second day, about 10 A. M., the Yearly Meeting was convened, the partition between the men and women being open. After a season of silent waiting upon God and some brief communications, a member of our Committee read the minutes of our appointment, and those in attendance answered to their names. All the members of the Committee from Baltimore Yearly Meeting were present, several of those from Indiana Yearly Meeting were absent. The Yearly Meeting was then considered as opened, and the partition closed, in order that the men's and women's meetings might proceed to business. A clerk and assistant were appointed by each branch of the meeting, and it was concluded that the Book of Discipline of In-

diana Yearly Meeting should be used as the Discipline of Illinois Yearly Meeting, with the understanding that Monthly and Quarterly Meetings were to bring forward next year such amendments as they may deem proper.

"The Yearly Meeting was conducted with dignity and harmony throughout its several sittings; much religious exercise was expressed by many Friends, and we felt that the canopy of Divine love was spread over us.

"Samuel M. Janney, Rebecca Price, David Pyle, James M. Walker, Eliza H. Walker, Mary C. Blackburn—*Baltimore Committee.*

"Ann Packer, Elihu Durfee, Robert Hatton, Simeon Warner, Rebecca J. Morris, Davis Furnas, Joseph F. Schofield, Mary Parry, William Parry, William Cain, Martha Ann Brown—*Indiana Committee.*"

The Committee appointed last year to visit subordinate meetings and isolated neighborhoods, produced the following satisfactory report of its proceedings. The subject claiming the weighty deliberation of this meeting, is referred to the care of the Quarterly Meetings to extend such labor in the concern as may appear right, and report to next meeting:

"Report of Committee to visit Subordinate Meetings and Isolated Neighborhoods.

"To the Yearly Meeting—The Committee to visit Subordinate Meetings would report that they have been attentive to the duty entrusted to them. In the Tenth month several members of the Committee visited all the meetings of Friends in White Water Quarterly, and had several appointed meetings, all of which were satisfactory.

"In the Twelfth month, some of the Committee were in attendance at White Water Quarterly Meeting, and had appointments at several meetings, and attended Fall Creek Monthly and First-day Meeting and Maple Grove Fifth day Meeting.

"In the Fifth and Sixth months some of the Committee visited all the meetings in that Quarterly except Camden, and had some appointments.

"In the Eighth month, a part of the Committee attended Green Plain Monthly Meeting, at Oakland, and an appointed meeting at Green Plain. These meetings have been satisfactory and encouraging seasons, and generally large, especially the appointed ones. We believe the labor has been beneficial, both to the members of the Committee and those visited, and we feel that there is a field open for further exercise in this interesting concern.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,  
Elizabeth Roberts, Robert Hatton.  
*Ninth month 30th, 1875.*"

Fifth-day afternoon, near the time adjourned to, the meeting gathered.

The Educational Committee produced the following reports, which the meeting directs to be incorporated in its Minutes:

"Report of Educational Committee to the Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends, to be held Ninth month 30th, 1875.

"*Dear friends*—The Committee appointed last year on the subject of Education, offer the following report: During the past year four (4) schools have been in operation, as follows: Friends' Academy at Richmond held a session of forty (40) weeks, with an attendance of one hundred and sixty-five (165) students. A school, under the care of Miami Monthly Meeting, at Harveysburg, Ohio, in session twenty-four (24) weeks, with an average attendance of thirteen (13) scholars; a school at Cincinnati, in session forty (40) weeks, with an attendance of fifteen (15) scholars; Miami Valley College at Springboro', Ohio, in session forty (40) weeks, with an attendance of seventy-six (76) students. Total number of scholars in schools under the care of Friends, two hundred and sixty-nine (269), of whom forty-one (41) were members of our religious Society. We have no statistics at hand to report how many have one parent a member, except from the College, which reports thirteen (13) of this class.

"Friends will probably notice that this is a smaller number than was reported last year. This will be accounted for by remembering that two of the schools reported last year, with an attendance of seventy-eight (78) scholars, were in the limits of Blue River Quarterly Meeting. The attendance of scholars at schools under our care has considerably increased over last year.

"Whilst we feel encouraged at the prospect, yet we feel that there is still too much lukewarmness among Friends on this most important subject. It is only to be regretted that not more of the children of Friends are in attendance here. Those of other denominations largely patronize these schools.

"Inasmuch as it is in the moulding of the life of the *child at school* that his character for future usefulness is largely developed, it is felt that in this direction there is a work worthy of the earnest religious care of the Society of Friends. Is there not reason to fear that Friends have been, and are now, too negligent in this respect? The vital principle of our faith, that the grace of God is imparted unto every soul as an inward monitor of right and duty, should ever be recognized as the only rule of government of the tender minds of children, that they may grow up to look within the holy of their hearts for guidance in every hour of trial.

"When we number the roll of our membership, and learn how sadly few of those who have had birthright fellowship with us are now seen in our religious assemblages, remembering the glorious heritage we possess, must not our souls mourn that the children thus have strayed from the Father's house? And it is as true to-day as it was in the day of the wise man who gave utterance to the words, if we 'train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it.' It is not alone in counsel, not in admonitions to observe this testimony and to follow that example that this training of the child is best done, but it is in early teaching the tender soul to become *self-reliant* as it learns to listen to 'the still small voice' for direction in every hour of trial, and recognizes this as the *only* infallible guide of right and duty. May we not suppose that if thus Friends' children had been carefully nurtured they would not have forgotten to hold fast to the precious privilege of their inheritance?

"We most earnestly recommend this subject to the continued care of the Yearly Meeting, and would suggest that hereafter the meeting appoint some time during Yearly Meeting week for a public meeting on the subject of Education, similar to the present Indian concern.

"We append herewith short reports from Friends' Academy at Richmond and the Miami Valley College at Springboro', which we recommend to the attention of the meeting.

On behalf of the Committee,  
Woolston Swain,  
Lydia C. Morrison.

#### REPORT OF MIAMI VALLEY COLLEGE.

"The Miami Valley College has been in successful operation during the past year. It received a charter as a college about one year ago, and in Sixth month last graduated its first graduates, three in number. It gives all its students a complete college course, both in the classical and scientific studies. Those who do not wish to pursue a full college course are permitted to take an elective course, under the advice of the faculty. Besides this, every student, when in health, is required to occupy at least two hours a day in physical industries of some kind, under the oversight of competent instructors. This plan has been found to be highly satisfactory, the scholars standing higher in their studies when two hours are occupied than when only one is thus employed. Experience has clearly proven not only the feasibility of the plan, but the superiority of it over the prevalent system of college education. The attendance the past year was 76 students, 17 of whom were members of our Society, and 13 who had one parent a member. The moral con-



dition of the students was excellent. This year the college opened with a full attendance on the 1st of the present month. The faculty are all members of our Society except one, and are competent and earnest instructors. The facilities for obtaining a good collegiate education are constantly increasing. We think it is an institution well worthy of the attention of Friends, and feel to commend it to their support."

*REPORT OF FRIENDS' ACADEMY.*

"Since last report, Friends' Academy has been in session forty weeks. The whole attendance during this time was 165, of which number 87 were girls and 78 were boys. This being a larger attendance than that of any previous year is a cause for encouragement.

"At the close of the school year, on the 18th of Sixth month last, seven of the senior class completed the entire course of study prescribed here, and were granted the diploma of the Academy. Their scholastic standing was excellent, as is evinced by the circumstance that two of the number, in company also with a member of the second year's grade of our High School Department, have been since admitted to the regular course at Swarthmore College.

"The seven graduates of this year added to those who have previously graduated here, make the entire number who have completed the course 19. A number of these are now at college, and most of the others are engaged in the active duties of business life, each and all displaying an energy and an integrity of character which are alike a credit to themselves and an honor to our school."

The Friends appointed at a former sitting to consider the proposition for a change of our Discipline on Marriage made a report, recommending that the amendments made to the Discipline on Marriage two years ago be abolished, and that the Discipline of 1869 upon that subject be reinstituted, which is accepted; and the Discipline of 1869 on that subject is retained, as the only Discipline in relation to Marriage.

The Committee appointed at a former sitting to embody the exercises of this meeting during its different sittings, produced the following, which is approved, and directed to be printed with the Minutes:

*EXERCISES.*

"On First-day three meetings were held, two in the morning and one in the afternoon, all of which were felt to be opportunities blessed by the Divine presence. Exhortation, counsel and doctrine flowed freely, and the voice of supplication arose, asking that strength might be vouchsafed us to be led aright.

"On Second-day morning the meeting

opened under a solemn covering, and the love of God was felt to abound. We were feelingly reminded that each should wait upon His gift, and dwell in it, and be careful to attend closely to the impressions of duty. Thus, each would be enabled to accomplish the work the Lord had laid upon him, nothing being improperly withheld, nor would any run into a froward spirit, but all would be kept in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace. An exercise was expressed that whilst we should lay aside all fear of man, and live only in the fear of God (a fear of offending Him), we should endeavor to be clothed with a meek and humble spirit, remembering that it was our duty to lay aside every selfish feeling and design, and thus fulfill the purpose for which we were assembled—that of transacting the business of the church and laboring for the advances of the Truth and righteousness.

"A feeling of deep gratitude filled our hearts on hearing read the Minutes of Friends from other Yearly Meetings. It evinced that our Heavenly Master was still mindful of His heritage. A similar feeling pervaded the meeting when the Epistles from other Yearly Meetings were read; and we were encouraged by these accounts of the labors of our distant brethren, and by the earnestness and life of their excellent Epistles. When the proposition to change the Discipline was laid before the meeting, a deep exercise was felt that Friends might move carefully and weightily in this most important subject, that all selfish and hasty considerations might be laid aside, and Friends be enabled to make such changes as might be made in the authority of Truth, and thus bear a clear, consistent testimony against some of the most prevalent evils of our day. We were feelingly reminded of the sacredness of the marriage covenant, and encouraged to faithfully maintain our ancient testimony in that respect. When the state of Society was under consideration, as set forth in the answers to the Queries, much pertinent counsel was handed forth to our edification and comfort. The exhortation of George Fox was revived: 'Friends, hold your meetings in the power of God.' In order to hold our meetings in the power, we were feelingly reminded of the necessity of each individual coming under this power, and experiencing everything impure and unholy cast out of our hearts. The reigning in our every-day life, He would reign pre-eminently when we were assembled for religious worship and bless us with His heavenly presence. Then, having come to love God supremely, we would of necessity come to love our brethren and our neighbors as ourselves, and tale-bearing and detraction cou

not exist. While we were encouraged to find that our members are so nearly clear of the unnecessary use of intoxicating beverages, we were advised to be careful in the use of other substances which were stimulating in their nature, and to avoid intemperate habits, both of thought and expressions, when we advocate temperance and moderation. The foundation of our testimony against a hireling ministry was clearly opened, and all encouraged to turn to the Minister of the sanctuary, who speaks in the temple of the heart, not looking to external instrumentalities of any kind, and thus bring ourselves upon the same foundation as a hireling ministry, but trusting and living only on the Spirit of God. All who exercised the gift of the ministry were advised to keep closely to the gift, letting it shine out in its purity as it came from God, not hindering its growth and exercise by the cultivation of any individual peculiarity or eccentricity. Friends were encouraged to a frequent perusal of the Scriptures of Truth in their families.

"In dealing with offenders, we were reminded of the necessity of abiding the Master's time, remembering that His time is not always what would be our time if we moved of ourselves. A feeling of love and harmony has covered our assembly from sitting to sitting, evincing the presence of the Great Head of the Church, bringing to our remembrance the Apostle's declaration, that there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; diversity of operations, but the same Lord which worketh all in all; and we have been measurably baptized together by the one Spirit into the one body."

The Committee appointed at a former sitting to prepare an Epistle to the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with this produced one, which is approved and referred to the Corresponding Committee to be copied, and, with suitable address, to be forwarded. The Committee is directed to report to next meeting.

William Cain and Clarkson Gause are appointed Correspondents for this meeting.

Having been baptized together in feelings of love we conclude, to meet again next year at the appointed time and place, if permitted.

"WILLIAM PARRY, *Clerk.*"

A MEMORIAL OF GUNPOWDER MONTHLY MEETING, CONCERNING OUR DECEASED FRIEND MARY D. PRICE, WIFE OF MORDECAI PRICE.

As this our departed friend has finished her course, and we doubt not has received a crown of life in the mansions of eternal rest and peace, we feel a concern for the encouragement of survivors to give forth a testimony concerning her.

Her parents were Moses and Hannah Dil-

lon, members of the religious Society of Friends, in which she was educated. She has often been heard to say that "in very early life (about the tenth year of her age) she was impressed with a belief that, though we might not be able to read a word, the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, and hath appeared unto all, is sufficient, if attended to, to guide us safely through all the varied trials and vicissitudes of this probationary scene." This faith continued with her through life. In a meeting about a year before her death she said: "If it were to be her last testimony she had nothing else to recommend us to but to be gathered inward to the witness of God in the soul, that we might experience light, life and love, to rise into dominion, whereby we might be enabled to unite in an anthem of praise to Him who maketh the sun to shine on the evil and on the good." By attention to this divine principle she was mercifully preserved through the slippery paths of youth; so that when invited by her friends (some of whom were in fashionable life) to join them in their amusements and parties of pleasure, she consented not; and by faithfully attending to the guidance of the Spirit of Truth she never, as she said, knowingly "deviated in point of language, dress or manner, though her natural disposition being very lively and active much inclined her to indulge in these things." In the twenty-seventh year of her age she appeared in the ministry, and being taught in the school of Christ, and faithful to His teachings, she was often favored, like the good scribe, "to bring forth of her treasure things new and old." She was remarkably qualified to administer to the various states of the people, comforting the mourners in Zion, encouraging the hindmost of the flock, arousing the lukewarm and indifferent, and faithfully warning the backsliders and rebellious. She was often deeply exercised on account of "the immoderate anxiety and exertions for the things of this world, which she said prevailed too much amongst us, and occasioned dimness of sight, and blasting and mildew to that fruit which the Father in Heaven was looking for." Yet she "knew it was right to be diligent in procuring the necessary comforts of this life, and that her mind was frequently favored with peace and satisfaction when laboringly honestly to obtain them." In accordance with Paul's testimony, she believed that "our own hands should minister to our necessities." With the concurrence and unity of her Monthly Meeting she at several times obtained minutes to travel abroad, and sometimes to visit the families of her own and other meetings, in which service she was acceptable.

Her concern for her own family, whom she



tenderly loved, was unceasing, often engaging her to call them together, to wait in silence, and encourage them to become followers of Christ within, by which they would experience the blessing of preservation through the checkered scenes of life, and witness that peace which sweetens every bitter cup—that peace which the world with all its pleasures cannot give, neither with all its adversity take away. This, she said was her prayer for them more than for any earthly treasure. When prevented by sickness at one time from attending meeting she said: “I have endeavored as much as in me lies to watch over my children for good and keep them out of the way of evil in their infantile years, taking them with me to our religious meetings, with sincere desires that neither worldly care nor worldly profit should prevent us from assembling together for the purpose of divine worship; and it is now my great desire that my children may be preserved alive in that principle which would enable them to perform this reasonable duty, through which they would become useful members in the Society to which they are attached, and when they shall be called upon to give up their stewardship, whether in the days of their youth or further advanced in life they may find a place of rest for their souls.”

In 1839, twelfth month, 19th, she wrote thus: “I feel deep affliction of mind, and am not able to see the intention or event, but beg for preservation and patience in the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for I know that the blessed foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His; and no other foundation can be laid than is already laid, which is Christ, the Rock of Ages, against which nothing shall be able to prevail. In full assurance of this, mayest thou, O my soul! be gathered daily in firmness and stability, in close attention and watchfulness; that when under proving and trial, I may experience deliverance through His power from all the wiles of the wicked: and I believe as I endeavor to keep in faith and patience, He will open the way, as He has often done, for the relief of my mind. Oh! that all who desire to be true followers of Christ would believe, and trust in the all sufficiency of the power of His resurrection renewed in us; that we might mercifully escape the many snares in which the unguarded are often entangled.”

At another time she wrote, “I feel, this morning, a quiet mind, which I desire to be humbly thankful for, and to prize more than the gold of Ophir. In this state of mind I queried with myself to know if I had aught against any. I could not find that I was accused with hard thoughts, nor any feeling

that would come under the description of envy, hatred or malice. How precious is that feeling that can breathe glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men! Oh! how often we ought to try ourselves, prove ourselves, to know what spirit we are of; whether of the spirit of Christ, or of the spirit of anti-Christ, and endeavor, under every dispensation, however proving and hard for flesh and blood to bear, to keep in the Vine, which is Christ, that we may be fruit-bearing branches to the praise of the great Husbandman.”

She was kind and affectionate to her friends, sympathised deeply with the afflicted of every class and extended a helping hand whenever and wherever it was in her power, being faithful to the smallest intimations of duty. It might be truly said of her, like Mary of old, she had chosen that good part which should not be taken from her.

Within the last few years of her life, and in a declining state of health, she passed through a series of afflictions with entire resignation to the Divine Will; often using the words of Job, “Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?” During this time she twice visited some parts of Pennsylvania. The last time in very feeble health, she attended the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, and some adjacent meetings, and was favored to return with the reward of peace and satisfaction to her own mind. This seemed nearly the finishing of her work; though she attended her own meeting, during the summer, as often as she was able.

In the beginning of the tenth month, 1843, she was confined to her room, with a chill, hectic fever, and cough, which gradually wore her away without much pain. She lay in great peace and composure of mind; saying she felt that she was passing a pleasant winter, that her work was done, that she had done it in the day time; that her Heavenly Father had brought her through all her trials and afflictions, and that she could then praise and adore His holy name, who liveth forever. Thus she lay, apparently without a cloud to intervene, until the 23d of 2d month following, on the morning of which, a friend being present, and her husband entering the room, she remarked, “that the time of her departure had nearly arrived, but a few hours more.” He said he thought so. She then feelingly said, “What a Heavenly Father! What a Heavenly Father! What a blessing!” and shortly after quietly departed in the 63d year of her age. She was buried in Friends’ burying ground at Gunpowder, on the afternoon of the 25th of the same month.

She has left us an example which, if we are faithful to follow, we too may, in th

winding up of all things here below, have the same evidence that she had, that our work is done, and receive the answer of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

From the Liberal Christian.

#### PIETY.

\* \* \* What is piety, *pietas*? It is duty and affection directed towards higher powers and to all objects of reverence. Surely in the exercise of such sentiments there is nothing weak, pusillanimous, or in any sense contemptible. The latin *pious* is an epithet which distinguished the person who felt reverence and affection for the gods, for one's parents, country, or benefactors of any sort. It was once a word of honor. To confer it upon any man as a descriptive title was to praise him with no mean commendation.

Why, then, do we shrink from professions of piety in our day? The reason is not far to seek. We instinctively shrink from all professions which are claims to that which ought only to become evident through deeds and the acknowledgment of others. We distrust professors of heroism. We call the man who protests that he is brave, a braggart, and doubt his courage forthwith. If one boasts of his honesty, we suspect his integrity. If he makes a parade of modesty, we are on guard at once against hypocrisy. For the experience of mankind teaches that the virtues are unconscious of themselves, and none are less aware of their graces than those in whom they are most conspicuous. "Methinks he doth protest too much," is the instinctive verdict of the world whenever any one makes too much noise concerning his attainments. It is not, then, any real piety which men distrust and dislike, that they shrink so from the application to them of the epithet pious, but because those who are commonly known as "pious people" are those who lay claim to that which the world has not voluntarily accorded to them. Hence, by misuse, the word has lost the high meaning of honor once contained in it. It is a pity, too, for it is a noble word, and we have as yet none to take its place.

Genuine emotions of reverence and affection, stirred by noble objects, whether human or divine, do not vaunt themselves. They shrink from exposure and rude comment. But when stirred to expression they take forms of unconscious beauty and power. They shine in the silent life, the thoughtful word and the heroic deed. Even when they withdraw themselves from observation they breathe a sweet fragrance through the atmosphere of common life. They do not ob-

trude themselves, but they do not escape notice, and men do not forget to honor them. Whether they appear in piety toward God, which we call religion, or in filial duty, which is piety shown to parents, or in the piety of the patriot, devoting himself for his country, or in the unspoken piety of the engineer, who forgets all things while he dies, doing his duty, that others may be safe in the crash of a collision, in whatever genuine act or word any real sentiment of duty and affection is manifested men quickly and gladly do honor to it, none more quickly than they who detest the word "pious," while praising the thing it signifies.

There is no such thing as orthodox piety, Unitarian piety, radical, conservative or sectarian piety. It bears no such name properly, and submits to no dictation. It is cultivated by no profession and springs out of no technical belief. But, being the noblest expression of reverence for that which is venerable and worthy of service, it springs up in all human hearts where there is sincerity and willingness to know and do that which is best. It is the real bond of union between those who are separated by artificial distinctions. It manifests itself in whatever is best in music, poetry, art, in order, beauty, reverence, in faith, hope, and charity. It is the natural human expression of loving dependence upon whatever is divine and lovable. Being from God, it leads to God.

#### SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

When mingling socially, as I often do, with persons of other religious denominations I am frequently questioned in regard to Friends' views, and I find in our comparison of doctrines and methods of worship, &c., that underneath all outward forms, is the same great underlying Truth in the heart of every true Christian, a faith, a hope and a trust in God, and in His Christ as revealed in our weak, helpless hearts.

If I know the Gospel, I have heard it as truly from pulpit as gallery, and sometimes a broadness and liberality which exceeds our own.

I have heard what I believe to be a heart-felt prayer for a blessing upon all those assembled in Christ's name, of whatever sect, and a desire for the advancement of the Truth, by whomsoever taught.

I hope thou wilt not understand me to prefer any mode of worship to our own. I think there can be nothing equal to silent worship. The truest worship, it seems to me, must be between our own hearts and our Maker. \* \* And I think I never realized so fully how we



strengthen one another in social worship as I did in the late Yearly Meeting. Though no word may be spoken, the desire to get nearer to the Fountain of good is implied in our coming together. And if each one will "strive to enter in" at the beginning of the meeting, the blessing will surely follow, although it may fall as quietly as Manna, and even seem afterward to dissolve. Yet we have been nourished and strengthened for our onward journey.

I enjoyed the Yearly Meeting doubly, both because it was an excellent meeting and because of the reunion with dear friends. I felt so undeserving of such joyful privileges, there seemed to be such unity and depth of feeling. The epistles received were truly excellent, and as "like begets like," the responses or replies, were full of life and earnestness, original and comprehensive, embracing fully the various exercises of the meeting. There was no dependence upon stereotyped phrases or forms of expression, and I believe they were really "inspired writings." Though that may seem to be saying a great deal, yet I believe it may be said in truth, and I think that I was not alone in feeling fed and strengthened for further work, and I did desire that I might return to my home and feel better able to endure the "little stings of every day" with more patience; that I might be more self-denying, more thoughtful for others, a kinder mother, a more helpful companion, and a more faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard.

I was absent from home three weeks, and the reunion with my family last evening seemed mutually pleasant. I feel that I have had a great "outing," and ought to be very good in return for such a favor.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 6, 1875.

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NOTE.—In our advertising sheet will be found the programme of a course of lectures to be delivered at the Mercantile Library building by Prof. Pliny E. Chase, to which we would call the attention of our city subscribers.

Continued from page 571.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.—On Second-day evening, the meeting of the Delegates from the several Yearly Meetings having the charge of the Indian Affairs, was held. Though not large, it was an interesting occasion. Commissioner Smith was present, and addressed the meeting. A synopsis of the

proceedings, with the report of the delegates, will be given at a future time.

On Third-day morning, in Women's branch, the reading of the Treasurer's report, in which one item of expenditure—a yearly subscription for thirty copies of the INTELLIGENCER that are sent gratuitously to members in various parts of the Yearly Meeting—was received with great favor, and a recommendation that the list be increased, was offered, and united with by many, and the desire expressed that its circulation be extended as far as practicable.

The state of Society, as exhibited in the answers to the queries, was entered upon. In the answer to the first query, one report mentioned two meetings being held, in which no member of the Society was present. It was explained that Friends there are few, and mostly elderly and infirm. Encouragement was felt in the fact that the meetings were attended by those not in membership. Much exercise was called forth by the answers. We were reminded that "if we love our organization, and if we persevere, great obstacles will yield; with trust and confidence in the arm of Divine power, a way will be made, and the fulness of His love be as well known to the two or the three as to the multitude. It is not alone the brethren and sisters we go to meet, but the Father of Spirits, and when so gathered we will surely be qualified to feel the need of daily living within the circumscribing bounds of truth.

"True spiritual worship is not confined to the Meeting House. We can be diligent in business, and also be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Wives were encouraged to urge their husbands to leave the cares of business, when needful, and attend Mid-week Meetings; and daughters, to lay aside hindering things, that seem to stand in the way. We know the advantage of meeting together—that we are benefitted. We know, too, that nothing can separate us from God. As we value this testimony for ourselves, we are in duty bound to do what we can to strengthen the body by which it is maintained."

The appeal of Jesus to his sleeping disciples, "Could ye not watch with me one hour," was feelingly brought into view. We

were reminded that it is not for our own benefit alone that we hold our meetings. "We should take a more extended view. The language went forth." We believe, and you believe, dear young Friends, that you do feel the benefit, and realize the conviction that you carry in your bosoms, the whole evidence of your Heavenly Father's acceptance. We plead with you to keep up the organization of the Society of Friends. Just as two are better than one, just so a well-organized body is more force than could be known separately and individually."

We were reminded that "this is a probationary state, in which we are surrounded with temptations; let us hold fast the word of life without wavering, striving to have each day's work done. After the heart is purified, behold the practical righteousness carried out and fulfilled in our lives; thus we build on that rock against which nothing can prevail. To the burthen bearers of every class the spirit went forth, more especially to those who are as lisping babes, and who, under a sense of their own unworthiness, feel that they cannot speak in the Father's name; if these will submit to the requiring, they will experience the truth of the declaration that, 'as thy day so shall thy strength be.'"

An exhortation, that we be not ashamed to rely on Christ for our Leader; that we travel with Jesus in his temptations. We all have temptations, and can we expect to be preserved, when we go contrary to the Divine will? The same Holy Power that upheld Him, and enabled Him to stand firm, will hold us up also, and give us the victory. The necessity of watchfulness on the part of parents in regard to truthfulness in their children, called forth much weighty exercise. They were exhorted to early turn their minds to a dependence on the Power that tells us all that we do, that, from obedience to themselves delegated shepherds and shepherdesses, they be taught to obey Him who rules in the world. Sympathy went forth to teachers, and a desire arose that they might be strengthened to do their whole duty.

The importance of the observance of the law respecting the use of intoxicating liquors was forcibly presented, and the de-

vastating effect of the traffic feelingly portrayed. Thanks were given that there is an awakening on this subject, and that it is spreading; that manhood and womanhood, though debased by sensual indulgence, are recognized. Thanks for the evidence that the sense of responsibility to the little outcasts, who may be termed "Nobody's Children," is felt, and that this labor is the keynote to all our efforts.

We were called upon to go about our Father's work cheerfully, remembering how He has surrounded our lives with beauty, and bestowed upon us such innumerable blessings, and that as we number these, our hearts may thankfully respond to every requirement, and we go on our way rejoicing that He has called us to the work. It was felt to be cause of encouragement, that more are drawn to attend our meetings than formerly, and we were urged to be faithful in our testimony to a Free Gospel Ministry.

On Fifth-day morning an acceptable visit was paid by George Truman. His exercise was, to encourage us to adhere to the plain language of our fathers and mothers, which, in all civilized nations, is the language of affection and of the home-circle; and we were exhorted to let our crosses be those acts of self-denial required of us by our Loving Father, rather than the symbols that have no significance in the outward, but tend to exalt and give prominence to a most cruel and unrighteous act.

Three memorials for deceased Friends were read, namely for Margaret Hallowell, Mary B. Brook (the name of the other, a man, has been lost). The reading of these testimonies called forth much deep feeling and exercise, and the young sisters were exhorted to come forward, receive the mantle that has fallen from their shoulders, and take up and carry on the Father's work; not, indeed, to fill their places, but each to do her duty in the ability that God gives.

A Joint Committee on the Subject of Education was appointed. The Committee on Changes in the Discipline reported favorably on most of the alterations, which will be given in our columns when we receive the printed extracts.



The whole Meeting, both in Men's and Women's branches, was a most favored season. The harmony that prevailed bore evidence to the spirit of loving charity that animated all hearts.

The public meeting, on Fourth-day, was largely attended. In the evening, S. P. Gardiner held an Appointed Meeting in Lombard street Meeting-house. A large assembly was gathered, and he was favored to present some of the cardinal doctrines of Friends in a clear and convincing manner.

On Third-day evening, Baltimore First-day School Association held its Annual Meeting, but owing to the unfavorable weather, the attendance was smaller than usual. On Fourth-day morning the Executive Committee of the General Conference of First-day Schools met in the School-rooms, and on Fifth-day evening, again met in conjunction with Baltimore Association, which held an adjourned meeting.

The close of the Yearly Meeting, on Fifth-day afternoon, after a prolonged session, was a memorable occasion. By request, after the business in both branches was concluded, the shutters were raised, and under the Canopy of Divine Love, to the overshadowing of which precious testimonies were briefly borne, the meeting separated; many hearts responding to the declaration, "It has been good to be here."

#### MINUTE OF EXERCISES OF MEN'S BRANCH.

A solemn covering rested over our assembly when about to enter into the consideration of the state of Society, and, as the deficiencies existing amongst us were made manifest by the answers to the queries, the feeling seemed to be one of individual application.

The attendance of our Religious Meetings was shown to be a concern of the utmost importance, and we were cited to the example of the believers in the early dawn of Christianity, when they met in each other's houses, in upper rooms and private places, where they could pour out their souls in prayer before the Divine Father, and seek, in communion with his Holy Spirit the consolations of the Gospel of Christ.

Being impressed with a sense of the purity and simplicity of this Gospel, they forsook the gorgeous temples where idolatry and superstition had usurped the worship that should be offered to the Living God. When George Fox came out, proclaiming the sufficiency of the Light of Christ in the soul, for redemption and salvation, he, too, called the people away from the temples and "steeple-houses of his day, to the fields and orchards, and from a hay-stack bore testimony to the living truths of God, even as the Blessed Jesus declared to the woman at Jacob's Well: that was not on the mountain of Samaria, nor on Mount Moriah, that men were to worship, but that "The hour cometh and now is," when "they that worship the Father must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

It was brought to our remembrance that when the outward temple was to be built, the materials were prepared, so that when they were brought together, every part rightly fitted its place, and the sound of the saw and the hammer was not heard. So should we endeavor to be prepared, by obedience to the operations of the spirit of truth, to fill our various allotments of service in the Church, that when we come together in our religious assemblies there may be no jar, but a harmonious action in every part; and then may we witness in our midst the comforting evidence of the Divine Presence.

A feeling concern was expressed that the youth of our Society may be preserved from the contaminating influences of bad associates and pernicious publications, and that they may carefully peruse, and duly appreciate the sacred writings. It was said the Apostle Paul, in addressing Timothy "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise to Salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Testimonies were also borne to good results produced by gathering our children around us, in the family circle, and endeavoring to imbue their minds with love of the Divine Father; and a belief expressed that if this practice were more prevalent amongst us, our meetings for divine worship would be much better attended.

Our testimony against the use of intemperance

ating liquors, as an article of drink appears from the reports to be generally maintained throughout all our borders. This was thought to be very encouraging when we consider the high ground taken by our Society: total abstinence, as a drink, from all that will intoxicate. A warning was sounded amongst us that none be deceived by this insidious foe of human life and human happiness, when it comes to them under the guise of remedial agents; and Friends were reminded that the various kinds of medicinal bitters, so much advertised in town and country, are but another form of this many-headed monster, calculated to lead the unwary from the paths of sobriety and peace.

Moral integrity and unquestioned reliability are the basis on which the true Friend must ever build. The fact that our fathers carried their own unjust commitments to the ghastly dungeons will stand through all coming time as a monument to their unflinching integrity; and may we so live that we may answer for all that bear the name of Friend, that they are just in their dealings and unctual in compliance with their engagements.

Our query in regard to offenders was held to be a very important one. Their proper treatment requires both charity and judgment; for, most assuredly, the great object is to reclaim, not to cut off. The advice of the Master was adverted to: "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he hear thee, then hast thou gained thy brother."

An interesting report was read from our Indian Committee, and was a very satisfactory one; showing, as it does, the continual and increasing advancement of these people in civilization, which so tends to their happiness and well being.

The Committee was encouraged to be vigorous and earnest in their efforts for the further improvement of that long-suffering race.

A deep concern was felt on the subject of education, and the lively expression it called forth shows that our people throughout the Yearly Meeting are ripening for earnest and effective work in this direction.

In connection with this, an exercise was spread over the meeting that our young men may be affectionately cautioned against the pernicious effects of the use of tobacco, which was shown to be a perverter of the appetite, leading, in too many cases, to the indulgence in spirituous drinks.

We have had the company of an unusually large number of Friends from within the limits of other Yearly Meetings, whose presence and Gospel labors have been truly acceptable to us.

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#### MARRIED.

REYNOLDS—SMEDLEY.—On the 20th of Tenth month, 1875, at the residence of Mary Smedley, at Oxford, Chester county, Pa., with the approbation of Little Britain Monthly Meeting, Benjamin C. Reynolds, of Cecil county, Maryland, to Mary Smedley, of the former place.

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#### DIED.

LINCOLN.—On the 24th of Eighth month, 1875, Harrie G. Lincoln, the only son of Joseph H. and Sarah A. Lincoln, aged 14 years and 7 months. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

MOSHER.—At Macedon Center, Wayne county, New York, on the 5th of Eighth month, 1875, Sarah, wife of Israel Mosher, aged 68 years 4 months.

The deceased was of a quiet, retiring nature, ever guarded in expression, lest wrong impressions be conveyed to other minds, evincing by her daily life the true Christian woman. She acceptably filled the station of Elder in Rochester Monthly Meeting for a number of years. Her sickness was painful and protracted, yet she bore all patiently and resignedly, and when disease had laid waste her physical frame, she remarked to those about her that when it pleased her Heavenly Father to cut the tender thread of life, she was ready and prepared to go, feeling the assurance that all would be well in the future. We doubt not but her purified spirit has entered that haven where sickness and sorrow can never come and where the weary are at rest. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PAINTER.—In Baltimore, 29th of Ninth month, 1875, Dr. Edward Painter, in his 63d year; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting. Born Eleventh month 29th, 1812; he removed perhaps 40 years since from the vicinity of Wilmington to Maryland, and was engaged in mercantile life near Fallston, Harford county. He afterwards studied medicine, and graduated at Washington University, Baltimore, in the spring of 1868. The following spring (1869) he was appointed Indian agent at the Omaha reservation, which he resigned in the autumn of 1873 and then settled near Baltimore intending to devote himself to his profession, but was soon afterward affected with paralysis, and removed to Baltimore where his health gradually declined. During the last two or three years he frequently appeared in the ministry. He leaves a widow and five children, all of whom have arrived at maturity.



For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 72.

(Continued from page 557.)

MORE DAYS IN VENICE AND ONWARD TO PADUA  
AND VERONA.

I cannot close my record of Venetian experiences without some allusion to our visit to the Maritime Arsenal. The origin of this stupendous monument of the power and energy of Venice is coeval with that of the city, whose inhabitants must have been ship-builders from the earliest times of their national existence. The enclosure is two miles in circumference and is surrounded by water and a high turreted wall, with two water gates and one land gate. Here was fitted out the fleet which, in 1104, sailed away for the recovery of the Holy Land, and from these docks, in the later centuries, must have been launched many a strong ship which was destined to do the work of commerce or of war for the Republic, and protect the Christian Orient from the Turk. Enlargements have been made from time to time, and are even now taking place. Within its walls materials of war of every kind were prepared, and even in the very last days of Venetian independence the Arsenal contained 5,293 guns of different sizes. The number of laborers employed in the works in the sixteenth century is said to have amounted to 16,000. They were a privileged class of citizens, who called the Republic their "Good Mother," and were looked upon as the trusted defenders of the watery State. There are now only 1,000 workmen employed in the Arsenal, and their old vocation of carrying the newly chosen Doge, during his first tour of the city, and of rowing the State galleys on the occasion of the yearly espousals with the sea, is gone forever.

Our gondola lands us near the portal of the land entrance—a triumphal arch with four Corinthian columns. The statues of St. Justin and the Lion of St. Mark placed on high, commemorate the victory of Lepanto on St. Justin's day, 1571. On either side of the entrance are four antique Lions of Pentelic marble, two of which are colossal. The largest once stood on the Pireus at Athens, which was hence called the Lion Harbor, and they were brought to Venice in 1687, by Francesco Morosini. By some, the large lion is supposed to be one of the monuments of the battle of Marathon. No one has been able to translate the half-erased inscription which his back bears.

Recording our names in the visitor's book, an official takes us in charge, and proceeds to show the trophies, relics and curiosities garnered in the Museum. Here are banners,

standards, weapons and armor of the oldest time; and here is a mortar of rope, lined inside with leather and sheathed outside with iron, which hurled the thunderbolt of war in the fourteenth century. Laid upon a shelf and harmless evermore, as I hope and believe are the instruments of torture of the time of Francesco da Carrara, tyrant of Padua, said to be of his own invention.

But the most interesting of the curiosities of the Museum is the model of the famous Bucintoro or State Galley, in which, on Ascension day, the symbolic marriage of the Doge with the Sea was solemnized. It was about 111 feet long, one-fifth as wide, and perhaps 26 feet high, and was divided throughout its length into two stories. The propelling power was forty-two oars, moved by 16 rowers. The upper story formed a saloon, in which were two long seats for the nobles, and a cabinet for the Doge, where he sat, surrounded by counsellors and foreign ambassadors, on a gilded throne. The ship, on the great festive day, was decked with the utmost magnificence—with flowers, fruits, and every symbol of greatness and of glory—with the virtues, the sciences, the liberal arts, the muses, the zodiac, all represented by appropriate emblems. All the ornaments, both within and without, were richly gilded, and the whole roof, which was upheld by nymphs and caryatides, glistened in scarlet satin. From a single gilded mast floated the banner of the Republic. On the day of the festival the Bucintoro was accompanied with a multitude of boats of every kind, and was rowed toward the harbor of Lido, when, entering the open Adriatic, a door was unlocked in the rear of the cabinet, and a priest sprinkled holy water into the sea on the spot where the golden ring was to fall, and the Doge cast down, with the words: *Desponsamus te, mare in signum veri perpetuæque Dominiæ* (we espouse thee, sea, in sign of true and perpetual dominion). Then followed a solemn mass at the church of San Nicolo del Lido, and a grand banquet in the Ducal palace concluded the festival.

The many churches of Venice are of interest for their architectural beauty, and the fine works of art contained in them, but we visited but few of them, as their repetitions are wearisome in the extreme. We find the monumental sculptures in the church of Santa Maria dei Frari astonishingly magnificent. The great painter, Titian, and sculptor, Canova, are here commemorated well as many of the eminent citizens of Venice, and here, too, is the mausoleum of the Doge Francesco Foscari, of whose sorrows there are so many reminders in Venice.

We lingered an hour or two in the new building dedicated to the common good, and



to the fine arts, in 1415, by the Brotherhood of San Rocco, where are garnered numerous works of Tintoretto, some of them of great interest and excellence. They relate to ecclesiastical subjects, and line the stairways and the ceilings, as well as the walls; but the light was not sufficient to enable us to form any intelligent opinion of many of them. Scarcely anything in Venice is better calculated to impress the observer with a more vivid sense of the greatness and the taste of the old Republicans who once held their counsels in these most noble halls. The edifice, itself, is a fine example of the early Renaissance style of architecture, and it has been accounted one of the three most precious buildings in Italy, the others being the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and the Campo Santo of Pisa. The decorative pictures which we find it so difficult to see, were all painted for the obscure light in which they are placed, and are only vast sketches, made to produce the effect of finished pictures, and this, say the artists, is a work of supreme skill, such as only the genius of Tintoretto could have accomplished.

We do not neglect to give one day to the "Accademia delle Belle Arti," which occupies a suppressed Augustine convent on the Grand Canal. It contains 600 pictures, most of which are by the Venitian masters, and they illustrate the glory of Venice, and the conflicts and triumphs of the Church. I was much interested in the painting by Bellini, representing a Procession in the Piazza of St. Mark, showing the appearance of the place in 1496 (the date of the work). The Pilgrimage and the martyrdom of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins is presented in a series of, I think, ten large pictures by Caracciolo, and the large paintings of Paul Veronese are of great richness and beauty. The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," by Titian, is a famous picture, and has a circle of copyists, always at work, around it. The little maiden tripping up the fair of the Temple, while the venerable and benignant High Priest, clad in his pontifical vestments, awaits her above. The whole story of the Mother of Jesus furnishes the most favorite subjects for the pencil of the great Italian masters. They seem never weary of delineating the innocent holy maiden, the blessed mother, and the heart-pierced matron who wept over the crucified. We see her in her helpless infancy, then in careless childhood, unconscious of her wondrous destiny; while the Annunciation has been so many times painted, and occupies the place of honor in so many collections, that we fully expect to find in every saloon devoted to the art pictorial. Strange, that out of a system of religious be-

lief, guarded so zealously by acknowledged and revered law, and by a long succession of prophetic teachers against any other worship than that of the Highest, this most unreasonable idolatry should have grown!

The fondness of the Venetians for pets, is amusingly shown by the continual offer of little turtles by street venders. One man stood at the entrance of St. Mark's Place, and regularly, every day, presented his stock of little batrachians to us as we passed. "What are they good for?" I ask. "To caress," he replies, and then illustrates by drawing the little creature gently down his cheek, with a smile. He has different sorts and sizes in his pockets, which he draws out and shows to us. They are classified according to age, I think, and kept with little green herbs, in paper boxes, seeming quite content in their narrow quarters. One might be tempted to make an extensive purchase of the little creatures and return them to the lagoon. In one shop, while we waited for our needs to be supplied, I picked up a friendly kitten that was frolicking in the sunshine, and while the little thing nestled contentedly in my arms, the proprietor called out to some one up stairs to come down. Immediately a snowy-white pussy cat came bounding down to the shop, and he picked her up, kissed her, and handed her to me as better worthy of attention than the little creature, who had not been adopted into his household.

In all our journeyings in Italy, I have been struck with the amiability of the people, and it is said that crimes of violence are very unfrequent among them. In the densest crowds, on festive occasions, good humor, politeness as well as cheerful gaiety prevail, and though the traveler is often conscious of hearing other statements than the exact truth, and cannot help perceiving that nearly all dealers ask from twenty to a hundred per cent. more than they should for articles of merchandise, yet, if not biased by pre-conceived opinions, one grows to like and admire the Italians and to rejoice in their national regeneration. Beautiful Italy is in the keeping of her own children now.

After two weeks of pleasant and restful sojourn in the city of the seas, we left her regretfully, on the 8th of Sixth month, taking the early morning train to Padua, to which we purpose making a visit of a few hours, between the trains. This ancient city placed itself under the protection of the Republic of Venice in the early part of the fifteenth century, and remained a part of the State of Venetia as long as it retained its independent existence, and has been celebrated since mediæval days for its University. Among the alumni of this venerable institution of



the thirteenth century, were Savonarola, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch and Galeleo, and I have curiosity to see the halls where these and many other eminent persons passed their early days in preparation for the triumphs which awaited them.

A carriage is ready for us at the station, and we are soon within the ancient walls of Padua, a city of orderly, elegant antiquity. What cleanliness, what wide, handsome streets, what a dignified, leisurely-looking people. Our visit is first to the old church of the Madonna dell' Arena, which is decorated with frescoes by Giotto, representing once more the history of the Madonna, from her birth till her death. A strange but striking picture of the Last Judgment, embodying all the hopes and fears of the middle ages. Much more pleasing are the other pictures, presenting almost the whole history recorded by the Evangelists, with a great deal more which the Church holds as historically true. My friend remarks that these works had especial value to the unlearned multitude in the days before the invention of printing, presenting the sweet story of old more forcibly, perhaps, than it could have been given to them in any other way. They are remarkably clear and well preserved, and full of touching and tender expression. The edifice, as its name indicates, is situated in the midst of the ancient Arena of Padua, and the oval enclosure, once devoted to the fierce and cruel sports of old Roman days, is now a garden of fragrant flowers, through which we stroll, musing over the wondrous revolutions of the ages. What will be the thoughts of the wanderer who, a thousand years hence, stands in the Arena of to-day, and contrasts his age with the comparative barbarism of the nineteenth century.

Then we were taken to the Basilica of St. Anthony of Padua, a vast structure, exceeding in size St. Mark's at Venice. Nine reliefs in marble, in the Cappella del Santo, in the north transept, represent the reported miracles of St. Anthony. He restores the dead to life, he discovers in the corpse of a miser a stone instead of a heart, he cures a broken leg, and does other marvellous acts of healing and of love, such as a saint should. We have, also, a full length figure of Anthony, benignant, gracious, venerable, said to be a faithful likeness of the holy man whose virtues so impressed his generation. Adjoining the church is the Assembly Hall of the Brotherhood of St. Anthony, adorned with seventeen large frescoes of early Paduan masters.

The day has now grown very warm, and we feel the overpowering heat in the short drive to the church of St. Giustina, and

gladly take refuge in the cool depths of this noble edifice. Here we are shown the martyrdom of Giustina, by Paul Veronese, to which the highest praise has been ascribed. But the fifty elaborate and beautiful wood carvings which adorn the choir-stalls, each representing a subject from the New Testament above, and one from the Old, below, make more impression on my memory. The amount of work of this character which has been employed in the adornment of the old church of Italy is enormous, and its excellence astonishing. In many cases the grotesque rather than the beautiful, noble or elevating, has employed the chisel of the wood-carver and the seats for the use of religious devotees are decorated with hideous, grinning monsters, with the semblance of things ugly and horrible, strangely out of place, one would think, in the house of praise and prayer. The Botanic Garden, the oldest in Europe, is close at hand, but the heat is too great now, to make a stroll in it desirable.

The ancient University is yet to be visited and we soon reach the classic edifice, and are taken up a stair-way to the colonnade above and there is opened for us the hall adorned with the coats of arms of many of the great families of Italy. King Victor Emmanuel's portrait, full life-size, occupies a central position behind the Tribune, which is gorgeously draped with crimson velvet plush lined with ermine. It is a noble hall, well adapted to its purpose, I thought. Groups of handsome young men were standing about the passages, with books and mathematical instruments, and some were passing into the class-rooms, just as we imagine, of their forefathers centuries ago.

We ask to see the statue of the lady professor who gave instruction to young men in this institution long ago. The custodian leads us down a stair-way, and there at the foot, in marble, sits the woman philosopher who was considered wise enough to instruct the studious youth of Italy. If she reflected on her position, I cannot imagine what it was that many other *professorines* did not occupy chairs of philosophy during the succeeding generations. But, so far as I can learn, she is the solitary instance in the ancient University of Padua.

In the afternoon we have a terribly warm three hours' ride to Verona. The heat and the intensity of the light are so great as to make much observation of the sun-smitten but lovely and fertile land difficult and painful.

We pass through the handsome town of Vicenza, only pausing a few minutes at the station, and dash onward in full view of the Alpine hills, toward Verona. We are p

g a garden-land of vineyards, mulberry groves and waving fields of Indian corn; a thorough system of irrigation keeps the vegetation green and luxuriant under the intense glare of the sunbeams. And now we reach the strong fortress-city of Verona, where we propose to rest a day, and do a little sight-seeing.

Verona has a rather indefinite antiquity, being founded by the Gauls, and becoming afterwards a Roman colony. Here resided the Lombard princes in the middle ages, and within the walls of Verona occurred many of the fierce contests between Guelph and Ghilelline. We are yet in Venetian territory, and have reached the birth-place of the famous Venetian painter, Paul Veronese.

In the words of a writer, well and honorably known to the reader of the INTELLIGENCER: "The vision of the traveler becomes unconsciously doubly refractive, and he sees everything under polarized light," when he, however, would be charmed with these quaint, admirably-preserved old cities of Italy, enriched with endless stores of art-treasures, glorious in architecture so enduring that it looks like lasting long as the ancient hills, and so alive with storic interest that every stone has a voice. Men, too the cleanliness, neatness, order and order which characterize the present existence of the fossilized cities is refreshing and comfortable to the wanderer." One smiles at the whimsical suggestion of Howells, to close up the old princely towns of Italy, and shut out modern life altogether, as out of harmony with the dignity and grandeur of the ages which have passed away.

We take an evening walk to the renowned amphitheatre, thinking to have an hour of quiet musing in the great building which is, I think, entirely perfect in all its details, as even the fierce sports of the old Roman days were held in the Arena. Its dimensions are 3 by 410 feet on the outside, and there are ranges of seats, estimated to accommodate at least 22,000 sitting and 10,000 standing spectators. A would-be guide insists on following us, monotonously telling us what we already know, and obtrusively assumes to tell us where we are quite competent to help ourselves. It seems impossible to get rid of him until we inform him that we will appeal to the police if he insists on pursuing us, when he departs, disappointed. A temporary wooden building has been erected in the arena, and here an Italian comedy is being acted by the dying light of day, to the delight of a rather numerous audience who are seated on the ancient stone seats in front of the stage. The harmless play which pleases modern Italian, contrasts as strongly with

the gladiatorial shows, and the contests of men with wild beasts, which suited the rugged and warlike Roman crowd who once thronged this great building, as do the modern people of Italy with the subjects of the imperial Cæsars.

The next morning we visited the fine Gothic tombs of the Scaliger family who, for more than a century (1262-1389), were the worthy presidents of the Republic of Verona; walked leisurely through the Piazza del Erbe—now a fruit market—the old Forum of the Republic. At the upper end rises a marble pillar, which once bore the redoubted Lion of St. Mark; the ancient seat of judgment or Tribune, with its canopy supported by four columns, stands in the center. The well-preserved old buildings around the Piazza are adorned with frescoes which were intended for the religious instruction of the unlearned, as they passed and repassed the public forum.

In the middle of the Piazza dei Signori, rises the marble statue of Dante, a reminder that the great Florentine, when banished by his native city, here found a refuge under the protection of the noble Scaligers, (1316.)

The old house of the Capulets, now a tavern, memorable as having been the scene of some of the incidents on which Shakespeare founded his drama of Romeo and Juliet, claims a hurried visit, and, sure enough, there is the hat, the distinctive emblem in the armorial bearings of the family, over the entrance to the court. But we decline to seek the fictitious tomb of Juliet in the garden of the old Franciscan monastery, on the right bank of the Adige. S. R.

*Sixth Month, 8th, 1875.*

#### THE YELLOW-HAMMER'S NEST.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest  
High in the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest;  
All the day long, upon his task intent,  
Backward and forward busily he went.

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds  
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;  
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,  
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come  
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,  
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair  
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed  
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced  
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,  
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;  
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place  
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,  
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;  
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared;  
And then there came a pleasant summer's day  
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.



Ere long, in triumph, from its leafy height,  
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,  
And saw how prettily the white and gold  
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came  
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,  
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head  
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest  
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest.  
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare  
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!  
—*Harper's Magazine.*

OUR interest, it seems to me, lies with so much of the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and to intensify our pious allegiance to the fathers who have gone before us and the brethren who are with us; and our interest lies with so much of the future as we may hope will be appreciably affected by our good actions now. Beyond that, as it seems to me, we do not know, and we ought not to care. Do I seem to say, Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die? Far from it; on the contrary, I say, Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together.—*Spinoza.*

## NOTICES.

Friends' Circular Meetings, within the limits of Western Quarterly Meeting, will be held at Kennett on the 14th of Eleventh month; at Mill Creek on the 12th of Twelfth month, and at Unionville on the 9th of First month, 1876, all at 2 o'clock P.M.

Philadelphia First-day School Union will hold their next meeting at Germantown Meeting-house, on Sixth-day evening, Eleventh month 12th, at 7½ o'clock. An essay by Louisa J. Roberts is expected, on the "Advisability of referring to commentaries, and similar works in connection with First-day school teaching." All are invited.

JAMES H. ATKINSON, *Clerk.*

It is proposed to hold a social weekly meeting of Friends, to read and consider the Scriptures and Friends' writings, on Fifth-day evenings at 8 o'clock, commencing Eleventh month 4th, in the Monthly Meeting room at Race street. An invitation is extended to all who may incline to attend.

### RACE STREET FIRST-DAY SCHOOL.

Tenth Anniversary Meeting on First-day afternoon, Eleventh month 7th, at 3½ o'clock, in Race street Meeting-house, with appropriate exercises. A general invitation is extended.

The next Third-day evening Meeting will be held at Girard avenue Meeting-house on the 9th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

## ITEMS.

THE complete skeleton of a mastodon, eleven feet high, has been found near Circleville, Orange county, N. Y. The bones were too decomposed for removal, except the teeth and one thigh bone, the end of which is as large as a human skull.

RUSSIA is about to take an important step in advance of the rest of the world in the control of steamship and railway interests within the empire by making the proprietors strictly responsible for personal damage done, even to their own employees. A law recently prepared by a special commission and now before the Imperial Privy Council, provides that companies are in future to be subject to damages for any death or injury caused on their lines to persons either in or out of their employment, and that such claims cannot be evaded by any previous private agreement for exemption, not by plea that all possible precautions have been used. The damages awarded are to be proportioned to the means of the person killed or injured, and are to be diminished by any supposed impecuniosity of the company charged.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE United States Fish Commission at Wood Hole has closed its operations for the season. The number and variety of collections of different kinds have been very great, and several species of fish and mollusks not heretofore known on our coast have been taken; among these a species of shark, seven individuals—never before seen on the coast of the United States, and making the whole number of varieties of sharks secured by the commission there sixteen. Immense numbers of jars and boxes of specimens have been packed up and taken away to the Smithsonian Institution, Yale College, Boston Museum of Natural History, Wesleyan University, and other institutions; while many heads of the larger fish have been preserved in pickle; and photographs and moulds for casting large numbers have been taken by Messrs. Smith and Palmer, of the Smithsonian Institution, from distinctive young sculp of the present year's spawning of huge sharks and blackfish from ten to fourteen feet in length.—*Boston Transcript.*

ONE of the finest chapters in current history is quietly recorded in the Report of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal upon the famine of 1874. It is found condensed in the *Spectator*. The English Government recognized the impending danger, and brought every resource to bear, and completely averted it. The most efficient instrument was a railway rapidly built to connect the threatened district with a richer country. Little money was wasted (there is no hint that any was stolen); the *Spectator* estimates that three-fourths of the expense was most necessary, and the remaining fourth was amply repaid by the experience gained. The most noteworthy feature is the net result of the Government's intervention. That is, there were saved from the distressing of deaths a number of people three or four times as great as the whole number that perished in our own civil war. And it is noted instead of being pauperized by the relief, the people were found to have become more industrious. It may be presumed that India, at least, will value this achievement higher than any victory of Wellington.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

## USURY.

BY EDWARD RUSHMORE.

No. 4.

(Concluded.)

The substance of the following inquiry has undoubtedly arisen in many minds: "If I may receive rent for a house, why may I not receive interest from the possessor of my money?" This question W. C. Sillar considers as follows: "In reply, allow me to say that, regarding borrowing money, the poet has written:

"The chains of the debtor are heavy and cold,

Its links all corrosion and rust;

Gild them o'er as you will, they are never of gold,

Then spurn them aside with disgust."

"Our own hearts *must* tell us that these lines are in no way applicable to the tenant of a house, and therefore it is evident that there is some *essential* difference between the two. I have shown you that money lending, an interest, has been condemned by all sects, religions and peoples; that it is condemned by common-sense, by equity, by the prophets, by Moses, and by the Almighty himself; and yet we would try and excuse it by saying that you cannot see any harm in rent, and that rent is the same as interest. If it be so, we ought to discountenance rent; but no, we wish to justify interest, and therefore we are they that justify ourselves before men; but God knoweth our hearts, for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.

"A fair argument would be this: Usury is forbidden; usury and rent are alike, therefore rent is forbidden. But we say: Rent is good; usury and rent are alike, therefore usury, though forbidden, is good, too. . . . To prove that they are *essentially* different from each other, we shall put the two cases in juxtaposition:

"1st. Money, in *itself*, is not productive.

"A house, in *itself*, is productive of comfort and shelter from the weather.

"2. Wealth, when in the form of money, can be made productive by spending it; that is, by absolutely parting with it in exchange for something that *is* productive.

"Wealth, when in the form of a house, does not require to be parted with, but, of its own nature, affords the comfort and shelter for which payment is made.

"3. In money, the thing lent has to be returned whole, entire, without any deterioration for age, tear and wear or accident.

"In a house, the thing lent has to be returned *inferior* to what it was, by age, tear and wear, or accident; and, if it fall down, the tenant has not to rebuild it.

"4. In money, the risk arising from the act of God, the Queen's enemies, fire, &c., &c., are borne by the borrower.

"In a house, these are all borne by the lender.

"5. The borrower must part with the money, and so come under an obligation to give back what he has no longer got.



"The house is never parted with, therefore the borrower is never in the condition of being unable to restore the principal.

"6. This obligation constitutes 'debt.'

"In hiring a house there is no debt incurred.

"7. The borrower has permission to part with the lender's property.

"The tenant has no permission to part with the lessor's property.

"8. The money-lender's property, therefore, is the 'bond' of the debtor.

"The house-owner's property remains the 'house.'

"9. Hence is established the bondage or slavery in the hands of the debtor, so heavy and cold.

"Hence the Briton who hires a house is still a *free* Briton.

"10. From the use of the money there may be derived no advantage, the trade being barren.

"In the use of the house the shelter is positive, and in no way doubtful.

"11. In using money, the principal may be lost in part or in whole.

"In using a house, the principal remains, and cannot be lost, either in part or in whole.

"12. Money, like victuals, is consumed in the using.

"A house is not consumed in the using.

"13. Debt is a desolation, and to owe *more* than you received, the abomination of desolation. *Vide* Ezekiel xviii, 13.

"In a house there is no desolation.

"14. Therefore the Lord said, from Mount Sinai, 'If you lend money, you are not to take interest.'

"Therefore the law does not forbid rent of a house.

"15. A money-lender cannot say the Lord's Prayer without annihilating his debt or lying.

"The lessor of a house can say it with a clear conscience."

I should be glad, in concluding these extracts on usury, to present the testimony of history to the abhorrence with which it was regarded by the Christian church so late as the sixteenth century. But the Scriptures show that Moses and the prophets are unanimous in condemning the taking of any interest; and, if any Christian doubts their competence to instruct in such matters, he may well be reminded of the apparent approval with which the Lord Himself gave these words of Abraham: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Our money is our God's. Its meaning in His sight is righteousness. If my brother does not need my help for life or righteousness, I must not lend and tempt him with

the hope of gain; if my brother needs my help for life or righteousness, it is evil in me to wish to profit by my charity. The Lord our Redeemer said: "Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again." We should not lend where we are not willing to lose, for we should never lend unworthily; and we should be ashamed if we are not willing to lose in behalf of righteousness, while we profess the name of Christ.

Let us learn what lesson is in the fact that Jesus Christ calls the adversary of our true service "Mammon," and what spiritual sense is in the words, "He went into the temple and began to cast out them that sold therein and them that bought. And He taught daily in the temple."

My brother, while the desire of gain is in thy heart, the Son of man hath not where to lay His head with thee, nor can any knowledge of His kingdom come to thee while thou seekest to gather for thyself other riches than His love.

Brother, that believest in the Lord Jesus Christ, thou that hast received the heavenly anointing, and seen, as I have seen, in the vision of Jesus, that He "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," canst thou see aught in the sacrifice of thy Lord like the lending of money for gain? Let us remember that we must be planted in the likeness of His death to attain to the likeness of His resurrection, and keep in mind "the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

*Rochester, N. Y., Eleventh month, 1875.*

#### REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF FRIENDS.

The Committee, viz: W. C. Starr, Edward Roberts and wife, and Elizabeth Cadwallader appointed to visit the Omaha tribe of Indians accompanied by our friend Noah Cadwallader have attended to the duty, and present the following report:

We left home on the 16th of Sixth month arriving at Omaha City on the 18th. Supposing Barclay White being absent, we failed to obtain his introduction to the business of the Agency, and went up next day to the reservation. Agent Theodore T. Gillingham and family were well, and met us cordially.

The business of the tribe appears to have been properly managed so far as we could judge. The income during the year has placed ample funds in the hands of the Agent for repairs and the purchase of much needed new implements. The reservation now contains 180,000 acres, all of which is rich farming land.

By Act of Congress in 1872, 49,762 ac-

were appraised for sale in trust for the tribe, of which but 300 acres were sold, netting \$700. Last year 12,000 acres were sold to the Winnebagoes for \$30,500 cash. The annuity is \$20,000. The Government aid amounts to \$10,000 for support of schools, mills and employees, and an annuity of \$2 per capita. The carpenter and assistant carpenter are not paid by the Government. The treaties with this tribe do not require the Government to support the schools, hence they may be cut off at any time by unfriendly legislation. Of the funds above, about \$45,000 or \$30,500 proceeds of the Winnebago sale and \$15,000 of the annuity, were placed at the disposal of the Agent. He has drawn one-half of the sale money in addition to the annuity, with which he has made large purchases of supplies for the tribe. Each fund has a balance on hand, and there are no debts to pay, as he undertakes no improvement or purchases until the funds are in hand to pay for them.

The estimate of last year's crops proved substantially correct, viz: Of corn the estimated yield was 30,000 bushels, and 4,003 bushels of wheat by measure; about 350 tons of hay were also gathered. Of this there were sold about 10,000 bushels of corn and 500 bushels of wheat. There was also a surplus of potatoes. The grasshoppers did not injure last year's crops.

The saw and grist mills are cheap wooden buildings. The Agent has had them newly roofed with pine shingles instead of cottonwood boards, the floor relaid and most of the machinery reset, and a new bolting chest and smut machine added. The improvement cost \$1,000, and was money, we think, well spent. The smith shop was a mere shanty near the mills, but a neat frame shop is being built near the Agency to take its place.

Winfield S. Lamb, successor to B. White, Jr., is a young man of steady habits, and we think suitable for the place.

At the last session of Congress an appropriation was made for the pay of a matron on this reservation. Jane Black, wife of Isaac Black, received the appointment at a salary of \$600 per year, and commenced her duties on the 1st of Fifth month last. She is an excellent woman, familiar with the Indian character and ways, and thoroughly enlisted in her work. She visits the people from house to house, encouraging and instructing the women in the care of the sick, and in domestic affairs generally.

Three good schools are still maintained and located as heretofore—one at the old Mission building, in a rented room, one at the Agency, and one near the old site of Jim's Village. The teachers are Menzo C. Lee, Elizabeth Smith and Isaac Black, re-

spectively. Domestic cares made it necessary for Elizabeth H. Gillingham to give up teaching at the Agency school-house last winter. The absence of large numbers of Indians in winter, who go away to hunt or to work for the traders and who take their families along, interferes very much with the attendance at school; yet, we think the pupils exhibit the same progress in their studies that white children at home do under the same circumstances. The children at one of the schools being notified of our intended visit, welcomed us by decorating the room with branches of thirty-seven varieties of forest-trees. They also had a bouquet of wild flowers, two feet in diameter, on the stove, and a smaller one in a tin-cup on the teacher's desk. This token of esteem was highly enjoyed by our party. The returns for the school year just ended equal those of former years. For Fifth month they aggregate an enrollment of 114, with an average attendance of 96. All the elementary branches are taught, many are quite good readers, and a larger number write well. Their arithmetic, worked on the black-board, showed that they understood what they were doing, and a decided advance over former years. The order in all the schools is excellent. The Agent thinks he will not have to call upon Friends for clothing for school children hereafter.

The health of the tribe during the past year has been good. Some old people have passed away. The present population is 262 men, 267 women, and 476 children—total, 1,005; an increase of 53 over last year.

The First-day school is the only religious organization on the reservation conducted in the English language. It is held alternately at the Agency and Jim's Village school-house, seven miles apart. Isaac Black is Superintendent. From the interest manifested by the Indians, we are led to believe that large First-day schools might be held at each of the school-houses, if energetic persons could be enlisted to conduct them. On First-day we attended at the Jim's Village House. The scholars of the day-schools filled the seats full enough, but the grown people crowded in as long as a seat could be found, and many stood about outside. The exercises are opened with singing, which appears to attract and secure the attendance of the adults, among whom missionary labor is so much needed. After the opening, the company is divided into classes for Scripture reading. Deep interest was manifested throughout, as was feelingly stated by an aged chief, who spoke at the close of the school, saying that he felt a great interest in the school, and although he lived seven miles from one school house and one mile from the other, he had only



missed being present two First days since the school was opened last Tenth month. An interpreter was present to help when necessary. The improvement in the attendance over last year is very encouraging, especially when we remember that the families are much more scattered than formerly, many of them living on their farms several miles away. We believe that if a suitable meeting house was erected, and earnest workers were found to engage in the service, half of the tribe could be gathered around the simple teachings of Truth, as understood by our Society.

An educated Indian, whose name we suppress, stated to our party after the close of the council, that the Indians do not gamble so much as they did five or six years ago; they work more and have not the time to gamble. Even the Medicine dances are not so well attended as formerly, as the men will not leave their plows to attend.

We observe an increase in the number who wear citizens' clothing. They have not the means to purchase it if they were inclined to adopt it generally. But we think that with the means will come the disposition to dress like white people.

The villages are fast melting away. Joe's, the upper village, is more than half gone. The cabins have been taken to pieces and rebuilt on allotments. The central or Mud Village, so-called because of its large, sod-built houses, has now but three remaining, a few tents are scattered about the neighborhood and occupied by a thriftless class, who are too lazy to break their land. Jim's, the lower village, is gone entirely. This scattering of the people onto their farms is a serious inconvenience to those attending school; many are two miles away, and some are four to six miles off. Yet, the distance is generally overcome, except in very cold weather. Again, as the little farms increase in size, the larger children are required in the corn-fields in summer time. To encourage settlements of families on their allotments, the Agent last spring offered every man who would permanently settle upon and break a certain quantity of his land a new wagon, a double set of harness, a spade and a hoe. Those who had previously moved out were included in this arrangement. Sixty-three families are now so settled, and have received the wagons, &c., and are highly pleased with their future prospects. If they vacate their farms they surrender these articles to the Agent again.

The police force has been reduced from 12 to 6. They are very proud of the bright star that adorns their breasts, and are prompt in their line of duty. The peace and good order among the people is admirable.

William Onthwaite, the farmer, still retains

his place, and is highly spoken of. The tribe has about 1,400 acres under cultivation this year, not including the family gardens which would equal probably another 100 acres. This is an increase of 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>5</sub> acres over the last year. Of this 1,400 acres, 950 acres are in corn and 450 in wheat. The growing crop looks well, and if the harvest equals that of last year, viz, 35 bushels of corn and nearly 14 bushels of wheat per acre, they will harvest 33,250 bushels of corn and 6,000 bushels of wheat, a gain of 3,250 bushels of corn and 2,000 of wheat. Recent letters, however state that the wheat was somewhat damaged in the shock by unusually wet weather. Their success in farming has greatly encouraged them, hence there is a prospect of a large increase next year than ever heretofore.

The prairie plows are now very busy. The Agent loans a plow, and, if the applicant has no team, two yokes of oxen also, to be used one week, and then be returned.

By a letter, dated Ninth month 8th, we are informed that the Indians have broken 681 acres of new land this summer, all on individual allotments; an increase of 446 acres or nearly three times as much as was broken last year.

Another letter states that Standing Hawk a chief 70 years of age, has plowed the site of Joe's Village, it being on his allotment. A few of the residents not being removed out onto their land, he plowed around the houses as an Indiana farmer would around the stumps in a clearing. Breaking new prairie is a severe operation on both men and team. The plowshare and cutter must be as sharp as files can make them to cut the strong grass roots, hence a large file is as essential to each plow as a whetstone is to a scythe. The Indians are becoming expert in this work, and far excelled the Granger members of our party in a trial of skill. The sod turned over this summer rots during fall and winter, and is ready to be plowed with light stirring plows next spring, and planted. The farming spirit is gaining ground rapidly in the mind of our Indians, and success will add to it an increasing ratio from year to year.

The number of oxen has decreased 20 head on 10 yoke, there being at present but 10 yokes, 12 of which belong to the Department and 8 to individual Indians. There are 8 horses and ponies, an increase of 273 head, 59 cows, calves and young cattle, and mules, about the same as last year, and 1 hogs, an increase of 120 head. The 12 yoke of oxen were purchased this year. All other live stock is the property of individual Indians. E-ba-hom-ba, an energetic chief, called our attention to a dozen nice hogs he was fattening in a pen. All the cattle are here



ten miles west of the settlements (except the oxen) by a white man, who receives in pay the privilege of grazing other cattle on the unoccupied part of the reservation. The frail fences built by former agents are fast disappearing. The Agent has abolished his last year's coral or stock-yard system, and substituted a large enclosed pasture of 300 acres, into which all work horses and oxen are turned at night, unless they are staked out with lariats.

No stock is permitted to run at large. This is also the State law. This plan of securing the growing crops against depredation from domestic animals has given great satisfaction. The policemen promptly arrest all loose animals and imprison them in the Agency pasture, from which the owners can only get them by promising to be more vigilant in future.

The policy heretofore pursued of building houses for the Indians is, in our judgment, a grave mistake, because they *do not* know how to use them, and *do know* how to live in tents or tepees. They require a large amount of wood to warm them in winter, and the owners do not enjoy cutting and hauling it several miles. The tepee requires but little fire to make them comfortably warm. The Indian can live in the tepee on his farm as well as he can in the village of tents. His forefathers lived in them in all the long ages past, and he knows, nor thinks of, nor is comfortable, nor at home in any other kind of a house. He first needs to learn to provide himself with the necessities of life in his new-found condition of change, and from his surplus, produced by his own labor, he can add the comforts and conveniences his growing taste may crave.

We would rather say, build him a little barn to keep his horses, their feed and his implements in. His wagon and his plows are exposed to the weather the whole year round.

Our Indians see this point, and as their grain, amounting to many thousands of bushels, increases, as they learn to earn and handle money, and begin to enjoy the comforts that money confers upon its possessors, they will steadily improve in the disposition to obtain it. Wealth, when the accumulation of industry, is the foundation stone of civilization the world over, and our wards having discovered this fact, the problem of their rescue from extermination, we hope will be solved. At the same time contact with the white race destroys the Indian. Their fondness for spirits—the deadly impurity of that within their reach when off of the reservation, poisons their systems. Diseases which are familiar to us, and generally curable, take fatal hold of them. Smallpox and measles

have made fearful gaps in their number. Consumption is frequent, and scrofula is almost universal among them. To battle with our ailments they have only our simple dispensary of native roots, herbs and incantations, hence we see them slowly passing away, unless we can get them completely within the pale of civilization. To this end let us work, and we are grateful in believing that the Omahas are surely setting their faces thereunto.

About 600 of the tribe (men, women and children) went on the hunt last winter along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. Many of these did not properly hunt for themselves, but worked at dressing robes for white men. They returned with a large number of robes. The Department does not allow the Omahas to go off their land to hunt, and hence the Agent could give no liberty to go, but they went against his advice, driven by necessity, this being their only means of supplying themselves with meat, clothing and leather for moccasins. The Agent thinks it best to deal gently with them for this kind of disobedience, because their small beginnings at farming do not yet supply them with meat and clothing. As the game becomes scarcer and their little corn-fields widen into larger ones, this trouble in regard to going off the reservation to hunt will die out of itself. This policy of our Agent we commend, because we observe that this people is now passing through to them a most trying ordeal. In the first place they are mentally, in their way, the full stature of men, and we cannot blame them for holding instinctively to the opinions wrought into their natures by long ages of tuition. When the Indian was hungry he laid his hand on his bow, nor did he dream that there was another source of supply. When he was cold he did the same; even his habitations were mostly built by the chase. He now beholds the game grown scarce; hunger, cold, sickness and annihilation have taken the place of plenty and of strength. His friends point him to the rich soil at his feet for food and clothing, and he readily sees the necessity of taking their advice; and we are gratified to behold this once noble race following in the furrow of agriculture, and, with a farmer's joy, pointing us to his widening corn and wheat fields. The stimulating diet of meat has given place to one of bread and vegetables, to the use of which his system is not accustomed, and the depression that must naturally follow, adds greatly to his hardships. Now, therefore, let us try to look upon his situation with his eyes, and have charity for him. He is certainly endeavoring to see himself as we see him, and in solid earnest, but with awkward hand, he



is laying away his ancient friends—the bow and arrow—and with limbs unused to toil, he feebly, but hopefully, grasps the weapons of husbandry, saying as he does so, I am old and can do but little, but my children will do better after the fathers pass away.

The truth of their oft-repeated expressions grow upon us as we mingle with them from year to year, and we can now correct many of our opinions and estimates of their dispositions and capabilities.

The Committee called a general council of the tribe, to be held on the 23d. The call was warmly seconded by the Indians, who said they hoped we would hold a council with them. In our call, we requested the women to attend, as it was our custom to take our wives to our meetings. At 10 o'clock the council-house was full, the sash taken out of the windows, and all filled with young men.

The Agent opened by stating that the visitors desired to meet the people in a social way or sort of friendly reunion, and that we had no other object in asking to see them together. One of your Committee followed, acknowledging his gratitude for being able to stand in their midst, then enlarging on the existence of a Great Spirit, who was present everywhere, and who saw all our actions, heard our words, and even knew our thoughts before we uttered them. In His goodness and mercy He guided and assisted us if we called upon Him, and were attentive to His teachings.

The Indians appeared to catch and note particularly whatever was said concerning an over-ruling Providence. They spoke alternately with the whites, commencing with Yellow Smoke, the oldest chief in the tribe—the aged always having precedence amongst them. He said they understood what we had said. They knew that God made the earth, and that all blessings came from the earth. They were glad to see us, and thanked us for our advice. They tilled the ground, and it yielded plentifully. Providence was on their side, and they were getting along well. They would keep on trying, and hoped to improve from day to day and week to week, and if we would give them time they would accomplish more and more. It was hard for the old people to learn to till the soil and live as white people, but the children would make better progress. They must not be discouraged nor give up, but labor on, learning from us. Our skins were one white and the other red, but we were all of one blood. When they were at Richmond they met our sisters, and many of them spoke and told us to look to the Great Spirit, and they thanked them for it.

The alternating speakers followed much in the same strain, the Indians frequently express-

ing their esteem and confidence in their Agent. Several Indian women were in attendance, occupying seats at the head of the room. We endeavored to impress upon them the idea that the women were as good as the men, and entitled to the same consideration. They replied that they saw as many women at the councils in Richmond as men, but urged that Indians' ways were different. The women had to stay in the corn-fields while they attended council. The white women were taught by their forefathers to go to meeting. After awhile the Indian women may join them in council, but they (the women) have not learned that yet. We will keep on trying, but it will take a hundred-years for us to learn all you know.

Another chief closed by saying: "My friends, sisters and fathers, we feel better, and you do help us on. We hope you will remember us and our Agent in your prayers. I speak not only for myself, but for the tribe." This deeply interesting council lasted five hours, during which they referred again and again to what had been said about the Great Spirit. They said that our words must be true. They felt them, and would keep them in their hearts, and hoped we would tell them more of our views. Our parting at the close was full of expressions of mutual interest in each other's welfare, and will ever be remembered on our side. They assured us our visit was appreciated and very acceptable. The Indians have a beautiful faith in one Great Universal Father, from whom all blessings emanate.

When we were ready to take leave of Agent Gillingham and wife, he informed us that his private business required him to resign the Agency of the Omahas, and desired Friends to designate some one to take his place as soon as they could properly. We regret to see them leave, as it will be hard to fill their places. Acknowledging with gratitude the protection of a kind Providence, we remain

Your friends,

W. C. STARR,

EDWARD ROBERTS,

MARY ANN ROBERTS,

ELIZABETH G. CADWALLADER

It is a beautiful privilege of those who have lived upon Christian principles, to do calmly and without change of views or character. They need no change. They have known the simplicity, the reasonableness, the spiritual yet practical character of the Gospel of Christ. The approach of death does not make life seem to have been less the scene of God's government. They expect to live in another world upon the same eternal principles they have lived upon in this, and to find

God none other, none less true, holy, merciful than they have found Him here. The future, dim in its scenery and circumstances, is clear as day in its moral and spiritual aspects. Knowing Christ and knowing God, they know futurity in the only way it concerns them to know it, as the continuation of the undying sentiments, affections, principles they have experienced here—the reign of the same justice, holiness and truth which they have served, loved, worshipped in the flesh. Blessed the man whose life has made him the friend of God and God his friend, and whom death cannot daunt and futurity does not threaten! Great peace have they who love Thy law and nothing shall offend them.—*The Liberal Christian*.

WAR.—The abolition of war is no longer to be set down as a creation of fancy, a dream of enthusiastic philanthropy. War rests on opinion, and opinion is more and more withdrawing its support. War rests on contempt of human nature; on the habit of regarding the mass of human beings as machines, or as animals having no higher use than to be shot at and murdered for the glory of a chief, for the seating of this or that family on a throne, for the petty interests and selfish rivalries which have inflamed States to conflict. Let the worth of a human being be felt, and a main pillar of war will fall.—*Channing*.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

##### BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

While we are receiving cheering accounts from large meetings where gifted minds are led to communicate abundantly, perhaps it may not be amiss to remind Friends that there are also small and silent meetings.

Dr. A. H., my wife and myself are the only persons in this city claiming a right of membership among Friends. There are others, living at from four to forty miles distant.

Had the discipline and practice recommended by our aged Friend Benjamin Hallowell, in the *Intelligencer* of Tenth month 2d and 9th, prevailed amongst us, I have little doubt that a Yearly Meeting equal to or larger than some of our present ones might have been established in Michigan.

Allow me to add that Dr. H. is the oldest man belonging to Battle Creek Monthly Meeting. He is past eighty years. N. P.

##### CIRCULAR MEETING.

A correspondent informs that a "Circular Meeting" was held at Centredale, Cedar county, Iowa, on the 24th of last month, which was interesting and largely attended. Members of the different branches of the Society of Friends were present, as well as

others not members of any religious organization. At the opening of the meeting a hope was expressed that the services of the occasion might not rest on any one individual, but be diffused over the meeting; and that if each one was engaged in silent prayer, the Divine blessing would be realized. A Norwegian woman (whose application for membership is now under consideration) spoke a few words, to satisfaction. She was followed by a member of that branch of the Society called, for distinction, "Wilbur Friends." His discourse was brief and interesting. Other exercises were expressed, in one of which the distinction was drawn between vital and ceremonial religion. The meeting closed after supplication to the Throne of Grace.

The belief was expressed that the time might be near at hand to hold a regularly established meeting at Centredale.

## SCRAPS

### FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"Thou hast, I have no doubt, seen full and interesting reports of the Illinois Yearly Meeting, which meeting, to our minds, was more deep and full and interesting than we had any right to expect. All the strangers from abroad met with a cheering welcome wherever they went, and the sweet, tender ministry of some has gone into many a prairie home with blessing.

"Our autumn is very lovely, and there is no end of glad things to be thankful for."

"I think it (Indiana Yearly Meeting) was one of the best I ever attended. There was not one note of discord. One or two of the epistles received were more than usually excellent, and I think Indiana Yearly Meeting never sent out fresher or more lively epistles since I have been old enough to observe them. Perhaps it was because they were written by young mothers, and I could enter into their exercises better than usual. One mother expressed a concern for those of us who have sons, that we might watch the little beginnings of evil habits. The use of tobacco often begins with little paper cigars, and we treat it lightly, when it should be made a serious matter. Opportunities are often found to drop a word here and there in favor of abstinence, that our influence might be shown to be on the right side. One need not preach temperance in and out of season, and yet we may influence public sentiment *quietly* in the right direction."

"Your very acceptable letter came to hand immediately after I had dispatched a *second*



one to you, under an apprehension that the first would not reach you.

"In looking over it my heart was tendered and my better feelings raised, as I reflected on the nearness of our sympathies, though separated so far as to distance.

"Whilst our thoughts were with you, craving your help and preservation in the arduous undertaking in which you are engaged, you were writing unto us, furnishing an evidence of interest and love for the friends you had left behind you.

"Is there not much in this communion that the outward eye cannot perceive; something more than the intellectual power, unaided by the Divine Spirit, can comprehend? And may we not hope that it is an evidence of the inspiration of that Love whereby the disciples of the beloved Master know that they are 'one with Him,' and that 'He is in them'? As the lightning flash illuminates one part, so it illuminates all under the same canopy; and so doth the Father's love extend over all the children of men who dwell under the influence of His power. It enables those who are united in Christian fellowship to draw nearer and nearer together, nearer and nearer unto Him. He enlightens their understandings, ministers to their necessities, strengthens them in the hour of trial, upholds them in sorrow, and causes them to rejoice in His goodness, even in the midst of their afflictions.

"Many, like the prophet Elijah, become disheartened, and are ready to conclude that they only are left, and such, I believe, will find much comfort in the words of the Master: 'The world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee'; and I earnestly desire that those who go forth in the name of the Lord may be favored to give evidence of this knowledge, and that they may also witness the peace and satisfaction which flow from a conviction that they have done their duty to the best of their ability; and oh, how sweet the consolation, if it might be added, 'that these do know that Thou hast sent me'! for, if the spirit of Christ be in the messenger, it will necessarily work to the gathering of the people.

"A tender and affectionate regard brings balm to the wounded spirit, and the watchful care of a loving brother or sister may be instrumental in turning the mind to light and truth. In this condition, the conscience is awakened; there may be a turning from the broad way into the narrow path; a newness of life rises up, and the love of God or the love of the Father take possession of the soul; past transgressions are mercifully allowed to fade away from the memory; robes of selfishness are washed white and cleansed

from all impurities; the 'garment of praise' takes the place of the 'spirit of heaviness,' and men feel that they are redeemed from the thralldom of sinful lusts; and when so purified we may be better enabled to understand the depth of that love which caused Jesus to bear all things, that He might be a witness for the truth. We claim to be His disciples; if we truly are so, we must, in some measure, pass through suffering and trial. The cup which He drank is more, probably, than we could bear; but we must remember that His Father in heaven strengthened Him for the work, and so, I trust, He will strengthen us for all that may be required at our hands. The work of the Master was not 'finished' until the last crowning evidence of His love was made manifest on the cross, 'Father, forgive them!' and then it was that rocks were rent, hardened hearts were opened; men believed that He was truly, in spirit, the 'Son of God'; His disciples were enabled to comprehend the greatness of His mission. The 'Comforter' came, as promised, and led them into a knowledge of Truth."

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 13, 1875.

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HOME COURTESY.—Perhaps few of us properly estimate the value of family courtesy, or the interchange between children of one household, or between parents and children, of those little nameless courtesies, which, while they are lavishly bestowed upon casual visitors, are often withheld from those to whom they are more justly due.

The family band especially needs the exercise of these amenities, to smooth off the rough points of diversity of temperament, which sometimes wound when they come into close contact. They also help both parents and children to bear with equanimity the various petty annoyances and disappointments of every-day life; and when they are so directed as to show a mutual dependence and love, they greatly strengthen and brighten the band of family union.

Children are fully alive to manifestations of a dependence upon them, and quick to discern when a parent, a brother or a sister looks to them for help, and when that help has been rendered, how grateful to a child would be the same kind and courteous recognition of the service as would have been ten

dered to a stranger in return for the same act. But, "for want of thought more than for want of feeling," this recognition is often withheld, and the service is received as a right, merely because it has been performed by one of our own household. If it be a child from whom we thus carelessly receive a kindness, without making a due return or acknowledgment of it, are we aware that we not only deprive that child of much pure enjoyment, but we also lay its mind open to the winds of discontent. On the other hand, did we extend to the children those little courtesies to which they are entitled, the bond of family interest would be strengthened, and old and young would alike be helped and encouraged to keep within the circle of its loving influence.

Admitting, then, that the exercise of the little courtesies of life strengthen home attachments, need we feel surprised if, neglecting them, we find our children preferring other places to their own homes, places where they are sometimes led into evil associations, which, as the old adage says, "corrupt good manners."

It is largely within the power and within the province, also, of parents to shield their children from any temptation to seek these evil associations, and this power lies partly in giving them home attractions; not those that may be purchased with money, but those loving, gentle courtesies that brighten and sweeten home-life.

Let the children once feel that they are appreciated, and that the home circle is incomplete without them, and let their little attentions be rewarded by a kind recognition, and surely their feet will rarely wander into forbidden paths, where danger lurks hidden under so many attractive forms.

#### MARRIED.

**EASTBURN—PALMER.**—On the 12th of Eighth month, 1875, at the residence of Rachel Palmer, with the approbation of Falls Monthly Meeting, Robert Eastburn to Anna Palmer, both of Lower Lakefield, Bucks Co., Pa.

#### DIED.

**THURSTON.**—On the evening of Tenth month 18th, at the residence of Benjamin R. Smith, Germantown, Hetty W. Thurston, daughter of the late Joseph D. and Mary W. Thurston, in the 26th year of her age.

**WOOD.**—Suddenly, on the 7th of Tenth month, 1875, at the residence of her brother, Thos. Shepherd, Union Bridge, Md., Mary Wood, in the 85th year of her age.

This dear Friend was for nearly thirty-three years a widow, and for twenty-five years was an Elder of Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting. Her pure and cheerful life has left in the hearts of her friends a sweet memorial. Caring more for the comfort of others than for her own, she often directed that the little attentions which were offered her be paid to her aged brother, whilst she sat by enjoying his appreciation of them. She seemed to be waiting, in quiet faith, for the time of her departure to come, and expressed herself, at different times for several years past, as having nothing in her way. She wished that she might go "as a candle burned out."

#### OBITUARY.

**WOLLASTON and FERRIS.**—In Wilmington, on the 14th of Tenth month, Samuel Wollaston, and on the 15th, Ziba Ferris, both Elders of Wilmington Monthly Meeting, and each in his 91st year, the former having always resided in that city. They were closely united in friendship; it may be said of them, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Some three years ago Samuel Wollaston was prostrated with severe illness, which it was feared would prove fatal. A message was sent him from Ziba Ferris, which expressed the desire that he would wait a few years longer until he was ready to accompany him. His wish was realized, for in less than twenty-four hours their pure spirits were reunited in the Heavenly Home.

A long and well-spent life, bravely and cheerfully lived to its close, was the portion of each. Such are indeed the salt of the earth, giving a flavor to human existence that will bless succeeding generations.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 73.

(Continued from page 591.)

TO MILAN AND THE LAKES OF ITALY.

After making a tour of the churches of Verona, some of them of great interest, and visiting the finest gate of the city—the Porta Stuppa, we take the afternoon train to Milan, Sixth month 9th. We soon reach the fortified town of Peschiera, on the southeastern extremity of Lake Garda, and get many satisfactory views of the great sheet of blue Alpine waters which stretches away to the northward, as we speed onward to the westward. If the weather was not so very warm, it would be desirable to pause at Peschiera and make a steamer tour of the lake, and see its banks, terraced with lemon groves, its enchanted isles, and its solemn mountain heights; but, as it is, we only say, Hail! and Farewell!

At Bergamo we reach the foot of the mountains, and the most northern point of the road; then we turn southward, and again westward, reaching Milan at five o'clock in the evening. A beautiful modern city of stately buildings, broad shaded avenues and fine hotels is before



us, and we find delightful quarters in the Hotel Cavour, overlooking the shadowy and fragrant Public Gardens.

The newness of Milan is accounted for, when we are reminded that it was totally destroyed by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162. It is now a wealthy and populous city, the capital of Lombardy, numbering 212,500 inhabitants, and is largely engaged in the silk manufacture.

We have daylight enough for an evening walk to the great Cathedral, regarded by the Milanese as worthy to be numbered among the wonders of the world. We pass down the broad Via del Giardino to the Piazza Scala, and rest a few moments in front of the beautiful statue of Leonardo da Vinci. It is colossal, and stands on a lofty pedestal, surrounded by four of his pupils, and is adorned with copies of his principal works in relief. The whole monument is of Carrara marble, and appeared to me a fitting tribute to the great painter, whose most famous production is in Milan.

Thence we turn into the Gallery Victor Emmanuel, the largest and finest structure of the kind in Europe. Two streets of handsome shops intersect each other at right angles, forming a Latin cross, and they are covered with an arched roof of glass, and have a dome of glass 180 feet in height at the octagonal center. Twenty-four statues of eminent Italians decorate the angles and recesses in this handsome gallery, and it is neatly paved with mosaic work. One great charm consists in its freedom from the intrusion of all horses and vehicles. One may loiter admiringly along, stopping to take note of the burly resemblance of Cavour, the more beautiful statue of Raphael, the stern features of Michael Angelo, the saturnine Dante, the aspiring, upturned face of Galileo, the philosophic visage of Volta, or the strong, grave Savonarola, without any fearful looking back for swift-coming wheels. Two thousand gas-jets light this noble gallery in the evening, and the pleasant and joyous people love to promenade and linger here, enjoying the friendly out-door life so characteristic of this land.

But we pass on now, and emerge in the Piazza del Duomo, which surrounds the mighty edifice, the glory of Milan, which we have come to contemplate. I have seen countless pictures of this cathedral, and the faithful photograph cannot bear false witness; but it was with a thrill of delight that I saw for the first time its delicate beauty, its wonderful elaboration, its gigantic size, and its countless spires against the pure dark evening sky. A young moon supplemented the declining day, and people of all classes and conditions were passing in and out of the

great portals silently, for it is the vesper-time, and this is the house of prayer.

We may enter with the rest into the beautiful and majestic temple, and walk down the central nave toward the altar. The arched roof is 164 feet above us, but the height is not too great to prevent a view of the excellent Gothic tracery which adorns it, and has the appearance of lace-work sculpture.

Before reaching the altar, just beneath the dome, we see down into the subterranean chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, sumptuously decorated with gold and precious stones. Very excellent things are spoken of this most practical holy man of the sixteenth century. He sells his princely inheritance and gives to the poor; chooses a life of dedication to works of charity and humility; visits those sick and dying of the plague, to administer consolation, fearless of danger to himself; and, when his gracious mission among men is finished and he is gathered to his fathers, and the church pronounces him a saint, I do not know that any would wish to dispute her judgment, for his were saintly deeds. The great and the lowly have sent rich votive offerings to the shrine of the good archbishop, whose relics are treasured up in this chapel. This splendid cross of emeralds and diamonds which hangs in the middle of the shrine, is the gift of Maria Theresa of Austria; the golden crown suspended over the saint's head is ascribed to Benevento Cellini, and is the offering of Charles Theodore, Elector of Bavaria; and endless is the array of less costly but precious gifts which decorate the chapel. In the treasury of the church, which is shown us, is his colossal statue, beside that of St. Ambrose. They are all of silver, studded with jewels, and are represented as clad in their episcopal robes.

As I sat wearily before all this display of childish man-worship, I thought how out of harmony with the useful and charitable life of these dead prelates was all this needless display of riches, and how far, probably from what they themselves would have desired; but it seems as if men would rather worship anything than the Highest, and much prefer to adore a good man's dust than follow his footsteps in the pathway of self-denial.

The next morning we devote to a visit to the roof of the Cathedral. One thinks not of possible weariness when in the presence of the wondrous aerial gallery of sculpture, which shows so gloriously from below against the pure blue of the Italian sky. We buy tickets, are shown the doorway, and up we go 19 steps inside of the church, and then emerge into the open air and ascend the 300 on the outside, which take us, from station to station to the highest gallery of the highest tower.

It is vain to attempt to describe the sensation as we mount upward to the level of heroes and saints; to the heights where stand apostles and martyrs, in every attitude of devotion, of prayer, and of joyous aspiration; to the goodly fellowship of the prophets; then to the region of angels and of archangels; then, past the glowing and gilded stars of heaven, till we stand on high indeed. The spire upon whose highest gallery we stand is elevated among 146 less prominent pinnacles, each one adorned with twenty-five statues. Everything is of pure white marble, unstained by time, except the gilded stars that encircle the gallery, and the colossal semblance of the madonna, in gilded copper, which towers above the wondrous pile. In the far horizon are dimly seen the snowy Alpine summits, stretching through more than a semicircle, and the Appenines, filling the remaining arc; the fertile and wooded plain, with its shining waters, is all around us; the busy city is at our feet, with its thronging multitudes seemingly hushed into silence at noonday; and the astonishing sculptured creations of wealth, of genius and of religious zeal bear us company in our high estate. A countless myriad of little birds have found safe dwelling amid these wonders, and twitter and chirp fearlessly as they attend to the necessary business of their happy lives. One has chosen his dwelling beneath the wings of a soaring archangel, another has his nest beneath the folds of the dress of a martyred saint, while yet another feels at home at the feet of an armed hero. And so we stand "buried in air," rejoicing in the glorious vision till the aching eyes remind the rapt gazers that they are still of the earth, earthy, and must descend, sooner or later, and walk as aforetime along the dusky pathways of common life.

As we enter the temple, ceremonial worship of some kind is going on, and sweet, soaring harmonies are filling the long aisles and the lofty arches. A host of richly-attired ecclesiastics are ranged round the high altar, and a group of worshippers seem to be following the progress of the ritual. There is a curious harmony in all this: the mighty temple, the dim, religious light," the soaring anthem, the mysterious, symbolic rite, the gorgeous vestments, and the soft, rich intonations of the choir. We sat down with the rest, to enjoy with them the beauty and poetic charm which invests their ancient ceremonial. It is soon over and we make once more a tour of the church, noting especially a statue of St. Bartholomew flayed, carrying his own skin on his shoulder. It is a real curiosity of art, admired for its anatomical accuracy. At the base is this inscription, which testifies to the pride of the artist, who worked eight years

upon it: "*Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus Pinxit Agrates.*" (Praxiteles did not make me, but Marcus Agrates.) One questions how the artist obtained his models for this most exquisitely painful, though doubtless exquisitely correct work.

The old church of St Ambrose, founded in the fourth century, on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, claims a short visit. It is a venerable edifice, indeed, and of great historic interest. These were the gates which the fearless Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius after the cruel massacre of Thessalonica; and a portrait of the brave archbishop, on the left of the entrance, welcomes the visitor. It was in this sanctuary that the Lombard kings and the German emperors were crowned solemnly with the iron crown of Lombardy. But the famous old circlet for the brow of monarchs is not kept here, but is preserved in the Cathedral at Monza, eight miles north of Milan. I did not see the Iron Crown, nor even the model of it which is shown to visitors for a franc, but nevertheless do I believe what is written of the venerable relic. It is a broad hoop of gold, adorned with precious stones, round the interior of which is a thin strip of iron, said to have been made from a nail of the true cross, brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. It pressed the brows of thirty-four Lombard Kings, and was later employed at the coronation of the Emperor Charles V, of Napoleon I, in 1805, and of the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand I, in 1838. It was carried off by the Austrians in 1859, but after the peace, 1866, it was restored to the Lombards, by whom it is so greatly venerated.

In the refectory of the suppressed monastery of Sta. Maria delle Grazie is the celebrated mural painting of Leonardo da Vinci, the "Last Supper." The picture has suffered in many ways, being obscured by the smoke from a neighboring kitchen, then injured by an inundation and the dampness afterward, then by the use of the hall for a stable in the days of Napoleon I, and finally by the cutting of a door through the lower part of the table; but I was amazed to find it yet so grandly expressive. The mournful, yet nobly-beautiful, face of the Christ who has just intimated the treachery of Judas; the dark, deceitful visage of the traitor, and the varied expression of the startled apostles, are very perfectly rendered in the original; but even the best copies are quite unsatisfactory in comparison. Several artists were at work and were producing copies of various grades, but I would not want any of them, preferring to trust to memory alone.

We give a few hours to the picture gallery in the Brera, formerly a college of the Jesuits,



and give very hasty glances at the 400 oil paintings here collected. The most famous work here is Raphael's *Sposalizio*, or the Nuptials of the Virgin, one of the early productions of the great master. A modern picture which had great attraction for the copyists, represented Queen Catharine de Medicis persuading her son Charles IX of France, to sign the order for the massacre of his Protestant subjects on St. Bartholomew's day. This is a remarkable contrast of power and weakness. The queen mother is resolute, cruel and sternly persistent, and she stands in an attitude almost threatening before her son, urging him to do the deed which will remove a powerful party of opposition from his pathway. He seems about to yield, wearied with her importunities, and the pen is already in his relaxed hand which will affix the royal signature to the fatal mandate. But our visit was too hasty to afford any but the most superficial glance at the collection. Paul Veronese shows us the Christ sitting at meat at the house of the Pharisee, and Guercino shows us the parting scene of Abraham and Hagar, while here is Leonardo da Vinci's study for the head of Christ in the Last Supper.

The triumphal Arco della Pace, begun by Napoleon I, as a termination to the Simplon road and for his own glorification, claims a visit. It is an imposing gateway like those of Paris and of Munich, but was not finished as Napoleon intended. The Austrian Emperor, Francis, completed it in 1830, having changed the inscriptions and the dedication to others in his own honor. These inscriptions have now been replaced by others commemorating the emancipation of Italy in 1859. Over the summit of the archway, on the platform, is the Goddess of Peace in a chariot with six horses, and at the four corners are victories on horseback, all in bronze. The various bas-reliefs upon the structure commemorate the victories of Napoleon, the triumph of Francis, the foundation of the Lombardo Venetian Kingdom, the Congress of Vienna, the Institution of the Order of the Iron Crown, the taking of Paris and many other events relating to the history of recent times. The arch is of beautiful white marble.

On the 13th of Sixth month we left Milan for Como, and spent an hour in this old town which is enclosed by an amphitheater of mountains, and which is our starting point for a voyage on the lake. We glance through the cathedral of white marble, take note of the statues of the elder and the younger Pinyin on either side of the principal entrance. The day seems terribly warm, and the little steamer which awaits us at the wharf is more attractive than the heated town. A friendly

awning is spread and comfortable seats are provided on the deck, whence we may take our first view of the most beautiful of the lakes of North Italy. It is, indeed, a charming sheet of pure, dark-blue water, with vine and olive-clad mountain banks, and were it not for the intensity of the sun-beams which pierce the canvas roof above us, our ride to Bellaggio had been an unmixed delight. The forest-clad mountains rise to a height of 7,000 feet, and we can, from the boat, plainly see both banks the whole distance. Pretty villas, homes of wealth and of taste, are scattered along the banks; and among these the Villa d'Este, now a hotel, is pointed out as having been for a considerable time the residence of the consort of George IV of England, Queen Caroline. It is a charming place, and must have been a pleasant home for this unfortunate wife of a graceless prince, if any place on the earth could be pleasant to the slandered and slighted princess, whose proper position was beside her husband on the throne of one of the mightiest realms of earth. All too soon, it seems, our steamer nears the western base of the promontory which separates the two arms of the lake and we have reached Bellaggio. A fine large hotel, the Grande Bretagne, having every comfort and every luxury which could be desired, receives us, and we spend three days at this point, the most beautiful of any on the Italian lakes. After our experiences in heated cities, how restful is this lovely view of softly rounded mountains and the radiant lake which ripples at our feet, how charming are the shaded forest paths, and how delightful it is to feel that the proper thing to do is to sit and enjoy the fair panorama just before the eyes. The second day of our stay is characterized by a succession of thunder showers, which are powerless to temper the depressing heat of the weather. The long reverberations that follow the crashes of thunder, the vivid nearness of the lightning, the curious and beautiful effect of the forming, reforming and dissolving cloud-masses which seem to rest on the mountains opposite, in some respects surpassed anything of the kind I had ever before observed.

From the park of the Villa Serbelloni, the dependence of the hotel on the heights above, we enjoyed an excellent moonlight view of the lovely lake which has aroused the enthusiasm of so many tourists. I can only say it surpassed all my expectations, and if the summer were not so fiercely upon us, I should wish to linger many days and write leisurely. Thanks to the kind Friends, a goodly packet of whose letters reached me at Bellaggio.

On the 16th of Sixth month we resumed

our march, crossed the lake of Menaggio, and there took a carriage and drove across the country to Porlezio, at the head of lake Lugano. There a little steamer receives us and bears us down the charming lake, between green mountain walls, clad with the chestnut in bloom and gemmed with fairy-like little towns and villas. The heat becomes intense as the day advances, and the poetic mountain walls that look so cool and green, shut out the air from the little sea; so that it is pleasant to find refuge in the cool hotel at Lugano, at 2 o'clock.

We are now in Switzerland, and Lugano is one of the three chief towns of Canton Tessin, containing more than 6,000 inhabitants. The situation appears to me almost as beautiful as that of Bellaggio, and a large and elegant hotel (Hotel du Parc) invites the wanderer to rest. But no! on we must go, taking a carriage for the ride at eventide across the country to Luvino, on lake Maggiore. A heavy rain goes with us all the way, making any survey of the country impossible, much to my disappointment. Lake Maggiore is tossed into billows by the tempest and roars like the ocean, but sleep and rest come all the same. The next morning we are awakened at the dawning, in time for the little steamer which comes to take us down the lake to the Borromean Islands. The rain is not actually falling when we start, but the morning is showery, and from the deck of the steamer we have curious studies of light and cloud as the glory of the dawn struggles to find expression, now gleaming down from the broken cloud masses, now tinging the soft, white billowy heaps of cumuli with a radiance, now smiling on the green hill side, now gilding the aspiring summit. As the morning advances the rain comes, at first fitfully, but soon the showers become vehement, and when at length the steamer lands us at Isola Bella we can only seek the friendly shelter of the hotel and await better times.

We are now on the domain of the Count Borromeo, who resides part of the year in the great palace we propose to visit. It is stated that in 1670 Count Vitellino Borromeo, an ancestor of the present Count, proposed to transform this arid but picturesque rock in lake Maggiore to a delicious dwelling place, which might compare favorably with the isle of Calypso or the Hesperides of classic story. Sixty years of labor were expended upon it, and great riches were spent in changing this formless rock into a terraced garden teeming with the vegetation of the tropics. Ten terraces, rising in a pyramidal form, one above another, form hanging gardens like those of Babylon of old, and they are adorned with statues, vases, obelisks and black cypresses.

In a pause of the rain we seek the portals of the palace, are kindly admitted and permitted to see the great dwelling place where a noble and all his retainers may live in state, and yet have ample space to devote to the stranger within his gates. There is the usual richness of decoration, lovely views from the ample windows, great state beds where the notables of the earth have sought repose, but no works of art sufficiently striking to make an abiding impression on the mind. The lower floor, a basement nearly on a level with the lake, is ingeniously devised to resemble a grotto of the seas, being paved and decorated with pebbles and ornamented with marine devices; and must be a cool and refreshing retreat from the noonday glare for the princely dwellers. And now we seek the garden and are led from terrace to terrace among aromatic and tropic shrubs, among flowers of every clime, among groves of oranges, lemons and mandarins, all in bloom and in fruit. Here is a delicate drooping cypress from Ceylon; a mermosa which has two sorts of leaves, the tiny pinnate ones shrinking and frail, and the firm willow-like brethren, strong and protecting; here is the India rubber tree, and here is the cork oak from Spain. In all luxuriance the gigantic Sequoia of California is growing, and the gardener fills our hands with leaves of camphor and other aromatic plants. Among the most fragrant was the sharp pointed, knife-like leaf of an Australian tree. Lower forms of vegetation are not despised. Here is a bed of Cyclomen in bloom, and great pansies smile up at us from every spare corner, while roses are fairly rejoicing in their existence. I never saw such a wealth of oleanders, and the gardener, seeing my admiration, gathered bouquets of it for us—more than I really wanted to carry. He takes us to the gigantic bay tree and shows us the scar where, he said, Napoleon cut the word "battaglia" with his knife before the battle of Marengo. Countless turtle doves and other birds had a safe rest on this happy isle.

The neighboring Isola Madre is also clad with tropic plants and is peopled with pheasants, but the day is too unpropitious to make a trip thither seem desirable. Nothing remains but to take the steamer that now comes puffing along and return to our quarters at Luvino.

Some time I should like to visit again lake Maggiore, and see the Borromean Isles under smiling skies, and linger many days in its pleasant places. S. R.

*Sixth month 17th 1875.*

ALL our appetites, when restrained, are beneficent.



## THOMAS CARLYLE AT HOME.

Down comes Thomas Carlyle from his sanctum into the hallway—a gray-whiskered old man, with eyes half-closed, as if pondering over some mental abstraction and shutting out the external world. He placed upon the table a long clay pipe, from which he had been raising a cloud of smoke, and took up one of half a dozen felt hats, with as broad a brim as you see on a Colorado ranchman's head. His clothing was of the coarsest Scotch twill, and like a Quaker's suit, was gray and of one color. His coat reached below his knees.

"Umph!" Who are you?" he at length said, when his brother remarked that somebody was standing near by.

"Sir, I am one of a multitude in America who, having read a few of your works, have long had a desire to call on you."

After the usual courtesies, I explained to him that my wish in seeing him had now been gratified, and that I would most respectfully bid him good afternoon. Another grunt was the only reply. While bowing my way out he stopped me with the remark: "I am going to walk. Come with me." I went. He started off at a good pace, with his hands behind him and his head slightly inclined. When, after a few moments, I ventured a question, he answered it in the old Socratic fashion, by asking a dozen. He wished to know about the United States, our churches, our colleges, our public men. Most great men, when you enter their presence, inspire you with their greatness, and either by word or intimation reveal their virtues. Thomas Carlyle is a conspicuous exception. It was with difficulty that I could get him to talk of himself, or get his views on questions of the day. Germany, he at length said, was in a state of theological transition. Dogma was yielding to fact. The Christian church was changing, but the grand truths of Christianity were unalterable. In the hands of Bismarck, the chiefest statesman of the age, its progress was as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. Nothing was to be feared. With England there was more smoke than fire in the air. By Carlyle, a plain Scotchman, reared in the good old Presbyterian fashion, the new movements in the ritualistic party of the Established church were regarded with dislike; but the points in dispute were trivial, and should vanish when weightier problems remain unsolved. He spoke somewhat slightly of Gladstone and his recently published pamphlets. He had watched him as he changed from a high tory to a most outspoken radical. Gladstone's gravest fault, thought Carlyle, was that he looked exclu-

sively at the side issues of great questions. He recognized the bearings and appearances not the underlying fact; and a fact, he continued, was a divine revelation, and he who acted contrary to it sinned against God.

"Is Gladstone, then, only a politician?" asked. "Much worse," was the answer; "for he always acts the politician with the wisdom of a statesman."

Here we approached a street crossing. When half way over, Mr. Carlyle suddenly stopped, and, stooping down, picked something out of the mud, at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages in the street. With his bare hands he brushed the mud off and placed the white substance in a clean spot on the curbstone. "That," said he, in a tone as sweet and in words as beautiful as I have ever heard, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste, and, above all, bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from that bit of bread."—*Clarence W. Bowen, in Independent*

From the Bogota Tradicionista.

## AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

## IN THE RUINS OF THE FINE CITY OF CUCUTA, IN THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

The day after this terrible scene people flocked in on all sides, armed with implements for digging, and mules to carry the plunder away. Merchants who attempted to find and recover their safes had to proceed with a revolver in hand. The pillage of the ruins went on for five days, during which time those bandits sent away some fifty mule-loads of the goods of the unfortunates that lay buried under the ruins of what had been the fine city of Cucuta, in the Republic of Colombia. The streets and lanes among the ruins were covered with all kinds of goods and merchandise. In one place boxes of wine had been opened, the contents drunk, and the bottles scattered around; in other places chandeliers, silk trimmings, furs and furniture. In another were to be seen tins of sardines, salmon, oysters, etc., all in confusion and all more or less covered with mud. In the midst of all this there were some of the people of this unfortunate city setting out Chinese crackers, drinking wine, surrounded by dead bodies, and shouting out, "Now the rich are poor, and the poor rich." All this was accompanied with the clamors of the living, the groans of the wounded, and the cries of those buried alive, who begged to be helped out from under the ruins of the

fallen houses. Some pious old woman would come into view with her lap full of stolen articles, murmuring, "What a terrible misfortune!" and then hastening home to count the beads of her rosary and take an inventory of the valuables in her possession. And so passed several days; those who could, left, and those who could not did the best that was possible under the circumstances. The very aid sent to the unfortunate the robbers managed to share, and little of it fell to the lot of the really deserving. The Chief of the national force stationed there abandoned his post. The Colombian Guard, as it was called, mutinied; and after robbing what it could dissolved and deserted. Even the Alcalde took to flight and left the robbers masters of the lives and goods of their unfortunate fellow-citizens. In fine, Cucuta is now only a name for a horrible heap of ruins, with its dead inhabitants putrifying under them.

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thoughts of self pass in, and the beauty of great actions is gone like the bloom from a soiled flower.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### AFTER HARVEST.

The tenderness of Autumn fills the air  
Like the last breath of flowers, and tones all sounds  
With mellow sadness that subdues the heart;  
While all the world expectant of stern rule  
Goes smiling to the servitude of Frost.  
The harvests are all gathered, and the year  
Feels the tired calmness of its afternoon,  
And gives sweet welcome to its garnered rest.  
Across the river's sparkling line of blue,  
Dividing village homes from rural scenes,  
What warm, rich glories cluster on the trees,  
And on the wheat's young green! Decay and youth,  
In strife of emulation mark the germs  
Of change and growth renewed for evermore,  
And draw us into thought, and build our faith  
That power Divine, imperishable, dwells  
Behind the scheme of Life!

We fret with cares,  
And pains our errors bring, and scarcely see  
The world unroll its splendors for our eyes,  
And clothe its breast with light that we may learn  
Our Father works in silence that is peace,  
In wisdom that is beauty, and in power  
That fails not in its promise. Over all  
The ceaseless order of material things,  
And the deep nature of the spirit world,  
Blossoms the sweet purpose of Creative love  
To bring man upward to a nobler life,  
Through the glad sunshine of obedient steps,  
To his revealed desire. Sure hope abides,  
And trust is centered in the soul that seeks  
In pure humility the ways of Truth.  
Never forsaken is the faithful heart  
By Him who framed its needs, if all its light  
Is wove in thought and deed. None are cast off  
Who will to shelter in his love and care.  
The harvest ripened in His sun and dew,  
Is gathered home!

S. S.

Bristol, Pa., 10th mo., 1875.

#### THE SANDPIPER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I;  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white light-houses high;  
Almost as far as eye can reach  
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach,  
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;  
He starts not at my fitful song,  
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.  
He has no thought of any wrong,  
He scans me with a fearless eye,  
Staunch friends are we, well-tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright:  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper and I?

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR TENTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	4	10
Rain all or nearly all day.....	1	1
Snow, including very slight falls.....	0	1
Cloudy, without storms.....	9	7
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	17	12
Total.....	31	31
	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Tenth mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	58.62	54.25
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	72.00	76.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	39.00	31.00
	Inches.	Inches.
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	1.65	1.82
	Numb'r.	Numb'r.
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for each year.....	1360	1576



MEAN TEMPERATURES.		Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Tenth month for the past 86 years .....		54 78
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793.....		64.00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1827.....		46 00
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
Totals for the first ten months of each year.....	1874 Inches.	1875 Inches.
	36 38	32.29

The comparisons above speak for themselves, and show the mean of the month just closed to have been about half a degree cooler than the average for the past eighty-six years.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia frost occurred very early in the month, while on the 13th both ice and frost visited Vineland, N. J. "On the same day there was ice formed at Germantown and at Byberry, Pa.; it was reported to be half an inch thick. In broad contrast to this we find the following item published on the last day of the week, ending the 30th inst., viz: "A number of persons bathed in the ocean at Cape May early in the present week. The water is said to have been not unpleasantly cold." On the 29th and 30th a severe snow-storm raged at Omaha, Nebraska, falling to the depth of two inches. Telegraphic and railroad communication were delayed in consequence of its severity; while at Rolla, Missouri, "the snow was accompanied with a hail-storm of unprecedented violence, with thunder and lightning, during which not less than ten thousand panes of glass were destroyed." Los Cruces, New Mexico, has been visited with a tremendous water-spout, by which six y-three houses were destroyed, but fortunately no loss of life ensued.

These items are introduced to show how greatly this vicinity has been favored, and how much we have to be thankful for. In Baltimore, Maryland, we learn the mean for the month just closed was 55½ degrees, with a rainfall of 1.44 inches.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Eleventh month 4th, 1875.

## NOTICES.

The Circular Meeting within the limits of Abington Quarter will be held at Warminster on Friday, the 21st inst., at 3 P. M.

The 9 o'clock morning train from Philadelphia, via North Pennsylvania Railroad, reaches Johnsville Station (less than half a mile from the Meeting-house) in time for the morning meeting.

The Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting on Circular Meetings will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Eleventh month 19th, at 4 o'clock.

The next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Race street, on the 16th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

## ITEMS.

THE Arctic exploring steamer Pandora, has returned to England for the winter. She sailed further into the Polar Sea than any previous vessel.

On the 7th inst., San Benito County, California, was severely shaken by an earthquake. The vibration, which was from east to west, was preceded by "a harsh, rumbling noise."

PROF. HENRY, at Washington, has received telegrams announcing the discovery of two new planets of the twelfth magnitude in Europe; one, Palisa, at Berlin, in right ascension 3 hours 6 minutes north; declination, 18 degrees 17 minute motion, south; and one by Paul Henry, at Paris in right ascension 2 hours 38 minutes north declination, 15 degrees 22 minutes; motion, ve

THE death of John Gardner Wilkinson, D. C. I. F. R. S., who has long been recognized as one of the most eminent of Egyptian antiquarians, announced by cable. Born in 1797, receiving education at Harrow and at Exeter College, Oxford. Most of his life he has passed in Egypt, where has been a zealous and thorough student of the architecture, writings and mementoes of the ancient Egyptian races. The fruits of his researches have appeared in a number of volumes treating of the life, character and history of the early races that dwelt upon the Nile, and outlining the distinctive and curious developments in their civilization. Among his publications of this character are *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, and *The Egyptians in the Time of Pharaoh*. A work of broader scope is his *History of Modern Egypt and Thebes*, published in 1844. He has also found time for research and observation in other countries, the results of which are embodied in *Dalmatia and Montenegro, with a Journey to Mostar and Remarks on the Slavonic Nations*, and other desultory publications.—*Kz. Paper*.

THE eminent English Telegraphist, Charles Wheatstone, died in Paris last month. "What Professor Morse was to the United States, Sir Charles Wheatstone was to the United Kingdom. The English claim for Wheatstone the honor of being the first person to apply electricity to the transmission of messages. Without discussing at this moment whether the honor rightfully belongs to our Mor or the English Wheatstone, it may be said that both of these eminent men, by their lives, conferred great benefits upon the human race. Morse laid the foundation of telegraphy in the United States, while Sir Charles Wheatstone was the founder of the English system. The two systems, while accomplishing the same end—the transmission of words by electricity—were differently operated and required different instruments. The Morse system, as is well known, consists of a series of dots and dashes, while in the Wheatstone system the various letters are distinguished by the movements of a pointer on a dial plate.

"The deceased began his connection with telegraphy in 1836, when 34 years of age while engaged in some scientific investigations at Heidelberg. In 1837 he obtained permission from the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company to make an experimental application of his plan in a tunnel on the line of railway. The experiment was so successful that in the same year Mr. Wheatstone, with a Mr. Cooke, took out a patent for his instruments, and laid the foundation of the telegraphic system of the United Kingdom. For Sir Charles Wheatstone also claimed the honor of being the inventor of the stereoscope. Queen Victoria knighted him in 1868 on account of his scientific acquirements, and in the same year the Royal Society conferred upon him the Copley medal for his researches in acoustics, electricity and magnetism. In 1869, the University of Edinburgh bestowed upon him the degree of LL. D. Deceased was born in Gloucestershire, England, in 1802, so at the time of his death he was in his 74th year."—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 20, 1875. No. 39.

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## THE LIFE IS THE LIGHT OF MEN.

I rather wonder that some critics have not proposed to change this verse so as to make it read "*The Light is the Life of Men.*" If we had written the gospel, we should probably have put it in that form. According to our modern ideas, life comes from light, and not the reverse. Men are to be cured of all their woes and sins by copious information addressed to the intellect. The diffusion of useful knowledge is to cure all the ills that flesh inherits. Send all the children to school, and let them learn to read and write; then give them plenty of books and newspapers; open public libraries; establish lyceum lectures; preach to them three, or at least two, sermons every Sunday, and the best thing is done for them. You have developed their natures. Only let them get into their heads a mass of information, more or less superficial, about Charlemagne and the spectroscope, the correlation of forces and the relativity of knowledge, the glacial age, the trauadaours and molecules, the theory of Mr. Darwin, Spanish literature and new Platonism, and then you will have a highly cultivated and well-developed community. This is the idea many people have of education. They simplify it to the one method of flooding the brain with a deluge of miscellaneous and heterogeneous information on all subjects under heaven.

Far be it from me to complain of this ten-

dency. Let us have all the light we can get. Make thought as free as a bird in air. Circulate information of all kinds by all means—living speech, the press, the post-office, the telegraph, the lecture-room, the school, the college. If it were possible, it is not desirable to put any check on this wide diffusion of intellectual information. Only let us not suppose that this is the whole thing or the main thing, in education.

I think we ought to consider one or two other important facts.

Let us remember that we cannot obtain knowledge by any merely passive reception of information. To listen passively, to read passively, does not give us knowledge. *Opinion* is not knowledge, *belief* is not knowledge, *thought* is not knowledge. We can receive opinions passively, we can accept a belief passively, but we can never *know* anything except by adding the active to the passive exercise of the intellect. In short, *knowledge comes only from experience*, and experience always includes the *action* of the mind; trying, testing, considering, pondering, experimenting on its object.

A man may fill his memory with information, acquired from books or from other persons; but unless he has put his own life into it, it remains a belief rather than knowledge. It wants the element of certainty, which is only given by experience.

I may read a book of science, written by Humbolt or Agassiz, and I may believe thei



statements. Still, it is always possible that some other scientific writer may contradict their facts and question their inferences. But if I have tried the experiments myself, and observed the phenomena personally, if I have verified my observations by repeated and varied experiments, I am then sure of what I have observed, and any number of scientific authorities to the contrary cannot shake my conviction.

I may read a book about London, or Egypt, or Japan, and accept the author's statements. They then become a part of my belief; but, strictly speaking, they are not a part of my knowledge. Subsequent travelers may deny the correctness of their description. But if I have seen the places myself, all the travelers in the world will not alter my conviction of what I have carefully and repeatedly observed, for that is knowledge.

Some studies, you will say, do not admit of being thus verified by experience; for example, history, geography and many sciences. We cannot personally visit every country in the world. We cannot go back into the past to study history; we must take on trust the statements of the astronomer concerning the eclipses of the sun and moon, or of Jupiter's satellites. That is true, and therefore all such studies belong to the domain of belief, not of knowledge. Our belief may be sufficient for all practical purposes; still, it is only belief, not certainty.

All study, all reading, all second-hand information, leaves the mind in a condition of relative uncertainty, and should be balanced by some kind of *work* which brings one into personal contact with facts. A mere scholar has a certain feebleness of mental texture, compared with a man of the world. Life should be the basis of thought; study should follow experience. Milton says:

"Who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and genius equal or superior,  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself."

If children are sent to school when young, to study books, and then are sent to college to study more books, so grow to be men without having lived in the fields and woods, and come in contact with the facts of nature, they always have a sense of inferiority and imbecility in some directions. The first thing for children to acquire is knowledge of concrete facts, of animals and plants, stones and earth, of horses and cows, of hard wood and soft, of the different minerals, of the work of the carpenter, mason, blacksmith, farmer. This is the broad, honest foundation of all knowledge; the house of culture built on this rests on the rock; else, on the sand. All this is to

be learned by life, and in all this life is the light of man.

It will not do to postpone this experience of nature. After a while, a child brought up on books alone loses the power of noticing external objects. Turn him out into the fields or woods, and he walks along blindly, observing very little. But turn a little child out of doors, and he notices everything. He sees the grass, the birds, the squirrels, the insects, the weeds; he stands by the laborers in the field, by the groom in the stable, watching all their operations. Woods, winds, waters, all teach him. He drinks in knowledge at every pore.

The tendency of work is to faith, for it brings us into contact with permanent realities, with unchanging laws. The tendency of thought and study alone is to doubt; for these deal with the forms of things, not with their substance. It is very bad for the mind to get away from realities, for contact with realities feeds the soul anew with the sense of permanent substance—that is, the sense of the presence of God, who is the only substance, the only permanence.

We can never know God by thinking; only by living. Just as we can only know Nature by living in active communion with her, not by thinking about her; so we can never know God by thinking about Him, but only by living in communion with Him. Life is the light of man in religion. We commune with God, not merely by prayer and worship, but by all honest work, all real love, all genuine life.

The day laborer, who does a faithful day's work, trying to comply with the laws of the material world, is in communion with God and receives into his soul something of the Divine nature. Hence he has a certain contentment and peace in his soul which the idler, who trifles away his days in desultory amusement, does not know. This is the *primary school* of the religious life. When the Lord said, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," he pronounced not a curse but a blessing on mankind. If it were not for work, and the necessity of work, the world would be a hell. Work *rests* us more than play; and the rest of heaven is not idleness, but peaceful, useful activity. The Book of Genesis says that God took six days in which to make the world, and rested on the seventh day. But Jesus explains what that Divine rest is, by saying, "My Father works down to this time, and I work." God rests, as the earth under our feet rests; not by standing still, but by an activity, so steady, uniform, serene, that we do not notice its motion, because it is never interrupted, never checked.



We know God, not by hearing sermons about Him, or by reading books of theology, but by lives of obedience and love. "He who doeth his will, shall know of the doctrine."

Life is the light of man. All real life teaches us.

We come to *know ourselves* by living. The only way to discover what we are made for, what we can do, is by trying to do something. If a boy is conceited or vain, and thinks himself very bright, if he thinks he is a genius, as boys sometimes think, give him something to do. Set him to work. That will test him; and he soon will discover both his real capacity, and his real deficiency. Let him go among other boys, and they will soon take his conceit out of him. Boys are great iconoclasts; they do not believe in idolatries of any kind; they are rough democrats, who put down all pretension, and recognize no superiority but that of ability to do something better than others can do.

Self-knowledge comes through life. The young man leaves the harbor with a fleet of a thousand vessels; the old man is glad to reach the shore saved, or in a single boat. As the years come and go, they test us and humble us and show us what is in our heart.

It is true that life does not always teach. Some people cannot learn, even from experience. They repeat the same mistakes over and over again. The reason is that they have no love of truth. They do not wish to learn. They throw the blame of all their disappointments on others, never on themselves. They are always the martyrs, the victims of an unhappy destiny, of evil fortune, of cruel injustice. They are ready to criticise the faults of all others, never their own.

As the poet says of one of this class:

"Many disappointments cannot cure  
This born obliquity, or check the lure  
Which this strong passion spreads; she grew not  
wise  
Nor grows. Experience with a world of sighs  
Purchased, and pains and heart-break, have been  
hers,  
And taught her nothing; when she erred she  
errs."

But, if a person is honest and simple, and not too conceited, and loves the truth, then life teaches him. As he grows older he grows wiser—*James Freeman Clarke in Saturday Evening Gazette.*

#### A TESTIMONY OF WARRINGTON QUARTERLY MEETING, CONCERNING OUR ANCIENT FRIEND, MARGARET ELGAR, DECEASED.

She was born on the 2d of Second month, 1739-40, old style, in Frederick county, Maryland, of religious parents, William and

Mary Matthews, the former deceased before her birth, and the latter about her eighth year; and though deprived of her mother's pious and tender care at so early an age, yet her counsel was remembered with much filial affection.

In 1771 she entered into the marriage state with Joseph Elgar, and after residing a short time at Sandy Spring, in Maryland, removed within the verge of this Quarterly Meeting. At Warrington Monthly Meeting she was appointed to the station of an Elder; and in 1790 was recommended as a Minister by Monallan Monthly Meeting. In the three succeeding years she visited all the meetings belonging to this quarter, and the families of two of its Monthly Meetings, as also several meetings belonging to other quarters, and afterwards made several religious visits to different meetings in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Ohio, which, from the testimonies received, were satisfactory.

In the year 1807 she became a member of York Monthly and Particular Meeting, where she was frequently engaged in the exercise of her gift, to the strengthening of the weak and the stirring up of the lukewarm—often inviting the youth to advocate the precious cause of Truth—a cause which she testified was dignified with honor and crowned with an endless life. In 1811 she met with a close trial in the death of her husband. She was endued with a strong mind and enlarged understanding, which, under the influence of religious principle, rendered her very serviceable in the church; she was zealous for the support of the discipline, the right exercise of which she esteemed to be of great importance to the growth and preservation of our Society; and remarked that in the course of her experience, she had observed where this was neglected, meetings declined. She was often engaged in humble supplication for the preservation of Friends everywhere, that by filling up their ranks in righteousness they might bring glory to the Great Name. We believe it may be said of her, that she was an instrument in the divine hand, to whom the metaphor applies, "How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things." In her declining years she was remarkably preserved in the life of religion; her public testimonies carried with them the evidence of a mind rightly exercised in the solemn engagement to which she was called; her ministry was sound and attended in an eminent degree with the baptizing power of truth, without which preaching is vain. In her intercourse with society she was affable and easy of access, and was pleased with the company of



religiously inclined young people, by whom she was much beloved.

In her last illness she was confined to her room about six weeks, in which time she suffered much bodily pain. Her disorder was an affection of the breast, which made verbal communication difficult; yet it was evident that she enjoyed great serenity of mind, expressing an entire resignation to the divine will, whether her disease should terminate in life or in death. On the 29th of Third month, 1821, she departed this life as one falling asleep, in the 82d year of her age, and was the next day interred in Friends' burying-ground at York.

#### TEMPTATION AND CHARACTER.

BY PROFESSOR IRVING.

The law of industry is one of the grandest of life, and yet in the mind and heart there is a constant temptation to indolence. Hence, to battle against a life of repose is as essential as to battle for the laws of Moses or of society. Each condition and locality of man has its local temptation, just as it has local language or local diseases. The city tempts to dress, to luxury; the village to indolence, and he that lives plainly, and escapes the vanity of the former, or that rises above the indolence of the latter, is equally a hero.

As death is everywhere, so there proceeds from each place, city, or farm, or village, an evil genius—extreme ambition, or extreme indifference; extreme labor, or extreme repose; and he is a great man anywhere who rises up every morning against the evil genius of his place and presents his virtue against its vice, his will-power against its repose. We often fail to find the real foe of the soul; and in the city we will guard against German infidelity, when the real enemy is perhaps the Christian (?) love of gold; and in the village men will array themselves against a little dram-shop, when the grand enemy of the town is indolence, and the decline of public and private ambition. To find the peculiar temptation of the place and fight it, is the first duty of man. Temptation is an atmosphere in which a good character may ripen like the vintage upon the warm hills of France. One cannot be said to possess any security of character until he has been tried. Our mother Eve failed because, instead of having character, she possessed nothing but innocence. She knew nothing of death or sin, nothing of honor, for she had seen no dishonor. Like a child, she had innocence, but not an intelligent conception of moral worth. It is by the measurement of sin by a long standing in a howling wilderness that a man of character is found. Men are born in innocence, but

they die with character. The theory of honesty is dear to all by nature, and hence the young heart not yet out in the world feels that honesty is as easy as sleeping, or looking, or hearing. Coming to early manhood, this innocent soul feels that integrity is as much his own as are his hands and his face. But the wheel of fortune turns him into the money market, or into Congress, and before he is aware of it he has no integrity left. The truth is he never possessed any, in the best sense of the word, but only entertained the theory as being true, and looked to the world of trial through the eyes of only innocence.

The reason why so many fail of honor in public and private life is, that, setting out with the best intention, they do not realize in advance the difference between the science and the art. They thought the science of honesty would save them, whereas the most powerful honor is that which has been tried and stood the test—the honor that has been for forty days in the wilderness, amid the syren voices of the world, the flesh and the devil. After a soul has once resisted temptation, it begins to pass from the science to the art; the meaning of integrity begins to unfold itself in the heart, and there comes the first consciousness of moral power. After it has for a few years withstood the trial, then honesty becomes no bare theory, but an actual trait of character; and every year of rectitude in the face of obstacles adds a new beauty and glory to the character, just as each summer-time adds to the branches and foliage of a tree. To be met, therefore, with a great trial is only to be furnished with an opportunity to become honorable.

In the lifetime of the youngest of you, you have seen great public men reach the highest places accorded to genius, and eloquence, and affability, and then sink, from failure of common integrity. Their virtue had been the theory of a Selkirk on an island, surrounded only by his goats; or the dream of an infant, and not the hero of temptation. They held on to honesty until it was needed, and then parted with the only power that could be of any value to them upon earth.

When a man, in early or middle life, in business or in friendship, or in political affairs, is approached by a temptation of passion or of gold, that is the only hour in which he ever yet in his life needed honor. Honor has been a dream up to that moment. To slight it then would be like a coast lighthouse lit up in the day-time, dark only at night.

In the past five years many of our public men have had fine opportunities afforded them for building up grand characters, that would have cast light not only upon their

own age, but upon millions of persons rising up in the next generation. Oh! what grand hours they have enjoyed for passing over from innocence to integrity? Honesty is like an anchor—not for calm days, but for storms. The anchor may be decked with flowers at times, and, in a harbor, may lie at the bow, and silently promulge its theory. We have all seen them thus lying at the vessel's bow, decked with wreaths, and silently expressing their idea of usefulness. But when the vessel is out on its path, and there is a night, with storm and with darkness, without a star, then the old mass of iron seems to glory in its ruggedness, and, leaving its ideal festoons upon the deck, in the gloomy midnight it drops into the deep, and grasps the solid earth with its gigantic arms. But much of our public honor is not of this iron-like stuff; when the storm and darkness come, the vessel goes straight to wreck; the anchor, instead of seeking the bottom of the ocean, where lies the solid world, seems to have been made of painted wood, and, with its garlands of Christian theory still upon it, comes in afloat. A vessel is badly off when its sheet-anchor floats.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

[We clip from the *Moravian* some wholesome truths plainly stated which we think, if more generally regarded would be productive of incalculable benefit to every class of society.—Eds.]

#### HOME EDUCATION.

Now a-days a great deal is being said, and very properly too, upon the subject of public education. In view of the wide-spread corruption and demagogism with which American politics are disgraced, and in view of the recent attacks all along the lines of the ranks of the Romish Church upon the common school system, the importance and absolute necessity of educating all classes of American citizens are coming to be more and more recognized. There is however in this connection, and in connection with the well-being of the Christian Church and of Mankind at large, a subject of still nearer importance; we mean Home Education.

We know there are a large number of persons who acknowledge the fact that home education is a matter of vast importance and far-reaching influence; they acknowledge this because they have always been told so. Nevertheless, they do not seem to believe it, and have no adequate conception of it, or they have strangely inconsistent ways of living; for they go on from day to day, without being in the least degree influenced by their professed convictions. If any of the readers of the *Moravian* shall take up this article and read so far, we beg them to think seriously whether our remarks do not in some way apply to them,

and to enter with us upon the consideration of this subject in the most serious and earnest manner.

There is need of a great change of both individual and public sentiment and practice in regard to the work of Home Education. We use the term "education" here to signify the development of the mind and the formation of character and not in its less important sense of imparting information.

The importance of this subject may be seen from the fact that home education lies at the whole root of the after character and life of the individual. The foundation laid at home is the foundation on which all afterwork must be built. As this foundation is good or bad, so will the subsequent superstructure be good or bad. There are, indeed, occasional exceptional cases where persons have exhibited in after life, a character in substantial disagreement with that foundation which was laid in early childhood, but these cases attract attention only because they are exceptional, and because the world knows full well that the reverse was to have been expected, and is the usual course. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is as true in the physical, moral and spiritual life of a man as it is in a plant. What a child has been made at home, he will be in a greater or less measure in after life.

Home education is important also, because more powerful than any other influence thrown around youth. We may send our children, even at an early age, to schools to be trained and disciplined, but the sum of time thus spent is comparatively insignificant as compared with that spent under the parents' roof and the lesson the day are too apt to fade quickly away before the stronger influence of the home. The few hours spent at school under the eye of the teacher can accomplish comparatively little unless reinforced by the power of home. Thus the influence of home not only lays the foundation, but to a great extent moulds and shapes the materials laid upon this foundation.

To our way of thinking, American fathers and mothers and older brothers and sisters pay too little attention to the matter of home education. The excuses usually given for the neglect of this most important duty are either, it is too much trouble, or there is a want of time. The former of these excuses means that the proper education of children is either not worth the trouble it costs or is distasteful.

No person who stands in a near relation to children can be absolved from the duty of attending to the formation of their characters, and any such person who deliberately neglects this duty on the plea that it is distasteful,



commits a most grievous sin. Neither is the other plea of want of time a good one; by no means so good as many would have believed. Very rare exceptions aside, no man or woman has a right to lack time for the training and educating of his or her children. To plead business, is to say that earthly goods are of more value than spiritual welfare. A man can generally make very reasonable provision for the bodily wants of his children, and yet have time to spend on their spiritual and intellectual training, and he is guilty if he does not so arrange his affairs.

As to the manner of this education, it should be accomplished by both precept and example. Of the two, by far the larger measure of stress should be laid upon the latter mode of education. Our homes should practically be rendered as nearly perfect as possible, to the end that their educating influence should in all cases be on the right side. It will be of little avail to recite the commands of the Lord in the hearing of our children if we do not follow them ourselves. Godly habits are formed more by example than by precept, so also with ungodly ones.

#### THE SICK POOR.

To be tossing with fever, torn by a cough, or racked with neuralgia is not pleasant. It is particularly hard to endure in summer. The thought of all the pomp that fills the circuit of the summer hills is an aggravation when one is a close prisoner between four walls. The bed may be luxurious, and the windows hung with rose-color; friends may move softly about, and flowers minister to the eye; still it is a great affliction to be ill when the whole world is jubilant, and the year is ripening to harvest.

What must it be to be sick in a tenement house? To be stretched on a wretched bed which it gives you a creeping sensation even to think of, in a narrow room, fetid with poisonous exhalations, and dark with dirt! To be ill in a quiet house, where every footfall is hushed for your comfort, and every voice is tenderly attuned that no discords may reach your ear, is a very different thing from being ill in an abode wherein dogs are barking, children crying, women scolding, men swearing, and boys fighting from morning till night; the fumes of liquor, the smells of all sorts of cooking, the odors of bad tobacco, and the general sense of vileness filling and pervading every breath! How horrible! Yet hundreds of people, in places too miserable for description, are thus ill and suffering every summer. Puny infants first see the light, and begin their wailing struggle for existence, under conditions like these. Pale mothers drag out their

days, and consumptives grow weary of waiting for death in the crowded, crammed and abominable cellars and garrets into which the very poor huddle like vermin.—*Christian at Work.*

THE BARTRAM OAK.—At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences Dr. Joseph Leidy exhibited specimens of *Quercus heterophylla*, or Bartram Oak, from a newly discovered tree in New Jersey. Very few trees of this—perhaps not half a dozen all told—have been found in this country since the original tree, from which Michaux's plate and description were taken, was found near the gardens of the old botanist, Bartram. That tree has since been cut down; but seedlings from this tree, now old trees, are still living in the old gardens of Bartram and Humphrey Marshall, but the trees are not like their parent. The Bartram Oak differs in no respect from the willow oak, except that the leaves are lobed, instead of being entire, willow like, as in that species. In the seedling tree at Bartram there are occasionally leaves slightly lobed; but so lightly that they have to be diligently hunted for before they are found. This tree found by Dr. Leidy has deeply lobed leaves, and the owner, made aware of its interesting character, will preserve it from the woodman's ax. Dr. Chapman remarked in regard to this variety that many plants had different characters when young from that which they assumed with age; but now and then they carried their juvenescent form through their whole existence. It might be characteristic of the willow oak to have cut leaves frequently when young, and it would be in accordance with these facts if a tree now and then retained the lobed leaves to maturity.—*From the Independent.*

SCIENCE and religion are of their very nature enlarging and elevating agents. But we dare to say boldly, that if one excels the other in its liberalizing influence, it is the study of true religion. Not of doctrine only, not of forms and ceremonies; but the religion of an upright and holy life, the religion of constant communion with the unseen but known God. And the outcome of such a religion is what the Bible so beautifully designates as "the fruits of the Spirit." It is here that philosophy and the philosophy of Christianity must part company. Not that they ever become antagonistic, far from it; but that here Christianity goes a step beyond her sister. When the followers of science are more liberal, and the followers of Christ more Christ-like, science and religion may lay down their arms, and form common cause under a common and divine Master.—*Sunday Press.*

**EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.**—Devotional feelings should be impressed as early as possible on the infant mind. They cannot be impressed too soon, and a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea. We should endeavor to impress his mind by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects with all he sees, all he hears, and all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; thus, by deep, strong and permanent associations, we lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. He who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearances around him, to feel His continual presence, and to lean upon His daily protection, though his religious ideas may be mixed up with many errors which his reason will ultimately refine away, has made large advances towards that habitual piety, without which religion can rarely regulate the conduct; and will never warm the heart.—*Channing.*

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting was held in Race street Meeting-house on the 9th inst. The gathering was very large, many having been drawn to attend because of the expected presence of Sunderland P. Gardner.

The first meeting lasted until 12 o'clock, and the deep solemnity and earnest attention with which the large assembly listened to the clear and forcible presentation of some of the cardinal views held by our religious Society evinced an awakened interest in these Gospel truths that cannot fail of profit to the hearers.

In the business meeting, the appointment of the same clerks and assistants and the answering of the usual Queries were about all that claimed attention.

In the women's branch much excellent counsel and encouragement from the mothers drew all together in close sympathy and fellowship. The absence of some, whose places in our midst are vacant, was alluded to; their faithful lives and worthy example were felt to be incentives to those who must come forward and take up the burthen of service these have laid down, and the prayer went forth that a qualification may be given to do the Father's will in the furtherance of every work and service of the Church.

In the evening of the same day the meeting-house at Seventeenth and Girard avenue was crowded to its utmost capacity, it being the second of the Circular evening Meetings held this season. S. P. Gardner, in his usual clear and argumentative manner, spoke to the confirming and strengthening of many. The close was impressively solemn.

On Fourth-day evening the same Friend held an appointed meeting at West Philadelphia Friends' Meeting-house. The meeting was large and very satisfactory. R.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"Our forefathers, in their devotion to the cause of Truth, eminently manifested a willingness to be anything or nothing, that the glory of God might be promoted through the triumph of righteousness, justice, peace and good-will among men.

"When this condition becomes again the animating principle of our Society, we shall have reached that measure of Christian fellowship and love so significantly testified of by the name we bear—Friends—friends of God and friends of man."

The foregoing came to me as the expression of a present concern for us as a people, and I offer it for the "Scrap Column," peradventure it may stimulate to greater faithfulness some of us who may be in danger of resting upon our lees, willing to live upon past labor and enjoy whatever benefits may accrue from the faithfulness of our predecessors, measureably forgetful that yesterday's manna is not food fit for to-day.

I know we are called to move forward and perform the service of to-day, but it is well for us occasionally to look back and review the acts of devotion that stand out in full relief in the early history of our Church, and for which devotion imprisonment, and even death were endured with Christian fortitude.

We are not now called upon to give such proof of our fidelity to Truth's convictions; but these evidences of the sufficiency of Divine power to sustain the faithful servant may stimulate us to give heed to the further unfoldings of duty, so that we, too, may be found faithful in the accomplishment of the work of our day.

Our work may differ in some points from that which was required of our forefathers, but there is one work common to all bearing the name of Christians, and that is such a submission to the guidance of the Divine Spirit as will enable us "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly."

Other Friends will, no doubt, have informed thee ere this reaches Philadelphia, of all that was important at our late Yearly Meeting (Baltimore). It was a very favored, harmonious season from the beginning to its close. Love and Truth reigned throughout with a power that could be felt. I never was present at a Yearly Meeting of greater favor.



Not a single incident occurred from the beginning to its close that did not prove (ultimately) instructive, and tend to bind us more closely together in the bonds of religious fellowship. It was a season to be remembered. The Divine Presence reigned over all, and Truth sensibly had the dominion.

The close of the men's meeting before the partitions were opened was very solemn and impressive, and feeling the probability of its being the last time I should enjoy such a privilege, I desired to say, but felt physically too weak, "Now, dearest Father, let Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation and the elevated and bright position Thou hast given this people the privilege to occupy, beyond anything it has yet known, on the simple terms of obedience to the manifestations of Thy Spirit, which are wisdom and power, light and strength."

As we are individually drawn nearer to the Great Center by the tender cords of the Good Father's love, we must be brought nearer to each other, however widely separated personally.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 20, 1875.

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BOOK NOTICES.—We find on our table a book entitled "Ritualism Dethroned," by William B. Orvis, published by Henry Longstreth, No. 738 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

From the attention we have been able to give the volume we think it clear and forcible, and calculated to awaken thought and lead to an investigation into the authority upon which all the rituals of the Church are claimed to stand.

We have also been in the receipt of the semi-monthly issues of "A Century After," Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, published by Allen, Lane & Scott and J. W. Lauderbach, No. 233 S. Fifth street, Philadelphia. The type is large and clear, and the paper fine. The views are selected with good taste, and are well-executed specimens of pictorial art.

GLAD TIDINGS.—All the Yearly Meetings of our religious Society for 1875 have now been held, and we have given our readers carefully prepared summaries of each in regular order.

These meetings have been occasions of marked favor, more so, probably, than we have known for many years, and we feel truly that our paper may have been the messenger of "glad tidings" to our brethren and sisters wherever situated.

The evidences we have had of Divine favor impress us with the importance of the position we hold as a denomination, a branch of the great family of Christ, and we wish to be found doing our whole duty. This, we believe, we should fail to perform did we let the present opportunity pass without pressing home to the conscience of each the obligations of the hour.

The acknowledgement comes from various quarters that "the shout of a King has been heard within our borders." It is while this Life-giving presence is with us, while we still hear the rolling of the chariot-wheels, that our petitions may be offered and find acceptance. When we draw near to Him, bringing all that we have and all that we are, craving to know more fully His will concerning us, and reaching after His helping hand to direct our ways, He will not turn a deaf ear to our supplications.

We appeal to you, members of the Society of Friends, heirs together of the inheritance of the Father, upon whom rests "the burthen of the word of the Lord," each in your several allotments, that you stand shoulder to shoulder, ready to take up the portion assigned, and, going forth, carry with you glad tidings for the family of man.

The simple faith we preach is just as powerful now to awaken the consciences of men, if presented with the living force of a Divine commission, as it was when it clothed the Apostles in the panoply of the Gospel, and inspired our forefathers to proclaim its saving truths. There are still "glad tidings" for all the weary ones and for the oppressed. "Glad tidings" to the heavy-laden, for we know that the anointing which enabled the Holy Jesus to say to His brethren in the synagogue of Nazareth, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," is now fulfilling amongst us the same prophecy, and we want all to be of good courage.

The fetters that have so long bound the

consciences of mankind are melting before the effulgence of that Light whose brightness radiates from the Source and Center of all light, all warmth!

In this work of emancipating the mind we stand professedly in the forefront. Let us do our part faithfully and without compromise. The tendency of religious thought is toward a liberation from the shackles of ceremonial observances and sacraments, so called. The old grounds upon which these have stood are being re-examined and their foundations questioned. We must come up to the help of these inquirers; now is our opportunity. The awakening which we, as a people, are experiencing is not without its purpose. We must not fold away our gift and settle down at our ease, when so much is called for at our hands.

Again we urge upon each to take up the portion of this great work that lies at his or her door, and go forth as the husbandman, "bearing precious seed;" for as certainly as that the promises of God remain sure, shall these return with joy, bearing the sheaves of increase.

#### MARRIED.

MOORE—WILY.—On the 21st of Tenth month, at Maple Grove Meeting, by Friends' ceremony, Michael W., son of Thomas and Elizabeth Moore, to Louise T., daughter of Thomas and Jemima E. Wily, all of Silverton, Huntington county, Ind.

#### DIED.

BARDWELL.—On Seventh-day, Tenth month 6th, 1875, Mary E. Bardwell, of Brant, N. Y., daughter of Susan D. Akeley, of Buffalo, N. Y., and sister of Phebe A. Valentine, of the former place, aged 2 years,

#### OBITUARY.

ASSANT.—On Tenth month 31st, 1875, after three days' illness, Joseph Assant, aged 29 years.

This young man was the only son of Catholic parents, in good circumstances, in France, by whom he had been well educated; but, marrying a poor though worthy young woman, his family were alienated from him. He had, moreover, become dissatisfied with the religion in which he had been educated, and, to use his own language, did not wish any priest or images to come between him and God.

Whilst thus feeling, he made the acquaintance of Professor in one of the French colleges, who had resided in Philadelphia, and while here had attended Friends' meetings, and was imbued with their principles, meeting with a few others much after our manner of worship.

Becoming in this way informed as to Friends and their principles, J. A. and his wife resolved to emi-

grate to America, in order to get away from Catholic influence and be more amongst Friends.

They arrived in Philadelphia a few months since, bringing a letter of introduction to one of our members, in which they are endorsed as conscientious, reliable, worthy persons. Here they attended Race Street Meeting, and he, having learned sufficient to read English, was interested in perusing Friends' writings.

Having but little means, they lived in a very moderate way, in a distant part of the city, hoping, by their industry (he as a cooper and she as a dress-maker and seamstress), to have more comfortable accommodations in the future. But this was not to be realized.

The widow desired that the funeral should be conducted according to Friends' manner, "whatever that might be," and he was buried in a simple manner, in Friends' Fair Hill Ground.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 74.

(Continued from page 605.)

#### AMONG THE MISTY MOUNTAIN TOPS.

How we voyaged up lake Maggiore in a pouring rain, which made it a sad necessity for us to stay down in the little cabin, and how we landed at Locarno also in a rain, and took the train which bore us up the valley of the Ticino to Biasca, is rather a dreary story. Let it be briefly told. We are in Canton Tessin, the most beautiful of all the Swiss cantons, Italian in its flora and in its people, boasting among its productions wine and silk as well as catile. There are evidences of recent floods in the luxuriant valley, and the river rushes along swollen and turbid to-day, its waters being powerfully reinforced by the torrents which come roaring down from the heights, forming numberless cascades. We are yet in the region of the olive, the mulberry and the vine, but must soon leave them behind now, for the road rises and we are passing into the colder Alpine land. We soon come in sight of Bellinzona, a town on the left bank of the Ticino, containing 2,361 inhabitants, and the seat of government for the canton alternately with Lugano and Locarno. Here is the concentrating point of four roads—the St. Gothard, the Bernardino, and those reaching the lakes Lugano and Maggiore; and it is of military importance as the key of the passage from Lombardy into Germany. It has been the scene of many a selfish conflict between the Italians and the Swiss, both parties claiming the fair valley, and both ruling with arbitrary sway, as they obtained supremacy over the debatable land. Three picturesque castles overlook the town, and bear silent witness to the days when the Canton Tessin was ruled by force and held subject by the sword.

And now we have reached Biasca, the



present end of the railway, and as it is raining heavily, we do not take seats in the diligence which is about to start northward, but retire to the hotel to await the afternoon coach. The weather does not much improve, but we obtain coupé seats in the evening diligence and away we go toward the upper world. Not many more years will travelers enjoy the privilege of crossing the St. Gothard mountains in the stage coach or post diligence, as it is called; for behold the engineers are hard at work, boring, tunnelling and bridging; and the Great Central Alpine Railway will make this enchanted land a highway for the nations; and the old Alpine post route over the St. Gothard ridge will become a thing of the past. Our coupé places are as favorable for rainy day travel as anything we could have. There are windows in front and at the side, which we may open or close at pleasure, and the driver's seat is sufficiently elevated not to interfere materially with the view. But traveling in the rain amounts to very little in the way of enlightenment, and I shall say correspondingly little of historic towers, of antique churches, of rude villages, of deep defiles, of roaring torrents, of cataracts, or of blinding rain. Let it suffice to say that we reached Airolo at the foot of the mountain, and at the south opening of the St. Gothard tunnel at eleven o'clock at night. Here we stop, and though the diligence is nearly two hours behind time, here are women hostesses who receive us with cheerful cordiality and make us as comfortable as could be desired.

The next morning the storm still continues and the comfort and cleanliness of the inn, not to speak of the charm of a crackling wood fire, induce us to remain here till clear skies smile upon St. Gothard.

The river Ticino is now only a noisy, rushing brook, and on either side of the narrow vale rise lofty mountains, green and flower-decked at the base, fir-clad midway, but wearing on their jagged and serrated heights a pure coronal of snows. We seem to have moved backward from the time of the summer solstice to the early spring. But a dispensation of rain and mist follows day after day, till six days of ignoble but delightful rest have passed. We take opportunity in lucid intervals of the weather to make a little visit to the work-shops where the various operations supplementary to the work of piercing the mountain are being carried on. Here is one of the machines which has for its work the boring of the firm rock preliminary to blasting. The power employed, if I understood aright, is air compressed by the water power which nature furnishes so abundantly in this vicinity, and the work is done by the blows of a double chisel which turns slightly

on its axis between each blow. The same compressed air which works the machines effectually ventilates the tunnel and cools it by its sudden expansion when released from pressure. The saw-mill was preparing timbers for the great work from the firs of the mountain; the forges were moulding the needful irons; and in a large and busy machine shop work of a more elaborate character was going on. In order to leave nothing undone which conscientious tourists in good health ought to do, we make inquiry of the superintendent if we can, with propriety, enter the tunnel and see the marvellous operation actually in progress. He courteously replies that the tunnel is a fearfully wet place and that a thorough water-proof dress is needed for the attempt, so we abandon all idea of giving a personal survey to the mighty works which are going on in the heart of the ancient mountain. The tunnelling has progressed 2 kilometers, he told us, and will be completed according to contract in the year 1880. It is a most wonderful demonstration of the skill of the modern engineer, that two parties should begin operations on opposite sides of the snow-clad mountain ridge, and make their excavations meet somewhere in the mysterious center of the rocky mass. The slightest error in the calculation and the titanic work is baffled. Much of the *debris* which comes out of the mouth of the tunnel seems to be finely pulverized soil, and is not left to cumber the earth in an unsightly fashion, but is distributed in ornamental and useful banks and terraces which are being neatly sodded. So all the old fairy love of spiritual beings dwelling on the misty heights which seem to cleave the skies, and of grim creatures of darkness, hideous, misshapen gnomes, whose home was in the heart of the hills, are vanishing or have vanished away from earth. The dream of the poet must take a new direction and he must find solace "in the fairy tales of science and the long result of time." We shall surely have no cause to lament that

"Earth outgrows the mythic fancies,  
Sung beside her in her youth,  
For these debonnair romances  
Sound but dull beside the truth."

Sixth month 24th, witnessed a change for the better in the weather, the sun shining out brightly about noon. Hastily we order carriage; though the mists yet lie heavy about the mountain tops, and up we go by wonderful tortuous road of twenty-eight zigzag terraces. The ease with which our horse mount the precipitous slope is accounted for by the very gradual rise of the road, which like a great ribbon, we can see unrolled below us as we rise from terrace to terrace. Radiant flowers deck this upper world long after the

rees disappear. Among these are wild roses in full bloom; Campanulas, in great profusion; Ornithogalums, larger and more abundant in bloom than is their wont; Pinks, crimson and of paler hues; a lovely violet Oxalis, which hung its tender blooms in sheltered places under protecting rocks; Trilium, of the alpine sorts; great woolly heads of yellow, and the tender, delicate looking pink variety with large flowers, with our familiar white clover; delicate Leguminous plants of every hue; the large flowered stemless Gentian, which nestles down among the grass; Sedums in infinite abundance, doing their very best to gild the desolation; a mighty army of delicate, white-flowered little creatures of the mist too numerous to mention; the inevitable Yarrow, pink and white; delicate Umbellifers, blushing at their untried elevation; the hardy Erica, just opening its perfect bells; now and then a crimson Lily, lifting its splendid chalice heavenward; ferns and mosses filling out every moist and shadowy nook; and most striking and characteristic of all, here are whole hill-sides decked with the bright Rhododendron of the mountain tops; the Alpen Rose, which is just coming into richest bloom; very abundant, too, is the Equisetum, that most ancient of the children of the hills, tracing its ancestry far back into the mysterious ages of which the rocks bear everlasting witness.

At length our driver points ahead and calls our attention to the fact that we are about entering the Val Tremola (Trembling alley), a gorge which formerly struck terror to hearts of travelers, from the frequency of the avalanches which were precipitated from the heights. We take a long look backward to the fair valley of the Ticino which lies below, and vanish away into the thick cloud which fills the Vale of Terrors. But the cloud soon becomes the drenching rain storm; the torrents roar down the worn channels of the hills, and every window of the carriage must be tightly closed as the patient horses labor onward towards the summit.

It was this part of the ascent of St. Gothard at witnessed a desperate struggle between the French and Russian forces for the possession of the pass, and it was here that the aged Yarrow, seeing "his children" falter before the fire of the French, ordered a grave to be dug, and lying down in it, declared he would be buried on the spot of his first retreat. It is recorded that this tragic proceeding turned the fortune of the day, and the French were driven back for a time, leaving the Russians masters of the pass to Italy. A little further we cross the Ticino, now very near its spring lake, and take a final leave of that

river which we have traced almost to its home on the snowy mountain top. Onward we go another half mile, and we have reached the bleak lofty spot where is the Hospice and the St. Gothard Inn. A quarter of a mile further and the summit of the pass is reached and we have obtained the elevation of 6,507 feet. Here are several small lakes fed by the abundant snows which yet are piled many feet deep in the gorges. From these reservoirs or from others near at hand flow the Rhine, the Rhone, the Reuss and the Ticino. Soon the rain abates, then ceases; and the sunbeams come struggling down among the mists, as we dash rapidly down the mountain side with the impetuous leaping Reuss. We share the triumphant joy of the young river, just liberated from the fetters of the frost king, as we leave behind the desolate heights for the flowery vale once more. Very soon the town of Hospenthal is seen sitting at the entrance of a broad open plain, evidently once a mountain lake. An old tower on the grassy hill is attributed to the Lombards; and the large hotel (the Meyerhof) seems to invite us to pause for the night and examine at leisure the relics of past generations.

But our destination is Andermatt, which is now in sight, sitting in its flowery meadow through which the rapid Reuss is hastening with an unwonted wealth of waters. We are yet 4,730 feet above the sea, but have passed the bleak and rugged summit of St. Gothard, and now may rest in a soft pastoral meadow of the upper world. The hotel Bellevue, which receives us is a large, handsome, new building, and is furnished with every device to comfort and detain the wanderer. There are great white porcelain stoves of the German style, there are newspapers in several languages, there are books of entertainment and of instruction at our service, there is abundance of pleasant company, there is good cheer, neatness, order and even elegance, accordingly. Here we decide to remain till better days of bright skies and balmy airs dawn again on the stern Alpine lands.

The next two days are misty and rainy, admitting only of very short walks, and scarcely revealing the confirmation of the amphitheater-like valley of the hills in which the humble little town of Andermatt nestles. It is about nine miles long and one broad, and contains 1,360 inhabitants, whose only means of subsistence are the flocks and herds which find pasturage here. Wonderingly the traveler asks where the people of this lofty plain obtain fuel to enable them to brave the terrors of winter, that often fills their valley with snow to the depth of twenty or thirty feet. There is only one little triangle of firs which seems to have been preserved on the



mountain side nearest the village as a protection from avalanches, and if it were drawn upon for fuel it must speedily disappear. We are told that all the wood used in the valley must be hauled up from the more favored lands below, and that it is very dear and is used with the greatest frugality. A dismal necessity in this chill place!

The long decay of the ages has clad the steep, rocky hillsides with a layer of soil, and the watchful beneficence of Nature has thrown over this a mantle of flowery verdure, most pleasant to eyes which ache with the contemplation of the splendors of Italy. The Reuss, which has already fallen 2,000 feet from its sources, on the neighboring summit, comes rushing along between its raised and walled banks, wild with the acquired momentum of its mad leaps, and eager for the new fury and plunge at the lower end of the valley, where the granite mountain walls give it grudging passage toward the beautiful lake of its desire. Here is the gorge which is spanned by the slender arch of masonry, 750 years old, which has been named the Devil's Bridge. One questions the propriety of naming the useful and needful work of the good Abbot Gerald, of Einsiedeln, in honor of the traditional father of lies, who is believed to antagonize all efforts for the relief of man's estate. The approach to the defile from the valley would be effectually barred by the projecting rocky shoulder of the mountain, which here leaves not the slightest footway even for the bold climber. Until the year 1707, the only way of passing this buttress of rock was by a shelf of boards, suspended on the outside by chains just above the dashing, foaming torrent. To obviate this terrific necessity, was constructed the tunnel in the rock, 180 feet long, which is called the Hole of Uri. It was at first only passable for pedestrians and for mules; but on the reconstruction of the St. Gothard road, it was enlarged so as to admit the lumbering diligence. The waters drip evermore in this gloomy passage, and now, after the profuse rains of many days, it is needful to traverse it with umbrella spread and with a protecting cloak to guard against the icy waters which come down like a shower.

The transition from the flowery pastoral valley to the savage gorge beyond is striking enough. The old bridge is a thin segment of a circle, and looks amazingly frail to have endured for long centuries. It is suspended without any parapet, seventy feet above the river, and, as it has been superseded by a solid modern structure of granite, armed with high parapets, which now towers above it, the old bridge is not used, and is covered with a soft layer of turf, which gives a footing for

delicate, fragrant flowers and for the waving grasses.

The French and Russians contended fiercely for the mastery in this solemn, roaring gorge during the campaign of 1799; but, to for the passage in the presence of a skilful and vigilant army, determined to defend the pass would seem a feat impossible.

Our host informs us that the valley of Uri was originally clad with forests, which were its best defence against the avalanche, and that the people who dwelt in this little mountain vale valued and preserved the numerous fir trees which kept watch and were over their sanctuary and their firesides. Between fierce contending armies, selfishly regardless of the needs of the peaceful herdsmen of Uri, felled the trees, and thus left the defenceless meadow land without the barrier which nature had provided. I believe the steps are now being taken to plant again the timber among the hills; but how much easier do men find it to ravage and to destroy than to clothe again the waste places.

The 28th of Sixth month rose with all conceivable beauty and brightness on the rainswept valley. The rosy tints peculiar to the snow-capped summits were beautiful upon the mountains, and hailing the glad promise of better days, we accept vacant seats in the carriage of a friendly family of English travelers, for a day's ride over the Furca pass, and for a visit to the Rhone Glacier. It was a delightful experience to drive up the fine, tortuous roadway, mounting from terrace to terrace till we reached the region of perennial snows, and were 7,992 feet above the sea. But even here is flowery greenness, and here, too, is a comfortable inn, which boasts of having entertained Queen Victoria and her suite for three days in 1868. A portrait of a kindly mother of princes hangs in the dining hall, and the autographs of many, if not of her suite, bear testimony to the amazement that we are in the very footprints of royalty. Ordering a dinner on our return, we press on a mile or two down the slope on the other side, till we come in sight of the glacier which feeds the Rhone, and holds its firm grasp the icy tribute of uncouth ages. With the help of a guide, we clamor over intervening snow-fields, and over rugged moraine, to the very edge of the torrent, and look down on the amazing spectacle as it glitters and sparkles in pure, clear sunshine. It is, indeed, a fit cradle for the mighty river, filling the valley from side to side, and piling itself against the rocky shoulder of the overhanging mountain. As the mighty mass of the ice-torrent has gravitated towards the seas, it has found an impassable barrier in its own ponderous weight, and



broken itself into myriad gigantic fragments, which are wildly tossed in prismatic masses, reaking the sunbeam into rainbow tints, and effying the most skilful mountaineer to pass the frosty barrier. The torrents born of the glacier are roaring underneath, and evermore threatening crackling attests the persistent energy of the earth's attraction. We linger on the lofty brink, midway of the ice-valley, and watch the varying effect of light and shadow on the vast medley of water crystals, which speak eloquently of the far gone time when the Ice King reigned triumphant over these lands. According to Longfellow, who, perhaps, once stood meditative where we now stand: "It is a gauntlet of ice, which centuries ago Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun, and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear."

We can see the whole extent of the glacier from this point. The towering height at the head is Galenstock, over 11,000 feet high, and descends, in gradually widening terraces, a distance of eighteen miles; and from its terminus, which we can see far below us, gushes the high-born stream which was said by the ancients to issue "from the gates of eternal light, at the foot of the pillar of the sun"—the hoary Galenstock. S. R.

Sixth month 30th, 1875.

From the Boston Transcript.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has lately voted two long articles to Louis Agassiz, which the life and labors of the great naturalist are presented in a very interesting light. These articles translated would form a small book that could not help having a wide circulation, popularizing among all classes the achievements of a man about whom the public, although full of respect for his memory, know comparatively but little. Until a complete biography is published, the readers of *The Transcript* will doubtless be glad to peruse the present notice, which has been translated for its columns by M. Narcisse Cyr. Upon the northwest bank of the lake of Geneva, not far from the famous battle field where Charles-le-Temeraire lost his glory, stands the little village of Motier. Neither the beauty of scenery nor historical memory attracted the traveler to this spot. It is hereafter the votaries of science, passing through the canton of Fribourg, will rarely fail to visit this humble hamlet, for it was at Motier, the 28th of May, 1807, that Louis Agassiz was born. This poor locality now calls to the memory of a great name; for he who was celebrated from his youth in Europe be-

came in America at once illustrious and popular. A thorough knowledge of numerous discoveries, with bold and original views concerning them, strengthened by penetration and ripened by reason, a persuasive eloquence which charmed—all these have procured for Louis Agassiz esteem and reputation among his contemporaries, and great influence in all modern scientific movements. With him the passion for study was as ardent in the years of advanced life as in youth; with an earnest desire to penetrate into the marvelous wonders of nature, and the desire of wealth for the sole purpose of making it subservient to science. His father, pastor of the village of Motier, lived with an eye single to the discharge of his office, little thinking of a high destiny for his son.

In the course of his walks to and from school, young Agassiz made collections of such insects as came in his way, and manifested great love for nature. To pursue his classical studies, he entered the academy of Lausanne. On completing his course there, the spirit of scientific investigation seemed to take entire possession of his mind. Obligated to engage in some profession, he entered upon a course of medicine. The first two years were passed at Zurich, the following ones in Germany, during which he familiarized himself with the principal languages of Europe. In 1826, we find him at Heidelberg, where Tredemann, one of the most remarkable of Germany's literary men, taught comparative anatomy. Bischoff was professor of botany. Leuckart of zoology. A year later, Agassiz entered the university of Munich, where were the eminent naturalists, Dollinger and Oken, the latter of whom was creating a great sensation in Germany. The study of medicine and natural history were not enough for Agassiz. Philosophical ideas attracted him, and he was for several years an attentive listener at Schelling's course of lectures, which led to deep meditation upon the phenomena of nature, with the desire to search into the origin of life.

Two learned men, J. B. de Spix, noted for his estimable work on zoology, Ph. de Martins, also a celebrated author, made from the years 1817 to 1820 extensive explorations in the interior of Brazil. At this time South America had not been so far explored, and this collection of Spix and Martins afforded great interest, from its including many specimens for the first time brought to Europe. To give greater attraction, the two travelers undertook to represent them in print, but Spix died in 1826, leaving the zoological part incomplete. The fishes in the rivers of Brazil had received neither classification nor description. Who would undertake the difficult



work? Martins, who had noticed the close application and strong mental force of the young student, offered it to him. Agassiz at the age of twenty-two years, began the task, and everywhere met with encouragement. With the intention of studying the fishes of the Danube and its tributaries, he went to Vienna. Those connected with the museum gave him a cordial welcome and aided him in defraying expenses incident upon the representation of his subject. While Agassiz observed with delight the living species, he occupied himself largely with the study of extinct races. George Cuvier had pursued nearly the same course in his researches into the past world of mammiferous animals and reptiles, but for extinct races of fishes a skillful investigator was yet to come. In 1831 he went to Paris, was well received by Cuvier, also found in Alexandre de Humboldt a protector, counsellor and friend. But the patronage of Cuvier and Humboldt was not enough; the young naturalist being poor, the necessity of a position became imperative. He applied to M. Louis Coulon of Neuchatel for the professorship of natural history. No one had before thought of teaching natural history at Neuchatel, but M. Coulon judging the idea a good one, Agassiz was engaged for three years at a salary of 2,000 francs.

In 1833 he published the first edition of "Les Recherches sur les Poissons fossiles." In preparing this work Agassiz made frequent visits through the different countries of Europe, forming new friendships and inciting a co-operation in his plans which led to success in founding a small academy, the members of which constituted *La Société des Sciences Naturelles de Neuchatel*, of which society Agassiz was manager. The subject of glaciers now attracted his attention, and an excursion to the Alps having been proposed, Agassiz, Studer, Desor and four others made up the party. The ascent of Mont Rose was made and thorough investigations completed. In 1840 our indefatigable student presented to the world an account of this exploration under the title of "Etudes sur les Glaciers," with an accompanying atlas. "When the earth cooled off," remarked the author, "the polar regions must have been the point at which all the mass of vaporized water in the meridional parts of the globe were condensed and precipitated in the form of rain, hail and snow, as long as the falling of the temperature continued. There resulted from this, immense accumulations of ice and snow, under which beings of this period have been buried, a period whose duration has been considerable, since it embraces the building up of the Alps, and all the phenomena to which the melting away of this mass of ice

had given place." This, at that time, was a bold view.

Soon after, a cabin was erected where Agassiz with Charles Vogt and others of Neuchatel passed many happy days, giving to their retreat the name of "Hôtel des Neuchatelois," which name was inscribed in large characters upon a rock. Their days were passed in delightful discoveries and lively conversation, and their nights in a quiet sleep amid the profound silence of the cold and the frozen brooks, whose breath gave no sound. During their stay Mme. Agassiz with her young son made the ascension of the mountain and was joyfully received by the surprise housekeepers of the stone cabin.

During all this time Agassiz never lost sight of his main object—the study and classification of the extinct races of fishes. In 1844 "Les Recherches sur les Poissons fossiles" was published in five volumes, with an atlas of 384 plates. But these publications had been costly, and their author was heavily in debt. Like many others whom absence of fortune had obliged to abandon the bringing forward of an expensive work, Agassiz suffered much distress of mind, and at last decided upon a trip to America, in acceptance of an invitation from Mr. John Lowell, of Boston, to give a course of public lectures in that city. He left immediately for Paris, meeting his old friends Desor and Charles Vogt. Through their influence, and that of Humboldt, who had never lost sight of his pupil, he gave an account of his discoveries in his own views, and the thoughts of others which he had worked out, and was listened to with enthusiasm. He still pushed on with his studies, still kept up with his writing, and just before his departure for the New World gave Paris another work entitled, "Nouvelles Etudes et Expérience sur les Glaciers Actuels." But the time came when Agassiz could no longer put off the voyage to America, and in 1846 he crossed the Atlantic.

Decidedly Neuchatel is abandoned. The city ennobled for a dozen years by a scientific movement which drew within its walls strangers of high distinction has now fallen asleep. But Neuchatel at least preserves the memory of the great man who gave it a passing lustre.

(Concluded in next number.)

THE power of unconscious tuition is mighty one, and when it comes to be appreciated at its true worth, mothers will be more careful than they now are to whom they intrust their little ones.

GREAT ideas, once brought to light, don't die.

## EVENING SONG.

Close, little weary eyes,  
The day at last is over;  
To-night no more surprise  
Shall they discover.  
Nor bird, nor butterfly,  
Nor unfamiliar flower,  
Nor picture in the sky,  
Nor fairy in the bower.

Rest, little weary feet,  
The woods are dark and lonely;  
The little birds rest sweet,  
The owl is watching only;  
No buttercup is seen,  
Nor daisy in the meadow;  
Their gold and white and green  
Are turned to purple shadow.

Fold, little busy hands,  
Day is the time for doing;  
The boats lie on the sands,  
The mill-wheels are not going;  
With n the darksome mine  
Are hushed the spade and hammer;  
The cattle rest supine,  
The cock withholds his clamor.

Still, little restless heart,  
Be still until the morrow;  
Till then thou hast no part  
In either joy or sorrow.  
To new and joyous day  
Shall little birds awake thee;  
Again to work and play,  
With strength renewed betake thee.

*Good Words.*

## THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY WHITTIER.

Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,  
Not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
And the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring  
The old virtues, whatsoever things  
Are pure and honest and of good repute;  
Add thereto whatever bard has sung  
Seer has told of when, in trance and dream,  
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
Justice hold her scale, and Truth decide  
Between the right and wrong; but give the heart  
The freedom of its fair inheritance;  
The poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long,  
Nature's cake feast his ear and eye  
With joy and wonder; let all harmonies  
Sound, form, color, motion, wait upon  
A princely guest, whether in soft attire  
Or leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,  
Lending life to the dead form of faith,  
The human creature reverence for the sake  
Of one who bore it, making it divine  
In the ineffable tenderness of God;  
Common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
Unsolved mystery round about us make  
A more precious than the gold of Ophir—  
Red, inviolate, unto whom all things  
Would minister, as outward types and signs  
Of the eternal beauty which fulfills  
One great purpose of creation, Love!  
The sole necessity of earth and heaven.

## A NEW ENGLAND CHURCH IN OLDEN TIME.

If we could carry ourselves back to those days, and were to approach a New England village about 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, we should hear some one beating a drum, or sounding a horn, or blowing a conch-shell, or possibly ringing a bell, to call people to worship. As we come nearer still, we should see a flag waving from a log-built church, or "meeting house." Entering the village, we should see a strong fence of stakes around this meeting-house, and a sentinel in armor standing near it; and we should see some of the men, as they went in, leaving their muskets in his care. We should, perhaps, see a cannon or two planted near the meeting-house; and we should also see some strange wooden frames not far off, these being the stocks and the pillory, put there to punish offenders. Looking at this church, we should see that it had very few glass windows, and that these had very thick and small panes, diamond-shaped, and set in leaden frames. We should observe that the other windows had oiled paper instead of glass; and we should see between the windows the heads of wolves that had been killed and displayed there during the past year.

If we were to look inside the little church, we should not see families sitting together as now, but they would be distributed according to age, sex or rank. In those days, the old men sat together in one place in the church, the young men in another; the boys all sat on the pulpit stairs and gallery, with constables to guard them. Each of these constables had a wand, with a hare's foot on one end and a hare's tail on the other. These were to keep the people awake. If any woman went to sleep, the constable touched her on the forehead with the hare's tail, but if a small boy nodded, he was rapped with the other end, not quite so gently. No doubt the wand was often used, for the services were sometimes three or four hours long, the sexton turning the hour-glass before the minister at the end of every hour. The only music consisted of singing by the congregation from a metrical version of the psalms, called "The Bay Psalm-book." The whole number of tunes known to the congregation did not exceed ten, and few congregations could go beyond five. This was the Puritan form of religious service, and people were not allowed to stay at home from it; for men, called tithing-men, were sent about the town to look for those that were absent. Men were fined for every unnecessary absence; and, if they staid away a month together, they might be put in the stocks, or into a wooden-cage.—  
*Higginson's History.*



HAPPY is the man who has found out his sins before his sins have found him out.

## NOTICES.

### ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PENN SEWING SCHOOL OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Sixth Annual session of the Penn Sewing School reopened the first Seventh-day of Eleventh month, 1874, with one hundred and twenty-two children (colored and white), which increased in numbers until two hundred and sixty names were enrolled; average attendance, one hundred and sixty-two, of whom fifty-three were colored.

Five hundred and thirty-seven garments have been distributed, mostly the work of their little fingers. We have with us some children who feel a desire to learn to sew, but who do not need the garments which they make. These garments are then given to a poorer class. At the same time we endeavor to impress upon the minds of the children that they are doing a good work by assisting those whose lot is not so fortunate as theirs.

We extend our thanks to those who have so kindly aided us heretofore, and hope that we shall not be forgotten in the coming winter.

ANNIE CALEY, *President.*

LUCY SMYTH, *Secretary.*

### TREASURER'S REPORT.

Received from Contributions.....	\$461 57
Expenditures.....	421 27

Balance on hand .....	\$40 30
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ASENATH C. MOORE, *Treasurer.*

The Mothers' Meeting, held for the purpose of instructing poor women in sewing, opened, for its third term, on the 5th day of Eleventh month, 1874. On the roll-book have been registered one hundred and one names. Average attendance, forty-two; largest attendance on any one day, seventy; smallest number, twenty-one. Two hundred and ninety-one garments were made during the winter. Of these, one hundred and one (the first made) were given to the women, and for one hundred and ninety they paid half the cost.

ANNA M. GREEN, *Secretary.*

AUGUSTA TABER, *Supt.*

The next Third-day evening meeting will be held at Spruce street meeting-house on the 23d inst., at 7½ o'clock.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

11th mo. 21st,	Valley, Pa., 3 P.M.
" "	Warminster, Pa., 3 P.M.
" "	Berwick, Pa., 11 A.M.
" 28th,	Centredale, Iowa, 3 P.M.
12th mo. 5th,	Penn's Neck, N. J., 10 A.M.
" "	Reading, Pa., 2 P.M.
" "	Stroudsburg, Pa., 3 P.M.
" "	Newtown, Del. co., Pa., 3 P.M.
" 12th,	Mill Creek, Del., 2 P.M.

## ITEMS.

A SHARP shock of earthquake was felt at Memphis, Tenn., on the evening of the 27th ult. A severe shock was also felt at Holly Springs, Miss., accompanied by a loud, rumbling noise.

ON the evening of the 4th inst., the steamship Pacific, whilst near Cape Flattery, Vancouver's Island, collided with some other vessel. An hour afterwards she sank. Out of the 200 persons on board but three have been found.

ON the 12th inst., there was a severe earthquake at Knoxville, Tenn. The shock lasted ten seconds, and was accompanied by a rumbling sound "coming from the west and rolling gradually east." Buildings were swayed by the motion.

THE Steamer City of Waco, from New York, was totally destroyed by fire on the 9th inst., while anchored just outside of Galveston, between the hours of one and three o'clock in the morning. The City of Waco had a crew of thirty men, and carried 200 passengers. It is feared these have all perished. She was a screw steamship of 1,500 tons burthen, built at Chester, in 1873, and was valued at \$150,000. Her cargo was valued at \$100,000.

Six trunks of large fossil conifer trees have been obtained so far at the Cragleith quarries, Scotland. The largest, thirty-six feet long and thirteen feet in circumference, has been taken to the British Museum, and is to be set up there erect. Another is nearly thirty feet in length, and has been removed to the Botanical Garden. The surface of each is bituminous coal, varying from one-twentieth of an inch in thickness to two inches. The trunk inside of this coaly exterior consists of carbonate of lime, magnesia, iron and free carbon in varying proportions. The coaly exterior is attributed to bitumen passing to the surface as the destruction of the wood was going on within.—*Boston Transcript.*

ON the 26th of last month a great conflagration destroyed nearly the whole business portion of Virginia City, Nevada. Hotels, churches, newspapers and telegraph offices, the county buildings, minor buildings and stores were destroyed, and it is estimated that ten thousand people were made homeless. The total loss is estimated at \$7,500,000. A number of the women and children have been sent to other towns, but it is estimated that three thousand of the inhabitants who remain are destitute of food and shelter, and at least five hundred of them are without necessary clothing. Relief, however, pouring in from all sides. The work of rebuilding the burned district has already commenced, and will be vigorously carried on. According to the latest advices, no damage has been done to the interior of the mines, and the hoisting works will again be running in from sixty to ninety days.—*Public Ledger.*

THE third annual session of the American Health Association was held in Baltimore last week. Dr. Joseph M. Toner, of Washington, delivered the introductory address in which he "referred to the growing recognition of the duty of Governments to take measures for the protection of the public health, and said that hygienic principles should become a part of primary education. He spoke of the adoption of sanitary regulations in Europe, and said that State Boards of Health have been organized in nine States of this Union. In the registration of vital statistics, however, only two States, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, had a system that produced satisfactory results. He dwelt, in conclusion, upon the necessity of proper sewerage, drainage and pure water, and the importance of the proper lighting and ventilation of dwellings; and also considered the question of the drainage of the rural districts, including all the marsh and swamp lands in the United States."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 27, 1875. No. 40.

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Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

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ON THE ADVISABILITY OF REFERRING TO COMMENTARIES AND SIMILAR WORKS, IN CONNECTION WITH FIRST DAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

Read at a meeting, of Philadelphia First-day School Union, held at Germantown, Eleventh mo., 12th, 1875.

"Notes, commentaries and dictionaries of the Bible are compilations from ancient historical records, and books of modern travel, exploration and research, which bear witness either directly, indirectly or by inference to the truth of the facts and incidents narrated in the Scriptures."

The object had in view by those who from time to time have undertaken this difficult work, has been to make clearer, such portions of the Bible as are obscure, or liable to be misconstrued, in consequence of the changes that have taken place in the world since it was written, and our ignorance of the forms of thought and methods of expression, and the manners and customs which prevailed at that time.

They are intended to give a clue to the interpretation of the metaphors and allegories that make up so large a part of the contents of these writings; to weigh ambiguous phrases in the just balance of critical analysis, and give their significance in language that can scarcely be misunderstood by the intelligent inquirer.

Oriental literature is flowery and imaginative, full of high sounding titles and glowing

pictures of exalted majesty and imperial power. The Bible is no exception.

In the plain matter-of-fact times in which we live, when each important word means just so much and nothing more, the earnest seeker after Divine light, turning to the Scriptures for confirmatory evidence that his convictions and spiritual exercises emanate from the same source that comforted and strengthened holy men of old, is in danger if he sets aside these external helps, of falling into one of two grave errors. He may, on the one hand, believe that he finds our Heavenly Father contradicting Himself, and making requirements utterly unworthy the great and adorable Being, whom his inmost soul most earnestly desires to please, and refuse to regard it as having any Divine authority. Or, in a superstitious reverence for what is written, which makes no allowance for the imperfect knowledge of physical phenomena that prevailed in those early times, or for the orientalisms that do not admit of a literal interpretation, he may fail to recognize the facts that human minds gave color and form to the Divine truths therein recorded. Hence we find a large class of Christian professors, who without questioning, accept as a Divine revelation every word within the lids of the Bible from Genesis to the book of Revelations, and claim to find in its pages all that is needed to direct their feet in the paths of holiness, it being to them the "very word of God."



There is yet another class of Bible readers found mainly among Friends and those holding similar views, who seek only for the spiritual sense or application of that which is written. These make every prophecy, incident or occurrence, as well as every parable and allegory found either in the old or the new Testament, a figure only of some state or condition of the human soul, and refuse to accept any other rendering, though it be required to give the account an intelligent interpretation.

It is as if a man having a beautiful home in a green and smiling valley, where his whole life had been spent, should assert, that there was no beauty beyond the hills that look down upon his own fields. He might indeed believe so and be happy in the conviction, but his friend who has crossed the dividing ridge knows that beauty, wealth and power of which his limited vision has no conception, lie beyond that narrow outlook.

In reading the Scriptures there is no logical reason why we should not pursue the same course that we do with any other book of so ancient a character. Indeed there appears to be greater need of seeking whatever help may be derived from all other sources, in consideration of its antiquity and the peculiarities of oriental life, with which the general reader is not expected to be familiar.

While it is conceded that our sympathies and emotions may be profitably exercised in the reading, without any other help than the same Divine Source which moved holy men of old to record the dealings of God with them, there yet remains a vast unexplored field of enlarged thought and profitable instruction, which by a more thorough examination and an intelligent analysis we may make our own.

Take as an instance the account given of Abraham's temptation to sacrifice to Jehovah his son Isaac, the idol of his heart. How many have read that thrilling narrative, and in imagination seen the hoary patriarch toiling up the rugged steep of Moriah, carrying with him the implements of sacrifice, and weighed to the earth with the burthen of his grief? Have heard him in the full assurance of a sublime faith, respond to the query of the wondering boy, "God will himself provide a lamb for the sacrifice," and with no knowledge of the customs of the times in which Abraham lived, how many of these have doubted the sanity of the man who could thus, deliberately outrage every parental feeling and believe in so doing that he was acting under Divine direction.

It is just here that such explanations as we get from notes and commentaries on the

Scriptures, come to our aid, and we learn that it was the custom of the idolatrous nations by whom Abraham was surrounded to propitiate their gods by human sacrifices, the dearer, and more exalted the rank of the victim, the more acceptable the offering, hence kings and princes sacrificed their own sons. This is the key note to the transaction and knowing this, we can look with more charitable eyes upon Abraham, who, fearing he loved his son more than his God, was prompted to put his loyalty to such a fearful test.

We read also the declaration, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." So far is this expression from having force or meaning to us, that it contains an assertion which, according to our use of words, is utterly false, but when we turn to the commentary we learn that bread stands for grain, and in this instance reference is made to an agricultural process known in the remotest antiquity, of flooding the ground upon which rice is to be grown and then sowing the seed. We at once see that the text contained for the people to whom it was addressed a spiritual lesson of great import.

The same may be said of the writings of the prophets. What a mine of instruction concerning the fate of nations and the progress of spiritual truth lie hidden under the metaphors and allegories through which the made known to the rulers of their day the purposes of the Almighty.

With Herodotus, Xenophon and Josephus before us, how the mists and clouds of obscurity that hang around the prophecies melt away, and our inward vision, broadened by the light of research, is enabled to take in with a fuller meaning the wonderful force of their testimony and the uncompromising fidelity to manifested duty, that animates those divinely commissioned seers.

Few of us can read in the original languages the works of these ancient historians, hence we do well to avail ourselves of "notes and commentaries" prepared by competent, large-hearted, and honest translators, who, feeling called to the work, have, to the best of the ability given them, collated and ranged, whatever information throws a light on the Scriptures, from every available source.

There is another important point to be considered. The languages in which the Old and New Testaments were written have long since ceased to be spoken languages, and the common English version known as King James' translation, having been made more than two centuries ago, our own language has undergone so many changes in that it

that the literal meaning of many words, then very properly used, has been so changed that their true significance is nearly lost.

We call the Scriptures sacred, and we have mystified their contents until they are well nigh a sealed book to very many who profess to "walk by the same rule and mind the same light" to which they bear testimony. They are sacred only in the sense that they record the history and progress of religious thought of *one* very small portion of the human family, from the ancestry of Adam to the fulfillment of the promise made to the erring pair in the coming of the Messiah.

There is no mystery in the purposes of our Heavenly Father that relate to the creatures He has made, save only such as grow out of the narrow and partial views which a limited insight into His attributes have forced upon them. "The mystery of godliness" that so overwhelmed the mind of Paul, ceases longer to be a mystery to the soul, which in the fullness of time, knows the divine germ within it to grow and expand until the government of all that is human rests upon its shoulders. Until this is experienced by each individual self, not only is the record of its work, as given in the Scriptures, beyond comprehension, but the sermons and writings of devout men and women of our own, as well as of every age, are but as a sealed book.

We are so constituted that it is only in our own experience that we bear living testimony to a truth. What our eyes have seen,—our ears heard, our hands handled,—these are realities. But we would fall far short of fulfilling the end of our complex being, if we rested here. In nature we are not satisfied with what we see around us but are constantly seeking new fields of exploration,—new evidences of Divinity, in the things that have been created, and we welcome the smallest ray of light that brings us nearer the boundary line of the finite.

Let us give the same good cheer to the patient, plodding inquirers after truth, who find their avocation among musty rolls and worm-eaten parchments; who carefully unearth the fragments of thousands of years gone by, and find ample reward if, in the half obliterated inscription, one more link in the chain of human brotherhood is discovered.

Because we advocate the use of works of reference in our families and our First-day Schools, we do not commit ourselves to the "plans of salvation" taught in them as "God's plans," nor need we fear to make such free use of these books as the interests of our schools demand, while we are careful to point out the "more excellent way" as we understand it. The truths upon which we

base our simple faith never shine out with greater effulgence than when contrasted with the schemes and plans that for so many centuries have been as a veil before the minds of God's seeking children.

Then let none fear to bring the religious teachings of our Society to the crucial test of severe examination, rather let each one of us take every advantage of outward help. Our Heavenly Father will come to our aid in every sincere endeavor, and we shall be built up and established in that most holy faith which our souls so ardently hope to attain.

L. J. R.

*Wild Rose, Eleventh mo., 10th.*

A MAN may glorify God by his daily business, if he pursues it in an honorable, just and generous spirit. He may glorify God in his amusements and recreations, if he partakes of them temperately, without envy, without undue excitement, not seeking merely to get pleasure, but to impart pleasure also to others.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MARY DYRE.

The following article was a contribution to an Annual published in Boston in the year 1831. It was from the pen of Catharine Maria Sedgwick, of Lenox, Mass., an eminent writer and moralist, to whom American literature has become greatly indebted for much that has elevated its tone and character. It loses none of its interest, from the fact that the author had, at that time, very little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the people called Quakers, except that which was furnished by general reading. In the preparation of this article, however, she would seem to have given much care in the examination of original records. She was a woman of most exemplary life, and was the intimate friend and correspondent of William Ellery Channing, Henry and William Ware and many others distinguished for learning and piety. She died in the year 1867, much honored and beloved. E.

Mary Dyre belonged to the religious Society of Friends, and was among those who, in 1657, sought in New England an asylum from the oppression of the mother country. But the persecuted had become persecutors; and, instead of an asylum, these harmless people found a prison, and were destined, for their glory and our shame, to suffer as martyrs in the cause of liberty of conscience.

Sewel, the historian "of the people called Quakers," to whom we are indebted for most of the following particulars, has given very slight notice of Mary Dyre's private history.



"She was," he says, "of a comely and grave countenance, of a good family and estate, and a mother of several children; but her husband, it seems, was of another persuasion." From another document, which we have been so fortunate as to obtain, it appears that this defect of religious sympathy, had, in no degree, abated the affection and confidence of her husband.

Thus, she possessed whatever comes within the aspiration of a woman's ambition or affections; beauty, for this is no violent paraphrase of the Quaker historian's stinted courtesy, rank, fortune, conjugal and maternal happiness; yet she counted all these but loss, when she believed that her obedience to the inspirations of God required their sacrifice.

The Pilgrims, finding the penalties of fine, imprisonment, scourging with the "three-recorded whip," cutting off the ears and boring the tongue with a red-hot iron ineffectual in extirpating the "cursed heresy of the Quakers," or "preventing their pestilent errors and practices," proceeded to banish them from their jurisdiction on pain of death.

This violence was done under a statute enacted in 1658. Mary Dyre, with many others, sought a refuge from the storm in Rhode Island. Christian liberty, in its most generous sense, was the noble distinction of that province; and there Mary might have enjoyed her inoffensive faith and all the temporal distinctions it permitted, for her husband filled one of the highest offices in the province. But she could not forget her suffering brethren in the Massachusetts colony. She meditated on their wrongs till she "felt a call" to return to Boston. Two persons, distinguished for zeal and integrity, accompanied her—William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson. Their intention and hope was to obtain a repeal or mitigation of the laws against their sect. Their return was in the autumn of 1659. On their appearance in Boston they were immediately seized and committed to prison; and, a few days subsequent, after a summary and informal examination before Governor Endicot and the associate magistrates, they were sentenced to suffer the penalty of death, which had been already decreed to such as, after being banished, should return.

Mary's companions replied to the annunciation of their sentence in terms that savored strongly of human resentment, which, alas for human weakness! is often betrayed in the anticipation of the judgments of Heaven. "Give ear, ye magistrates," said Stevenson, "and all ye who are guilty, for this the Lord hath said concerning you, and will perform His word upon you, that the same day ye put His servants to death shall the day of your

visitation pass over you, and ye shall be cursed for evermore." The passions of our infirm nature are sometimes confounded with the religion that accompanies them, as the cloud is, to an ignorant eye, identified with the prismatic rays it reflects.

Mary's pure and gentle spirit dwelt in eternal sunshine; its elements were at peace. When the fearful words were pronounced "Mary Dyre, you shall go to the prison whence you came, thence to the place of execution, and be hanged there until you are dead," she folded her hands and replied with a serene aspect, "The will of the Lord be done."

Her friends have described her demeanour at this moment as almost supernatural, as the outward temple was brightened by the communications of the Spirit within. They say the world seemed to have vanished from her sight; her eyes were raised and fixed on the rapture of devotion; her lips were moved by the ecstasy of her soul, though they uttered no articulate sound.

\*Governor Endicot seems to have felt a irritation at her tranquillity, not more dignified than a child's, when he vents his wrath in blows on an insensible and incorporeal substance.

"Take her away, marshal," he said, harshly.

"I return joyfully to my prison," she replied; and then turning to the marshal she added: "Thou may leave me, marshal, I will return alone."

"I believe you, Mrs. Dyre," replied the marshal, "but I must do as I am commanded."

The prisoners were condemned on the 26th of October. The 27th was the day appointed for the execution of the sentence. With self-command and equanimity of mind rare in such circumstances, Mary employed the interval in writing an "Appeal to the Rule of Boston;" an appeal, not in her own behalf, not for pardon, nor life, but for a redress of the wrongs of her persecuted brethren. "I have no self-ends, the Lord knoweth," she says, "for if life were freely granted by you it would not avail me, so long as I should daily see or hear of the sufferings of my people, my dear brethren, and the separation with whom my life is bound up. Let me counsel and request be accepted with you, repeal all such laws, that the Truth and servants of the Lord may have free passage among you, and you be kept from shedding innocent blood, which I know there be many among you would not do, if they knew it to be." "In love, and in the spirit of meekness, for I have no enmity to the persons of any," she again beseech you." There is not throughout this magnanimous appeal the slightest

attestation of a wish that her sentence should be remitted, no craven nor natural shrinking from death, no apologies for past offences, but the courage of an apostle contending for the truth, and the tenderness of a woman feeling for the sufferings of her people. Could it matter to so noble a creature where, according to the quaint phrase of her sect, her "outward being dwelt," or how soon it should be dissolved?

On the evening of the 26th, William Dyre, Mary Dyre's eldest son, arrived in Boston, and was admitted to her prison. He came in the hope of persuading his mother to make such concessions, in regard to her faith, as to conciliate her judges, and procure a reprieve. All night he remained with her. The particulars of this interview have not been preserved. Mary's enemies have not been scrupulous in the record of her virtues, and her friends appear to have considered the affections of nature scarcely worth a memorial, amidst the triumphs of her faith. We know the temper of woman, the tenderness and depth of a mother's love. We may imagine the intense feelings of the son on the eve of his mother's threatened execution, pleading for the boon of her life; we may imagine the conflict between the yearnings of the mother and the resistance of the saint; and we may be sure that we cannot exaggerate its violence or its suffering. The saint was triumphant, and on the following morning Mary was led forth, between her two friends, to the place of execution. A strong guard escorted the prisoners, and, as if to infuse the last drop of bitterness in their cup, Mr. Wilson, "the minister of Boston," attended them. There were coarse and malignant spirits among the spectators. "Are you not ashamed," said one of them tauntingly to Mary, "to walk thus hand-in-hand between two young men?" "No," she replied, "this is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could have in the world. No eye can see, nor ear hear, nor tongue utter, nor heart understand the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Spirit of the Lord which I now feel." Death could not appal a mind so lofty and serene; man could not disturb a peace so profound. Her companions evinced a like composure. They all tenderly embraced at the foot of the scaffold. Robinson first mounted it, and called on the spectators to witness for him that he died not as a malefactor, but for testifying to the light of Christ. Stevenson, the moment before the hangman performed the last act, said, "This day we shall be at rest with the Lord."

Mary was of a temper like the intrepid Madame Roland, to have inspired a faltering spirit by her example; far more difficult she must have found it to behold the last quiver-

ings and strugglings of mortality in the persons of her friends. But even after this she was steadfast, and ascended the scaffold with an unblenching step. Her dress was scrupulously adjusted about her feet, her face covered with a handkerchief, and the halter put around her neck.

The deep silence of this awful moment was broken by a piercing cry. "Stop! she is reprieved!" was sent from mouth to mouth, till one glad shout announced the feeling of the gazing multitude. Was there one of all those gathered to this fearful spectacle whose heart did not leap with joy? Yes. The sufferer and victim, she to whom the gates of death had been opened. "Her mind," says her historian, "was already in heaven, and when they loosed her feet, and bade her come down, she stood still, and said she was willing to suffer as her brethren had, unless the magistrates would annul their cruel law."

Her declaration was disregarded, she was forced from the scaffold, and reconducted to prison. There she was received in the arms of her son, and she learned from him that she owed her life not to any soft relenting of her judge, but to his prolonged intercession.

Fortitude, the merit of superior endurance, has often been conceded to woman. One of our most celebrated surgeons had the magnanimity to say to a patient on whom he had just performed an excruciating operation, "Sir, you have borne it like a man; you have done better than that, you have borne it like a *woman*." But the most devoted champions of the weaker and timid sex must concede that they are inferior to man in courage to brave circumstances and encounter danger; yet, among all the valiant hearts in manly frames that have illustrated our race, we know not where we shall find a more indomitable spirit than Mary Dyre's. The tribunal of her determined enemies, the prison, the scaffold, the actual presence of death, the joy of recovered life, and, more potent than all, the meltings of maternal love, did not abate one jot of her purpose. On the morning after her reprieve, she dispatched from her prison a letter to her judges, beginning in the following bold and, if the circumstances are considered, sublime strain:

"Once more to the general court assembled in Boston speaks Mary Dyre, even as before. My life is not accepted, neither availeth me, in comparison of the lives and liberty of the Truth and servants of the living God, for which, in the bowels of meekness and love, I sought you." She proceeds to charge them, most justly, with having neglected the measure of light that was in them, and thus concludes: "When I heard your last order read it was a disturbance unto me,



that was freely offering up my life to Him that gave it me, and sent me hither so to do, which obedience being His own work, He gloriously accompanied with His presence, and peace and love in me in which I rested from my labor."

The minds of the magistrates must have been wonderfully puffed up and clouded with an imagined infallibility, and their hearts indurated by dogmatical controversy, or they would at once have perceived that Mary Dyre was maintaining a righteous claim to the same privilege for which they had made their boasted efforts and sacrifices—the privilege of private judgment.

Whatever intimations they may have received from their conscience, they were not made public; no answer was returned to Mary's letter, and no concessions made to her sect; but it was thought prudent to commute Mary's sentence into banishment, with penalty of death in case of her return, and she was accordingly sent with a guard to Rhode Island.

(To be continued.)

Selected for Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE QUAKER INDIANS.

BY ANTHONY BENEZET.

Their chief and some others came to Philadelphia to visit Friends, and "Proud" in his History alludes to it. In 1760 this visit was made. The Friends finding these Indians were religiously disposed, said they would like to see them. The chief, says Benezet, was "one who, though untaught by books and unlearned in what is called Divinity, through the inshining of the light of Christ on his understanding, could explain the operation of true religion on the heart." He and some of his people were convinced that when God made men "He did not intend that they should hurt or kill one another." They, therefore, refused to join other Indians in war, "no matter what the penalty." They brought their prisoners with them and some horses, and delivered them to the governor, and would not take any presents from him in return. The chief said he had now delivered up all the captives, and we desire to do justice and to love God. He says, again, I pray you let us have no strong liquor at all; do not give our young men a drop of liquor! Brother, though we are poor, we want no recompense for the prisoners and horses; we do not return them to you from a desire for gain. I came here on religious account and on invitation, and feel perfectly satisfied with the many good things I have heard in religious conference amongst the Quakers. I think on God that

made the world and us, and want to be instructed in His service and worship. I am a great lover of peace; I love my brethren, the English, and they shall ever find me faithful. Our corrupt hearts have found out this wrong way of dealing. This is not as it ought to be. Brother, you see there is no love nor honesty on either side. You do wrong and the Indians do wrong. Therefore we propose to *fling* this entirely away and love one another as brothers ought to do. Our young men agree with me in this, and they want to love God and leave off their former bad course. I am fixed in my religious principles, and shall always abide by them. The Great God observes all that passes in our hearts, and hears all that we say to one another. Of late year there has been an awakening among these Indians, and this chief felt himself called to preach to them.

True piety they believe to be an inward work by which the heart is changed from bad to good. It becomes tender and filled with good. Friends had several opportunities with them, and they regularly attended Friends Meetings whilst in the city. A Friend accompanied them on their return home as far as Bethlehem. The chief said to him he had labored for peace, but was made weak for that work by the bad spirit striving to overcome the good in his heart; and "I hope the good spirit will overcome the bad, and then I shall be strong and try to turn people from war to peace." The Friend proposed to say something to the chief of the Saviour's word and good example when on earth. He responded, "such things are awful, and should be only spoken of at a solemn time, for then the heart is soft and they will go into it, and be lost, but when the heart is hard they will not enter, and so be lost. At a fit time I shall be glad to hear of these things." As to reasoning about religion, he said people ought to be solid and sober, and not try to throw each other down, but speak one at a time and without being in heat or anger. People are grown cross towards each other. If they lived in love it would not be so; but they grow proud and covetous, which causes God to be angry, which He would not do if they lived in love and obeyed Him. "I have feeling whereby I can tell whether people speak from the head or the heart." This Indian Chief no sooner felt the love of God in his heart, and the power of God to his comfort, than he endeavored to make the other Indians sensible of it and turn them to the same. One Indian falling back after he had been religious, and attempting to speak, the chief said to him, "be silent," as you will spoil the people by speaking to them from a bad heart! Go get your heart made clear.

first, and then come and speak to the people. This chief turned his mind from the lower world towards Him who created it, with strong desires for a fuller knowledge of God.

THOMAS FOULKE.

New York, Eleventh month 15th, 1875.

[THE subjoined letter, taken from the *London Friend*, so fully represents the condition of our own meetings and the difficulties with which we have to contend, that we give it in full, and ask the thoughtful attention of our readers to the statements contained therein, and of the impossibility of carrying out all our desires in this direction.—EDS.]

#### YOUNG FRIENDS IN LONDON.

(To the Editor of *The Friend*.)

DEAR FRIEND.—We should like, from a London resident's point of view, to offer a little explanation in reply to a letter which appeared in *The Friend* of Ninth month, signed by "M.," commenting on the position of young men and women, who are living alone in London.

"M." says, very truly, that many country Friends consider these young people do not receive the kind Christian care which they should. But country Friends are probably little aware of the numerous difficulties which surround the subject, nor of the amount of anxious thought which London residents bestow on the endeavor to perform a brotherly and sisterly part towards their fellow-members.

"M." remarks upon a young man having been informed of the receipt of his certificate at the meeting-house, instead of in a friendly call. Though this "lazy and undignified" proceeding may, on a few rare occasions, have occurred, the care of those appointed to visit a new-comer does not usually end here, but they take pains to make his acquaintance, and to introduce him to others.

"M." proposes as a remedy that a standing committee should be appointed to visit strangers who come to reside in London. We dissent altogether from the spirit of such an arrangement. There is already too much tendency on all hands to get rid of the feeling of personal responsibility, by shifting work on to the shoulders of a committee: and we think that this attention to strangers, even if as well attended to, would be less acceptable from a committee than from unofficial individuals.

In some cases complaints are made unjustly or without foundation. When a young man's certificate is not sent for six, eight, or twelve months after his arrival in London, is it entirely the Londoner's fault if his name and address are not immediately known? And when young people repeatedly decline invitations to Friends' houses, on the ground of previous engagements, is it reasonable to complain that Friends take no notice of them?

Many who are now householders know from experience the feelings of a young man or woman living alone in lodgings, and, remembering the kindness of their older Friends, feel it to be but an act of justice now in their turn to show hospitality to the rising generation. But the difficulty is how to do so acceptably.

It is not only strangers coming to London for a time who feel their position to be solitary: the residents often lament that the great distances at which they live from each other effectually prevent that

sociability which is found in smaller places; and are often quite as much depressed with a sense of loneliness, and the monotony of existence, as those who are there temporarily.

Therefore let it not be supposed that the hospitality shown is done in a patronising spirit, or with the idea of conferring any particular obligation. The hosts often derive more pleasure than their guests from such intercourse.

If the London Friends lived within easy reach of one another, it would seem natural enough to ask a young friend to join the family circle for an evening occasionally; but when a young man or woman is known to be absorbingly engaged in study or business, one hesitates to ask them to spend as much time in travelling to and from their host's house, as they would in the object of the journey, when, after all, there is no definite attraction to offer.

Sometimes a few young friends are invited to meet each other: but such occasions spent in conversation, or enlivened only by the quiet amusements usual amongst Friends, are often considered "awfully slow." This does not surprise the host and hostess, particularly when their guests are persons who are engaged in intellectual pursuits, but they are at a loss what to do, to entertain them better.

Householders rather like to have the opportunity of giving a verbal invitation, instead of the formality of a written one, for they can then sometimes form an idea whether their young friends care to come. Consequently young men or women are sometimes asked after meeting to spend the rest of the Sunday at a Friends' house. From what we hear and read, it would appear that this is not done sufficiently: but the responsibility does not altogether rest with the residents. If a young man sits at the bottom of a large meeting house, and hurries away (perhaps from feelings of modesty or diffidence) directly the meeting breaks up, is it surprising that those who sit near the top should sometimes not see him, and often be unable to speak to him?

We know that when a young man keeps in the background, it is sometimes done because he does not wish to be asked to a Friends' house; and we suppose it is sometimes done from a sensitive fear of intruding himself on the notice of his friends. Need we be surprised that each of these classes in turn occasionally receives the treatment which would be appreciated by the other?

Let those who sometimes go away from meeting without having exchanged a single friendly word, understand that they are often followed by the eyes and by the thoughts of those who would gladly have spoken to them if they could.

One more complication is introduced by the fact that these solitary members are often in a higher social position than some of those who most feel their responsibility as residents. We do not wish to give this fact undue importance, but it is felt by some to be a real difficulty, in spite of all that they know may be very truly said on the opposite side.

Where there is a family of young people, hospitality is often exercised in face of the fact that their motives are misunderstood and misrepresented in a manner that demands some amount of fortitude to disregard.

In some meetings an endeavor has been made to meet the want of a little friendly intercourse, combined with something of intellectual interest, by arranging lectures at the meeting-house, preceded by a social meal; but the attendance has very often been such as to lead the organizers of these social



meetings and lectures to suppose that the want for them was not felt.

As far as our experience goes, when a stranger visits a country meeting, he uniformly meets with the greatest possible hospitality and attention; but if a member of one of these meetings were to become a London resident, we think he would find the conditions of life to be so different, that it would be impossible to carry out his good intentions in the same successful manner.

Thine truly,

D. C. R.

To all men and to all times, the best friend is virtue; and the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

As I took my seat, the thought presented that if we had a good meeting we must all strive to be a part of it, and the prayerful feeling arose that not only I, but that all who were gathered might seek for a spirit of quietness and peace; that we might be open to hear whatever was offered and receive it in kindness and in love, whether it corresponded with our religious sentiments or otherwise. That we would then test it by the knowledge of Divine Truth which we had, and adopt as much of it as might be adapted to our own conditions, and let the rest pass. S. P. G. commenced, by alluding to the vision which John saw of an angel coming down from Heaven clothed with a cloud and a rainbow upon his head, and his face was as it were the face of the Sun. He spoke of the cloud as an illustration of that which intercepts the light between us and our Heavenly Father in a spiritual sense, and that as we become obedient and submissive to His divine will and power, the light would break through the cloud and we should see more clearly, and feel the presence of the Father. The rainbow was compared to the cardinal virtues which were to be found in our hearts. The primitive colors were there, and the operation of those virtues going forth and being combined furnished light and love to the glory of the Father. The light of the Sun represents the light that comes from God, and is revealed to us by its own power, warmth and Truth. We receive and reflect it as the moon and stars reflect the light of the Sun. The planets reflect a different light one from another, yet they all move in harmony, and receive the illuminating principle from the same source—here we see a diversity in nature, yet all is harmony.

So with man in his various conditions of life. The love of the Father shines in and on all. It is universal, and if that love is reflected back from us in accordance with the

knowledge which we have of the truth, it is well with us. He declared that we must come to a knowledge of the divine power within ourselves before we could realize salvation. The reading of the scriptures and the writings of those who have gone before us would not avail, though He desired that we should read these writings prayerfully: they were evidences of the light that had shone upon our predecessors, but God's power is the same now that ever it was, and is shining upon us as it did upon them. He wanted us to know that we have a present Saviour through which the will of God is revealed. \* \* \*

I am not following his words exactly but am giving my impressions of his ideas, clothing them as nearly as I can recollect in his language.

At the close he gave us an affectionate farewell, intimating that his love for us was great and desiring we might pray for each other for he needed help equally with those he addressed.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 27, 1875.

NOTE.—If our correspondent O. E. will recur to the last chapter on Usury, in No. 3 of our paper, and carefully read it, we think he will find his objection answered. ED.

A CORRECTION.—In S. R.'s letter from Europe, published in No. 37 of the present volume of the *Intelligencer*, reference is made to the Turtle as being a *Batrachian*.

This is a mistake, as it belongs to the order *Chelonia* and family *Testudinidae*.

The *Batrachians* are vertebrate animals having a naked skin, generally without ribs and no distinct neck.

They breathe sometimes by gills, but generally by lungs. To this order belong the Frogs, Toads and Salamanders.

S. R. R.

Reported for Friends' Intelligencer.

DARWINISM.—Professor Pliny E. Chas. of Haverford College, delivered the first of his course of lectures on "Modern Scientific Discoveries and Theories," at the Hall of the Mercantile Library, on the evening of the 17th inst.

Professor C. began with an allusion to the interest manifested in Centennial celebrations, and this being the Centennial of Se-

ence. He stated that much is said of the conflict of science with religion, between which there can be none. The only conflict is between truth and error; truth is always consistent with itself, for God is truth. Anything discovered is a fact, and we may allow ourselves great liberty in accounting for facts. There is a distinction between what is true as a fact and our theories respecting it. Many of the foremost active and practical men in the scientific ranks of this closing century are Americans.

To the query, what is the truth that underlies the theory of Darwin; what is Darwinism? Professor C. said, The basis is the great variation in the animal creation. All the workers who have investigated this subject have flourished during the present century. Among those who have made it the great study of their lives, Jean Baptiste Lamarck and Louis Agassiz are the most prominent.

Lamarck divided animals into three groups, based on the degree of intelligence manifested, viz., the Apathetic, representing all the lowest forms of existence, the Sensible embracing the crustacea and allied species, and the Intelligent, in which he placed the higher orders of creation. This system has been unjustly charged, as not accounting for an intelligent controlling power.

Occupying a somewhat different ground, we have L. Agassiz, whose first publication placed him in the front rank of scientists. Seventeen years of patient labor established by demonstration, as he said, the "superintendence of an intelligent power in the universe." The study of nature is highest intercourse with Supreme Intelligence in its outward manifestation.

Darwin's starting point is the admitted variation in animals under domestication. Our farmers understand this, and by carefully studying the marks that go with these variations, qualities are transmitted from generation to generation; how far this can go is not settled. Darwin thinks species may be changed; the question can only be determined by an accumulation of facts.

The second point is "The struggle for existence." Some interesting and amusing cal-

culations of increase during the period of an ordinary human life, were here given by Professor C., illustrating the great amount of life-force in the universe, the rapidity of its development, and how the struggle for existence is more severe on those of the same species which have the same habits and derive their subsistence from the same sources.

Natural selection is the next point; "Like seeks like" is a grand law of nature in Inertia. Much is said of law; law is not an explanation, but a fact; man cannot produce varieties, nor prevent them. This constitutes Darwin's natural selection; is this the result of chance or of intelligence? If we go back to the earliest period, all the carbon found is an indication of life; the germs of this life must have had intelligence.

In Darwin's theories, as he promulgates them, said Prof. C., I do not see much to object. They are truths; we may accept them in our own way; his sins are of omission rather than commission; yet in not defining his position he leaves room for the charges that are brought against him.

This synopsis gives but a very imperfect idea of the force and eloquence displayed by Prof. C. The close attention of the audience evinced the absorbing interest felt in the subject under consideration and in the clear manner in which it was presented. The hall was well filled. R.

*Eleventh mo., 18th,*

The second lecture was delivered on the evening of the 24th.—Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) and Humphrey Davy. "Heat, a mode of Motion."

Lecture III, 12th month 1st.—Benjamin Franklin and Michael Faraday. "Electricity and Telegraphy."

Lecture IV, 12th month 8th.—Thomas Young and William Allen Miller. "Universal Force;" "Spectroscopy," "Let there be light!"

Lecture V, 12th month 15th.—Luke Howard and James B. Espy. "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" Weather Predictions.

Lecture VI, 12th month 22d.—George Fox and Jonathan Edwards. "Harmony of Faith and Reason."

Tickets for the remainder of the course, and single tickets, can be procured at the office of FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

#### MARRIED.

TOWNSEND—SUTTON.—On the 16th of Eleventh month, at Weston, Baltimore county, Md, with



the approbation of Baltimore Monthly Meeting, Joseph C. Townsend, to Mary H., daughter of James L. Sutton.

#### DIED.

**PLUMMER.**—After a lingering illness and great suffering, borne with patience and fortitude, Charles P. Plummer departed this life a few minutes after 12 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of Eleventh month, in quietness of mind and body, aged nearly 37 years.

**SEARING.**—At the residence of her husband and father-in-law, John L. and John Searing, in Ledyard, Cayuga county, N. Y., on First-day, the 24th of Eleventh month, of typhoid fever, Catharine M. Searing, daughter of Aaron Makeel, aged 34 years.

She died in perfect consciousness of her approaching dissolution, which was sudden. Very near the close, she gave full evidence by her affecting and interesting language that she was prepared for the change and was accepted by her Heavenly Father.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 75.

(Continued from page 621.)

#### ANDERMATT TO INTERLAKEN.

The flora of the valley of Urseren and its vicinity is almost identical with that we observed last summer in the upper Engadine, which has about the same elevation. The most striking exceptions noticed are a delicate and fragrant white Lily, and a pretty purple Orchis with leaves spotted like the Dog-tooth Violet. A tiny yellow Violet is very plentiful, and the wild Thyme and Geranium seem to be ruling families, though perhaps the various species of Silene are as extensively diffused through the flowery pastures. It would seem that life must be very hard and meagre in this wintry valley of the mountains, but though the people are doubtless poor and evidently very laborious, they are not in the least beggarly—a comfortable change after our Italian experience. Happy little children, sun burned and wildly clad, play in the sunny meadow and along the bank of the shallow, rapid river, and hail us with friendly words as we pass them. Noting that I am gathering a bouquet, they leave off their play with one accord, and hasten to make collections for me, with very little judgment, it is true, but with great good will; and soon I am uncomfortably laden with their gifts. Jolly little men of Uri! you have done your best to show kindness to the pilgrim and stranger who wanders by your flowery river. It is a steep climb up the grassy hillside to the guardian fir wood which overlooks the town, and when it is reached we find that a stone wall, three or four feet high, forms a protecting terrace for the precious wood land. We clamber up, however, and find a well trodden pathway among the fragrant fir trees and moss covered seats where we may rest and enjoy the primitive harmonies which the Alpine forest murmurs evermore to the silent

hills. Insect life is not wanting, but no mosquitoes or stinging flies appear to dwell in this peaceful upper world. Tall ferns flourish in the sheltered wood, but few of the delicate little forest flowers which smile up from the depths of the more lowly sylvan retreats. A few minutes walk, and the other side of the wood is reached, and here we are dismayed to find another wall which it requires much prudent management to descend in safety. Two gray-haired old women are gathering, in great baskets which are strapped on their backs, all the dead twigs and cones they can find, and propose descending the precipitous hill with a load which it makes the heart ache to see them bear along the level pathway. They salute us with smiling cheerfulness, however, and are evidently not the most unhappy of woman kind. Not a twig, and scarcely a leaf of the precious trees is allowed to moulder in the wood, but every atom is carefully utilized when a tree is felled. To the right, and below the forest, is the ancient Lombard church of St. Columbanus, and a group of little girls who are playing at housekeeping in the porch which they have rudely decked with thyme are easily persuaded to run down to the village for the key, and we enter the well-preserved old edifice in which is cherished, with true Swiss conservatism, the rude and almost ludicrous decorations of the middle ages—unnaturally elongated visages to denote sorrow, and grotesque distortion to represent pious ecstasy. What oft-repeated annals of the heroic past are connected with these old hillside fanes of Switzerland; and how dead and sacred must be the sanctuary in which the baptism, the marriage and the burial of the long generations of the fathers of Urseren have been solemnized. The damp, rough floor of stone, the straight, upright benches, the rude old paintings, seem more precious to them, doubtless, than the most elaborate and refined newness.

But the sun has gone down behind the mountain, and we must find the pathway back to the hotel, but may stop a minute to look into the more modern village church and its attendant charnel house. Over the doorway of the chapel of the dead are the sad and touching words from Job 19: 21, German: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me." And within a word from Maccabees, which I did not remember to have seen before (if, indeed, anything at all like it is in our version), reminding the beholder that it is a good and wholesome thing to pray for the dead, that they may find deliverance from the consequences of the shortcomings of their mortal lives. Over the doorway are shelves, on which stand



placed, in order, the skulls and thigh bones of the bodies which have been disinterred to make room for the later generations which have sunk wearied into the broad lap of Mother Earth. A pale, sad-looking woman kneels in front of the altar, murmuring from her book of prayer words of entreaty that some dear one who has gone from her side may find grace and favor from the righteous Judge.

After one week's dalliance in this cool, high place, we are delighted to find the morning of Seventh month 1st rise bright and clear, which leaves us no excuse for tarrying longer in Andermatt. A carriage for Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, is readily procured, and away we go through the rude Hole of Uri; through the deep defile spanned by the Devil's Bridge, down which the Reuss dashes madly through narrow valleys in which theirs murmur; along precipitous steepes, where the smooth, solid road seems the work of magic; through picturesque little villages, which find lodgment on the terraces of the ancient hills; and pause in our career at the town of Amsteg. As soon as the carriage halts, picturesquely attired women, bearing trays laden with articles of jewelry cut from the many-tinted quartz crystal of the mountains, crowd around the door; and solicit our attention to their beautiful wares. They speak to us first in German, then in French, and finally beg us, in English, to buy some of their pretty things. The price is fixed, they assure us; but, as we seem not over-anxious to purchase, they, one after another, fall all fifty per cent., and then entreat us to name a price which would be satisfactory. The quartz crystals of St. Gothard are of great size and of varied tints, and I should like to take to America one I saw at Andermatt, which was of the smoky hue, and was really eighteen inches long, and quite ten inches in diameter, and perfect in form.

The town of Amsteg is 1713 feet above the sea level, and is beautifully situated in a fertile vale, overlooked by grand mountains. While our driver was refreshing himself and his horses, we ascended to a grassy terrace and sat down under the shadow of the walnut trees to admire the simple, frugal and laborious life of the Switzer. The patient industry and artistic taste of the people are manifested everywhere, and the natural fertility of their narrow lands is enhanced by the most careful culture. From the neat shingle cottage, little balconies decked with flowers project from every window; and the pretty pallion of tasteful rustic work, under the shadow of the walnut tree on the hillside terrace, catches the choicest view of the glorious snowy heights. The mountain torrent may

not chisel its way in the fertile slope, but is wisely confined by raised banks, and has its pathway from the heights firmly paved with solid stone-work, as durable as it is elegant. The projecting roof of the pretty wood house, where a great supply of fuel is stored for winter use, is a shelter also for a luxuriant grape-vine, which finds just the protection and support it needs. Sometimes the entire front of a spacious cottage is covered with the limbs of a pear-tree, which is fastened to the wall like a vine, and has its branches so trained as to decorate but not obscure the windows. In many places, just as the wise prince observed in Israel, long ages ago, the virtuous woman seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands, making the garments for her household. The water-power, which the impetuous glacier-fed streams supply, is utilized in a thousand ways, bringing the hum of many manufactories into this busy hive of workers, and the general intelligence, as well as the education of the people, is most worthy of admiration. To speak three or four tongues is not a rare acquirement here, and the schoolmaster is at work in every hamlet. One traveller,\* praising the air of well-being, the neatness and the sense of propriety manifested by the Swiss, attributes it to the subdivision of the lands among the people. He says: "The spirit of the proprietor is not to be mistaken in all one sees in Switzerland. Some cottages, for instance, are adorned with long texts from Scripture, painted on or burnt into the wood, in front, over the door; others, with the pedigree of the builder and owner. These show that the property has been held sometimes for 200 years by the same family."

Women perform much of the out-door as well as the in-door work, and women appear to do all the thinking and managing work of the home: being, as a rule, very superior to the men in manners and in intelligence. It is a great pleasure after our Oriental and Italian travel, to be again taken care of by neat, thoughtful, kindly and intelligent women. If you drive up to the simple wayside inn, a fine looking, strong-handed young woman opens the carriage door, takes your parcels, helps you out, and does the simple honors of the house with a directness and dignity most pleasing to behold. She speaks your language, most likely, and can give intelligent counsel in regard to to-morrow's travel; or if you propose to tarry a day or two, she can tell you how and where your damaged attire may be put in order most expeditiously. Women carry the keys, make out bills, and in many cases receive the money; then escort

\* Laing.



you to the carriage and speed the parting guest.

Beyond Amsteg, we pass under the ruins of a tower on the heights, supposed by some to be that erected by the tyrant Gessler, in the days of Austrian domination, to overawe the men of Uri. Then our way lies through green pastures and under shadowy trees, and past the famous places for evermore associated with heroic, perhaps almost mythic deeds of the Swiss patriot, Tell. Our driver points out to us the rushing mountain brook into which William Tell plunged, in vain endeavor to save a little child, but both were lost and their bodies were never seen again. The spot where the hero's house stood is believed to be marked by yonder little chapel which is backed by an ivy mantled tower, and the pretty village of Burglen, nestling in the lovely valley, was his native place.

The field of Schaddorf, by which we pass, is of interest as the spot where the parliament of Uri is held every spring. Every man, except the priests, above twenty years of age, has a vote. On the occasion of the popular assembly, the authorities of the Canton come in civil and military state, their attendants bearing aloft the two bull horns of Uri. From a semi-circular pavilion, erected for the purpose, the business of the day is announced to the people, and the various orators deliver addresses in regard to the matters which are to be decided, after which the questions are voted upon by show of hands.

When the business of state is dispatched, the Landaman and other public officers resign, and are either re-elected or replaced by others who are now chosen. Such is the little democracy of the hills!

The village of Altdorf, which we soon enter, is the capital of the Canton, and is known to fame as the place where, at the command of this tyrant, Tell shot the apple from his son's head in the open square. A stone fountain marked the traditional spot till 1861, when a colossal plaster statue of Tell, the gift of the riflemen of Zurich, replaced it. But we have no time to linger; pressing on to Flüellen, on lake Lucerne, the port of Uri, where the steamer lies in readiness to receive us and bear us up the romantic and sublime bay of Uri, past scenes consecrated by the noble legends of the Switzer, the historic truth of which it is an ungracious thing to doubt or to question.

Says Sir James Mackintosh: "This is, perhaps, the only place in our globe where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence. No local superstition so beautiful and so moral anywhere exists. . .

. . . . The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtues; Grütli and Tell's chapel are as much revered by the Alpine peasants as Mecca by a devout Musselman; and the deputies of the three ancient Cantons met, so late as the year 1715, to renew their allegiance and their oaths of eternal union."

The rich poetic and historic associations of those silent and solemn mountain shores, the deep, pure tinting of the lakes, the splendor of the cloud-flecked sky of blue, the snowy heights of the distant peaks, the little chapel which nestles by the water's edge to mark the spot where the hero sprang to shore from the boat of Gessler during the storm; the shadowy field of Rütli, where the three founders of Swiss freedom,\* at the beginning of the fourteenth century, met at night to form a plan for the liberation of their land, but solemnly binding themselves "to do no wrong to the Count of Hapsburg, and not to maltreat his governors," to be just and merciful to their oppressors as well as faithful to each other; all these combine to make our noon-day on the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons an unmixed delight.

But now we have reached Brunnen, the port of Canton Schwyz, whence we turn westward along the southern shore of the lake arriving at Bekenried at about three o'clock. Here we take a carriage, intending to drive to Stanzsted, to Alpnach and to Sarnen the same evening. Away we go, and all looks promising for a delightful ride in the cool of the day, but a threatening cloud rises from behind the western hills. The driver shakes his head ominously and asks if we will not take refuge at Stanz, which is near at hand. We assent, and are safe in the little inn before a heavy blow and a dashing, pouring rain with thunder and lightning, comes sweeping down from the heights. Then a storm of rattling hail follows, cooling and even chilling the air, which had been almost sultry before. In the midst of the tumult of the element the bell in the village church peals out loud and clear, sounding like a calm, reassuring voice above the storm. We inquire why the bell tolls at such a moment, and the host replies that these sudden thunder storms are often very violent (rocks and masses of earth being frequently hurled into the valleys), and the bell is rung to comfort the frightened people, reminding them of the divine presence and care, and commending them to a prayerful trust in the Power which rules the tempest. After a time the storm ceases, the clouds break and begin to disperse, and we send for

\* Werner Stauffacher, of Schwyz; Arnold, Unterwalden; and Walter Fürst, of Uri.



the driver to direct him to make ready to proceed. But he professes fear of the swollen torrents, and wishes to stay all night where we are, reminding us that we must pay the expenses of himself and team during the delay. Stanz is a pretty town, and not unknown to fame, being the native place of Arnold of Winkelried, who is here commemorated with a statue. It is the capital of Canton Unterwalden, and is sadly memorable for the wild and desperate resistance of the people to the new constitution imposed on the States of Switzerland, by the French, in 1798. Whole families perished together, young women fighting beside their fathers and brothers. Every house in the open country was burned, and the few of the inhabitants who survived, wandering in the mountain fastnesses, would have died of want and cold had not prompt assistance been sent them from other lands. But all that Stanz can show is soon seen, and we insist on going on our way, promising that when we come to the dreadful torrent we will be willing to turn back. So away we go again in the cool of the departing day, to Stanzstad and thence over a good bridge to the western side of the Alpnach Lake to Alpnach, a little village at the foot of Mount Pilatus. It is needless to say that the dangers of the way were purely imaginary, and the ride perfectly delightful as well as entirely safe. The next morning a short drive brings us to Sarnen, where we dismiss our carriage and take outside seats in the mid-day diligence, for the trip over the Brunig Pass to Brienz. The calm delight of the slow, steady progress up a shadowy woodland road to the summit, and the exultant, triumphant joy of the downward gallop; the little trip at eventide from end to end of the tiny lake of Brienz, and our safe arrival at the fair town of Interlaken, which holds her court in full sight of one of the most glorious of the snowy summits of the Alps, the Jungfrau, complete the record of our two days' journey. The pretty town of hotels has plenty of room for travelers, and there are more hotel coaches in waiting for us than there are passengers arriving. Accordingly, we have great choice of rooms and a most cordial reception at the Grand Hotel Victoria, and here we rest.

S. R.

*Seventh month 2d, 1875.*

From the Boston Transcript.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Concluded from Page 622.

No description or painting can adequately give the feeling of a person contemplating for the first time the nature of new places and things. The student takes in at a glance the character of a country, the vegetation and

peculiarities of animal life, having the advantage over others of being able to draw comparisons and note slight shades of difference. Curiosity having been awakened in Boston, Agassiz found a large audience awaiting his first lecture. He had aptly chosen "America" for his subject. Besides the presentation of ideas, new and varied, the sympathetic voice of the orator, the foreign accent, and the noble, expressive face produced great effect upon his hearers, and the hour of fixed attention concluded with rounds of enthusiastic applause. The foreign naturalist was the theme of the next day's conversation in Boston. Everybody wished to hear him, though at the price of four dollars, and the evenings of an entire week, Agassiz devoted to the same lecture. He was persuaded to abandon the idea of returning to Europe and to accept a professor's chair at Harvard College, where he soon saw himself in a position to liquidate his debts in Europe. He next conceived the idea of founding a large museum connected with the college buildings. As a preparation, he determined upon a course of travel. A visit to Lake Superior was first decided upon, and a party of sixteen from Boston, joined by others in New York, left on the morning of the 15th of June, 1848, upon a voyage of discovery and investigation. Each day the soil, vegetation, animal population and general character of the country were carefully observed. They passed slowly through the State of New York, noting the course of its rivers and the formation of its rocks, to the Falls of Niagara in their grandeur, to Lake Ontario, to the valley of the Mississippi, making observations, comparing nature in America with that of Europe, and noting the similarity of certain orders of plants. During this time Agassiz made collections of such species of fish as were not to be found in European waters. At home he had studied these, more or less well preserved in the museums, here to be found full of life.

To this exploration, physical geography owes a more just, concise description than had ever before been given.

The next trip was to Florida, and on the way home Agassiz was earnestly solicited to give a course of lectures upon comparative anatomy at the medical college of Charleston. The acceptance of this and the carrying on of his profound studies at the same time proved a severe tax upon his physical strength, and he returned worn and tired to Massachusetts.

After a short period of rest he undertook the publication of a natural history of the United States. This work was expensive, and nothing better testifies to the popularity of its author in America than the fact that as soon as the difficulty was known, 2500 sub-



scribers responded at once to the appeal. In the preface to the work the author says, "The public of this country differ widely from the public of Europe. In the United States there is no one class separate and distinct from the rest of the nation. On the contrary, the desire for instruction is so general that I may expect my books to be read by mechanics as well as by students and naturalists." Agassiz, still pursuing his studies and investigations, began the foundation of the museum, one of the finest scientific establishments in the world. In the accomplishment of this great work he thought nothing of the trouble, but pushed on, with eyes steadily fixed on the purpose of dedicating this great effort of his life to his adopted country. In the fulfillment of this task, and the classification of the vast collection required, Agassiz, in spite of his wonderful energy and robust constitution, felt his strength failing. Physicians prescribed rest and change of climate. Should he go to Europe? He hesitated; an unexpected circumstance put an end to his doubts. Agassiz had never forgotten the voyage of Spix and Martins to Brazil. At the age of twenty years he had received the task of classifying the fishes collected by these explorers. Many times in his life had he dreamed of visiting these same places, and of studying nature in South America. The emperor of Brazil, one of the most cultivated men of modern times, and a friend of all noble enterprises, had shown much interest in the accomplishment of the work carried on at Harvard. Through him, carefully prepared additions had been made to the museum at Cambridge, and Agassiz's thoughts often turned to some time, far in the future perhaps, when he should see the sovereign in his own home. One day, without any belief in the actual realization of the plan, Agassiz spoke in the presence of several friends of the benefit, scientifically viewed, to be derived from a visit to the Amazon and its tributaries. Immediately one of Boston's wealthy men, Nathaniel Thayer, turning to the naturalist, exclaimed, "You would prefer giving to the journey you are about to take a scientific character; make up a party and go to South America; I will defray all the expenses of the expedition." This generous offer had irresistible attractions, and the company, including Jacques Burkhardt, a draughtsman of long acquaintance, left for Brazil.

Agassiz had lost his wife soon after his arrival in America. He contracted a second marriage with a young lady of superior mind, Miss Lizzie Cary, who formed one of the company to Brazil. More Agassiz has given us a faithful account of this trip from her note

book of carefully written observations, under the title of "Voyage to Brazil," so well known to us. Through the kindness of the president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the members of the party received complimentary tickets: and after a very delightful voyage were landed safely at Rio Janeiro. A steamer was there placed at their disposal for a trip up the broad Amazon, from the basin of whose waters more than 1800 specimens of fish were taken. "In no part of the world," said the illustrious naturalist, "do there exist a greater variety of fish than here."

Returning to Cambridge, this great explorer gave his time to the arrangement of the South American collection for the Harvard Museum. But the fatigue of the work was too much for him, and absolute rest seemed indispensable; yet he could not give up the idea of new conquests. At the age of sixty-four years he made a voyage through the Gulf Stream, to study the temperature there and around Cape Horn. He formed, at this time, the project of establishing a building upon the seashore for the purpose of studying the life of marine animals. Through the means of Mr. John Anderson of New York he was offered control of an island in Buzzard's Bay, the island of Penikese, which was very favorably situated for this object. He threw himself into the work with wonderful energy, scarcely taking any rest. In the autumn of 1872, returning to Cambridge, his health seemed finally undermined. The death of the preceding February the Academy of Sciences in France had made him foreign associate, a title accorded only to the most illustrious.

Louis Agassiz closed his long and useful life the 14th of December, 1873. The funeral services took place in the chapel of Harvard College, conducted with the simplicity which had characterized his life. A few days later the members of the college took solemn resolutions in honor of his memory, and the *American flag upon all public edifices* was hoisted at half-mast.

By his discoveries, by his original investigations, Louis Agassiz has wonderfully contributed to the progress of science. His studies of glaciers and the knowledge of silur fishes which he has given to the world will long remain of high value. If, in time, his works more perfect or more complete than their places, these will yet stand as a tribute of genius. The natural history of the United States holds now a most favorable place. Among the contemporaries of the illustrious naturalist we find investigators, who, by the exercise of patience and skill, have brought to light the slightest shades of difference and

most delicate features in the organization of animal life. To those, perhaps, posterity will accord the first rank, but we may believe that Agassiz will always be considered as the principal revealer of the world's history in its successive phases. He who worshipped the Creator through his works and thought to honor him the more in showing the true laws of nature, often suffered the disappointment of seeing his views of it opposed because conflicting with a pre-established faith. But he had the consolation of an unparalleled triumph.

To him belongs the glory of having diffused scientific instruction throughout a great nation. In a country where the sciences had been cultivated with distinction, but within prescribed limits, he had the happiness of arousing enthusiasm for discovery, and of leading many learned men in the path of investigation.

Endowed with most happy natural qualities, the young professor of Neuchatel, or the old professor of Cambridge, acquired in society an influence that men rarely obtain, even those who are stimulated by the best intentions. Agassiz seemed to hold this position by right of character, by the simplicity of his manners, and by the charm of his conversation. He used these advantages for the realization of great things, and the American people have not failed to profit by it. The zoological museum, this monument bequeathed by the illustrious naturalist to the country of his adoption, is to-day under the control of those who well know its worth. A son, M. Alexandre Agassiz, occupying a prominent position in the scientific world, will follow in his father's footsteps and complete his work. A savant of the highest order, a profound philosopher, an honor to humanity, has passed away; but a great and magnificent work remains, the undivided inheritance of all civilized nations.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.

sat among the worshippers to-day, and looked on faces

where the stamp was set of introverted thought. We cannot know what sermons thus are preached, more powerful than come from human lips, which, when inspired from heaven, can only say, Listen, my brother, to the Inward Voice."

My mind was led, as by some subtle chain, to muse on human life; and thus I thought: God might have brought His children fully grown to this wondrous world, perfect in mind and frame;

He chose to place them here as helpless babes, that man might learn what tenderness and love and pity are,

and through his human instincts might be taught

How he should succor and protect the weak. Virtue, not innocence, is man's high goal, And his Good Father placed him in a school, And gave him as he grew, from time to time, Lessons to learn—not always easy ones, But when well learned gaining the meed of praise."

So mused I, and the while my eyes were resting On a fair young girl who, as I knew, Had lately lost a friend. Lost, did I say? Together they had walked up to the radiant gates, That gently ope'd, and one went in. They had been Schoolmate friends—a transient bond, oft-times; But early womanhood still found them friends.

The bent-down face, that rested on her hand, Had an expression of sad thoughtfulness, As though she questioned of life's mysteries, And asked why sorrow's lesson must be learned. In happy childhood, she had seen the tear In others' eyes—the furrowed brow of care; But they had touched her lightly, thanks to Him Who on young shoulders lays no heavy load. But will this sorrow pass so lightly by? Time will smooth down its keenness, 'twill become A tender memory, cherished long and dear; She may form ties more tender and more strong, And a long life of varied hues be hers; But from this early sorrow she may date A step from girlhood's mirthful, careless day Into a noble, thoughtful womanhood. Thou canst not see it now; but when thy years Three score and ten have numbered, thou canst look

From off the mountain-top, and see, well-marked, The path by which, His guardian angel at thy side, Thy Father safely led thee. Thou wilt praise The Wisdom and the Love that made this life The checkered scene it is, and, through the sunshine

And the cloud alike, would train His children For the higher life. S.

Eleventh month 14th, 1875.

#### DEATH NOT AN EVIL.

When once men come to the knowledge of good and evil, or when once they dig into that knowledge, then death is not a retribution but a relief. It is of the tender mercy of God that we should die then, even if there were no hereafter to beckon us away. Immortality on this side of the grave would be the one terrible curse we could none of us bear, if we could seize and hold it. We should long for death as we long now for life; while so surely would the world be the loser by our staying here after our time was up and another's time begun. The time would come when the whole race would pray to have that tree of life removed for life's sake, and I assert this, once for all, there is the difference between the life about us and the life within us. It would make no great matter for the animal world if its life ran on forever, because animals measure time by instincts and not by experiences. The present moment is the perfect sphere of their desire. They want no better, they fear no worse—neither cross nor crown is in their



vision—they take no thought for the morrow. Chaucer's bird sang "all the way from London to the sea," and the brood that flew away last year are forgotten, but the brood that comes this year are like their parents—one time is as good as another to them; they have never eaten, you know, of the tree of good and evil, and so immortality would not pain them if everything went on through all the ages. But when some one said, "The spirit of a man goeth upward," he touched that line of difference between our existence and that of the rest of the animal creation, because where the animals have instincts we have experiences, where they have habits we have memories, anticipations, reflections, joys and sorrows. We have eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. [Robert Collyer.]

THE sense of God's presence gives an aroma to all of human life. It gives unity to our thoughts and aims. We are no longer divided and distracted, but our heart and mind are united in one faith and love.

## NOTICES.

### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

- 11th mo. 30th, Burlington, at Crosswicks, N. J.
- 12th mo. 1st, Southern, at Camden, Del.
- " 4th, White Water, Richmond, Ind.
- " 9th, Salem, Woodbury, N. J.
- " 13th, Baltimore, Little Falls, Md.
- " " Prairie Grove, Prairie Grove, Iowa.
- " 16th, Haddonfield, Haddonfield, N. J.
- " 23d, Fishing Creek, H. Y. H., Millville, Pa.
- " 29th, Scipio, North street, N. Y.

The next Third-day evening meeting will be held at West Philadelphia, corner of Thirty-fifth and Lancaster avenue, at 7½ o'clock. Walnut street Park cars pass the house.

### FRIENDS' HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Stated meeting at 820 Spruce street, on Fourth-day evening, Twelfth month 1st, at 8 o'clock. S. Parrish will conclude his interesting account of the "Friendly Association for Promoting Peace with the Indians." A general invitation extended.

WM. J. JENKS, *President*.

N. E. JANNEY, *Secretary*.

A Social Meeting for the reading and consideration of the Scriptures and Friends' writings is held at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room at 8 o'clock, on 5th day evening. A general invitation is extended.

## ITEMS.

On the afternoon of the 20th inst., the Market-street Bridge, across the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire.

On the evening of the 15th inst., there was a sharp earthquake in San Francisco, but no damage was done. The vibrations were "east and west." There was also a "smart shock" of earthquake in Southern California and Arizona on the 16th.

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.—The deepest sea soundings yet effected were obtained by the *Challenger* this year in the abysses of New Guinea, depths which have occasioned a sharp line of demarcation between the fauna of Asia and Australasia. The "lead" weighed four cwt., and struck bottom at the tremendous depth of 4,450 fathoms, or about 26,700 feet. The hollow rod, by which specimens of the bottom are brought up, was full of mud, and both the thermometers that had been sent down were smashed to atoms by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A previous unsuccessful attempt to reach the bottom, but in which 4,545 fathoms were sounded, showed the temperature at that depth to be 35½ degrees Fahrenheit uncorrected.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

A NEW variety of the Mennonite, or continental Quaker sect, is gaining ground in Hungary to an extent that threatens considerable embarrassment to the Administration. These so-called Nazaries not only disown all clerical organization and refuse to take any oath or enter any military service, but they dispute the lawfulness of taxes that go to support a State Church or army. All assessments made on them are therefore levied under protest. They are said to be an offshoot of Calvinism, but have lately been largely recruited from among the working Catholic population, so that their numbers, estimated a few years since at 6,000 only, are now officially stated at 30,000, and said to be really much larger.—*Voice of Peace*.

On the 13th inst., a tidal wave, ten feet high swept up the Parrett river, Somersetshire, England, sinking one vessel and damaging many more. On the 14th., a violent storm prevailed all day in London and much damage was caused at Dover, Boulogne and other seaports on the British and French coast by high tides. Thousands of acres were submerged in Somersetshire by the overflowing of the river Pirrett. Disastrous floods are reported throughout England. At Nottingham thirteen persons were drowned, more than three thousand houses were inundated, and fifty factories were stopped. Near Oxford the railway lines were all under water, and the village of Botley was entirely flooded. At Burton-on-Trent six persons were drowned; and at Derby the water is still several feet deep in the streets. Above Gainsborough the Trent has burst its bank and all the surrounding country is flooded. Hundreds of persons have seen the destruction of the homes, and the loss of property is enormous. The main line of the Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire Railway is washed away, and all traffic was stopped for a time.

On the 15th, the tide in the Thames was the highest on record. Greenwich and the low land along the river were partially inundated. The weather around the coast was very heavy, and wrecks were numerous.

Lloyds published reports of wrecks that occurred off Bridlington, Cardigan, Clovelly, Berwick, Scotland and elsewhere.

The estimated damage done to London and neighborhood by the high tides of the 15th will reach fully \$5,000,000. The Woolwich Arsenal ground are partially submerged.

The *Echo* (a London paper) announces that on account of the recent floods the sanitary authorities have declared a district of Bristol, with a population of 6,000 persons, unfit for habitation until midsummer. Thousands of acres in the valley of the Tyne will probably remain under water throughout winter.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

OL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 4, 1875.

No. 41.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

## MARY DYRE.

Concluded from page 630.

The sympathies of the good people of  
Boston had been awakened by the firmness  
of the prisoners in their extremity. The  
sense of feeling was setting in favor of their  
cause, murmurs of dissatisfaction with the  
proceedings of the magistrates were running  
through the little community, and it was  
thought best to allay the ferment, by a mani-  
festo, which is throughout a lame defence,  
and which concludes in a manner worthy of  
the style of Cromwell and the school of the  
Quakers. "The consideration of our gradual  
proceedings," say they, "will vindicate us  
in the clamorous accusations of severity;  
our own just and necessary defence calling  
for us, other means failing, to offer the  
point which these persons have violently and  
fully rushed upon, and thereby become  
*res de se*, which, might it have been pre-  
vented, and the sovereign law, *salus populi*,  
be preserved, our former proceedings, as  
well as the sparing Mary Dyre upon an  
inconsiderable intercession, will evidently  
show us we desire their lives absent, rather  
than their deaths present."

Would the tragedy had ended here! But  
the last and saddest scene was yet to be en-  
acted. We who believe that woman's duty  
as well as happiness lies in the obscure, and  
in a not very limited sphere of domestic  
life may regret that Mary did not forego the  
glory of the champion, and the martyr, for

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the meek honors of the wife and mother.  
Still we must venerate the courage and energy  
of her soul, when, as she said, "moved by  
the spirit of God so to do," she again re-  
turned to finish, in her own words, "her sad  
and heavy experience, in the bloody town of  
Boston."

She arrived there on the twenty-first of  
May, 1660, and appears to have remained  
unmolested, till the thirty-first, when she was  
summoned before the General Court, which  
had cognizance of all civil and criminal  
offences. In this court Governor Endicott  
was the presiding officer. He began her ex-  
amination by asking her, if she were the  
same Mary Dyre that was there before.

It appears that another Mary Dyre had  
made some disturbance in the Colony, and  
the Governor, probably pitying the rashness  
of our heroine, was willing to allow her an  
opportunity of evasion, but she replied un-  
hesitatingly, "I am the same Mary Dyre  
that was here at the last General Court."

"Then you own yourself a Quaker, do you  
not?"

"I own myself to be reproachfully called  
so."

"I must then repeat the sentence once be-  
fore pronounced upon you."

After he had spoken the words of doom,  
"This is no more," replied Mary calmly,  
"than thou saidst before."

"But now it is to be executed; therefore  
prepare yourself for nine o'clock to-morrow."



Still steadfast in what she believed her divinely authorized mission, she replied, "I came in obedience to the will of God, to the last General Court, praying you to repeal your unrighteous sentence of banishment, on pain of death, and that same is my work now, and earnest request, although I told you, that if you refused to repeal them, the Lord would send others of his servants to witness against them."

"Are you a prophetess?" asked Endicot.

"I spoke the words which the Lord spoke to me; and now the thing is come to pass."

"Away with her!" cried the Governor; and Mary was reconducted to prison. We lament the imperfection of human intelligence, and the infirmity of human virtue, for "perfection easily bears with the imperfections of others;" but we rejoice, that, in the providence of God, the vice of one party elicits the virtue of another; that bigotry and persecution bring forth the faith and heroic self-sacrifice of the martyr. The fire is kindled and burns fiercely, but the Phoenix rises; the furnace, heated with seven-fold heat, does not consume, but purifies.

Mary Dyre's family were plunged into deep distress, by her again putting her life in jeopardy. As her husband's religious faith did not accord with her own, he could not of course perfectly sympathize with her zeal in behalf of her persecuted sect, but the following letter, addressed to the Governor, which has not, we believe, before been published, bears ample testimony, that his conjugal affection had borne the hard test of religious disagreement.

"Honored Sir.—It is with no little grief of mind and sadness of heart, that I am necessitated to be so bold as to supplicate your honored self, with the honorable assembly of your General Court, to extend your mercy and favor once again, to me, and my children. Little did I dream, that I should have occasion to petition in a matter of this nature; but so it is, that through the divine providence and your benignity, my son obtained so much pity and mercy at your hands, to enjoy the life of his mother. Now my supplication to your honors is, to beg affectionately the life of my dear wife. 'Tis true I have not seen her above this half year, and cannot tell how, in the frame of her spirit she was moved thus again to run so great a hazard to herself, and perplexity to me and mine, and all her friends and well-wishers.

"So it is, from Shelter Island, about by Penod, Narragansett, &c., to the town of Providence, she secretly and speedily journeyed, and as secretly from thence came to your jurisdiction. Unhappy journey, may I say,

and woe to that generation, say I, that gives occasion thus of grief (to those that desire to be quiet,) by helping one another to hazard their lives to, I know not what end, nor for what purpose.

"If her zeal be so great, as thus to adventure, oh! let your pity and favour surmount it, and save her life. Let not your love and wonted compassion be conquered by her inconsiderate madness, and how greatly will your renoune be spread, if by so conquering you become victorious. What shall I say more! I know you are all sensible of my condition—you see what my petition is, and what will give me and mine peace.

"Oh! let Mercy's wings soar over Justice's ballance, and then whilst I live, I shall exalt your goodness; but otherways 't will be a languishing sorrow—yea, so great, that I should gladly suffer the blow at once, much rather. I shall forbear to trouble you with words, neither am I in a capacity to expatiate myself at present. I only say this, you selves have been, and are, or may be husbands to wives; so am I, yea to one most dearly beloved. Oh! do not deprive me of her, but I pray give her me once again. I shall be so much obliged forever that I shall endeavor continually to utter my thanks and render you love and honour most renoune, Pitty me! I beg it with tears, and rest your humble suppliant, "W. DYRE."

It does not appear what answer, or that an answer was vouchsafed to this touching appeal. It is enough to know that it was unavailing, and that on the very next day after her condemnation, the first of June, Mary Dyre was led forth to execution.

Some apprehensions seem to have been entertained that the mob might give inconvenient demonstrations of their pity for the prisoner, for she was strongly guarded, and during her whole progress from her prison to the place of execution, a mile's distance, drums were beaten before and behind her.

The scaffold was erected on Boston Common. When she had mounted it, she was asked if she would have the Elders to pray for her?

"I know never an Elder here," she replied.

"Will you have none of the people pray for you?" persisted her attendant.

"I would have all the people of God pray for me," she replied.

"Mary Dyre! O repent! O repent!" cried out Mr. Wilson, the minister; "be not deluded and carried away by the deceits of the devil."

"Nay, man," she answered, "I am now to repent."

She was reproached with having said she had already been in paradise.

To this she replied, "I have been in paradise many days."

She spoke truly. Her mind was the paradise of God, sanctified by his peace. The executioner did his office. He *could* kill the body, demolish the temple, but the pure and glorious spirit of the martyr passed unharmed, untouched, into the visible presence of its Creator.

The scene of this tragedy was the Boston Common; that spot, so affluent in beauty, so graced by the peace, and teeming with the loveliness of nature, was desecrated by a scaffold! stained with innocent blood! We would not dishonor this magnificent scene by connecting with it, in a single mind, one painful association. But let those send back in thought to the Quaker Martyr, who deigned to watch the morning light and the evening shadows stealing over it; to walk under the bountiful shadow of its elms; to see the herds of cattle banqueting there; the birds daintily gleaning their food; the boys reviving their hoops, flying their kites, and launching their mimic vessels on the mimic lake; whilst the little *fainéants*, perhaps the busiest in thought among them, are idly stretched on the grass, seemingly satisfied with the bare consciousness of existence. The Boston Common, as it is, preserved and unbelleshed, but not spoiled by art, still retaining its natural and graceful undulations, shaded by trees of a century's growth, with its ample extent of uncovered surface, affording in the heart of a populous city, that first luxuries, space; trodden by herds of its natural and chartered proprietors; encompassed by magnificent edifices, the homes of the gifted, cultivated, and liberal; with its beautiful view of water (Heaven forgive those who abated it!) and of the surrounding, cultured, and enjoyed country; crowned by Dorchester Heights, and the Blue Hills; Boston Common, has always appeared to me one of the choicest of nature's temples. The memory of the good is worthy such a temple; and we trust we shall be forgiven, for having attempted to fix there this slight monument to a noble sufferer in that great cause, that has stimulated the highest minds to the sublimest actions; that calls its devotees from the gifted, its martyrs from the moral heroes of mankind; the best cause, the fountain of all liberty—liberty of conscience!

WHAT would be wanting to make this world a kingdom of heaven, if that tender, profound and self-denying love practiced and commended by Jesus were paramount in every heart?—*Krummacher*.

## BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.

The printed extracts from the minutes of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting have just been received. We find that most of its proceedings have already been noticed, a friend in attendance having kindly reported them.

The report of the committee appointed to attend the opening of Illinois Yearly Meeting, contains interesting information similar to that which has already been given in connection with that meeting. The Indian report will have a place in a future number. The propositions for some changes in the Discipline from Baltimore Quarterly Meeting were referred to a committee, which made the following report that was united with by the meeting:

*To the Yearly Meeting now sitting:*

The Committee appointed to consider the proposed alterations in our Book of Discipline reports:

That we have met, and deliberately considered the several subjects embraced in our appointment, as follows:

1. The proposition from Baltimore Quarterly Meeting reported last year, in relation to the action of men's and women's meetings in dealing with offenders and receiving members, *we do not unite with*, viz:

"That in the administration of Discipline, men's and women's meetings may separately have the power of receiving, disowning and releasing members without specifying the cause of disownment, in all cases each meeting giving the other information of their action, reserving the privilege in such cases as either may desire the assistance of the other."

2. The proposition from the same Quarter, relating to the receiving of minors into membership, when only one of their parents is a member, *we unite with*, viz:

"Children who have but one parent a member of Society, may have the right of membership during their minority, if approved by both parents; and when minors are thus received into membership, the Monthly Meeting is to have their ages recorded, and when they attain their majority, the overseers are to report to the Monthly Meeting whether they have chosen to remain members or not."

3. The proposition relating to members who have absented themselves for five years, *we unite with*, viz:

"When any of our members absent themselves from our meetings for a period of five years, without assigning a sufficient reason for such absence, Monthly Meetings having



extended the needful care in such cases, may then have the privilege of discontinuing them as members."

4. The propositions from Baltimore Quarter, relating to funerals, *we unite with*, viz :

"I. Friends are enjoined to be careful on these solemn occasions, to act in strict accordance with the principles of plainness and simplicity, as professed by us.

"II. That burials may be accomplished in an orderly manner, Monthly meetings are directed to appoint a committee or committees, to be taken out of their several branches as occasion may require, to attend to the burial of those of our Society, and also of others not in membership with us who are to be interred in our grounds. Permission for the interment of the latter is to be obtained from this Committee, which is to see that they are conducted in a manner becoming the solemnity of the occasion, and according to the order of Friends. The Committee may allow the meeting to be held at the meeting-house if so desired by the friends of the deceased. This Committee is also to take care that our burial grounds are properly enclosed and kept in good order.

"III. Friends are affectionately admonished to be careful to avoid costly caskets or coffins, and other unnecessary expenditures. We believe if those in affluent circumstances would attend to the limitations of Truth in these respects, the example would be most salutary on those less able to bear these unnecessary expenses. Paragraphs numbered 3, 4, 5 and 6 to remain unaltered."

5. The subject referred to us relating to the action of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting in laying down its Preparative Meeting, we have considered, and we do not unite with the action of that Meeting. We recommend that the subject be referred to Baltimore Quarterly Meeting for further care.

6. The proposition referred from last year, in relation to changing the 8th Query, we unite with, and recommend the following as a substitute :

"Are Friends careful to bear a testimony against every form of oppression? Are all children in Friends' families suitably provided for, and instructed in, useful learning?"

The minute embracing the exercises of the meeting is as follows :

A solemn covering rested over our assembly when about to enter into the consideration of the state of our Society, and as the deficiencies existing among us were made manifest by the answers to the Queries, the feeling seemed to be one of individual application.

The attendance of our religious meetings was shown to be a concern of the utmost im-

portance, and we were cited to the example of the believers in the early dawn of Christianity, when they met in each other's houses, in upper rooms and private places, where they could pour out their souls in prayer before the Divine Father, and seek in communion with His Holy Spirit the consolations of the Gospel of Christ. Being impressed with a sense of the purity and simplicity of this Gospel, they forsook the gorgeous temples where idolatry and superstition had usurped the worship that should be offered to the living God. When George Fox came out proclaiming the sufficiency of the Light of Christ in the soul for redemption and salvation, he too, called the people away from the temple and "steeple-houses" of his day, to the field and orchards, and from a haystack bore testimony to the living truths of God, even as the blessed Jesus declared to the woman at Jacob's well, that it was not on the mountain of Samaria, nor on Mount Moriah, that men were to worship, but that "the hour cometh and now is, when they that worship the Father must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

It was brought to our remembrance, that when the outward temple was to be built, the materials were prepared so that when they were brought together every part rightly fitted its place, and the sound of the saw and the hammer was not heard. So should we endeavor to be prepared, by obedience to the operations of the Spirit of Truth, to fill our various allotments of service in the Church, that when we come together in our religious assemblies there may be no jar, but a harmonious action in every part, and then may we witness in our midst the comforting evidence of the Divine presence.

A feeling concern was expressed that the youth of our Society may be preserved from the contaminating influence of bad associations and pernicious publications, and that they may carefully peruse and duly appreciate the sacred writings. It was said by the Apostle Paul, in addressing Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Testimonies were also borne to the good results produced by gathering our children around us in the family circle, and endeavoring to imbue their minds with the love of the Divine Father and a belief was expressed that if this practice were more prevalent among us, our meetings for Divine worship would be much better attended.

Our testimony against the use of intoxicating liquors as an article of drink, appeared from the reports, to be generally maintained throughout all our borders; this was thought to be very encouraging, when we consider it

ground taken by our Society, total abstinence, as a drink, from all that will intoxicate. A warning was sounded among us, that none be deceived by this insidious foe of man life and human happiness, when it comes to them under the guise of remedial agents; and Friends were reminded that the various kinds of medicinal bitters, so much advertised in town and country, are but another form of this many headed monster, calculated to lead the unwary from the paths of sobriety and peace.

Moral integrity and unquestioned reliability are the basis on which the true Friend must ever build. The fact that our fathers carried their own unjust commitments to the dungeons, will stand through all coming time as a monument to their unflinching integrity; and may we so live that we may answer for all who bear the name of Friend, that they are just in their dealings and punctilious in compliance with their engagements. Our Query in regard to offenders was held to be a very important one; their proper treatment requires both charity and judgment, for most assuredly the great object is to reclaim, not to cut off. The advice of the Minister was adverted to: "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he hear thee, thou hast thou gained thy brother."

An interesting report was read from our Yearly Committee, and was a very satisfactory one, showing as it does the continued and increasing advancement of those people in civilization, which tends so much to their happiness and well-being. The Committee was encouraged to be vigilant and earnest in their efforts for the further improvement of the long suffering race.

A deep concern was felt on the subject of intemperance, and the lively expression it called for shows that our people throughout the Yearly Meeting are ripening for earnest and effective work in this direction.

And in connection with this, an exercise spread over the meeting that our young people may be affectionately cautioned against the pernicious effects of the use of tobacco, which was shown to be a perverter of the appetite, leading, in too many cases, to the indulgence in spirituous drink.

We have had the company of an unusually large number of Friends from within the limits of other Yearly Meetings, whose presence and gospel labors have been truly acceptable to us.

Having been favored with a comforting presence of Divine love and goodness being so near unto us, we have been enabled to transact the important business which has engaged our deliberations in harmony and

brotherly feeling together. Humbly grateful for the favor, and with desires for a steadfast abiding in this measure of our Father's preserving love, the meeting concluded, to meet again at the usual time next year if so permitted.

WILLIAM WOOD, *Clerk.*

### *To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer :*

Your Scrap column continues to be interesting, and selections that point to "practical righteousness" I esteem especially valuable, as keeping prominently in view the lesson, that he is the wise man who not only *hears* the "sayings" of the great Teacher, but *acts* in accordance with them.

Constituted as man is, there must continue to be varied opinions in relation to doctrines, and the apostolic injunction to "let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind," is fraught with wisdom.

As a Society, I think Friends are disposed to be thus lenient, and any departure from this Christian course gives concern to those who have witnessed the sad effects of attempting to coerce the views of others, or to hold certain tenets as inseparable from a saving faith.

It is painful to me to hear in our public meetings for worship, expressions that may lead strangers, or those not familiar with Friends, to suppose that there is among us a spirit of "unbelief," or a disposition to "deny the name of Christ." This is a charge so serious in its effects, that there should be certain evidences of its existence before such allusions are made, and these I have failed to discover. While some of our ministers do not feel it incumbent upon them, at all times, to adhere strictly to Scriptural language in the expositions of their views, but are led to express them in what appears to them to be less ambiguous terms, yet is not the inspiration of the Spirit of Love as fully exhibited as in those who, from their reverence of the past, feel an obligation to pursue a different course? And does it not continue to be a truth that it is "the Spirit that quickeneth," that giveth life?

As language conveys such different meanings to individual minds that it is impossible for all to understand alike what they read or hear, we must turn to a more certain test for character. A tree shall be known by its fruits; "for a corrupt tree doth not bring forth good fruit, neither doth a good tree bring forth corrupt fruit." "He is not a Jew that is one outwardly, but he is a Jew that is one inwardly." "He that is not against us is for us."

Why cannot we accept the teachings of the blessed Jesus, as of more importance than the



literal fact of whether or not His flesh was "incorruptible"? It was His testimony, that "the flesh profiteth nothing," and that "whoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister and mother." "Having begun in the Spirit," may we walk worthy our profession, and prove the all-sufficiency of divine grace to effect the salvation of that soul which is passive to its regenerating influences. Such as are thus purified *know* the Spirit of Christ, which is the power of God, to be their ruler, and so far from denying His name, they are impelled to direct others to this "Word, nigh in the heart and in the mouth," in the belief that all who hear and will obey its promptings shall know this unerring Teacher to be the "Son and sent of the Father," through whom we are to look for deliverance from the bondage of evil, and for an establishment upon that foundation upon which the combined elements beat in vain.

T.

WE are not to have our religion by itself, as something separate from the rest of life; but it is to be a spirit flowing into all of our life. If we live in that spirit, we shall also walk in that spirit, without any direct plan or purpose. Religion is then taken into the circulation, and is an unconscious influence felt in all that we say or do. A good man cannot do or say the simplest thing, but some of his goodness goes into it. He is like the sun, which does not try to shine, but cannot help shining.—*G. F. Clarke.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"Cleanse first the inside of the cup and platter, and the outside will be clean also."

A concern is apparent among our members on the "letter of the Discipline," that it be revised and worded exactly right.

It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to frame a code of laws so perfect as not to be faultless. Ours is acknowledged by competent judges to be the best extant. Some points may be obsolete, but when I have lived up to the higher law I have found no obstacles in my way, and I feel it to be my solemn duty to turn the attention of my fellow-members to a more deep indwelling of spirit, to greater self-denial, and a closer adherence to the teachings of the Holy Spirit, that gives a deep insight into the law written upon the heart, until it becomes our delight to act in obedience to it. We will then become less tenacious of words than deeds.

If we continue to follow this spiritual Guide, we shall know its puttings forth to be as of old, and we shall prize the testimonies of the Lord's true witnesses, especially those of

Jesus Christ. We shall not be willing in any way to lessen the weight or sacredness of the life which He lived, nor the Truths which He illustrated by His example in patience and forgiveness. And, more than all, shall we value His promise of the Comforter that would abide forever, through the influence of which we might walk even as He walked in true humility, assuming nothing, but freely confessing, "I of myself can do nothing, the Father that is in me, He doeth the work."

SARAH HUNT.

*Eleventh month 16th, 1875.*

#### CONGRESS OF WOMEN.

During the sessions of "The Third Congress of Women" held on the 13th, 14th and 15th of 10th month, many subjects of importance were discussed and considered. At its opening, Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, and President of the Congress, made a fitting address, in which she alluded to the two previous annual meetings, the first held in New York, and the second in Chicago. While pointing out to the present Congress its duties she says:

"We meet neither for enjoyment nor for our own intellectual development, but in the hope that, by comparing experiences and views, and discussing plans for future work, all women may be better and nobler and happier."

It seems to me that our first need is that of a fully collected and methodically arranged statistics. The beginning of such a collection has been made the last year. We need them on all subjects connected with women; every one of us should aid in collecting them. In looking over the books published so freely a few years since, 'Sex in education,' 'Sex in Industry,' &c., I looked in vain for statistics.

"If we know the number of young girls who have died from over study, let us find the number who have died from aimless lives, and the number who have lived on and ceased to be young."

"When I was told by the Russian astronomer that 'thousands of women were studying science in Petersburg' I should have rejoiced to be able to tell him how many women were studying science in Boston. I had no means of knowing."

"When I read in some paper or hear from some platform a lament over the idle women, or the less women, I mourn that I have not the statistics of the working women—a solid phalanx of figures is a formidable opponent to a flourish of rhetoric."

"The moment we have statistics, we have elements of calculation, we can compute chances. We find if certain methods of education are really failing, if certain industrial movements are really failing, if homes for the poor and asylums do more harm than good."

"Some one has suggested that 'Woman's Association' would be a good name for us, and the word seems to me remarkably fitting. We are aiding women in finding work; we are to aid world-finding women; but we must also try to start new life new enterprises. I wish something of the Scientist's readiness to try experiments would come into our moral reform work. We are all afraid of new experiments, as if the laws of growth thro

failure were not similar in moral, mental and material work.

"There is not a worker in physical science who has not ruined lenses and wasted chemicals; he would scarcely care to have you look over his broken cases, and still less would he be willing that you should grope among his absurd hypotheses, but he knows perfectly well that he has grown with the fort; that his true theory, if he has found one, has started up from the graves of a score of buried ones. "I should like to have this Association felt in every town in the land, in art enterprises, in scientific associations, in moral reforms. I should like to see it establish courses of lectures, art schools, industrial occupations, business enterprises."

Sorosis, through a standing committee, established a course, or perhaps courses of medical lectures in different towns, and they are said to have been well received and to have done great good.

The New England Women's Club, through its committee, established at one time a Horticultural school for women. At another time a branch of business connected with the Dress-Reform. Both are successful. We are larger than either body, we have greater facilities; can we not do something of that kind?

"There are women enough in this country engaged in the study of natural or physical science, to form a Scientific Association. It is true, the ordinary scientific societies are open to them; but there is really little room for papers by women, and we have so long been accustomed to listen in silence, and not to speak, to receive views, and not to advance them, that the courage of few women is sufficient to enable them to carry their paper before crowded audiences, unequally mixed, as they are in science. Our Association could, within its own limits, found such a society, and it would be an incentive to young women who are in laboratories and museums, if there were bureaus or boards consisting of women, to whom they could come—with the results of their investigations.

"In whatever way we work, our duty is that of the missionary and the educationist, and our labor-field must be found among the young women. Few persons know what a power is growing up in our land, the shape of the educated young woman. If the college did nothing more than merely hold back young women from entrance into society, until they had reached reflecting years, the influence would be great; but added to this is the development of the reasoning power under wise direction.

"There is something almost painful in the seriousness of the best girl graduates from our colleges. They are full of enthusiasm; they are eager for work; they feel the weight of responsibility; they are ready for their share of the world's burdens, for their part of the sacrifices. I would say then, most emphatically, 'Bring forward the young woman.' The next score of years is in her hands and in ours, as we lift up hers. For us it is now the cheerfulness of patient pilgrimage; for the young man it is the struggle, step by step, for new footings. The future of woman is with her, and not with us, whose earthward falling shadows are so sadly lengthening."

not only to those that are in the habit of regularly assembling, but also those that have not seen the necessity of being punctual in their attendance. Persons who feel that their interest and happiness are promoted by attending meetings, are not easily discouraged from the performance thereof. Would it not be well, instead of urging merely the attendance of meetings as a duty, that we endeavor to convince those in the neglect of them that it is a means of gaining control of their thoughts and of keeping undue desires in subjection; and as the testimonies of Friends are adhered to, it will promote the interest and happiness of the human family, and it is therefore a duty they owe themselves, their fellow-beings and their Heavenly Father. Early in the meeting, E. G., of Salem, called attention to the intellectual powers, and the necessity of giving them a proper direction. In the business meeting, an extract from the minutes of the Yearly Meeting in reference to the scattered condition of our members and delinquencies in general, was read, and the query was, Can discipline be made to meet the case?

ENOS HEACOCK.

Eleventh month 18th, 1875.

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"I want to tell thee how glad I am that I met with thee, and how pleasantly ever since then thou hast come before me. Thy words of cheer and of admonition are not forgotten; and though I cannot as yet go on my way rejoicing and *always* 'drink my wine with a merry heart,' I am *striving* to render cheerful, loyal service, feeling that I do not have a hard master to serve, but one who is very pitiful, and who is able to keep me from falling, if I only cling closely to Him. He can also stay my steps, even in the 'swellings of Jordan.'"

"I speak from experience when I say that we are very liable to neglect every-day duties, and this notwithstanding there may be felt a general and sincere desire to perform all that is called for. Among what may be thus termed, I class letter-writing. We are often not aware of the value of what we withhold from an absent friend, when we fail to transmit to them the little bubblelings up of love or of interest. These come to us, perhaps, at a moment when we are somewhat pre-occupied, and we content ourselves with our own enjoyment of the feeling, unmindful of the fact that the one for whom it was designed, and to whom it properly belongs, and to whom it would probably be a word in season, fails

### LOCAL INFORMATION.

#### SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING

was held on the 13th inst., at West Meeting-house, Mahoning county, Ohio. Few, only, were assembled, yet it is hoped that good will come from the gathering of earnest minds,



to receive it, and therefore is deprived through our omissions, of a word of cheer, whereby, peradventure, a solitary traveler might have been refreshed.

"Doubtless, we often fail in such duties from placing too low an estimate on these wellings up of love and interest. Surely they are emanations from the Good Spirit; therefore, when they quicken our hearts with love or holy desires, let us not only receive them, but let us examine whither the word of life tends, and promptly send it forth on its holy mission. We may be encouraged in this little duty by remembering the promise, 'My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' "

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 4, 1875.

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WE must again inform our contributors that we do not preserve unused manuscripts.

Reported for Friends' Intelligencer.

**LECTURE OF PROFESSOR CHASE.**—The second lecture of Prof. Chase's course was delivered on the evening of the 24th ult., the subject being, "Thompson and Davy—Heat a Mode of Motion." He gave a biographical sketch of these two celebrated scientists, whose experiments and researches contributed so largely to the advancement of knowledge respecting heat and motion.

Benjamin Thompson, an American, was born at Rumford, now called Concord, in New England, in the year 1752. At the age of thirteen he entered a counting-house; at nineteen he married. Subsequently he went to Europe, and settled in Bavaria, where he was noted for his humane and benevolent character. His scientific studies led him to consider heat in motion, and he turned his attention to the better construction of chimneys. In recognition of his eminent qualities as a scientist, and for his love of his fellow-men, he was knighted by the Elector of Bavaria as Count Rumford, taking his title from the town of his birth.

Sir Humphrey Davy was born in Penzance, Cornwall, England, in 1778. When sixteen years old, he lost his father. He devoted himself to medicine, chemistry and

physics. At nineteen, he began his experiments in chemistry, and before he was twenty years of age he obtained a release from his apprenticeship, and entered upon his career as a scientist. He became a member and professor of the Royal Institute, his room being those afterward occupied by Faraday and now by Tyndall. He spent most of his time in the laboratory. He became a fellow of the Royal Society at twenty-nine, and president at forty years of age. He invented the safety-lamp, used in mines, which placed him among the benefactors of mankind.

It would be a difficult undertaking to give an adequate idea of Professor Chase's lecture in so short a space. It was full of noble elevating thought, and throughout bore evidence to the necessity of a great controlling Power. "Matter," said he, "is inert, with no power in itself. Motion is an immaterial substance, found in all space, and unchangeable when applied it gives all the forms we see; but motion never dies, never is born. It is the secondary cause of all things in the universe. Then, we ask, how can this secondary cause do this, and we come to the necessity for a First Cause. The forces of nature are superior to everything we see. Allusion was made to the fact that the power of the sun has been recognized by all nations, and that many of our words are derived from the sun-worship of the ancients. Speaking of sound, he said the combination of the centrifugal and centripetal forces produces all sound, and rhythmic order, by which the intervals of sound are regulated, is everywhere observed. All bodies, including the planets, are in such relations that the intervals occur in correspondence with the laws of harmony observed on the earth." Prof. C.'s remarks on this subject were of absorbing interest. R.

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### MARRIED.

**MATHEWS—JONES.**—On the 7th of Tenth month 1875, under the care of Baltimore Monthly Meeting at the house of the bride's parents, Joseph B. Mathews, son of Elizabeth M. and the late Joshua Mathews, to Elizabeth S. Jones, daughter of John and Caroline Jones, all of Baltimore city.

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### DIED.

**MOORE.**—On the 14th of Third month, 1875, Ruth G., widow of the late Isaac Moore, aged 85 years.

Our tried and valued friend, though for many years in frail health, met life's ills with unswerving fortitude. Of a ready and discriminating mind, she was prompt to hand forth the word of counsel to those about her in every needful time. She was truly a worthy and exemplary mother in "Israel."

WAY.—At her residence, in Pocopsin township, sixth month 13th, 1875, Lydia C. Way, aged 84 years.

A large portion of our beloved sister's long life was checkered with close trial and labor, but was marked by generous acts of benevolence, evincing to the close drew near, a mind struggling for release from earthly things, with a spirit of faith in the best of the heavenly.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 76.

(Continued from page 637.)

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE JUNGFAU.

How shall I describe the peaceful beauty of Interlaken, or express the feeling of satisfaction with which we lingered in the fair valley which lies between the lakes, and is guarded on either hand by the ever glorious Alpine heights? The enthusiastic language of our own Longfellow,\* who looked upon these scenes many years ago, seems just as appropriate now as if the poet wanderer of the story had only arrived to-night.

"Interlaken! how peacefully, by the margin of the swift rushing Aar, thou liest on the broad lap of those romantic meadows, all overshadowed by the wide arms of giant trees! Only the round towers of thine ancient cloisters rise above their summits; the round towers themselves, but a child's playthings under the great church-towers of the mountains. Close beside thee are lakes, which the flowing band of the river ties together. Before thee opens the magnificent valley of the Lauterbrunnen, where the hooded Monk and pale Virgin stand beside Saint Francis and his Bride of Snow; and around thee are fields and orchards and meadows green, from which the church-bells answer each other at evening. The evening was setting when I first beheld thee. The sun of life will set ere I forget thee."

From the pretty balconied room assigned to us, we may watch the thousand variations in the aspects of the Virgin mountain, which rises against the blue heavens so silent, so sad, and holy as to have suggested to the poet the great white throne of the Apocalypse. Indeed the whole glowing imagery employed by the apostle in shadowing forth the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem—its radiance, its golden streets, its foundations of precious stones, its gates of

pearl, the wondrous throne of the ineffable One, the sea of crystal, and the river which gushed from beneath, and flowed downward to give life and to nourish with its waters the mystic tree which bore twelve manner of fruits and whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, is recalled vividly to memory by the glorious scenery of the Alpine heights. The rosy tints of the early morning, which herald the coming of the day beam, are the favorite themes of the enthusiast who comes to enjoy and to paint the scenery of the earth's high places; but I can speak more feelingly of the golden glow of the sunset hour, when the dazzling snow fields, which look far over the hills after the declining day god, long after his radiance has been withdrawn, and the shadows have stolen over the plains, seem no other than the streets of the promised city, "pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

The coming of the sudden storm, veiling the distant and the nearer heights, darkening all the valley and shaking terribly the earth with the sudden crash and the long reverberations of the thunder, as the rain pours down from the clouds, and the torrents gush from the steep hill sides, is a spectacle most sublime and beautiful, when one watches it from a point of comfortable observation, quite out of the reach of its fury. But who shall tell of the splendor of the bow of promise which spans the heights as the thunderbolts roll away in the distance, and the parting clouds reveal again the magic summits bathed with the returning sunbeams? The lingering cloud masses are so rich in suggestion, so varied in their splendor, that one scarcely desires the perfect clearness of definition which reveals the mystic mountain without any of the glamor of the poetic cumuli.

The nearer heights all have their fascinations, tempting the vigorous to long climbs and rambles in search of fresh points of observations. There are admirable shaded paths along the mountain sides, provided with comfortable seats at frequent intervals, as a fine view opens from the densely fir-clad hill side, and of such easy, gradual ascent that one may wander for hours, mounting higher and ever higher, with hardly any fatigue. Sturdy little boys and girls meet us on the way with stores of strawberries and raspberries which they have gleaned from the forest gardens, and which they will sell to us if we like. But there is no importunity, the little merchants respecting themselves and their wares, evidently feeling that a free born Switzer is no beggar. My friend, who thinks the people inheriting the land more interesting than their hills, their lakes or their

\* Hyperion.



smiling valleys, misses no opportunity to talk with these frank, honest-looking children. We are much pleased with the friendly eagerness with which they give information, and with the intelligent directness of their answers. The editor of Murray's Guide speaks of the German Swiss as sullen, obstinate and disagreeable, complains of their mendicancy, and thinks the traveler must be inclined to dislike them and take very little interest in them. But if I were to originate any opinion concerning them, it would be exactly the reverse of this—so radically different are English and American eyes sometimes.

Grote, the historian of Greece, considers the inhabitants of the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland in every way most interesting. "But," he says, "to one whose studies lie in the contemplation and interpretation of historical phenomena, they are especially instructive, partly from the many specialties and differences of race, language, religion, civilization, wealth, habits, &c., which distinguish one part of the population from another, comprising between the Rhine and the Alps a miniature of all Europe, and exhibiting the fifteenth century in immediate juxtaposition with the nineteenth, partly from the free and unrepressed action of the people, which brings out such distinctive attributes in full relief and contrast. To myself in particular, they present an additional ground of interest from a certain political analogy (nowhere else to be found in Europe) with the ancient Greeks."

In this, the native land of Heinrich Pestalozzi, perhaps the most admirable of all the institutions, are the public schools. So effective is the system of instruction that it is said that there is not more than one in a thousand of the dense population of Switzerland who cannot read and write. This seems an extravagant statement, but all the inquiries I have made appear to confirm it. The great work of Pestalozzi began after the terrible desolation of the Canton Unterwalden by the French in 1798, when the poor little homeless orphans of the ruined land were thrown upon the charity of the pitying world. Heinrich Pestalozzi had been trained for the ministry, but found he had no real qualification for the work of a preacher, and it is said that his enthusiasm was chilled by the want of charity evinced by "holy men." His heart went out in active and practical sympathy for the stricken children made homeless by war, and so he gathered up the little that he had of worldly goods, went to Stanz, and as far as his money held out, found shelter, food and clothing, as well as instruction for the little ones. He found effective assistance in the little boys them-

selves, and he taught them how to work, to sew, to spin, to chop, to wash, to cook, to aid in everything that helped to support the school, and his work met with great success. Pictures and objects were brought into constant requisition by this original and benevolent teacher, and the eye, ear and hand, all helped to make impressions on the mind. The acquisition of knowledge became a delight instead of a task, and the name of Pestalozzi grew famous. Teachers came from far and near to learn the simple and natural methods by which children were led along over pleasant paths to learning. Love and law went hand in hand, all Switzerland was roused to reform and to rebuild, until now this land has the noblest and most effective system of schools in Europe, perhaps in the world. In days of old, the genius of man and his religious enthusiasm found expression in rearing splendid and costly fanes of worship, but now the same generous principle finds expression in training the youth of the state, in building in every town the beautiful school house, where immortal minds are cultured and trained to healthful thought and noblest activities.

The little Switzer enters school at six or seven years of age, and must not be withdrawn until his thirteenth year, and school is made to him a place of enjoyment as well as of work. Teachers and pupils play, laugh and sing together, and when the hours of study are over they wander to the forests and the fields to seek acquaintance with fair flowers and plants, and to note the admirable order of the natural creation as manifested in the animal kingdom. A Swiss lady told me that the children are carefully taught and trained to love and cherish all God's creatures, and are assured of the duty of gentleness and kindness to the beings that are below them, as well as that of respect to those above them. But it would be most absurd to think that there are not many exceptions to these good rules.

Nothing but sickness excuses either the parents or the pupils for the neglect of school (parents being fined for all needless absence of the children,) and if any prefer private instruction for their young folks, they must show to the authorities certificates of full attendance somewhere. Among the rules lately adopted in the Zurich schools, are these:

"Delay of any kind between the scholar's home and school is not allowed. No whooping, yelling, throwing stones and snow-balls, teasing children, ridiculing age or deformity, can be endured."

"Grown persons shall be met with kindest civility, politely greeted as they pass, and thus shall honor be reflected on the school."

Local holidays are very numerous, some cantons having eighteen, and others many more in the course of the year, and much parade and gay festivities are arranged, so that there shall be times of real joyance for the young people, and thus the days of childhood are made beautiful in this sweet upper world. It would be a grand mistake to suppose that it is only the elementary schools of Switzerland that are so excellent, for the country boasts four universities of high rank, conducted by learned professors of European reputation, and attended by students from many lands.

In the year 1864 the doors of Zurich University were opened to women, and many of the daughters of Helvetia have availed themselves of the valuable privileges extended, in 1873 there being seventy-five young women in the medical department alone. We are assured that the results of the co education of the sexes in Switzerland are most gratifying.

An afternoon ride up the valley of Lauterbrunnen to the Staubbach Fall, introduces me to a deep narrow vale, resonant with the fierce glacial torrent, and fringed with myriads of slender cascades which join their melodies to the murmur of the firs. A two hours drive brings us to the Staubbach, the finest waterfall in Europe, leaping downward from a height of perhaps near a thousand feet in an unbroken stream, which seems to dissolve into mist only fit for the building of the rainbow's arch. The great height gives the descending stream a most graceful undulating curve, compared by Byron to

"The pale courser's tail,  
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse."

I can well believe that when the frequent loud rests on the summit of the mountain, the Staubbach, must indeed appear, as Wordsworth has named it, a "sky-born waterfall," and that in winter, the dust like mist, as it falls on the chill rocks, is speedily milled into a mighty stalagmite, reaching half way up the precipice. Just imagine the scene on a bright winter morning, when the sun has risen high enough to shed its diance into the gorge. The abrupt cliff, with its thick crust of glistening snow, the very thread-like stream, which obeys the pulse of the earth's attraction, leaping in your faith from on high, to meet the glistening pyramid of crystal which reaches downward from its dark pedestal of rock. From its footstool gushes forth an irrepressible torrent, bearing away down the rocky slope the tribute stream to the frozen lake, while on high rests the bright rainbow arch, to be a celestial benediction.

We walked up the pathway to the very base of the cliff and allowed the "dust stream" to give us an Alpine baptism as we plucked flowers from the midst of spray. One charming little umbellifer was most abundant and luxuriant, enjoying quite a monopoly of the choice places. I cannot name it at present, but gathered plenty of specimens with a view to a better acquaintance with this strange child of the mist. There were starlike, palmate leaves, after the manner of its tribe, growing gradually smaller and more delicate as they rise from the earth-bed to the higher parts of the stem, and there were a profusion of umbels of varying sizes, none exceeding an inch in diameter. The flower cluster is a hemisphere of flowrets tipped with dark purple anthers, and resting in a starry involucre of green and purple tinted rays. As I pluck them, the fragrant, semi-transparent umbels, they bow down their beautiful heads as if in sorrow at being torn by force away from their poetic home at the foot of the softly falling Staubbach, and when I lay them to rest in the pressing paper, it is with the consciousness that they have lost their magic charm forever.\* Close at hand, also bathed in the spray of the waterfall, grows the pure white Campanula, and the golden Sedum, and as I stoop to gather specimens, a sharp stinging sensation warns me that the harmless looking herbage around is only a bed of nettles of the most virulent kind, which are not ashamed to obtrude themselves among the gentle floral company of the fairy-like Alpine vale.

A two hour's climb up the steep mountain wall, and one may reach the Hotel Murren, 5,348 feet above the sea, and stand face to face with the lovely Jungfrau amid her sister hills of the glorious Bernese Alps, and beloved friends have written that they purpose pitching their tents on this unrivalled terrace for many days, where we may perhaps surprise them in their high estate, but will not venture to-day, turning backward to Interlaken. Our driver is musical, and beguiles the way with melodious "yodeling," the curious bird-like warble of the herdsmen and shepherds of Switzerland, and, at our request, sings us a wild plaintive chant which he says is one of the airs peculiar to the high Alpine valleys, called the Ranzies Vach (literally cow-call.) It is curiously in harmony with the declining day, the murmurous firs, and the ever joyous, leaping waters, and is said to be very productive of home-sickness in the heart of the Switzer, when he is exiled from his native vales. The cows hear the melodious call in the wide Alpine pastures, and

\* I find it to be the *Astreutina Major* of Linneus.



come marching home at milking time, while from the long Alpine horn, at sunset hour, pours the call to evening orisons,—“Praise God the Lord.”

Even now, as we drive by a mountaineer blows a powerful blast, which echoes back and forth from cliff to cliff in long melodious reverberations. But this is no vesper call, only a simple speculation—so much music for so much money—for the horn is laid aside as we draw near, and the picturesque hat all bedecked with edelweiss, is presented at the carriage door to receive such tribute as we are inclined to give.

The next day (the 15th) was made conspicuous, among our delicious Bernese days, by a longer drive to the Grindelwald Glacier. The ride up the valley of the Lutschen to the very feet of the glacier clad mountains is through constantly varying scenery, not unlike, it is said, that of Simla at the base of the Himalayas. We found the village of Grindelwald, a pretty and picturesque Alpine town, standing in a smiling, fertile valley, 3250, feet above the sea. On the neighboring pastures, 6000 head of cattle are fed in full sight of the grim arm of the Ice King, who once held his court in all that broad valley, but now only stretches down an impotent and slowly withering arm to remind the wanderer of what once was. The surface of the glacier is gray with dust and debris, so that we might almost mistake it for the granite rock which forms its channels.

Though we seem to have reached the very presence of the ice-fields; yet a horse-back ride of an hour down a steep, slippery bridle path, over the stream, and then up and over the confused mass of the terminal moraine, is necessary to bring us to the face of the glacier and to the opening of the ice-grotto, which has furnished an abundant supply of crystal coolness to the hotels of the mountain land. It is a bright, warm day, and the cool, blue grotto looks very inviting as we approach it. Streams of water are pouring down from many points, and quite a shower is descending at the very entrance of the tunnel, and I hesitate a little before stepping into the chamber of crystals. The energetic little maid who serves as guide, seizes my hand, however, and pulls me forward with a reassuring laugh, and in I go to the cool darkness. The tunnel is only about large enough to make a passage, and is lighted at what would seem to be the end by a brightly-burning lamp. We here make a turn at right angles, and soon find the passage needs no lamp, being quite sufficiently illuminated by the sunbeams, which have penetrated the thick walls of ice. But the light is strangely sifted in its passage to the glacial cave, and the smiling counten-

nances of my friends, full of joyous exhilaration, have the ghastly pallid hue of death. We note, with some surprise, the intense purity of the ice walls, and question how it is that the ancient ice torrent has been able to keep itself so pure at heart, amid the dirt and debris of untold ages.

In the little hut just at hand, is a lunch prepared for us—fragrant strawberries and rich milk—and then we go away rejoicing, having had a harmless little peep into the secrets of the hills.

About half an hour before reaching Interlaken, we pass the ruins of the old castle of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of Manfred, and probably the point which suggested to Byron much of the description in his tragedy of “Manfred.” The dilapidated old tower rises from a rocky knoll, which is surrounded by pleasant meadow lands, and is associated by popular tradition with the legend of Bluebeard, and of the wives whom he buried alive that he might espouse others. But the real historic owners of it were the Barons of Unspunnen, Lords of the Oberland, of whom are related stories of fatherly kindness and of youthful romance. To commemorate a time of happy reunions and of generous forgiveness, it is stated that rural games were annually held on the tranquil meadows around the old stronghold, and that these were revived as late as the years 1805 and 1808. A good pathway leads from the roadside to the castle and an old stair is in sufficiently good condition to enable us to mount to the center of the ancient round tower. The ivy clings lovingly to the stones, and friendly shrubs rise all round it seeking to hide the dismal ravages of time, while upon the highest summit of the ruined mossy walls bloom fair and fragrant flowers, and melodious birds have builded their nests in the halls, to which the last Lord of Unspunnen welcomed, with tears his children and his grandson, burying memories of cruel feud and warfare, and crying in his new-found joy, “Let this day be forever celebrated!” Just at the portals is erected a little pavilion, in which the wanderer may loiter and enjoy the beautiful valley, the amphitheatre of the mountains, and the rich memories of days of old. S. R.

Seventh month 17th, 1875.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMISSION'S REPORT  
REVIEWED BY L. J. R.

A paper containing the main points of this report, as it was officially presented to the President, has been published, but cannot be given at length in your paper. A synopsis is therefore offered, giving, as nearly as possible, the conclusions reached by the Commission. The facts of the case appear to be:

follows: Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, while upon a geological expedition to explore the bad lands of the Black Hills, in Eleventh month, 1874, was detained by Indian opposition several days at the Red Cloud Agency. While he was there, an issue of cattle and of annuity goods came under his observation. The latter not being satisfactory to the chiefs, Professor Marsh was asked to represent their cause to the President, and was furnished with samples to show the inferior grade of goods delivered to the people.

Professor Marsh, having been assisted in his surveys by these men, was willing to undertake the mission entrusted to him, which he did by letter, and by a personal interview with the President. Grave charges were also made in respect to the management of the Red Cloud agency, involving the integrity of its Agent. It was found necessary to make a thorough investigation into the administration of the affairs at this agency, and to take testimony in regard to the contracts for supplies and transportation, as the charges were such as to involve the Heads of the Indian Department, if they were sustained. The Secretary of the Interior requested the Board of Indian Commissioners to select three persons to form the Commission. Thos. J. Fletcher, of Missouri; Benj. W. Harris, of Massachusetts, and Chas. J. Faulkner, of West Virginia, were selected; subsequently, the names of T. O. Howe, of Wisconsin, and Geo. W. Atherton, of New Jersey, were added by the President.

These men accepted the duties imposed on them, and adopted the letter of Prof. Marsh to the President as the starting point of their inquiries. He was requested to furnish any additional testimony he might have. Every witness named by him was examined, and every other person supposed to possess information on the subject. Every document asked for from the Interior Department was ordered and promptly furnished.

The results of the investigation fully sustain the allegation of Prof. Marsh of the incompetency of the Agent at Red Cloud's agency, yet they bear testimony to the excellent qualities of head and heart which he possesses, and give no proof to sustain the charge that he was in league with the contractors to defraud the Indians of the supplies sent them by the Government.

Respecting the number of Indians, they report as follows: "It is well known that there has always been great difficulty in reaching any accurate census of our wild Indian population. Their nomadic habits, their frequent changes of encampment, their superstitions or pretended superstitious aversion to being counted, have constantly thrown diffi-

culties in the way of a reliable enumeration. Under our system of Government supplies, we can easily perceive additional motives which may have actuated them in opposition to a census of their numbers. In the absence of any such enumeration, they were able to practice great imposition and fraud upon the Agent, by exaggerating their number and receiving supplies far beyond those to which they were entitled."

By the report of the half-breeds and white men who had married Indian wives, they being the only persons who could be induced to go into the tepees to count the Indians, their number is as follows: Arapahoes, 1,321; Cheyennes, 934; Sioux, 9,339. To this were added a band of 700 Sioux, who were hunting at the time of registration, and others belonging to the two former mentioned tribes, amounting to 629. This enumeration can hardly be relied on as correct, but it is the nearest that could be obtained.

The system of keeping accounts at the Red Cloud agency was found to be very loose; the same was true in regard to the distribution of supplies.

They failed to discover any evidence of fraud in "the making or in the assignments of the cattle contract, or in the combinations for its execution." The testimony is voluminous on this part of the charges, and enters fully into detail respecting the issues at various times, the weight, the quality, and the loss by stampede; in all of which there does not appear to be any grounds for believing that the Agent "cheated the Indians" out of any part of their beef issue.

The samples of flour which Red Cloud placed in the hands of Prof. Marsh seemed to be below the quality of the vilest flour ever distributed at the agency. A chemical analysis revealed, besides the proper ingredients of flour, a mixture of sand, oxide of iron, and sulphuric acid, amounting to 8 per cent. of the whole sample. It was of a peculiar clay-white color, and so perceptibly gritty to the touch as to give at once the impression that it had been purposely adulterated by Red Cloud, who is responsible for the fraud practiced on Prof. Marsh.

The Commission had no hesitancy in saying that the Indian Bureau, in advertising for XX flour, had selected a proper grade for Indian supplies, and they were satisfied that all the flour furnished for the year, excepting twenty-seven sacks, which surreptitiously escaped inspection, were fair and sound articles of this low and inferior grade.

They censure the Bureau for awarding the contract to J. H. Martin, he being a mere speculative bidder. They say it is no longer expedient to let contracts for flour at New



York city, as large and extensive mills everywhere abound in the valley of the Mississippi, and flour of every quality is manufactured there.

Without pronouncing conclusively upon the intentions of the flour contractors, the evidence was found sufficient, in connection with the matter of transportation, to justify the Indian Bureau and the Board of Commissioners in refusing to confide to McCann the performance of another contract, and for them to have long ago excluded Martin as a bidder. There was enough, also, to justify Commissioner Smith's suspicion of fraud, as expressed to Indian Commissioner Roberts, and communicated by him to Superintendent White. That there was no fraud committed is due in no wise to the efficiency of the latter. The embarrassments might have been guarded against by taking the precaution to procure the detail of an army officer to act as inspector of flour at Cheyenne in time to anticipate the delivery.

The samples of coffee were found on evidence to have been picked from a quantity for the purpose of deception. The grade is low Rio, but certainly good enough. The same may be said of the sugar, which, on examination, was found equal to the standard required.

In the matter of transportation, gross frauds have been discovered, and the examining Commission recommend that measures be taken to have restored to the Government what seems to be so unjustly and fraudulently taken from it.

Respecting the Secretary of the Interior, the Commission states, that personally he has but little connection with any of the contracts made for the Indian service, or with the adjustment and payment of the accounts returnable to that office. They had not been able to learn that the Secretary of the Interior was consulted or had any direct official connection with any of the contracts relating to the Red Cloud agency, nor that he had any official connection with any accounts presented for payment at that Bureau, except those which, if allowed there and rejected by the Board of Indian Commissions, necessarily came before him for adjudication. It was no part of the duty imposed upon them to "inquire into the exercise by the Secretary of the Interior of those large discretionary powers vested in him by law. Whether his legal judgment be right or wrong upon questions of law does not fall within the province of this inquiry. If there be nothing in the case that involves any imputation of fraud or corruption, we have nothing to do with it."

(To be concluded.)

#### THE MOUNT MEETING.

[The following original poem was read at a picnic of the First-day School of the Mount, in Springfield, N. J., on the one hundredth anniversary of the Mount Meeting-house.]

A century, whose summer's sun,  
A century, whose winter's cold,  
Has decked these hill-tops with its sheen,  
Or bid their leafy robes unfold,

Has clasped its golden circlet now,  
And fallen into memory's urn;  
Only her hand can break the seal,  
Her eye alone can backward turn.

And now we look through all those years  
To when these walls first rose in air,  
In plainest form of native stone—  
And it became a place of prayer.

A place of prayer alike and praise,  
And where the spoken Word might win  
The darkened soul to higher life,  
Led by the simple "Light Within."

Thus led, our fathers gathered here,  
In silent waiting on this height;  
Secure as they whose only guide  
Was "cloud by day," and "fire by night."

Twice has the breath of scathing flame  
Within these confines swayed and swept,  
And twice have generous hearts renewed,  
And thus its name and memory kept.

A simple tablet, rudely carved,  
Attests the years beyond recall;  
And ivy, set by loving hands,  
Clings closely to the time-worn wall.

We need no mystic art to bring  
Back to our gaze as childhood saw,  
The forms and faces passed away,  
Or give the sense of quiet awe

That wrapped us here, though wandering eyes  
Might trace the landscape stretching far,  
In all its varying light and shade,  
To the horizon's hazy bar.

The soft note of the passing bird  
But made the stillness deeper seem,  
And introverted spirits felt  
The presence of the Great Supreme.

What strong attachments center here,  
What memories, cloud-like, o'er us rest;  
For on this shaded slope are laid  
Our most beloved of earth, and best.

Could they behold us, would they not  
Smile an approval on the scene—  
Their children's children teaching here  
The unerring Word on which to lean.

How many hearts here inly breathed  
Their aspirations for the right—  
How many self-condemning hearts  
Here watched and waited for the Light.

We may not say, but fain would ask,  
That each succeeding year may bring,  
An earnest zeal in life's great task,  
And timid faith take upward wing.

And who shall stand where we have stood  
To greet another century's morn?  
We know not, but we only trust  
That living faith will be upborne;

That kindred minds may gather here,  
That prayer and praise their hearts may fill,  
That light may shine where darkness is,  
Its radiance cast from hill to hill.

We leave the past, would forward press,  
With broader scope, with higher aim,  
With firmer, truer, holier trust,  
Be worthier of an honored name.

To-day, to-day, alone is ours,  
We dare not trust to-morrow's light;  
And can the sage or prophet read  
The future's shadowy scroll aright?

Then turn we to the present hour,  
With hopes as fresh as mountain sod,  
And dedicate this house anew,  
To Truth, to Purity, to God.

#### THE SUEZ CANAL.

Baron de Lesseps, to whom the world is greatly indebted for largely abolishing the tedious and roundabout voyages to India and China round the Cape of Good Hope, has just published in Paris an interesting work entitled "Letters, Journal and Documents serving for the History of the Suez Canal." He says that his idea was a castle in the air for a long time. In 1852 he was anxious to submit it to Abbas Pacha, the then Viceroy of Egypt, but was warned that he had no chance of a favorable hearing. So with a sigh he hid his project on the shelf for another period—that is, until the death of Abbas Pacha in 1854. He says: "I was busy among masons and carpenters in adding another story to the old mansion of Agnes Sorel when the postman came into the courtyard with the Paris letters. The workmen passed on my letters and papers from hand to hand. What was my surprise to read the death of Abbas Pacha, and the accession of my youthful friend, the intelligent and sympathetic Mohammed Said. He quickly descended from the building and hastened to write to the new Viceroy to congratulate him. I reminded him that politics had given me leisure which I should profit by to go and offer my homage to him as soon as he let me know the date of his return from Constantinople, where he had to go to receive his investiture." The new Pacha, Said, a grandson of Mehemet Ali, received M. de Lesseps at Alexandria in October, 1854, in a very cordial manner, and invited him to go with him to Cairo, which he did, the journey occupying twelve days, no railways having then been constructed. He placed his plan before the Pacha while they were taking this journey, and the reply was, "I am convinced. I accept your plan. We will discuss during

the rest of the journey the means of carrying it out. It is a settled thing. You can count on my support." On reaching Cairo the Pacha informed the foreign consuls of his intention to promote the proposed Suez Canal which was to connect the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. M. de Lesseps immediately received a firman sanctioning the enterprise, and in January, 1856, a letter of concession from the Viceroy was further granted to him. In 1859 the works were begun. The Viceroy died in January, 1863, but his nephew, Ismail Pacha, who succeeded him, and still is actual sovereign of Egypt, continued the patronage of M. de Lesseps. In August, 1865, the canal was so far advanced that steamboats passed through from sea to sea. In March, 1867, small ships and schooners made the voyage. In August, 1869, the waters of the Mediterranean mingled with those of the Red Sea in the Bitter Lakes, and on November 17, 1869, the Suez Canal was formally opened with great pomp by the Viceroy of Egypt in the company of the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince William of Orange, and the leading diplomatic representatives in the East of the great European powers. Inasmuch as M. de Lesseps, though now seventy years old, hopes to cut a canal across Central America, to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, his own account of what he did on the Suez Canal must have great interest for American readers.—*Philadelphia Press.*

#### "PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN."

From a New York letter in Northampton Journal and Free Press.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have just had an important case decided in their favor. It is the first they have brought to the test of a jury-trial, and is so manifestly a merciful interposition to protect a victimized youth that it excites much sympathy with the aims of the Society. This youth they interfered to protect is an orphan boy sixteen years of age. His father, a German, died three years ago, leaving about thirty thousand dollars. His mother died in April last, and the boy was sole heir to this property. He is described as a good boy at the time of his mother's death, but after that fell under the influence of two wicked women, who led him on in debauchery, till he was in a continual state of intoxication, then used his funds as they pleased. When found he was in a pitiable condition, suffering from delirium tremens, and so prostrated that his recovery is doubtful. The jury's verdict was promptly given, without a dissenting voice. They decided that the boy was utterly unfit, because of habitual drunkenness, to be en-



trusted with the control of property, and recommended that he be placed under the care of a guardian. The fees due to the jury, which were chargeable upon the boy's estate, amounted to one hundred and five dollars. This amount they donated to the treasury of the Society, in aid of its humane work.

A. R. P.

TRUTH, by whomsoever spoken, comes from God. It is, in short, a divine essence and fears nothing but concealment.

## NOTICES.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of SWARTHMORE COLLEGE will be held at Race Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia, on Third-day, Twelfth month 7th, 1875, at 3 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC H. CLOTHIER, *Clerk.*

The next Third-day evening meeting will be held at Fourth and Green streets, on 7th instant, at 7½ o'clock.

Committee of Management of Friends' Library Association will meet Fourth-day evening next, 8th inst., at 8 o'clock.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

A Social Meeting for the reading and consideration of the Scriptures and Friends' writings is held at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room at 8 o'clock, on 5th day evening. A general invitation is extended.

Philadelphia First-day School Union will meet at Race Street Meeting-house on Sixth-day evening, Twelfth month 10th, at 8 o'clock. It is expected that an essay by one of the workers will be read. A general invitation is extended.

The Indian Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day, Twelfth month 17, at 3 P. M. (same day as the Representative Committee), in Race Street Monthly Meeting Room. Full attendance would be desirable.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

## FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room, this (Seventh-day) evening, Twelfth month 4th, at 8 o'clock. Annual Summary and other business. Contributors, and other Friends, are invited.

ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk.*

## CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

12th mo. 5th, Reading, Pa., 2 P. M.

Friends can take the 8 A. M. train from Thirtieth and Callowhill, returning same day. Excursion tickets, \$2.35.

12th mo. 5th, Penn's Neck, N. J., 10 A. M.

" " Stroudsburg, Pa., 3 P. M.

" " Newtown Sq., Del. co., Pa., 3 P. M.

" 12th, Mill Creek, Del., 2 P. M.

## ITEMS.

GREAT BRITAIN has purchased 177,000 shares of the Suez Canal. The *London Times* of the 11th says: "The value of the purchase to England is great, and probably will be taken by the public to

mean more than it does. By buying up the rest of the shares and paying the two loans raised by the company, amounting to £4,800,000, England would be possessed of the entire property. The advantage of the bargain materially is a secondary question. The purchase was made for political reasons, therefore the importance of the step is hardly overrated. For a considerable time it cannot be pecuniarily profitable, unless England also redeem the nineteen years coupons which the Khedive heretofore sold.

HENRY WILSON, Vice President of the United States, died of apoplexy in the city of Washington, on the 22d of last month. Age 63 years. The *Public Ledger* of this city, in speaking of his death, says:

"Both on account of the high office he held, and because of his high personal character, his loss is one to be deplored by the whole body of his fellow-countrymen; but to a considerable portion of them there is still another cause for deep regret, for these looking at his past career, and particularly to the more recent part of it, entertained the hope that it would be his lot to render further and great service to the nation."

"He was the son of a New Hampshire farmer, so humbly situated in life as to be under the necessity of binding out his boy at the age of ten years to another farmer; at the age of twenty-one, Henry Wilson, the son, went to learn a handicraft trade in a Massachusetts shoe factory; having mastered the trade and worked at it for three years, saving what he could from his scanty earnings, he had sufficient money to give himself a collegiate training, which he had resolved to begin at the age of twenty-four, his money, being entrusted to another person, who became insolvent, was lost, and so the first great purpose of his manhood was defeated; in the meantime, having made a visit to the National capital, he had acquired from what he saw there in the old-time slave marts a deeper and deeper aversion to slavery in this way a new and stronger purpose was formed; he began life again as a manufacturer of shoes, devoting himself in the meantime to study, taking part in the public affairs of his neighborhood, and being a very pronounced opponent of the slave system he soon became a popular speaker at public meetings, was elected and re-elected to both the House and Senate of Massachusetts many times between 1840 and 1853, presiding over the latter body; he was one of the originators of the opposition to the old Whig party on account of its non-committalism on the subject of slavery."

"He was sent to the Senate in 1855, and was re-elected in 1859, 1865 and 1871, and he remained in the Senate until March, 1873, after his election to the Vice Presidency; in the course of the thirty-five years of his official life he had served the State of Massachusetts and the party to which he was attached in many representative capacities in State National and Constitutional Conventions. He was emphatically a chosen and trusted man in his State."

"His habits of life were plain, simple, frugal, temperate. As an honest public officer his eulogy could be put in the simple statement of the fact—that after nearly fifteen years of service in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and after twenty years of service in the Senate of the United States as Senator and Vice President—living all the time a plain frugal life—and controlling the Legislature which disbursed hundreds of millions—his entire worldly possessions will probably not amount to the one-half of one year's salary of the office he held at the time of his decease."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 11, 1875. No. 42.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

### MEMOIR OF DR. EDWARD PAINTER.

In a recent number of the *Intelligencer* there appeared a notice of the death of Dr. Edward Painter, but it has been desired that something more should be added, in commemoration of a character that was not of a common order. The object of memorials of our departed friends is, in part, to satisfy the ongoing affection that desires to have their memory cherished; but the higher feeling is, that others may be encouraged by the example of the good, who, having had their infirmities and struggles, have in the end found the peace which passeth all understanding. Extravagant encomiums often lessen the force of the example of even a beautiful life, and all forth the expression, "The character is overdrawn, it was not so perfect." It is surely more encouraging to the seekers after holiness to know the steps by which the victory was won and the peace obtained that enabled the purified spirit to depart with "joy and not with grief." With this view, it may be appropriate to speak of the chequered feelings that marked the life of our dear friend. He frequently recurred to his experience about the time of his early married life, when, full of ardor, energy, and with acknowledged business ability, with good opportunities and apparently fair prospects of success, he entered upon his worldly concerns determined to be rich. His whole mind was in his work,

he was sure of attaining the end he wished. But his Master knew what was best for him; his best laid schemes failed; but his integrity even then was striking, and in strong contrast with the way in which reverses are often met in these times.

But the aspiring spirit was not subdued; again and again he struggled for worldly riches, and, having a strong nature and will, the conflict was long continued. But yielding at last to the checks of the Spirit, which said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," he consecrated the last thirty years of his life to his Master. When the surrender was made, and when, with a tranquil mind, he pursued his worldly avocations, he was amply blessed in "basket and in store." To a singularly child-like, transparent character was added a highly nervous organization, a combination which caused him sometimes to be misunderstood; but those who knew him well, recognized his purity and single-mindedness. The strong points of his character being sanctified, his usefulness was greatly enlarged, and he devoted much of his time, while in business, to the welfare of the poor around him. Having good judgment in sickness, and with talents as a nurse, he was frequently found in the dwellings and cabins of the poor, aiding by his skill, and ministering to the wants of the sick. He has been known to stay all night with a sick child, afraid to trust the ignorance of the attendants, in a place from which his fastidious taste would



have revolted if it had not been overpowered by his benevolent feelings. After he had left this field of usefulness, blessings were often invoked upon him by those who gratefully remembered him. Being so actively engaged in this kind of service, he felt the want of more medical knowledge, and, believing that his medical practice among the poor might be made more useful, he conceived it right, though late in life, to study medicine. Having completed his studies, he was soon after called into an entirely different field to work. Without any thought of change, he was solicited to become an Agent on the Omaha Indian Reservation, under the care of Friends. After due consideration, he accepted the offer, not without, as he afterwards said, some difficulty in understanding why, as he had felt it a duty to study medicine, he should also feel it right to accept the offer that took him away from his work. But it all became plain to him, when among the Indians; he found them suffering from disease in multiplied forms, malarious diseases carrying off many, and a want of the knowledge of the laws of health causing consumption to prevail largely. His medical attendance upon them added greatly to his cares. He was an indefatigable worker, and the welfare of his "children," as he called them, was near his heart. He accomplished much while on the Reservation, and is deserving of a large share of the praise lately accorded by Commissioner Smith, that Friends had done a great deal for the poor Indians. While on the Reservation his peace principles were subjected to a severe test, but he came out triumphant. His tribe, subject to incursions from neighboring Indians, had had their ponies frequently stolen, and were at last driven to desperation, and were determined to attempt to recover them by warlike means. Edward Painter sympathized with them, and told them he believed he could recover them, if they would obey his orders. They had seen that he had been willing to sacrifice health, strength and almost life for them, they had faith in him, and submitted to his guidance. Relying on his faith in the protecting arm of his Heavenly Father, they went forth with him to ask for the restoration of the ponies. Soon they saw the Sioux advancing with menacing attitude, but they calmly awaited them. The chief came forward with warlike demonstrations, and, after drawing nearer and nearer, pirouetting around them, observing (no doubt, with surprise) that the Omahas were unarmed, he quietly turned, leaving the field to the peaceful victors. Shall we say that these Omahas were unarmed? No; their leader was clothed in panoply and shield, stronger than was ever invented by man—the love of God in the

heart, which spread its influence over his people, and which his enemies could not withstand. Our dear friend's heart was in his work during his stay among these people. He was often sorely tried in not being able to carry out his plans for their welfare, and the four years of toil and mental strain impaired his health, and soon after leaving the Reservation he was stricken lightly by paralysis. He said, the next day, very cheerfully, "This is a warning that my stewardship will soon be ended; at any hour the summons may come." In answer to a remark he said: "Call it not light, nor tell me many recover from such attacks and live long. I know what it means—'Set thine house in order.' I now put aside all the plans I have been laying for the future; the consideration of what is before me will not shorten my days. I am ready, but I will endeavor to wait patiently till my time comes. The Lord has been good to me, let Him do to me as seemeth to Him best." His faculties were mostly clear through many similar attacks, they, as is usual, increasing in intensity. Though feeble in walking, he went among his friends, and was sometimes engaged in giving utterance to the fullness of feeling which abounded with him. During the time he was an invalid he frequently expressed that he was living but for the moment; he believed he should soon have the final call. While very feeble, a few months before his death, he made an effort to visit one with whom there had been a long friendship, but who was so near the close of life he was scarcely able to see him. As E. P. wished it so strongly, he was admitted to the chamber the scene was a solemn one, never to be forgotten. But few words passed. E., slowly and in a low tone, suited to the condition of his friend, said, "I have wanted to see thee once more in this life, before we enter upon the other. We have loved each other here I, too, am expecting the summons; mine may come first—at any moment; but I am awaiting it with joy. Such, too, are thy feelings I know." A warm assent was given, there was a loving grasping of hands, a tearful parting, and the words, "Farewell till we meet in Heaven." The two have entered into rest. "When the Angel of Death had breathed upon him, and almost touched him with his wand," his devotional spirit continued strong. The last few days of his life were passed in unconsciousness, but his serene and peaceful close, and his frequent expressions of readiness to meet the last messenger have given the assurance that he has realized the fulfilment of the promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son." M. G. M.

From The Christian Register.

# THE RELIGIOUS WORTH OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

The realms of science and faith cannot be divided by a sharp and definite line of boundary, preventing all intercourse between the ideas that people their respective domains. It is impossible that faith should take her own path and leave science to follow hers, each sublimely indifferent to any word of truth the other may utter.

Science cannot permit cosmogonies to be established in the name of faith. Faith cannot decide upon the age of man any more than upon the date of the Norman Conquest. By faith we cannot know the succession of geologic strata involved in the history of creation any more than we can determine by faith the number of the satellites of Jupiter. We have no more right to separate what we know as students of nature, from what we believe as worshippers of God, than to keep the life-blood which flushes through the cheeks from passing into the hands. The course of the blood may be impeded by tying a bandage round the wrist, and the fingers will become pale and useless in proportion to the strength of the compress; in a similar way the circulation of the results of science through the soul may be checked by tying tightly over the mind the bandage of a hangeless creed; but the results will be equally unhealthy, and the process equally unjustifiable. Our personal being is an organic whole, and no faculty can have its faithful action except it co-operates with very other. The God we worship is the universal spirit, and we cannot confine His residence to a narrow corner of the universe, or a single chamber of our complex being.

Religious faith must be in harmony with the processes and results of scientific research precisely as it must accord with the claims of love and duty. As there should be no demand made in the great name of faith at variance with the honorable tasks of worldly business—the noble courtesies of a gentleman's behavior, the genial affections of domestic life,—so there should be no demand at variance with the unwearied marvel of the blue sky, the growing grass, the ripening harvest and the unfailing stars; with the mystery and joy and pain of life in its myriad forms, flitting among the trees, creeping upon the earth, peopling every nook andanny over which the waters flow; with the majesty of an infinite past, having its recordored on the deep lines of the age-worn rocks; and with the prophecy of the changed future, written by the student who, discerning the divine advancement of the ages from glory to glory," anticipates through

the action of the same unerring laws the wonder of that which shall be; and believes that from the phenomena of the living present at every point of time, a new heaven and a new earth will be prepared for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

If religion have any truth, the universe of which this world is an atom is a thought of the creative God. To understand a law of nature is to reach a rule of thought in the mind of the Everlasting. Religious men should be the first to welcome a scientific discovery; because faith in God necessarily involves the conclusion that the outward changes of visible things are the movements of his Eternal Being. If the life we have proceed from the one Spirit pervading and sustaining the universe, there can be no discord between the realm of outward phenomena and the inward kingdom of love and hope; while a fact of nature must be received as a direct revelation of the Divine Will.

It is not that one set of truths termed "Christian" and "religious," must be reconciled with another set termed "scientific." The very idea of *reconciliation* between religion and science implies rivalry, jealousy and antagonism. I do not believe one doctrine because I am a religious teacher, and another doctrine because I study science, and then endeavor by a reconciling process to bring the two together and prevent them from quarreling, and harmonize the inferences for the acceptance of which they severally clamor, but I accept every scientific law as a method of God; and therefore by direct consequence part and parcel of my faith in His high name. There is nothing to "reconcile." Scientific discoveries indicate the actual processes through which the Creator fulfills His purpose.

Because men have been busily twisting and ingeniously contorting phrases in the vain attempt to combine opinions they have imagined to be "religious" with ascertained scientific facts, instead of simply and naturally accepting the facts as in themselves divine, a thousand misunderstandings have arisen between the church of God and the students of his works. The theologian must learn to accept truths, and no longer shift his ground to meet the requirements of a new discovery, or escape from the consequences of an exploded error, in the painful effort to reconcile a doctrine to which he clings as orthodox with a fact he is compelled to receive as true. The Christianity, which is clothed with light as with a raiment, cannot be contradicted by science, any more than one limb of the body can separate its life from the life of another limb. The phenomena of nature form an



essential part of the material from which I gain my knowledge of God; and it is utterly inconceivable, therefore, that anything opposed to the discoveries of science can form part of my religion. If the foot shall say because I am not the hand I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?

Nay! I challenge the issue on the very extremest speculations science can pursue, and am prepared to justify my faith without attempting to blind myself to the direction taken by any path of research. No scientific results claimed in the addresses of presidents of the British Association on "things organic and inorganic, on the mind and on things perhaps beyond the reach of mind," logically or practically exclude the sphere of religion from the realities of nature.

The statement that "in matter is the promise and potency of every form of life" may be correct or incorrect, but it is not irreligious. It enlarges the definition of matter at the expense of characteristics ordinarily described as mental; but it contains no denial of the existence of a personal God.

The words "promise" and "potency," as used by Tyndall, do not exclude intellectual action, or describe an imagined physical substitute for a "Father in Heaven."

"Potency"—for what? Power exercised according to method is equivalent to power guided by controlling thought, and where there is controlling thought the Lord of the heavens and the earth is near at hand. In the last analysis matter itself disappears in any tangible sense, and force alone remains. What is force restricted to definite combinations but the expression of a determining will? When "promise" is connected with "potency" there must be that forecasting of the future of which we know nothing except as a mental act. If qualities commonly described as mental are referred to the "promise and potency" associated with "matter," mind is not degraded to matter, but matter is uplifted to mind. The tendency of philosophical materialism is not to skepticism, but to idealism. The resolution of matter into force, and the attribution to force of those mighty qualities, connected with ordered intellectual action, render the phenomena of the universe the manifestation of an authority possessed of every characteristic the Christian ascribes to his God. In the attempt to reduce "spirit" to "matter," matter is itself transfigured and becomes spirit.

Whatever definition may be given to matter and spirit, the distinctions between the natural phenomena which constitute the subject matter of science and the moral responsibilities with which Christianity is concerned, remain unobliterated. The physical antece-

dents and concomitants, associated with two sets of phenomena, may be analogous and the phenomena themselves continue distinct. No connection that may be established between the act of thinking and the peculiarities of our bodily organization can alter the fact that to exist as beings, capable of thought and moved by passion, implies relationships which the elements into which our flesh and blood may be resolved do not share. A moral struggle against a passion is one thing, a chemical combination another. Honorable integrity of character is not the same thing as the faithfulness of the needle to the pole. The death of a martyr has a grandeur not possessed by an experiment in a laboratory.

The man of science must not confound his own hypothesis about God (whatever it may be) with his account of the physical basis of life. The moment he makes the assertion "God cannot be known by man," passing away from science he enters the realm of theology, and must submit to be judged by the laws applicable to the new theme which he treats. No one expects the Spirit of the Lord to be left in the residuum of retort; or to be seen in the resolution of nebulous film; or to be detected beneath one-fiftieth objective. When the great name of God is called into question, the whole range of human experiences must be consulted. All our high affections and passions—our hopes, aspirations, duties, sins, sacrifices—come into the field and claim to be heard as witnesses on behalf of the supernatural reality of a kingdom of God.

The hypothesis of Darwin regarding the origin of species must stand or fall as the evidence may determine; but it is not antagonistic to pure and undefiled religion.

Were we to have proof that every form of life, vegetable and animal, from diatom to rhyssopod to man, had sprung from one solitary cell by a process of natural selection, far from losing sight of God we should be guided along the actual path through which his creative energy accomplished its perfect work and hear the very song of the morning stars when the foundations of the earth were fastened and the corner-stone thereof laid, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

The possibilities of growth contained within that primal cell would testify at least as marvelously to the glory of the Lord as a myriad separate creations of independent species. The doctrine of development is an endeavor to explain the method of creation and can no more be held to dispense with the Creator than an explanation of the meter can be construed into a denial of the existence of a poet. The persistent uplift of types of being from epoch to epoch will

prove the ceaseless activity of a living Spirit, working out a definite purpose and manifesting himself with an ever-brightening glory.

I study the lowest type of animal life; I note the jelly-like substance stretching out its filmy arms, changing its shape, secreting a shell, and extending itself by the coalescence of its extruded parts; I study the life given to man; its capacity for heroic sacrifice; its far-reaching affections which refuse to be bound by the limitations of mortality; its unconquerable discontent with whatsoever is mean, and cowardly, and selfish, and unjust; I study the history of Jesus Christ, and note how the heart of humanity has been won to tender reverence by His purity and truth; and the Power capable of developing through any agencies whatsoever beings who themselves can think and love and worship; and who recognize in Jesus Christ the standard of character to which they are called—is my Lord and my God.

The realm of science being in itself a part of the kingdom of God, those who cherish a worshipful spirit are bound in gratitude to recognize the vast services rendered to religion by researches carried on within its domains. Religious men have been too cold, suspicious and half-hearted in their acknowledgment of the indebtedness of faith to science. In no grudging or apologetic spirit let us lift up the hymn of thanksgiving for the divine revelations vouchsafed to man through the instrumentality of scientific research.

As we thank God for the beauty of the day, the tenderness of love, and the great hopes that support the toilers for the world's weal, let us praise His name for the mighty work science has accomplished,—the joy of its pursuit, the magnificence of its results, and its lofty promises of larger knowledge.

Matter is no longer regarded as impure. Ancient speculators formed a thousand fantastic theories to bridge over the gulf they vainly imagined to exist between the perfect God and the material universe. The world to them was so stained and degraded that they could not conceive it possible for a God of infinite majesty to be directly concerned with its creation.

Thanks to science, this oppressive and miserable dream has vanished. The world is no longer an unworthy prison-house of the soul. Faith does not tell the soul that its surroundings are vile, but learns from science to declare that our flesh and blood are sacred, and bids us be pure because our bodies may become as temples visited by the Holy Spirit of the Eternal.—*Henry William Crosskey, F. E. S.*

## ATTRACTIVE RELIGION.

This is the special charge of Christ's followers. to move among their fellow men, and by the sweet attraction of godliness, "win" them to forsake the shamelessness and villainess of sin, and come to that pure and blessed life.

"All things that are lovely," we, as the disciples of Jesus, must put on, if we would effect such a result. Is it enough with any of us that our religion is firm, that it braves danger, that it blanches not before opposition, that it speaks sharp words to every tempter, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan?" Is it not only true and constant, but is it, in us, lovely, too? Is it sour, is it austere, is it grim and frowning? It has no business to be; it has no right to be. It will enkindle desire in no human bosom, except the desire to defer as long as possible any fellowship with it.

Christianity, to be winning, should show in us a pleasant face, it should chase away all dark shadows from the countenance. It should smooth the frown from the brow. It should arch pleasantly the bow of the lips. It should look with gentleness out of the eyes. It should wear often a hearty and cheerful smile. It should mantle the whole face with a soft and warm-tinted light, so that every man who looks upon these harmonizing features should be made to ask, What sweet secret lurks below?

It ought to mellow and soften the tones. They have no right to be gruff and imperious. They must not be self-asserting and domineering. The way in which some Christians speak with downright cadences, imperative, peremptory, dictatorial, as though there was a strenuous hardship of self-will in them, over-riding other men's views, feelings, and wishes, repels men from them, and makes some gentle spoken worldling far more lovely by contrast. This is not wise nor right. It is very unfortunate and very wrong.

Our religion ought to pervade our manners. It is the highest law of pure and true courtesy. It cannot be indifferent to any man's feelings, nor blind to his discomforts. It must think of his accommodation before our own. It must insist upon his taking precedence, "in honor preferring" him to ourselves. It must give him the inside of the walk, the head of the pew, half of the seat in the car, his right to his own judgment, respect for his opinions, room for his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. When Christianity in any of its confessors forgets to be polite, lays aside the apostolic injunction, "Be courteous," indulges in little petty self-prefer-



ments and self-securities, which worldly and good breeding adjoins, it does not win men; it only invites them to dislike and despise it; it denies its own nature; for if it be anything, it is love in the heart and love in the life.

The Christian should be the kindest of men; so ready to serve another, so willing to wait himself, so open-handed, accepting disturbance of his plans and convenience so graciously, so cheerful and ready in the small offices of ministering to his neighbor's comfort, that it should be a perpetual marvel to the lookers-on how he can carry about with him this unfailing spirit of practical and hearty beneficence.

Do you say, Of course a Christian will be and do all this, if he be truly what we call him? Ah! it would seem sometimes as though a man had acquired something of the substance of this transformed character, when he is thoughtless about its expression. Some minds confuse themselves in regard to character and manners, by separating and discriminating where there is no room for such discrimination. The expressions of character are part of it, no mean part of it, the whole practical part of it.

Genuine Christianity ought to shine forth in all these forms of sweetness, gentleness, consideration, sympathy, and kindness, if it would charm men to its beauty and loveliness, and detach them from the odious reign of selfishness by winning them to itself.—*Christian Standard and Home Journal.*

#### THE COUNTRY'S GREATEST EVIL.

To the Editors—I enclose for *Friends' Intelligencer* a short speech by Vice-President Henry Wilson, which I heard him deliver at the National Temperance Convention, held in this city (Chicago) in Sixth month last. I think it would come in very properly now, and possibly have increased weight, since he is gone, and we shall hear him no more. How I wish we might have more men like him, with influence, to work against this evil practice and traffic.

H. A. P.

“Forty years of experience and observation have taught me that the greatest evil of our country, next, at any rate, to the one that has gone down in fire and blood to rise no more, is the evil of intemperance. Every day's experience, every hour of reflection, teaches me that it is the duty of patriotism, the duty of humanity, the duty of Christianity, to live Christian lives, and to exert temperance influence among the people. There was a time, when I was younger than I am now, when I hoped to live long enough to see the cause which my heart loves and my judgment ap-

proves stronger than it is to-day. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that the present is a rather dark and troubled night for that cause, and it is because it so seems to me that I believe it to be the duty of every honest, conscientious, self-sacrificing man of our country to speak and to work for the cause in every legitimate and proper way; and my reliance for the advancement of the cause of temperance is the same reliance which I have for the spread of the Gospel of our Divine Lord and Master. The heart, the conscience and the reason must be appealed to continually; and Christian men and women must remember that the heart of Christianity is temperance. If it costs a sacrifice, give it. What is sacrifice to doing good and lifting toward heaven our fellow-men? We have have got to rely on appeals and addresses made to the heart of this nation, to the conscience of the people and the reason of the country. We have got to train up our children in the cause from infancy. We must teach it in the schools and everywhere by word, and, above all, by example; and it seems to me that Christian ministers, in this dark hour of our country, when they see so much intemperance, and what looks to some of us like a reaction, should make the voice of the pulpits of this land heard. Members of Christian churches should remember that they have something to do in this cause. If anything stands in the way of Christianity it is the drunkenness in our land. A word for temperance at this time is the strongest blow against the kingdom of Satan and for the cause of our Lord and Master. Suppose you have been disappointed. Suppose that man of your laws have failed. We know that we are right. We personally feel and see it. The evidence is around and about us that we cannot be mistaken in living total abstinence lives and recommending such a course to our neighbors. When it costs something to stand by the temperance cause, then is the hour to stand by it. If I could be heard to day by the people of the land, by the patriotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor and hope, I would say that it is among the first, the highest and the grandest duties which the country, God and the love of humanity impose to work for the cause of total abstinence.”

#### SCIENTIFIC CULTURE.

The idea that poor teachers can give elementary instruction, that in the beginning, when children are young, the character of the instruction is less important, is a fatal mistake. The best teachers should initiate the studies, and guide the early development of children.

Not by a superficial familiarity with many things, but by a thorough knowledge of a few things, does any one grow in mental strength and vigor. De Candolle told me that he could teach all he knew with a dozen plants. Unquestionably he could have done it better perhaps with so few than with many, certainly for beginners. If a teacher does not require many specimens, so they be well selected, neither should he seek for them far and wide. Let the pupil find in his daily walks the illustrations and repeated evidence of what he has heard in the school-room. I think there should be a little museum in every school-room, some dozen specimens of radiates, a few hundred shells, a hundred insects with some crustacea and worms, a few fishes, birds and mammalia, enough to characterize every class in the animal kingdom. Pupils should be encouraged to find their own specimens, and taught to handle them. This training is of greater value and wider application than it may seem. Delicacy of manipulation, such as the higher kinds of investigation demand, requires the whole organization to be brought into harmony with the mental action. The whole nervous system must be in subordination to the intellectual purpose. Even the pulsation of the arteries must not disturb the steadiness of attitude and gaze of the investigator.

The study of nature is a mental struggle for the mastery of the external world. If we do not consider it in this light we shall hardly succeed in the highest aims of the naturalist. It is truly a struggle of man for an intellectual assimilation of the thought of God.—*Agassiz.*

## SCRAPs

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"Winter seems fast hastening upon us, and the fierce winds whistle round our dwelling, demanding an entrance at every crevice, but as yet we find no difficulty in keeping them without. Nature is disrobed of all her green attire except an occasional wheat-field, bringing to mind the sweet spring weather which will assuredly come again in due season. A few little birds are still hopping about, with their dark jackets and white vests, and it is one of my pleasures to scatter crumbs to them from the window. In summer, when there is so much beauty around us, we think what will we do when deprived of all these enjoyments; but gradually they fade away. One by one, we gather many of the sweet flowers inside; it is our daily care to tend them, and the present duties and pleasures seem all-absorbing. We trim the evening lamp, and —"

" 'begins to read by night,  
And I to sew by candle light.'

So the days speed on, varied sometimes by visits from our friends, and then again we take our turn as guests in other households.

"Our Circular Meeting was held last First-day P. M., and, notwithstanding the inclement weather, the house was well filled. Eight communications, all brief, and, we thought, lively, were delivered on the occasion; the testimonies evinced harmony of feeling, and time was allowed between the expressed exercises for the word to find lodgment in the hearts of the people.

"In neighborhoods in which there are not many Friends, the responsibility of holding these meetings rests weightily upon a few, and at times they are disposed to question the utility of their continuance. The prospect of having many of our neighbors to assemble with us, and a fear lest the meeting may not be conducted under that Divine Authority, which will bring all assembled to acknowledge its influence, casts a burden upon the mind, and causes us to query, 'Who hath required this at our hands?' That many concerned Friends esteem the holding of Circular meetings of at least doubtful propriety, has perhaps caused us to examine the subject more frequently and closely than we might otherwise have done, and our observation has not led to the conclusion that much permanent religious awakening has resulted to the members of our own Society from the holding of these meetings. While there has been a great interest manifested in their attendance, and a general flocking to them, the mid-week meetings in the same localities continue small, and the First-day morning one is often poorly attended, especially on the day on which the Circular Meeting is held. With these facts before us, we are scarcely justified in attributing to their effects much increase of Society interest among those of our own fold; and yet, while we are not aware that the custom has been attended with any decidedly favorable results to our growth as a religious body, we are not prepared to have them discontinued. As a means of bringing us into occasional association for Divine worship with other professors and non-professors in the community in which we live, and thus affording an opportunity for the spread of our principles and testimonies, we believe the Circular Meetings may be promotive of good. But, that this may be the case, committees having them in charge and other Friends who attend them must strive after Divine ability in the exercise of their spirits and their gifts, ever remembering that, 'except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it.'



"An editorial and perhaps, also, a communication, in former numbers of the *Intelligencer*, on the propriety of elders, and *not ministers*, closing the services of a religious meeting, met my cordial approval. I have long thought a change in this respect would be conducive to the best interests of some meetings. Ministers, as a general rule, are unfitted to sympathize with the unexpressed exercises of others. Occupied with their own when the burden is removed from their spirits, they are often ready to conclude that the services of the meeting are about ended. Not that they would desire to close the way for further expression, but the prominence necessarily given to their own impressions, in a measure disqualifies them for feeling the lack there may be in minds not reached by their communication, nor probably designed to be, but which might be fed by the food to be distributed by another, for the Heavenly Father

"Has many aims to compass, many messengers to send,

And His instruments are fitted each to some distinctive end."

"It may be a delicate matter for the elders to propose this change, but I hope the ministers will see the propriety of doing so, and act upon it. It appears to me they might consider it a relief to have such a responsibility removed from them."

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 11, 1875.

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**THE INDIANS.**—A meeting of delegates having charge of the Indians in the Northern Superintendency met at Baltimore on the 25th and 26th of Tenth month. A report of their proceedings has reached us, from which we learn that the seven Yearly Meetings of Friends were represented, including that of Illinois, which is united with Friends of Baltimore in the care of the Pawnees.

The Central Executive Committee made a report of their proceedings during the past year. Some of their number have frequently visited Washington and conferred with the President, members of Congress and Indian Department on matters connected with the interests of the Indians, and they feel encouraged with the steady progress of the tribes under the care of Friends. At all the agencies First-day schools for Indian youth and such of the adults as are willing to attend,

have been established. In these, lessons from the Scriptures are taught, and instruction given in regard to practical religion.

In the report of Barclay White, Superintendent to the Executive Committee, he states that

"During the past year, the Indians of the Northern Superintendency have been peaceable, tractable and comparatively industrious.

"No murder of a white person has been committed by them for a period of four years.

"The area of cultivated land has been much enlarged, and in each tribe increased interest is taken in industrial pursuits tending to civilization and self-support, although in every tribe there still exists a party desirous of adhering to the former habits and customs of the race.

"Sobriety and temperance in drinking are the rule, and in some tribes an intemperate drinking person cannot be found. I would particularly mention the Omahas and Pawnees as being clear from this vice.

"Disregard of the ties of marriage, horse-stealing and petty theft are the crimes most prevalent. The ancient customs of the race still in a great measure regulate the continuance and dissolution of the marriage relation. Horse-stealing cannot be properly punished on the reservations. The military object to receiving the offenders for punishment and Government prisons are not open for them. Agency laws are sufficient only for the punishment of small crimes."

The following statistics of the Northern Superintendency are reported by the Committee:

### SANTEE SIOUX

Population, 800; 1 boarding school, 2 mission schools and 3 day schools; 40 male pupils and 40 females; 100 Indians can read Dacotah, 10 can read English; all wear citizens' dress; 50 acres broken and 481 acres cultivated this year by Indians; 8 bushels wheat, 13,400 bushels corn and 3,500 bushels potatoes raised by Indians; 250 tons hay cut by Indians; 400 horses and 350 cattle owned by Indians; 180 houses occupied by Indians.

### WINNEBAGOES

Population, 1,687; 1 boarding school, 3 day schools, 146 male scholars, 65 females—total 211; 145 Indians can read English; 1,000 wear citizens' dress; 800 acres broken, and 1,880 acres cultivated by Indians this year; 5,800 bushels wheat, 20,000 bushels corn and 4,000 bushels potatoes raised by Indians; 400 tons hay cut by Indians; 350 horses, 48 cattle and 400 hogs owned by Indians; 162 houses occupied by Indians.

### OMAHAS.

Population, 1,005; 3 day schools, 75 male and 75 female pupils—total 150; 120 Indians can read English; 45 wear citizens' dress; 681 acres broken and 1,500 acres cultivated by Indians this year; 3,500 bushels wheat, 25,000 bushels corn and 3,500 bushels potatoes raised by Indians this year; 6 horses, 75 cattle and 150 hogs owned by Indians; 75 houses occupied by Indians.

## PAWNEES.

Population, 2,200; 1 boarding school and 1 day school; 80 male pupils and 45 female—total 125; 40 Indians can read English; 37 wear citizens' dress; 600 acres cultivated by Indians; 5,000 bushels wheat, 7,000 bushels corn raised by Indians; 60 tons hay cut by Indians; 1,000 horses and 10 cattle owned by Indians, 11 houses occupied by Indians.

## OTOES AND MISSOURIAS.

Population, 457; 1 industrial boarding school; 5 Indians can read English; 150 acres broken and 600 acres cultivated by Indians; 500 bushels wheat, 10,000 bushels corn and 8,000 bushels potatoes raised by Indians; 500 horses and 319 cattle owned by Indians; 11 houses occupied by Indians.

## IOWAS AND SACS AND FOXES.

Population, Iowas, 219; Sacs and Foxes, 98; 1 school and orphans' home and 1 day school; 28 male and 14 female pupils—total 42, including Sacs and Fox children; 90 can read English; 140 acres broken and 800 acres cultivated by Indians; 16,000 bushels corn and 1,000 bushels potatoes raised by Indians; 1,100 tons hay cut by Indians; 326 horses, 74 cattle and 138 hogs owned by Indians; 41 houses occupied by Indians.

The contributions for the Indian service the past year by our Yearly Meetings, as reported, have been \$7,666.79. This sum has been judiciously expended under the direction of the Agents, for clothing, medicines and sanitary stores, all of which are all necessary, particularly for the aged, infirm and children. The rapid progress the Indians have made in the arts of civilized life, and their improved moral condition, under the Christian influences which have been brought to bear upon them, should encourage Friends to continue their subscriptions to the Indian Aid Associations which have been established in the several Yearly Meetings. Their efforts in supplying the needful adjuncts of civilization have tended greatly to produce the favorable results to which allusion has been made.

## MARRIED.

LIPPINCOTT—RUSSELL.—On 17th of Eleventh month, 1875, at the residence of the bride's parents, Friends' ceremony. D. C. Lippincott, of Elizabeth City, N. C., to Mary Ada, daughter of John and Eliza Russell, of Lumber City, Clearfield co.,

WORTHINGTON—SCOTT.—On the 25th of Eleventh month, at the residence of Elwin Scott, with the approbation of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting, J. Morris Worthington, of Harford county, and Mary E. Scott, daughter of the late Abram Scott.

## DIED.

BASSETT.—On the 9th of Eleventh month, 1875, typhoid pneumonia, Hannah P., wife of Edward Bassett, of Salem, N. J., and daughter of the late

Evi Smith, of Philadelphia, in the 55th year of her age.

LILLEY.—On the 8th of Eleventh month, 1875, Honor C. Lilley, in the 89th year of her age; an esteemed Elder of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting.

This dear Friend in her last illness (of many months) suffered much, but bore it all with remarkable patience and Christian resignation. Her serenity of mind was unclouded to the last. Throughout her life she was a consistent member of the Society of Friends. Kind and affable in manner, she was greatly beloved, and was especially attractive to the young, who ever found her company agreeable. Her death has left a vacancy that is felt by all who knew her; but we have the evidence she has entered that rest prepared for the people of God.

MORGAN.—On the 19th of Eleventh month, 1875, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Thomas H. Matthews, of Baltimore county, Md., Hannah Morgan; a member (for some years past) of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting, formerly of Red Stone Monthly Meeting, Pa., where the greater part of her life was passed.

With the above-named Friend (Honor C. Lilley) she was united in the closest bond of friendship as well as of relationship, they having been members of the same Monthly Meeting (Red Stone) for twenty years (during the period of Honor C. Lilley's married life). It seems a remarkable chain of circumstances that had placed them again so near together in life, and now in death. Hannah Morgan has closed her useful and innocent life, and has, we trust, received the reward of, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 77.

(Continued from page 652.)

## IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

A three weeks' sojourn at Interlaken need not be the occasion of tedious description. It is surely not needful to tell how, day after day, we walked idly round the fair valley, traced the swift-flowing Aar from lake to lake, mounted to the friendly pavilions on the mountain sides, and gathered the fair flowers that gladden the meadow and woodland, growing more and more, as time wore on, into sympathy with our friendly and cheery fellow travelers.

There are many Americans abiding among the pleasant ways of Interlaken; the weary man of business, who comes with wife and daughters to find short forgetfulness of the strife of life, to see what strength and healing may be gained from the fragrant firs of the mountain, and what renewal of faith from the solemn, reassuring presence of the radiant Jungfrau—the scholar and the dreamer, who love to climb the misty mountain-tops, and find this ardent endeavor to rise above the bewildering tumult of the world of man in harmony with the strivings of their lives—



and here, too, is the listless wanderer and the merry pleasure-seeker, who love the gay resort for other reasons.

The powerful Aar furnishes the propelling force which gives impulse to the mighty water wheel of Seiler's factory of parquet floorings in the neighboring village of Unterseen, and in this busy workshop we spent a very interesting morning. Different colored woods, some almost as black as ebony, some as white as snow—the bright red cedar, the varied-tinted walnuts, oaks and maples, are being sawed into planks, and these planks are divided into sections of many geometric shapes, which bear a carefully studied relationship to each other. Then each piece is grooved on the edge, and they are joined together by thin strips of wood exactly fitting the grooves, forming intricate and even elegant patterns, which are yet more closely united by heated glue. When the block of flooring, about two feet square, has been constructed, it is enclosed in a strong frame-work and tightly held by screws until perfectly dry and firm, and then it is subjected to the action of a revolving plane, which gives it a delicate polish, seemingly as smooth as glass. Each individual block of flooring is grooved all round, and they are to be joined together with strips and glue, and so neatly and accurately that the most critical eye cannot detect the least defect in the work, as we see it in every room and in all the passages of the great hotel in which we are sojourning. An intelligent and courteous artisan joins us as we wander curiously through the various departments of the factory, and explains each process with great friendliness, pointing out one beautiful pattern which is destined for Paris, and one yet more elaborate and elegant, which is to cross the wide Atlantic, and be trampled upon by the feet of young New York. These polished and many-tinted floors would scorn to hide their glories under carpets such as invest all the rooms of an American house, but only submit to slight eclipse from a few rich rugs which lie in front of sofas and by the bed-sides. The superior neatness and elegance of this arrangement is manifest, and there is far greater cleanliness also than even the most fastidious housekeeper can attain to by our methods. But the wax and polishing-brush are in constant requisition, and great is the labor required to keep up the splendor of the wondrous floor. Then, too, the inexperienced must tread with great deliberation and with thoughtful attention to the support of the center of gravity, or it will be possible to take a most undignified slide upon the glassy surface, ending in national humiliation in the presence of the assembled representatives of

the peoples of the elder world. Let the sons and daughters of America be forewarned.

A walk in the other direction toward Lake Brienz brings us to the wooded heights of Goldswyl, on which rises the ancient ruined tower of the parish church, abandoned 200 years ago. Through cool forest paths we mount and mount, and at length stand on the plateau where once the people of the little town below used to come for spiritual communion with the Highest, and for priestly comfort and counsel. Even yet they bring their beloved dead to the fair high place, and lay their ashes around the ancient altar with the assurance that

"Man's spirit does not moulder in the dust,  
The vesture only sinks into the grave;—  
Faith points the pathway of the disenthralled  
Through Death's dark portals, to the Fatherland."

We sat down to rest in the silent, grassy place of graves, and felt that it was, indeed, a fitting spot to be set apart as "God's Acre," for there is peace and consolation for the sorrowing in the holy silence of these skyward places, and the mouldering ruins of the old sanctuary are in perfect accord with the decadence of the temple of the departed spirit. There is

"Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold."

These and many other edifying reflections were suggested as we sat aloft in the silence and a gradual obscurity which stole over the valley and saddened the little mirroring sea. It was hardly noted; it seemed so in harmony with the declining day, the ruined tower and the mouldering graves; but a portentous thunder growl, and the great tear drops which began to besprinkle the turf—"the first of thunder shower"—recalled us to practical present life. A hasty, ignominious retreat down the mountain and back to the common world of the living and the shelter of the hostelry, is the close of an afternoon's wanderings and musings.

Just in front of our hotel, not ten minutes' walk distant, rises the symmetrical fir-clad mountain of Little Rugen, only 2,330 feet high. This hill is traversed by excellent roads and paths, along which are placed frequent intervals, wherever the pedestrian cares to linger, most cosy and comfortable seats and neat pavilions, in which it is lightful to rest and enjoy the ever-varying view of vale and mountain, lake and river. We took many walks here, availing ourselves of the various pathways which have been provided to suit the diversified tastes of aspir-

\* Inscription on a grave at Sarnen.

avelers, and, finally, I ascended by the steep zig-zag way quite to the summit, where a spacious and pretty pavilion invites to rest, and where the crowning glories of this fair region are revealed in the greatest perfection. All, murmuring firs densely clothe the whole mountain, and would shut the climber from view of the valley and the mountain sight. But the woodman's axe has been at work on the Little Rügen, and has hewn avenues in three directions, down which we may get views of both lakes and of the Jungfrau and her attendant snowy heights. I had me alone to the summit; my friends, less hopeful, lingering for me on one of the lower plateaus, but I felt the strongest inclination to give hours instead of minutes to the breezy, fragrant, high place of glorious views. The joyous feathered creatures who have builded their nests in the swaying tops of the fir-trees, are jubilant to-day, and not a cloud dims the blue concave which arches over the valley, and seems to rest securely on the far-distant summits, while the pretty lakes reflect the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. I am amazed that more praise is given to this most lovely spot, the most satisfying of any that is so easily accessible at Interlaken. There are wise travelers who would far rather scale the rugged and giant heights, and look on the drear and prime desolations of the most ancient mountain-tops, but this little walk up the Rügen, and this safe, sheltered repose in the presence of indescribable and varied beauty and majestic splendor, will suffice for a day of summer's rest and recreation.

An afternoon trip to Giessbach on the Lake of Brienz was most pleasing and entirely satisfactory, and I am glad to bear testimony to the charms of the broken cataract, which has been compared to an ode in seven strophes. A little steamer lands us at the foot, and a remarkably good pathway leads up the steep descent beside the roaring, dashing torrent, which seems to come leaping from the mountain top. An excellent and spacious hotel receives the climbers, and we are established for the day and for the night, face to face with one of the grandest waterfalls in Switzerland. There is a finished elegance about the smooth, turfy knolls, the dark green fir-wood, the neat chalets, the glancing-dancing waters, the silvery spray, and the graceful bridge which spans the torrent, which gives a park-like appearance to the mountain side; and perhaps there is not enough of the untutoredness of Nature to please the most artistic. An afternoon spent in climbing up on the right hand and down on the left, and in a retreat to the safe gallery which has been fashioned behind the magnificent sheet of the

second fall, whence we can view the world, but more darkly than through a glass, and whence, at appropriate times and seasons, circular rainbows are seen, is a happy memory. When we reached the loftier heights, I was interested to note the strangely bewildering effect of the fierce waters, which roared above and below, the steep height which frowned down, and the depth that threatened from beneath, and I was stepping cautiously with a sense of giddiness, when a friend, who had ascended with us, took my arm despairingly, declaring that she had lost all confidence in herself, being overcome by a kind of unreasonable terror of the dark, passionate fury of the waters. The solemn firs stood round in close array, intercepting all that was left of the day beams, and a great friendly dog comes bounding past us, innocent of all ungentle intent, but big and strong enough to give a perilous push to the trembling traveler on the narrow stair. But we descend in entire safety, of course, and return to the hotel, from the piazza of which we are to see the illumination of the falls in the evening. At 9 o'clock all the guests assemble at the sound of a bell, a preliminary rocket or two ascends, hissing into the air, and very soon the roaring waters are made visible, and then begin to glow with intense and varied tints. One fall is of a delicate violet tint, another is pure blue, another is green, another orange, and yet another fiery red, while the dark, graceful firs which cast their shadows over the waters by day, have a strange, unwon beauty and richness by this artificial light. I am told that a great bundle of straw is set on fire behind the principal fall, where we were standing a little time ago, which makes the broad sheet of water look like an immense mass of liquid gold, plunging into a mysterious abyss, out of which rises a cloud of jewelled brightness. It is a childish device, no doubt, but we find it beautiful to look upon, and no more a violation of the eternal fitness of things than was the similar illumination of the Coliseum or of the Forum of old Rome, and so are childishly delighted with the fairy scene. S. R. \*

*Eighth month 1st, 1875.*

#### THE INVESTIGATING COMMISSION'S REPORT.

(Continued from page 654.)

Upon the Commissioner of Indian affairs, the Commission says:

"The duty chiefly devolves of administering affairs. Upon him rests the direct responsibility of that branch of the public service. If it is honestly and successfully conducted, to him belongs the honor. If it is negligently or fraudulently administered, to him should be awarded the condemnation. We have seen nothing in the course of our investi-



gations that would lead us to any other conclusion than that the present Commissioner earnestly and sincerely desires to perform his duty faithfully to the country. We have encountered no transaction which casts the least shadow upon his personal or official integrity; but we have met with many marked by the want of that vigilance, astuteness and decision of character which should belong to the head of that important bureau. We have already had occasion, in the progress of this report, to comment upon acts of the Commissioner which exhibit a want of due diligence and a liability to be deceived and imposed upon by cunning and unprincipled men. It is unnecessary to make further reference to these facts here; but in addition to such as have been specially referred to in the preceding part of this report, we would say that the forms of contracts, as prepared in the Indian Office, do not seem to us to be marked by that clearness and precision, those carefully guarded-provisions, minute specifications of terms of performance which should distinguish contracts of such magnitude and interest to the public. We think also it was inexcusable to permit so long a time to elapse without ascertaining the precise distance between the railroad and the agencies, and especially as the contract of transportation was based upon an agreed compensation per mile. It was an error not to have ascertained whether Sidney was not a shorter and more economical point for wagon transportation from the railroad than Cheyenne. We think it an error to have let at New York the contract for the wagon transportation from the railroad to the agencies, as it prevented the freighters from entering into any competition for that transportation, and left the bureau a prey to a speculating contractor. We believe that better arrangements could be devised than those which now exist, and which necessitate the intervention of a contractor of transportation upon the great highways of commerce—the railroads, which extend from the Eastern cities to the Western. We think he erred in paying to McCann the full amount of his transportation claims, based upon the supposed distance of 212 miles from the railroad to the agency, relying upon a new contract for transportation entered into with him from which the Commissioner believed the government could be indemnified against possible loss, when the precise distance should be subsequently ascertained. Such arrangements by the bureau are irregular and pernicious as precedents. We think he erred in authorizing Dr. Saville to select an inspector of flour at Cheyenne instead of exercising that important function himself. We think he erred in supplying pork to the Indians instead of bacon, not simply because the food is distasteful to the Indians, but because it also involves the needless cost of the transportation of the brine and barrel, they forming one third of the cost of transportation thus paid for.

It is not to be denied that there has been improvement in the Indian service under Commissioner Smith's administration. Whether this is due exclusively to him or conjointly to him and the Board of Indian Commissioners, we need not attempt to determine. Each is, no doubt, entitled to a proper share of credit for this gratifying result. The contracts are now more faithfully executed, and so far as our visit afforded us the opportunity of observation, the recent supplies have been of an unexceptionable character.

It is equally apparent that the temper and feelings of the Indians have undergone a very favorable change towards our people and government. Whether

this has resulted from their growing perception of the irresistible power of the government, their decreasing means of subsistence upon the plains, the extensive scale upon which we supply their animal wants, or the meritorious efforts to extend the blessings of Christianity and civilization among them, to all the causes combined, it is unnecessary for us here to express an opinion; but that the fact is so is attested by the uniform opinion of every officer of the army, and of every trader and other person who was examined by us upon the subject. The iron bond of their tribal organizations is rapidly weakening, and the most eminent and distinguished chiefs now hold their positions by a precarious tenure. We believe the day has gone by when a formidable Indian war can ever again occur in the country."

In the general observations which conclude this exhaustive report, the Commissioner further says:

"The policy of the Government in its relations to the Indian population of this continent could not fail to attract the attention of this Commission in the course of the investigations which they have been conducting. From the earliest settlement of the country we have been in the habit of treating the Indian tribes as sovereignties, or *quasi* sovereignties—of entering into treaties with them as we would with independent nations, and of regulating our intercourse with them by the provisions of such treaties. This was a very natural course upon our part when they held and occupied so large a portion of the territory embraced within the limits of the United States; when the tribes are so numerous and powerful as to command such relations, and when the means of their independent subsistence so largely abounded upon the plains. But a different state of facts now exists. Their entire number, throughout the wide extent of the republic, have dwindled down to a few hundred thousand persons, scattered over its territory. The extension of our settlements driving them into the incalculable plains and mountains, their means of independent subsistence are rapidly disappearing, and they are becoming more and more every day mere pensioners upon our charity. I readily seen that we have now but two courses open to us—to keep them, as they are at present, in their large reservations, where they are unable to support themselves by agricultural labor, and where we must continue to feed and clothe them at an oppressive cost to the people of the United States; or to remove them, if need be, by compulsion, to the Indian Territory or to other suitable localities where by industry and the cultivation of the soil, they may provide themselves amply with the means of subsistence. The recent act of Congress, declaring that no more treaties should be made with the Indians shows that our Government is now fully awake to our changed relations to that population. It is the virtual announcement that a new policy is to be inaugurated, and that hereafter the Indians are not to be negotiated with as tribal sovereigns but treated as individual inhabitants of the republic within whose territory they reside. Treaty negotiations, whenever and however made, should be rigidly observed. So far as they have been in accordance with the Indian nations who inhabit the territory set apart for them south of Missouri, and who are co-operating with the views of the Government, they are not likely to be disturbed. But it would be idle to talk about the obligations of a treaty with the wild and nomadic tribes of the Northwest, without any stipulation to that effect, are fed and clothed by our bounty. A suspension of our hun-

applies to them would readily cause the surrender of any treaty stipulation that might interfere with a fixed policy of the nation.

"We believe the time has arrived when the policy reshadowed by the act of Congress above referred should be vigorously enforced by additional legislation. The criminal laws of the United States could be extended on the reservation, and when an Indian outside of a reservation shall commit an offence, he should be made subject to the police and criminal laws of the State in which such offence is committed. Some form of territorial policy should be established for their government when the number and compactness of their population would render such an organization, proper. The individuality of the Indian, as a member of the community, could be recognized, and the absurd fiction of tribal sovereignty in which that individuality is now merged, should be abolished. Courts should be organized for the administration of justice over such territory. The individual ownership of property could be encouraged under temporary restrictions of alienation, and the privileges of citizenship made possible upon such terms as good policy may prescribe. The evils that result from the absence of provisions like this are apparent. Community of property is fatal to industry, enterprise and civilization, and exemption from legal responsibility for crime has stimulated depredations, robbery, murders and assassination.

"We are pleased to observe, in the last report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a concurrence in many of the views above expressed, and we feel justified in our opinions by the authority of one whose opportunities for studying the Indian character have been extensive.

"We look with great favor upon the efforts which have been made, and especially of late years, to civilize and christianize the Indians. The policy is wise, noble and magnanimous, and while with the untutored Indian, reared in his own superstitious belief and false religion, progress must necessarily be slow, yet the indications are sufficient to encourage persistent efforts in that direction. We are pleased to hear of the erection of school-houses, by which the rising generation may gradually be weaned from their savage instincts and trained to the blessings of civilization, and we heard with great satisfaction of the advent and successful operations of missionaries, by which churches are being erected, Sunday schools established and the blessings of christianity made apparent to the heathen mind. Civilization can only spring from well-regulated industry, and in every effort to civilize the Indians the first lesson to be impressed upon his mind is his individual responsibility. The next important step is to impress upon him the necessity of individual property as the only incentive to industry and thrift. There can be no civilization except where the law is supreme, equally obligatory upon all, and when property is held in individual right. The community of property now existing under the tribal organization is fatal to any advances in civilization, and while the Commission maintains the importance of individualizing property in those communities, they, nevertheless, recognize the fact that some proper restraints should be imposed upon alienations until the Indian has acquired greater advances in civilization.

In this connection we would respectfully recommend to Congress the expediency of employing agents of the States and Territories, where the number of Indians rendered any such provision proper,

a man learned in the law, whose duty it shall be to guard and protect the rights and interests of the Indians in such State or Territory. It should be his duty at all times to keep a vigilant eye upon the contractors and agents; to initiate prosecutions for injuries against the person or property of Indians, and to enforce all law for their protection against frauds. He would stand forth there as the acknowledged protector of the Indian, who would thus have some one always within reach to whom he could apply for the redress of his wrongs. This would gradually habituate the Indian to rely upon the law for his protection, and not on the arm of assassination and murder, and would be one of the most powerful instrumentalities towards opening his eyes to the benefits of a civilized life. The cost of a single investigating committee would pay for a sufficient salary for years for such a law officer, and it would become a measure of economy if in connection with it the offices of Superintendents of Indian Affairs were abolished, which from our observation of their duties and their services might be done without loss to the country.

(Concluded in next number.)

Reported for Friends' Intelligencer.

### THIRD LECTURE OF PLINY E. CHASE.

"Franklin and Faraday—Electricity and Telegraphy." Prof. C. commenced his lecture by speaking of the origin of the word electricity. Electrum being the Greek word for amber, in which substance the phenomena of electricity were first observed. Thales, one of the Greek philosophers, (who thought the magnet possessed a soul) performed the first electrical experiments. The most important discoveries in electricity were made by two men, one an American, the other an Englishman, Franklin and Faraday.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, 1706, and died 1796. He was the fifteenth of seventeen children. He founded the University of Pennsylvania and the American Philosophical Society, and was the first to observe and explain the Gulf Stream.

Michael Faraday was born in 1790. At the age of 18 he attended Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures and became his assistant. He began his researches at 36, and at 39 became Professor of Chemistry. His greatest reputation rests upon his experiments in electricity; he showed the influence of magnets on all bodies, dividing them into magnetic and di-magnetic; all bodies show this. The discovery was made entirely by Faraday.

The most important use to which electricity has been applied is in telegraphy. The necessity for a system of telegraphy is as old as history. The ancients used signal fires. In 1793 a line of telegraph was established in France, more than fifty years previous to this time messages had been sent. In 1800 Volta led the way to modern telegraphy. In 1850 the first sub-marine telegraph was



laid, in 1858 the first Atlantic cable was laid; it was in use for one month. Prof. C. here gave a detailed account of the manner in which sub marine telegraphy is conducted, and explained the facility with which breaks are found and repaired. The latest experiments in electricity are by Elisha Gray, of Chicago.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE EVERLASTING LOVE.

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee," Jer. xxxi, 3.

How tender is Thy love, O Lord!  
How free and full the grace  
That bids the poor and needy come,  
And fearless seek Thy face.

To come to Thee, their Priest and King,  
Without a fear or care—  
Just as they are, in mean array,  
And in Thy bounty share!

Not to the rich and great alone,  
Of old, Thy servants went,—  
But into "lanes" and "highways," forth  
Thy messengers Thou sent.

To bring the outcast wanderers in,  
The poor, the lame, the blind;  
For these the banquet Thou prepared,  
The highest seats assigned.

With gracious words Thou welcomed them;  
Clothed them in garments meet  
For those Thou'd chosen for Thy guests,  
And bade with Thee to eat.

Well may their "joy be full," who thus  
Have known Thy table spread  
For them, and from Thy hands, O Lord,  
Received the Heavenly bread.

Partaken of the oil and wine—  
Known every want supplied;  
And with the "abundance of Thy house"  
Been fully "satisfied."

To sup with Thee, O gracious One!  
How honored they, and blest,  
Who know Thy loving favor, shown  
As to a royal guest.

Such wondrous grace so freely shown,  
How can we e'er repay?  
What gift can we, Thy little ones,  
Upon Thy altar lay?

Thou hast done all, O King of Saints,  
And marvelous Thy ways;—  
To Thee be all the honor given,  
The glory and the praise!

A. R. P.

#### CONSUMPTION OF FORESTS.

It is said that nearly one-half of the surplus hard woods of the country are to be found in Western Virginia. How long these will last is a doubtful question. Taking the one item of Railroad ties, and we find that the country requires for its annual supply

94,530,000 cubic feet, equal to 738,515 cords of solid timber, to secure which at least 2,000,000 cords of standing timber have to be cut down. The average product per acre of the forests of Virginia is given by M. Maury at from 40 to 50 cords per acre, so that, taking the maximum yield, our railroads alone destroy annually 40,000 acres of woodland. The annual consumption of the country for fuel is estimated at over 50,000,000 cords of wood, of which three-fifths may be assumed to be good standing timber cut expressly for fuel. This gives an annual clearing of 600,000 acres. The iron foundries consumed in 1870, 635,000 tons of charcoal, and a furnace that makes six or seven tons of iron a day will use up 200 acres of woodland in a year. The annual production of charcoal iron is now about 200,000 tons using up 5,000 acres a year. The pine lands of Michigan, the best in the country, yield 10,000 feet to the acre, board measure. The annual consumption of the country in manufactured lumber is 20,000,000,000 feet, representing an annual clearing of 2,000,000 acres. The fencing of the country requires 25,000,000 acres to be cleared in order to make it, and the annual repairs to fences destroy 2,500,000 acres of forest. Our shipping tonnage represents 80,000 acres of forest destroyed, and demands for repairs 4,000 acres a year. The hard and turn wood manufacturers of the country use up an annual average of 300,000 acres of timber. Taking all these items together, we have an aggregate annual consumption of 5,500,000 acres of forest. As our total forest-land amounts to 380,000,000 they will last at this rate only seventy years. A certain percentage of forest destroyed is allowed to renew itself, and, as in seventy years a pine wood can be cut over twice, this renewal amounts to a very considerable figure, but it is scarcely sufficient to offset the increasing demand for timber for every purpose to keep pace with increasing population and exigent industry in the same period. In other words, with the present system of husbandry and our present growth of population, seventy years may be the maximum period that our forests may be expected to hold out.—*World.*

From the London Spectator,

#### THE CLOCKMAKERS OF THE SCHWARZWÄLD.

The first thing which a stranger does at Freiburg is to see the exhibition of the Gewervereins, and at Freidberg the Gewerbe Haus open from May to October. The latter is a wooden building of some taste, where every variety of clock can be seen which the genuity of the Schwarzwälder can devise

s fingers execute. Round the walls and on the tables are clocks of every sort. Nearly all of wood, though here and there is a fragile one of straw or ivory. The first which attracts attention is a very fine specimen of wood carving; the figures and design are cut in lime-wood, and it stands two feet high. The fingers of the clock are of ivory. The attendant puts it at 2 o'clock, and it forthwith plays a melodious air, as of the most delicate flutes. The clock is still larger, and as the hour strikes a miniature band plays "Die Wacht am Rhein." The clock pass on to one made of beech and walnut, the dark and light wood being charmingly combined. As the fingers touch the hour, two painted trumpeters step out and blow the fanfare. Then there are cuckoos which strike at the hour, and thrushes who sing at the quarter; venerable monks standing beneath a belfry ring the hour when midnight comes. The automaton clock comes next, and we see a sort of Pickwickian fat boy feed himself with rolls till three has finished striking. The taste and minuteness of the carving in the largest or the smallest point are very great; the regulator on the pendulum of the smallest clock represents, perhaps, an oak leaf or some simple, but still graceful object. The clocks are more methodical and stronger-looking than the watches; they are of every kind; they suit the kitchen or the boudoir. The excellence of the external work is equalled by the excellence of the machinery, for having once gained a reputation the inhabitants of these villages take care that it shall not be lost. The Germanverein, or Union, guaranty the goodness of each clock which hangs on the wall.

AFTER a great snow storm, a little fellow went to shovel a path through a large snow-drift before his grandmother's door. He had only a small shovel to work with. "How do you intend to get through that?" asked a man passing along. "By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully; "that's how!" "What is the secret of mastering almost every difficult task?" "Do not keep thinking how large or how small it is, but go at it; and little by little it grows smaller and smaller, until it is done."

THERE is nothing which persevering industry, and unwearied and unremitted exertion may not completely and thoroughly surmount and overcome.—*Seneca.*

It is great, it is manly, to disdain display; it shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

# REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOR ELEVENTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours .....	5	11
Rain all or nearly all day.....	1	2
Snow, including very slight falls .....	3	1
Cloudy, without storms.....	5	5
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	16	11
Total.....	30	30
TEMPERATURES.		
	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Eleventh mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	45.20	39.10
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	61.00	58.00
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	26.00	13.00
RAIN.		
	Inches.	Inches.
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	2.22	5.54
DEATHS.		
	Numb'r.	Numb'r.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year.....	1144	1182
MEAN TEMPERATURES.		
		Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Eleventh month for the past 86 years .....		43.27
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1849.....		50.50
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793, 1827, 1842 .....		38.00
AUTUMN TEMPERATURES.		
		Degs.
Mean temperature of the three fall months of 1874.....		57.98
Mean do do do 1875.....		51.23
Average of the fall temperatures for the past 86 years.....		54.77
Highest fall mean occurring during that entire period, 1870.....		58.95
Lowest fall mean occurring during that entire period, 1827.....		49.33
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
	1874 Inches.	1875 Inches.
Totals for the first ten months of each year.....	38.60	37.83

Upon reviewing the above, we are disappointed with the result of our own compilation, the temperatures throughout being so much lower than we had anticipated. The first part of the month, if not down to the middle of it, was certainly mild, so much so as to suggest the presence of "Indian Summer" to some. And yet, while we were enjoying the pleasant weather referred to, reports reached us that on the 8th "snow fell to the depth of two inches at Milford, Pa.," while about the same time "a snow storm prevailed along the Mohawk valley, New York. On the 12th we were told that "up in Vermont they are revelling in the luxury of tipping over into ten-foot snowbanks."

Passing down through the month with nothing especial to note as regards temperatures until we



reach the afternoon and night of the 29th and the entire day of the 30th, we have now something to tell of present interest to ourselves. On the morning of the last-mentioned day the mercury dropped at the Pennsylvania Hospital to 13 degrees. In our own yard, attached to our dwelling, in a very exposed situation, only 11 degrees were noted, while we have heard 8 reported from Germantown, and 6 from Norristown, Pa. At Milford, Pa., it was only 2 degrees above zero, with the Delaware river frozen. At Hazleton, Pa., it reached two below. But the crowning point of all these we learn from the following item:

"At North creek, the northern terminus of the Adirondack Railroad Company, fifty miles north of here, it stood thirty-four degrees below zero at 7 o'clock this morning. There is fine sleighing in this vicinity."

At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "the Hudson river is frozen this morning from Hudson to Albany. Thermometer at zero." At Boston from 4 to 14 degrees below. At Montpelier, Vt., 18 below, and at Bethlehem, N. H., 22 degrees below. From Detroit we learn that the Saginaw river is closed with ice. At Buffalo, N. Y., from 3 to 5 degrees below zero, with the boats all frozen in tight. From Canada our dispatches gave a range of from 17 to 30 degrees below, designating various localities.

A friend having called our attention to the fact that the last day of the Eleventh month, 1872, was about a parallel with the same date of the present year, we were induced to examine our diary, and we find at that time published information obtained from the records of the Pennsylvania Hospital as to the coldest days that had occurred during the month under review for the then period of thirty-four years, which we here offer for republication, viz.:

Night of Nov. 29, 1847.....	15 degrees
Morning of Nov. 30, 1849.....	12 degrees
Nov. 25, 1860.....	13 degrees
Nov. 30, 1872.....	15 degrees

From which it will be seen such cases of severe precocious winter weather in this locality are few and far between.

J. M. ELLIS, 325 Walnut street.

Philadelphia, Twelfth month 1, 1875.

## NOTICES.

There is now in type, and will be ready by the latter part of this month, a book entitled the "Home Circle," by Ann S. Paschall. This work was published a few years ago with the title of "The Friend's Family." It has been revised and 100 pages of new matter added.

For sale at the store of Friends' Book Association, 706 Arch Street.

Committee on Circular Meetings of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, will meet at Race Street, on 6th day afternoon, 17th inst., at 4 P. M.

Haddonfield First-day School Union will be held in Camden, N. J., Meeting House, on Market between Seventh and Eighth Streets, on 7th day next, Twelfth mo. 18th, at 2 P. M.

Mutual Aid Association of Friends' Meeting, Twelfth mo. 17th, at 8 P. M., at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room. Annual election of officers.

The Executive Committee, of Philadelphia First-day School Association, will meet at Camden (op-

posite Philadelphia,) Meeting House, Twelfth mo. 18th, at 10 A. M. (Same day as Haddonfield Union Full attendance desirable.

## ITEMS.

THE National University of Copenhagen, with lectures, examinations, degrees and diplomas, declared open to women upon the same conditions as to men, by special act of the Danish Government.

ON the first of the month the steamer Sunnyside plying between Troy and New York, was cut into ice and sunk, near West Point, about two o'clock in the morning. Eleven persons, five of them women, are reported to be lost.

ANOTHER monster telescope, the largest yet attempted, is in course of construction at Dublin, by the Austro-Hungarian Government. The object glass will have an aperture of twenty-seven inches and the total length is to be about thirty-two feet.

THE Commissioners appointed to inquire into the respective merits of the different routes for a ship canal across the Isthmus, reported on the 29th ult. They gave the preference to the Nicaragua route and estimate that the proposed canal from the harbor of Brito on the Pacific to Greytown on the Atlantic can be constructed at a cost not exceeding \$66,000,000. Their reasons for preferring the Nicaragua route, notwithstanding its great length—miles—are, that it is the only route where the climate is not dangerous to health, and the only one where a proper supply of water could be found. Lake Nicaragua being an unfailing source.

AN interesting experiment is made in the shipment of nests of humble bees, which have just arrived from Plymouth at Canterbury, New Zealand. The principal object aimed at in the introduction of the insects into the antipodes is the fertilization of the common clover, the pollen of which the common bee is generally unable to collect, while the "humble bee," having a larger proboscis and being much stronger, is able to reach sufficiently deep into the flower to collect the fertilizing dust. It is hoped that by this means the plant will be more generally fertilized, and its cultivation largely extended in the colony. The bees which have just left England the antipodes were in two separate nests, which were procured by Mr. Frank Buckland, and packed in suitable boxes, where they were supplied with everything necessary for the voyage, including honey, farina, water, etc.—*Boston Transcript*.

A LOFTY SIGNAL.—The erection of a signal on the summit of Mt. Shasta by the officers of the U. S. survey has been successfully accomplished. The altitude of the signal—which is a hollow cylinder of galvanized iron, twelve feet high and two and a half feet in diameter, surrounded by a cone of nickel-plated copper, with concave side, three feet high and three feet in diameter at the base—is, according to the observations taken by the members of the U. S. survey, 14,402 feet—forty feet less than the altitude given by the state Geological Survey. The nickel-plating of the signal is a brilliant reflector, and from 6 to 9 A. M. and from 3 to 7 P. M., reflects sunlight in such a manner that the reflection can be seen from the valleys and the mountains from which the summit of the mountain is visible. It is believed that it can be used for observations at a distance of 100 miles, and possibly further.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 18, 1875. No. 43.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

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## MEMORIAL OF SANDY SPRING MONTHLY MEETING CONCERNING MARGARET E. HALLLOWELL.

It is when burdened with trials and discouragements, and we feel longings for a higher condition, that we can more fully appreciate the life of the just, and be profited by a good example. When death deprives of one whose great concern was right living and right doing, thus combining so many virtues in her daily walks, as were exemplified in the character of our dear departed friend, it is due to her survivors that her right and pure example should be commemorated. When we are oppressed with grief and care, the quiet contemplation of such an exemplary life as hers is like "a look by the way," and being thereby refreshed, we are strengthened to take up the burden of life anew, and endeavor to observe the same rule that governed her and gave her an unbounded and unwavering confidence in the great Eternal Principle—the Spirit of God in man, as wisdom and power, light and strength, guide and help.

This was her simple faith and trust in kindness and in health, and which she deemed to be the regulator of all her conduct, believing that obedience to this principle was all that was needful for her.

The subject of the present memoir was the daughter of Amos and Mary Farquhar, and was born in the neighborhood of Pipe Creek,

then Frederick county, Maryland, on the 19th of the Eighth month, 1798. She was reared in the ways of healthy country life, and inured to its useful labors till the age of fourteen. She was much attached to the Society of Friends and its simple order, and was scarcely ever known to be absent from meeting when well enough to attend. She did not think, however, that meeting was the only place where worship should be performed, but believed that acceptable worship could be offered while the hands were employed in the useful daily avocations.

Thus, religion in her estimation was to be lived, making our daily lives sweeter, happier and brighter. She was conscientious and guarded in her expressions, avoiding all exaggerations, and refraining even in private from saying anything unfavorable of another, but ever ready to palliate or excuse what might appear improper. She literally obeyed the Divine injunction, "Let thy words be few and savory," thus setting a bright example in regard to those devastating evils, tale-bearing and detraction.

Her high mental and moral culture, combined with dignity and energy of character, peculiarly qualified her for the application of these forces to the work of life; and so she was called to fill many useful offices, both social and religious, which she did for a long period of life acceptably to her friends, never evincing self-exaltation, but wearing humility as a beautiful ornament.



Having received a good education for those times, in 1818 she began teaching in New Market, Maryland; she was afterwards a teacher at Fair Hill school for four years, commencing in 1820. She thoroughly loved her vocation, and was beloved by her scholars in return, being qualified for that important calling by a high moral sense, entire self-control and strong religious aspirations. In the fall of 1824 she married Benjamin Hallowell, and settled with him in Alexandria, Va., where she performed her part well, in a large school of her husband, for many years. Her life was interspersed with many deep trials in the loss of children and dear friends, which she bore with sweet resignation.

She served as Clerk for the Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, the last for fifteen years. She also filled the station of Overseer and Elder of both Alexandria and Sandy Spring Monthly Meetings.

She was careful in the support of the provisions of the Discipline, although frequently admitting that the mere requirements of the Discipline are of small account to those who are governed by the principle of Divine Truth.

Much more might be said in illustration of her character. We do not wish to offer an unmerited eulogy of our departed friend, but when one passes from us whose life has been so replete with good deeds, it seems right that she should be held in due remembrance.

She died after a long and tedious sickness, borne with unflinching patience, on the 1st of the Fifth month, 1875. She and her cousin, Mary B. Brooke, who passed to the spirit world about two weeks before her (the first the grand-daughter of Margaret Elgar, and the second of her sister Mary Brooke, both ministers), were Elders of the same meeting, and warm friends from early womanhood.

As was said of Saul and Jonathan, they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

Forwarded by direction of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting, held Ninth month 8th, 1875.

BENJAMIN H. MILLER,  
ELIZABETH G. THOMAS,

*Clerks.*

#### MEMORIAL OF SANDY SPRING MONTHLY MEETING CONCERNING MARY B. BROOKE.

When those whom circumstances have enabled to take a leading part in society are called to a higher life, it is profitable to the survivors to record their virtues, and hold them up for an example.

But not less important to the true interests of our race are the less prominent workers in the vineyard, those who by a consistent life of humility and love fill up the perfect

sphere of usefulness in their daily walks, impressing all around them with the beauty of holiness, and doing their Father's work with conscientious fidelity.

Such was the course of our departed friend Mary B. Brooke. She was the daughter of Isaac and Hannah Briggs, and was born at Sandy Spring, Second month 17th, 1798. In 1824 she married Richard Brooke, remaining within the limits of Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting, of which she was a life long and consistent member. She was for many years an Elder, and was punctual in attendance of all meetings, when not prevented by circumstances beyond her control. Singularly modest and retiring, and diffident of her own judgment, she could yet, when duty required it, speak her mind with firmness and dignity.

In her own family, her life and conduct were beautiful and consistent; she ruled and restrained by love. Mild, gentle and patient attending to her household duties, she lived beloved by all who had intercourse with her.

She died peacefully, Fourth month 18th, 1875. At the gathering of those who assembled at the meeting-house to perform the last sad duties, a friend expressed the feeling of her children in these brief words: "O mother! she taught us how to live and how to die."

Forwarded to Baltimore Quarterly Meeting of Friends, to be held at Gunpowder, Ninth month 13th, 1875, from Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting.

BENJ. H. MILLER,  
ELIZABETH G. THOMAS,  
*Clerks.*

#### THE INTERPRETATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Scriptures of the New Testament resemble a mine that has never been worked. The best schemes of theology and philosophy that have been constructed out of their materials seem poor in comparison with the richness of the original records. Neither those who have studied in the line of church tradition, nor those who have worked from an independent standpoint, seem to have fathomed the meaning of this history of the birth of Christianity.

In regard, for example, to the Divine Nature, and the peculiar intimacy between Jesus and the Father, there have been elaborate attempts at full explanation. But these theories, whatever value they may have had, partial apprehensions of the truth, are at the best meagre and unsatisfying. The analogy of the Godhead in the fashion of a mathematical diagram, explaining its interior relations as one maps out a triangle, and then again resolving the person of Jesus into

Divine and human elements with nice scholastic exactness—this process, while it may not be altogether unfruitful, certainly produces no such august and moving impression as the unsystematic and disconnected teachings of the New Testament itself. Imagine the Athanasian Creed inserted in the Gospel of John as an unfolding of Christ's divinity!

On the other hand, those who have tried to interpret the history by discarding from it all elements of mystery, and by regarding Jesus as merely on a level with other great reformers—though they have done service by bringing into light facts that had been overlooked or neglected, leave unsounded the depths of spiritual life which are peculiar to Christianity. In a word, no school of interpretation seems to have reached the full meaning of the Gospel history. Yet the history remains unique in its influence upon the lives of men, fruitful as the Nile, and almost as mysterious in the sources of its power.

We believe that the future is to develop a far better comprehension than has ever yet been reached of the significance of the initial facts of the Christian religion. We believe that accompanying that better knowledge, partly producing it and partly flowing from it, will be a purer and deeper spiritual life among men than now exists.

It would be presumptuous to attempt to indicate with confidence and with minuteness the course of this future development. But it appears to us that this characteristic will belong to it; the New Testament will be regarded as the record, not of exceptional phenomena, but of a manifestation of permanent spiritual laws. Its history will be discerned, not as an isolated episode in the history of mankind, but as the conspicuous emergence in human consciousness of great principles which rule forever in the universe. We believe it will be found that by obeying those principles, and putting themselves in harmony with the true order of things, men may come into experiences similar to those recorded (and only partially recorded) in the New Testament. The life of Jesus, it will be seen, instead of having its significance as a solitary and completed transaction, was the point at which mankind entered on a higher range of experience; its upward course to be marked by delays and relapses, yet tending always toward the shining height on which Jesus, "the first-born among many brethren," walked. In this view, the earthly life of Jesus is not only a fulfillment of prophecy, it is itself a prophecy of that high estate to which he is himself our leader and forerunner.

Our ordinary modes of thought about Christ do not seem to make due account of the promises and encouragements by which

he appears to beckon His followers toward closest fellowship and even partnership in His own peculiar nature. Such words are: "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do"; "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in Me, and I in you"; "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one." With this fits the thought of Paul, when he said, "I fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ." With this accords the expectation of John, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." With this falls in that peculiar and tender expression by which Christ calls us His *brethren*. Does not the general teaching of the New Testament lead us toward this: that there is open to mankind some such inmost communion with the Divine heart, some such sympathetic absorption in the Divine will through the spirit of submissiveness and aspiration and love, as bore in the life of Jesus its perfect fruit?

Those views of the lives of the apostles and the early church which the Acts and the Epistles afford us, present features which we are in the habit of regarding as exceptional and peculiar to their time. Some such peculiarities, no doubt, there were; every age has its own special coloring, which never reappears. But, in regard to whatever is most vital and intense in the apostolic life, it would seem that we ought to regard it as belonging to the essence and not the accidents of Christianity, and to seek for the underlying law which, being rightly understood and obeyed, will produce like results in our own time. The New Testament loses a part of its best significance through our habit of separating its facts from our own possibilities. Of extraordinary control over material forces, though that is a legitimate branch of the subject, we do not here speak, both because undue importance is likely to be attached to it, and because in this direction there is special liability to delusion. But in regard, also, to the interior and higher phases of experience, the apostolic records are significant because they disclose, not what is exceptional, but what is a permanent possibility of the race. The sense of an indwelling Divine presence, the conscious illumination of the Holy Spirit, the living fellowship of Christ, the absolute assurance of immortality,—these, so far from being an exclusive possession of the New Testament writers or their contemporaries, would seem to be the rightful inheritance of Christians in every age. To some extent the inheritance has been enjoyed, but with no such fullness of recognition and possession as it might be and we believe will be.



The true understanding of the New Testament will keep pace with the growth of mankind in that life whose principles found in the New Testament their first full expression. There will be a decrease in servile homage to "the letter that killeth," as "the spirit that giveth life" is truly discerned. There will be discrimination between the vital principles and the local, individual, transient elements of the record, as intelligence advances and Christian scholarship does its work faithfully and fearlessly. But the kernel within the shell, the transcendent facts embodied in the record, will have new and mightier power as the true meaning is discerned.

This age has seen a great deal of purely intellectual discussion of the problems of religion. With some incidental harm, there has resulted, as we think, great good. There is a purely intellectual work to be done; the "dry light" of scholarly and scientific methods has its value even in the religious field. But a purely intellectual reconstruction or revival of Christianity is an impossibility. The very conception of Christianity implies other and higher sources of truth. As men's lives become purer, sweeter, holier; as a higher type of character prevails, with intenser sense of duty, with larger and finer sympathies, with more intimate consciousness of God, so will the understanding of religious questions grow clear and full. One great principle of life and of interpretation the age is already grasping. It is, in the words of Christ: "If any man will *do His will*, he shall know of the doctrine." The key to truth is right living.—*Christian Union*.

#### ADVICE TO MINISTERS AND ELDERS.

The following ancient advice has been furnished us for republication:

"At a Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, held in Philadelphia, for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, &c., in Ninth month, 1787.

"It being the sense of this meeting that the revival of these pertinent and weighty advices, issued by our brethren in London, in their Yearly Meeting, 1775, for the especial use and notice of Ministers and Elders, may tend to our improvement and solid instruction, it is therefore recommended to our several select Quarterly Meetings, to promote the reading and considering of them at such proper times and seasons as may appear to them most likely to answer the valuable purpose for which they were intended. The Clerk of this meeting is desired to furnish each Quarter with a copy of these advices. Extracted from the minutes of said meeting by Henry Drinker, Clerk.

"Against undue and restless behavior under the ministry of any Friend, whilst in the unity of the body.

"That all be cautious of using unnecessary preambles and laying too great a stress on their testimony by too positively asserting a Divine motion, and frequently repeating the same, seeing no such pretensions will obtain credit were it not manifestly

so; and where it is so, the baptizing power of Truth accompanying the words is the best evidence.

"Against misquoting and misapplying the Holy Scriptures; and it is desired that all those concerned (in the ministry) be frequent in reading them.

"Against hurting meetings toward the conclusion by unnecessary additions, when the meeting (subject) was left well before.

"Against unbecoming tones, sounds, gestures and all affectation, which are not agreeable to Christian gravity.

"Against undertaking or remaining in employments they have not knowledge of, as some have done to their own hurt, the injury of others and the reproach of their religious profession; but to employ themselves in business they are acquainted with and to avoid an idle life.

"Not to speak against persons, or report things upon hearsay, but to treat with the parties concerned, and thereby prevent sowing discord.

"That their apparel and the furniture of their houses, their tables and way of living, be with decency, moderation and temperance, that they be therein good examples to others.

"That ministering Friends be careful not to hinder one another's service in, public meetings, but every one have a tender regard for others, that nothing be offered with a view to popularity, but in humility and the fear of God.

"That ministers, when they travel in the service of Truth, be careful not to make their visits burdensome or the Gospel chargeable.

"That all Ministers and Elders be careful to keep their whole conversation unspotted, being examples of meekness, temperance, patience and charity. And lastly, as supplication to God is an especial part of worship, it must be performed in spirit and in truth, with a right understanding, seasoned with grace. Therefore, let Ministers be careful how and what they offer in prayer; avoiding many words and repetitions, and not to run from supplication into declaration, as though the Lord wanted information. And let all be cautious of too often repeating the high and holy Name, or His attributes, in a long conclusion; nor let prayer be in a formal and customary way to conclude a meeting, without an awful sense of Divine assistance attending the mind."

#### REPORT OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING ON THE INDIAN CONCERN.

BALTIMORE, Tenth month 22d, 1875.

To Baltimore Yearly Meeting:

DEAR FRIENDS,—The Standing Committee on the Indian Concern reports:

That the Pawnee Indians, being the tribe committed to our care, have claimed our attention, and that such aid as we were able to render has been extended to them.

In our report last year we stated that, in accordance with the expressed desire of the tribe, and the approbation of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the removal of the Pawnees to the Indian Territory had been determined. A large proportion of the tribe had then gone thither, and the remainder are now about to be removed.

We are informed by Superintendent Bar

clay White that a Reservation in that Territory has been selected for them, situated in the forks of the Arkansas and Cimeron rivers, east of the 97° W. longitude, which contains all the natural advantages for their comfort and support by the arts of civilization. In their new home they will be so far removed from their hereditary enemies, the Sioux, that no further annoyance from that source may be expected.

It was our impression last year that the removal of the Pawnees to the Indian Territory would place them within the limits of the Central Superintendency, and consequently that our care over them would cease. It appears, however, that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs does not concur in this opinion. He considers them as still included in the Northern Superintendency, and has expressed a decided wish that our care of them should be continued.

During the last session of Congress, a bill was prepared and reported for the sale of the Pawnee Reservation in Nebraska; the loan of three hundred thousand dollars to be refunded from the proceeds of the land, and the purchase of a suitable Reservation in the Indian Territory. We believe there was no opposition to the measure; but, owing to the pressure of other business, the bill was not passed, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs found great difficulty in providing for the Pawnees. The Secretary of the Interior, having the control of unoccupied lands in the Indian Territory, set apart for their use the reservation selected, and by authority of the President directed that the supplies imperatively needed for the Pawnees should be purchased on credit.

The work of erecting suitable buildings for the Agency is now in progress.

By a report received from Superintendent Barclay White, we are informed that "during the past year the Indians in the Northern Superintendency have been peaceable, tractable, and comparatively industrious.

"No murder of a white person has been committed by them for a period of four years.

"The area of cultivated land has been much enlarged, and, in each tribe, increased interest is taken in industrial pursuits tending to civilization and self-support, although, in every tribe, there still exists a party desirous of adhering to the former habits and customs of the race.

"Sobriety and temperance in drinking are the rule, and in some tribes an intemperate drinking person cannot be found. I would particularly mention the Omahas and Pawnees as being clear from this vice. Disregard of the ties of marriage, horse-stealing, and petty theft, are the crimes most prevalent.

The ancient customs of the race still, in a great measure, regulate the continuance and dissolution of the marriage relation. Horse-stealing cannot be properly punished on the reservations; the military object to receiving the offenders for punishment, and Government prisons are not open for them. Agency laws are sufficient only for punishment of small crimes."

In the 9th month last, B. Rush Roberts and Thos. H. Matthews were appointed by this Committee to visit the Pawnees in Nebraska and in the Indian Territory. Their report is hereto appended.

The Treasurer of the Indian Fund reports receipts for the present year \$724.69, which, with the balance on hand from last year of \$134.82, amounts to \$859.51; and expenditures in the Indian service this year have been \$400.77, leaving a balance of \$458.74.

A large expenditure for clothing of Indian school-children will be needed the ensuing year, and we recommend an appropriation of \$500 for the use of the Committee.

B. RUSH ROBERTS, *Clerk.*

*To the Committee on the Indian Concern of Baltimore Yearly Meeting:*

The Committee appointed last Ninth month to visit the Pawnee Indians in Nebraska and the Indian Territory, respectfully report that they left their respective homes on the 27th of Ninth month, and proceeded to Omaha, where they arrived on the 1st day of Tenth month, and spent one day in consultation and council with Superintendent Barclay White. On the 2d we arrived at Genoa (the Pawnee Reservation). On the 3d, being the first day of the week, we attended the First-day school and meeting, both of which were conducted with proper decorum, and the exercises, which were in the nature of advice and counsel to the children, and encouragement to the laborers, from the Committee, and the Agent and his wife.

We were highly gratified with and encouraged by an address of Elizabeth Burgess to the children on the subject of the disbanding of the school for an indefinite time, and of her earnest desire that they might soon meet again in their new home, where provision would be made as soon as possible to recall them to the care of their teachers and protectors.

The Committee feel at liberty to state that a marriage engagement that had been made between an interesting and worthy girl of the tribe, and an Indian of good character, had been postponed by the influence of Elizabeth Burgess (on account of the youthfulness of the girl) for a year or more. It was now desired that this engagement should be solemnized while the Committee was there, and be-



fore the parties should leave for their new home; and this was accordingly carried out by Friends' ceremony in our presence, and that of a large number of Indians who manifested a deep interest in the event, after which the young couple were feelingly addressed on the importance of their new relations to each other. The certificate was signed by the parties in their own handwriting, and also by a large number of their friends, Indians and others, as witnesses, and a more orderly conducted marriage it has not been our privilege to witness. At the close of the last fiscal year, Sixth month 30th, 1875, the day schools were all closed, and the Industrial school on the 30th of Ninth month, and the salaries of the teachers and other employees appropriated to the purposes of feeding the Indians and making preparation for their final removal to the Indian Territory.

The Indians remaining (numbering between four and five hundred, most of whom are children, or old and infirm people) appear to have acted on the advice given them last spring by members of the Board of Indian Commissioners and their agent, to plant all the corn and vegetables they could, and gather their crops before departing south, that they might have food on their way down. Agent Burgess reports that most of the able-bodied men have worked well, and the farmer assures us that nearly all the labor in producing and gathering the large crops raised on the reservation the past summer has been performed by Indians; and the amount of dried squaw corn and pumpkins which we saw stored in some of their lodges shows that they have not been idle. The products of the agency-farm, on about 600 acres, have all been reported or estimated to us, and from personal inspection we are inclined to believe that the corn is estimated considerably below what it will probably yield, as follows: Rye, 1,000 bushels; wheat, 5,000; corn, estimated, 5,000; potatoes, 1,700; oats, 2,000, and buckwheat, 84 bushels. About 50 tons of hay have also been cut. On a very moderate estimate, we think the products would be worth there at least \$5,000.

The results of this year's farming have been very gratifying to us, especially in comparison with the desolation and destitution of the agency about this time last year; and the more so that the Indian labor has brought this result, and that his muscles have been trained in the employment in which hereafter he must live, or suffer. Horses and wagons have been purchased for the removal to the Indian Territory of the remnant of the tribe, and it is expected that all will be in readiness to start on or very soon after the 15th of the present month, and will be accompanied

by Agent Burgess and wife, Julia Nichols, and Mariana Burgess. The latter two having been teachers in the Industrial school, are now retained, to have care of the children, and as teachers of day schools to be at once started on the new reservation; and probably to be reinstated when the new Manual Labor school, now projected, can be built and put in operation.

We left Genoa on the morning of the 5th, accompanied by Wm. Burgess (who continued as our companion throughout our journey in the Indian Territory and Kansas), and lodged at Omaha, at Barclay White's, where, on this as on all other occasions, we have received the kindest care and attention to our wants from himself and his estimable wife, as well as much useful counsel and advice in relation to our mission.

We left Omaha on the 6th by way of Kansas City, Lawrence and Coffeerville, and after some detentions on our route, and 105 miles' travel by private conveyance, we reached the Pawnee Agency in the Indian Territory about sundown on the evening of the 11th inst. On arriving in sight of the agency buildings, more than a mile from them, our eyes rested upon one of the most beautiful scenes we had witnessed in our whole journey. In the foreground were about twenty men, Indians and whites, with their teams and mowing machines busily engaged in cutting, raking and stacking hay. In the distance the long row of new buildings, many of which were occupied, extending in a straight line on one side of the avenue for over half a mile in length, and the surrounding country for miles away dotted with the white tents of the Indians in their several villages, and the houses of the employees within a more limited circle,—the beautifully rolling prairie interspersed with belts and groves of timber, and the far distant hills bounding the Cimeron and Arkansas rivers, the whole covered with a most luxuriant growth of grass, and seen in the light of the setting sun, constituted a picture which no pen could adequately describe. Our hearts were made to rejoice at the thrift and industry which we witnessed, as well as at the care that had been taken to keep everything neat and clean, so unlike an Indian village.

We must first pay a tribute to the good judgment displayed in the selection of the reservation, and secondly to the taste that has been exercised in the location of the main agency buildings, now erected and to be erected, around and on the spot intended for and constituting the head-quarters of the tribe.

The Indians arrived too late in the summer on their new reservation to plant any crop

for winter use, but we are informed that a majority of the able-bodied men have been laboring, and nearly all the balance have been desirous to be allowed to labor, but for want of implements which they could use, were excluded from exercising whatever power and inclination they possessed in that direction. There have been twenty new buildings put up on the reservation, consisting of dwellings, shops, offices, &c., and a steam saw-mill, which is not yet covered, but is working well, and cutting all the lumber that is required at present, and will no doubt soon have a stock on hand for future use. There have been about fifty white employees, mechanics and laborers, besides thirty Indian laborers, employed on the farm and about the mill and shops on the reservation, and in making roads and bridges. Many of these employees are hired on the only terms that the agent was authorized or able to offer, *i. e.*, to feed them, and they to rely upon an act of Congress to enable the Indians to realize funds from the sale of their lands in Nebraska, from which these laborers can be paid. And the whole tribe is being now fed and clothed on the same terms, relying on the justice of Congress to reimburse the parties furnishing supplies. Much labor has been performed by Indians in making roads and bridges for many miles across the prairie towards the Osage Agency, through which all the supplies have to be wagoned 105 miles at heavy cost. A good substantial ferry-boat has been constructed, by which to cross the Arkansas river, on this road, and the ferry is used solely for the benefit of the tribe. No other travel on the route but that, that communicates with the agency. About 200 tons of hay have been cut and put up, and the farmer was still cutting and stacking when we left the agency. There were abundant crops of melons and pumpkins raised and consumed, or dried for winter use during the present fall. There have been about 300 acres of land broken, and 125 acres seeded in wheat. Two ox-teams of three yokes each are employed most of the time in hauling logs to the saw-mill. In cutting and sawing the logs, Indians are found to be efficient helpers as well as in farm labor. Agent Burgess has, under proper authority, purchased twelve wagons and twenty-three head of horses, to enable him to remove the balance of the tribe from Nebraska, and these teams will add very much to the efficient working of the agency in the erection of the agent's house and Industrial school building, which it is proposed to commence at once, and to use the material, which is abundant on the reservation, for the purpose; namely, stone, lime, sand, lumber and shingles; the hardware and glass

constituting nearly all the material that will have to be purchased. Much more might be written on the great change which appears to have taken place amongst the Pawnees in the past year, but this report has already been lengthened out beyond our expectations, and we believe it will be better to await results than to anticipate them before the public. In conclusion, we think it right to express our appreciation of the services that have been rendered, and continue to be rendered, by Agent Wm. Burgess and wife. It would be impossible for any one to appreciate their difficult position without paying a visit to the Indians of which they have the care. The duties of the agent, under any circumstances, are so varied, that he can hardly hope to fulfill them without incurring more or less censure from those unacquainted with all the surroundings. Agent Burgess' position for the past year has been one of more than ordinary responsibility and labor, requiring unusual discernment as well as executive ability. In pursuance of the policy adopted by the Government in the removal of the Pawnees, Agent Burgess was detailed in Eleventh month last to explore parts of the Indian Territory, with a view to select a suitable location, which, with the consent of the head men of the tribe, should be purchased for their future home. This trust was executed after a long and arduous exploration of some five months, to the entire satisfaction of the Indians, and met with the entire approval of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and, in our judgment, formed from what we have seen and learned, is hardly equalled in its many advantages by any other settlement of Indians.

In our intercourse with the Indians it was gratifying to hear from them that they had a good agent, and hoped he would be continued with them. We had not an opportunity of meeting with the children in the Industrial school, but saw some of them at the First-day school, and had abundant evidence, from the familiar intercourse witnessed by us between the principal and the children, as well as older Indians, of the interest of the principals and teachers in their wards, as well as the confidence and affection reciprocated.

THOMAS H. MATTHEWS,  
B. RUSH ROBERTS.

*To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:*

In your paper of Twelfth month 4th, there is a review, by L. J. R., of the Investigating Commission's report on the Marsh charges, against the Indian Bureau, which contains a paragraph that needs explanation. It reads as follows: "There was enough, also, to justify Commissioner Smith's suspicion of



fraud, as expressed to Indian Commissioner Roberts, and communicated by him to Superintendent White. That there was no fraud committed is due *in no wise to the efficiency of the latter.*"

The censure of Supt. White implied in this clause of the report, probably arose from the members of the Commission overlooking the fact that he always forwarded to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs a duplicate certificate of inspection, containing quantity and weight, immediately after every inspection of supplies. In the case mentioned by the Commission, there is evidence to show that Supt. White's report, stating that each sack contained *but eighty eight pounds*, was duly forwarded, and probably reached the Commissioner's office in Washington by the time the flour had reached the Government store keeper at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

S. M. JANNEY.

B. R. ROBERTS.

WE have all felt, when looking above us into the atmosphere, that there was an infinity of space which we could not explore. When I look into man's spirit, and see there the germs of an immortal life, I feel more deeply that an infinity lies hid beyond what I see. In the idea of duty, which springs up in every human heart, I discern a law more sacred and boundless than gravitation, which binds the soul to a more glorious universe than that to which attraction binds the body, and which is to endure, though the laws of physical nature pass away. Every moral sentiment, every intellectual action, is to me a hint, a prophetic sign, of a spiritual power to be expanded forever; just as a faint ray from a distant star is significant of unimaginable splendor.—*Channing.*

THE CALCUTTA CRANE.—One distinguished visitor which honors Calcutta with its presence only during the rains is far too remarkable to be forgotten. This is the adjutant, a gigantic crane, standing about four feet high, with a large heavy body, a small head, a huge bill, and wings which are said sometimes to measure twelve feet from tip to tip. A more ungainly and caricature-like bird probably does not exist, but it is useful, like the jackal and the crow, as a great devourer of refuse, and is said also to destroy rats and snakes. It certainly swallows lumps of solid bone larger than a man's fist, and it comes freely about the houses and compounds, perfectly quiet and harmless, but the most quaintly ugly creature living. Its body is gray and black, its neck red and bare, with a curious fleshy pouch dangling in front, and its huge beak the same color, while its long legs have ex-

actly the appearance of being covered with white stockings. Whether standing with its head buried between its shoulders, sitting on the ground with its long white legs stretched forward in the most awkward and unbirdlike attitude, flying, perching, or hanging itself out to dry when its great black wings are saturated with rain, no words can render justice to its extravagant uncouthness.—*Overland, Inland and Up land.*

AN article in *Frazer's Magazine* mentions the existence of a singular Jewish tribe in the mountains of Morocco, who claim to have come there from Palestine before the captivity in Babylon. They keep their traditions and their worship, though they use the language of the Berbers, and have little or nothing to do with the more civilized Jews of the Morocco coast. No European traveler has visited or described them.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

At Piles Grove Monthly Meeting, held Eleventh month 30th, Caroline W. Smith and Postrema R. Coles were approved as having received a gift in the ministry. The little meeting at Mullica Hill, that was for many years without a vocal ministry, will now have three recorded ministers. The First-day school at that place is also in a flourishing condition. A. E.

### FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 18, 1875.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—The annual meeting of the stockholders was held on the 7th inst.; the attendance was large, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The ballot for officers and managers resulted in the re-election of Isaac H. Clothier and Sarah F. Corlies, Clerks; Robert Biddle, Treasurer; and of John D. Hicks, Robert Willets, M. Fisher Longstreth, Joseph Wharton, Hannal W. Haydock, Anna M. Ferris, Mary T. Longstreth and Henry C. Hallowell, Managers for four years.

From the report of the Board of Managers we glean the following items of interest:

The College has entered upon the seventh year of its existence under most favorable auspices. Increasing stability characterizes the institution, but few changes having been made in the general plan of organization, an

the corps of professors and instructors remaining nearly the same as last year.

The whole number of students in the College and Preparatory School for the present year is 238. The third division of class C has been dropped. The increased age and advancement of the students entered for this year, rendered it probable that in a very few years this class can be dispensed with altogether.

To this end the various Friends' schools now established, and about to be established, throughout the country, are likely to contribute, as there is a prospect of completing at an early day a regular organization of these schools, with courses of study so arranged that those students who desire to do so, will be prepared to enter the Freshmen Class of the College. This will enable many Friends to keep their children at Swarthmore to complete the course and graduate, and this, in its turn, will have an excellent effect upon the preparatory schools themselves, as they can more readily obtain well educated teachers from among the graduates of Swarthmore—teachers familiar not only with the course laid down for these schools, but also with that required in the College. No surer means can be taken to increase the usefulness of our College, and make it fully subserve the important end for which it was established than encouraging among Friends everywhere properly organized preparatory schools.

An arrangement has been made to confer the degree of Bachelor of Literature upon those students who shall have completed our modern classical course; that is, a course of study in which the ancient languages may be omitted, a fuller course of French, German, English and Anglo-Saxon taking their place. The plan proposed is not without precedent. Cornell has such a degree, also the University of Minnesota.

Our friend, Deborah F. Wharton, has recently placed in the hands of the Committee on Trusts, Endowments and Scholarships, bonds to the amount of \$5,000, the interest of which is to be used to reduce the expenses of education for young persons whose circumstances are limited, especially those intending to teach in Friends' schools. This, with other

donations previously received, enables the College to take several students at a reduced rate.

The attention of the stockholders is directed to the increasing need of the College in the Department of Physics.

A physical laboratory and a work-shop have been in contemplation from the beginning. A temporary change in the gymnasium now being effected, will supply this need until proper and permanent provision can be made. A large and increasing number of our students are turning their attention to a preparation for scientific and industrial pursuits. To meet the wants of this department, a separate building will be required, fully equipped with all the modern appliances for the pursuit of scientific studies and original investigations.

The library has been increased during the year, chiefly by the addition of such works of reference as have been found essential in the different departments. A large library-room has been fitted up and prepared for the reception of books.

The Friends' Historical Library, founded by Anson Lapham, has grown somewhat since our last report.

The nucleus of a students' library has been formed by the four literary and scientific societies of the College, and they have recently been furnished with cases in which to deposit the books which they contribute.

A course of lectures upon the History of Art, or History, as illustrated by works of art, was delivered during the past winter, in addition to the lectures provided in connection with the regular courses of study.

The change in the system of free-hand drawing, referred to in the last report, has been carried out successfully during the present year, and drawing is now required of all the students in the Preparatory School.

The Museum of Natural History has been steadily increasing under the care and direction of Dr. Joseph Leidy, who continues his lectures, as heretofore, in this department.

We reiterate in this report our judgment upon the experiment of the co-education of the sexes, which has been carried out so thoroughly and so successfully at Swarthmore from the beginning. There is but one



opinion among those familiar with the daily working of the College, and that is decidedly favorable to the system.

The gymnasium has been refitted and lighted for exercise in the evening; it is well managed, and is answering admirably the purposes for which it was erected. It has been used during most of the year, at stated periods, by the girls in separate classes.

There has been no serious sickness since the last report. The regular hours observed in retiring and rising and in taking their meals, the excellent quality of the food provided, the periodical and systematic exercise in the gymnasium and in the open air, and the careful adjustment of their studies to prevent over-work, are among the efficient means taken at Swarthmore to secure this desirable result.

It has been a source of great satisfaction to observe that the fundamental principles of our religious Society are rendered familiar to the students, both by precept and example.

Numerous and important material changes have been made since last year; among the most important are the following:

The negotiation for the purchase of the West Dale property, pending at the time of the last report, has been since completed, and the house fitted up as the residence of two of the professors. The President's house has been completed, and is now occupied by his family. New gas works have been constructed, and are in successful operation.

The Managers also report the appointment of James V. Watson to fill a vacancy in the Board, caused by the resignation of Franklin Shoemaker, and of Anna M. Hunt, in place of Rachel M. Biddle, resigned.

Exception was taken by some to the discontinuance of the third, or lowest, division in class C, and the probable dropping of the entire class in the future.

It was stated in explanation, that the increasing interest manifested in the establishment and maintenance of preparatory schools within the limits of our several Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, tends to lessen the number of younger children to be entered at Swarthmore; and, as the effort now being made is so to grade these schools that they may be-

come auxiliaries to the College, the necessity for a class of that kind will in the course of a few years no longer exist.

#### MARRIED.

HILLIARD—GILLINGHAM.—At the house of the bride's parents, by permission of Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J., William T. Hilliard, of Salem, N. J. to Eliza, daughter of George L. and Elizabeth L. Gillingham, of the former place.

#### DIED.

ELLIS.—On the 5th inst., Edith Atlee, only child of J. Pemberton and Carrie M. Ellis, aged 5 months.

FIELD.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tenth mo. 8th 1875, Deborah M. Field, wife of Richard Field, in the 79th year of her age; and on Eleventh mo. 23d Richard Field, in the 84th year of his age.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in the death they were not divided."

GARRETT.—Of pneumonia, at the residence of his son-in-law, J. P. Thomas, Cheyney, Delaware county, Pa., Nathan L. Garrett, aged 76 years; member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting.

SHALLCROSS.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Thomas Castor, Frankford, on Fifth mo. 24th 1875, Ann Shallcross, widow of the late Thomas Shallcross, and daughter of James and Sarah Wood, in the 94th year of her age; a member of Green street Monthly Meeting.

SHARPLESS.—On the 5th of Eighth mo., 1875, at his residence, New Castle county, Del., Amos Sharpless, in the 90th year of his age; an Elder and member of Center Monthly and Hockessin Particular Meetings.

Cheerful and pleasant in his social relations, the death of this dear friend has left a void, not only in his family circle, but among his neighbors and the Society of Friends, of which he was a member particularly in the meeting to which he belonged.

WIGGINS.—At his residence, near Richmond Ind., on the morning of the 26th of Eleventh mo. 1875, Daniel P. Wiggins, in the 82d year of his age, a worthy member of the Society of Friends.

He was born on Long Island, N. Y., on the 23d Eleventh mo., 1793, and removed with his family to Richmond in 1823. He was highly esteemed for his integrity, promptitude in his engagements, and for his uprightness.

YARNALL.—In New London, Chester county, Pa., 5th of Twelfth month, 1875, Emily, wife of Hibbard Yarnall, aged 57 years.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 78.

(Continued from page 667.)

#### IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

The next day (the 27th) we return to Interlaken, take a carriage to Lauterbrunn for the ascent to Mürren, where we hope to meet friends. No horse and saddle of just the right qualification is at hand, so we have to avail ourselves of the services of bearers and are carried up the steep bridle path.

gnominiously in chairs. The novelty of the situation, and the absolute comfort of this mode of transit made it rather an interesting experience to me; and as the day was perfect, I enjoyed the solemn grandeur of the mountain views in lazy satisfaction. I had six men, who often changed hands, relieving each other, but the work must be fearfully hard for the poor bearers. They complained that it hurt the chest very much, and when I expressed my sympathy and offered to walk wherever the road was not too very hard, they opposed no serious objection. In some places they have to plod through deep slippery mud, while the inclination is so great as to make the poor men groan and pant with their labor; so that I made a resolution then and there, that I would try to avoid such means of locomotion in future. After nearly three hours progress onward and upward, we came in view of the lofty mountain terrace of Furren, 5,348 feet high, on which is a little small looking Alpine town, and two very comfortable hotels. We pause first at the Hotel des Alpes, a new and quite spacious building, occupying a most admirable site; but our friends are not there, having taken to their abode at the older Hotel Murren, a few minutes further on. And now we have arrived at the goal and proceed to make inquiries. "Yes, Herr Smith is here," and the room is so and so, in the dependence Silrhorn, and we are authorized to explore. We long we have found them, the bronzed idegroom, giving evidence of many brave mountain climbs, the bride, who looks for the first time on the sky-piercing snowy heights, and the two enterprising young women, who have also been prying into Nature's most awful mysteries. I draw a veil over the hours that followed, the world shall never know of the hasty questionings, the eager replies, the incoherent, crowded recitals of adventure by field and flood, the rejoicings, and the plannings for future campaigns. But soon, all too soon; on the morrow, away our friends down the steep pathway, while we remain to see at leisure the spot which seems so favorite an observatory, and base of operations to the lovers of Alpine adventure. The Hotel des Alpes offers much the great inducements, so we find quarters here and proceed to look about us. We are perched almost on the edge of a mighty precipice which falls into the roaring Lauterbrunnen valley, and would be just face to face with the Jungfrau were it not for the great frown-screen of dark, precipitous rock, the Black Monk, which keeps guard before the pleasant one forever more; but the stately, serene Jungfrau looks calmly over the frown-buttness, from her height of more than

13,000 feet. To the left are the White Monk (12,609 ft.) and the Eiger (12,240 ft.) like two stately and devoted courtiers attending upon the queenly virgin mountain. The Wengern Alp, covered with herbage, lies yet further to the left, and with a glass we can get a very clear view of the large Hotel de la Jungfrau, which has a situation of unrivalled dignity and glory just in the very front of the queen mountain of snow fields, glaciers and avalanches. We are told, that from the Wengern Alp, a little after noon, when the sun and wind exercise their utmost power on the loosening ice of the glacier, great masses break off and plunge down into the abysses. "The attention is first arrested by a distant roar, not unlike thunder, and in half a minute a gush of white powder, resembling a small cataract, is perceived issuing out of one of the upper grooves; it then sinks into a low fissure and is lost only to re-appear at a lower stage some hundred feet below; soon after is heard another roar, and a fresh gush from a lower gully, till the mass of ice, reaching the lowest step, is precipitated into the gulf below, and particles, reduced by friction to the consistency of dust, rise in an immense cloud of vapor."\*

From the height on which we stand the avalanches are frequently heard, indeed, at some hours of the day, they succeed each other at very brief intervals; but we do not often see the actual descent, owing to the interposition of the Black Monk between us and the Jungfrau. The sound is like a grand discharge of cannon, or like the reverberating thunder crash, and the effect is solemn and almost terrible. But it is reassuring to be reminded that these summer avalanches are generally quite harmless, falling upon uninhabitable and almost inaccessible places. As we sit watching and listening for the "thunderbolt of snow," gratified interest is unmixed with horror, we being duly informed that these avalanches are quite distinct from those which are the scourge of the Alpine valleys. The Staublawinen (dust avalanche) of loose, fresh fallen snow belongs to early winter, and the Grundlawine occurs in spring, when the sun becomes powerful, and the snow thaws rapidly under its influence. The clammy, adhesive snow is partly converted into ice by the pressure of the fall, and the men and animals overwhelmed by the descending mass are crushed or suffocated, or at any rate so entangled with the compact debris that they can only be disengaged by the help of others. There is a long, sad record of these disasters, which are of not unfrequent occurrence, and to guard against

\* Ober.



their recurrence, the forests which clothe the mountains above the villages are most carefully preserved, and massive dykes of masonry, like the projecting bastions of a fortress, are built against the hillside to break and turn aside the avalanche.

To the right of the Jungfrau is an imposing line of snowy heights, between which reach far down the inevitable glaciers,—Switzerland's chill heritage from the frozen ages past. Between the mountain terrace on which we stand, and the mighty wall of rock which reaches nearly to the zenith, would seem not more than 200 feet, but a gentleman who measured it scientifically a few days ago, assures us that it is near 4,000.

Just behind the Hotel des Alpes rises the Almendhubel, an eminence whose summit may be reached in less than an hour. The sides are clad with luxuriant flowery herbage and its summit is decked with a coronal of firs, so that the nearest mountain of all the august company of Alps which surround us is a very attractive neighbor. I took a morning walk up to its murmuring firs, and enjoyed the wide view of the upper world to be obtained from this height. The crash of the avalanches was still audible at times, and the white summits around me were too intensely radiant for the eye to rest long upon them. But the little plain of Mürren below, with its humble village, its gardens and its grassy slopes was singularly beautiful. The hay harvest was proceeding quietly, women and children doing almost all the work, of mowing, spreading and tossing, raking and gathering the hay; and when the process was completed, bundling it up in strong cloths and bearing it into the little barns on their heads. The cows, goats and sheep are all pastured on the loftier and rugged places where the scythe of the mower never goes. Potatoes, cabbages, a little flax, beets, salad, turnips and radishes are growing very sparingly in the little gardens, and one questions how these people can provide themselves with food. The bread, which is only eaten as a luxury, is carried up from Lauterbrunnen in baskets on the backs of men, and the fuel with which their simple food is cooked is also borne up from below. When the winter comes, the snows bury up the village to a height of 10 or 12 feet, and passages have to be excavated from one house to another. They must also cut tunnels to the fountain of the village to get drink for their cattle, and through the long and terrible winter it is difficult to see how they can hold any intercourse with the world below. The people, however, are pleasant looking and show no evidences of extreme poverty. They are decently and sufficiently clad, and their chil-

dren are intelligent, polite and happy looking. Several leisurely walks through the village have not revealed to us a single beggar in Mürren. It is said that the lofty position of this town indicates ancient origin. The elevated sites were sought in the troubled days of old for the sake of independence and security. The liberty loving Switzer was here free from the power of the feudal tyrant and we may imagine the whole mountain Almendhubel clad with forests, and the hills peopled with abundance of the chamois, that food and fuel would not be wanting to these pioneers. In the 14th century, we learn that this district came under the jurisdiction of the monastery of Interlaken.

A neat and comfortable school house provided for the use of the town, but there is no place of worship, and I think no resident minister. Consequently, on the Sabbath, the people descend the mountain to Lauterbrunnen for social worship, and thus vary their lofty lives by a glimpse of the lower world. What a place would this be, amid the solemn silence of the Alps for a Friends' meeting! Here most eloquently doth the earth and her thousand voices praise the Highest, speaking evermore of power, glory, of beneficence and of beauty. The splendor of the dawning, which the eye can hardly endure, the golden and rosy glow of the evening, the solemn majesty of the starry night, when the lights of heaven seem to draw fearfully near the earth, the mighty voice of the thunder, which reverberates grandly from height to height, the rush and crash of the avalanches, and the sound of many waters, all recall to memory the matchless words of the royal shepherd, the sweet singer of Israel, invoking the praises of all things, animate and inanimate, for the glory of our Creator:

"Let them praise the name of the Lord for His name alone is excellent; His glory above the earth and heaven." S. R.  
*Eighth month 1st, 1875.*

#### THE INVESTIGATING COMMISSION'S REPORT (Concluded from page 669.)

"The treaty provision by which the Indian is kept separate and apart from the white man in his reservations may in some aspects be a wise and sound policy, but it cannot be the policy of civilization. That can only be imparted to the Indian by bringing him in contact with its influences. They must see it and feel it to be penetrated by it. The existing law excludes from the reservation all persons of the white race except those who are ready to abandon civilization itself for a disreputable association with Indian women. Contact with such examples of civilized life must tend rather to degrade and debilitate in the estimation of the Indian himself. It would be far better so to amend our trade and intercourse laws as to make some provision for the admission among them of that class of white men whose

fect for the laws of their country now keeps them a distance from the reservation.

"We think the day has gone by when the blanket could be furnished to the Indian as extensively as now is. It serves to perpetuate his barbarous costume and his idle habits. If furnished with nothing at all, it should be with such as is suited to his comfort, and in which it will be possible for him to perform labor. In our interviews with the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoes, many of them expressed earnest desire to be clothed like the white man. The tented tepee only serves to confirm and perpetuate his nomadic habits.

"Whilst we would not wish to see the Indian treated otherwise than with kindness and magnanimity, we think that too much deference has been shown to their whims and caprices in some important transactions with them. It is the testimony of men whose opportunities for forming a judgment of Indian character cannot be questioned, that the Indian must be made to fear before he can be made to obey. No sentiment of gratitude touches his heart in consequence of the annual receipt from the Government of food and raiment. He eats our bread and wraps himself in our blanket, with no other emotion than that they are gifts extorted from our fears. Barbarism knows no law but that of force. Much of our policy has impressed him with the idea that our moral supplies to him are dictated by cowardice and timidity; and when it is proclaimed by those high in authority that our present policy is based upon the maxim that it is cheaper to feed them than to subdue them, we can perceive how readily the Indian might fall into such a construction of our conduct. In a recent conversation on the plains, Gen. Crook remarked to a member of the Commission that it is a pity that our humanity to the Indian to make to him such a display of force as would cause him to fear the power of this Government, and if need be, to force him into prompt obedience to the orders of a Government which is burdened with his support in his position state from barbarism to civilization. Few can better understand the Indian character than a distinguished military officer, and none have greater success in dealing with them and adding them in the habits of civilized life. We have we speak the opinion of the people of this country, who are taxed to the extent of over \$8,000,000 a year for the Indian service, when we say it is that we should adopt a fixed, positive and defined policy in regard to that population; a policy which will not only more clearly define their rights, but more rigidly enforce their proper relations and responsibilities to our Government.

The question whether it would be expedient to transfer the management of Indian affairs to the War Department was suggested to our attention from time to time, and we gave to the consideration of the subject such reflection and inquiry as our opportunities allowed. Without entering at length upon a discussion of the subject, it may be sufficient to say in general, that our conclusions are wholly unfavorable to such a change at the present time.

The fact that it has at times been found useful, and even necessary, to employ friendly Indians as a kind of police about the Red Cloud Agency, the good accounts we received of their efficiency and fidelity when so employed, suggested to us incidental consideration the question whether it might not be possible to enroll them in companies, under white officers, as a constabulary force for the protection of the agencies and the enforcement of authority over wilder tribes. It is, of course, a

question how far such a system would prove practicable; but if it could be employed it offers some manifest advantages, besides relieving some portion of the regular army. It would train a certain number of Indians to habits of discipline and obedience to authority, as well as of loyalty to the Government. This body would furnish a rallying point to the well-affected portion of the tribe, and a menace of punishment to the hostile or unruly. The number that could be induced to enlist would probably be small at first, and they should be young, unmarried men, who would be under the least temptation to move about with the villages. The subject seems to us of sufficient importance to recommend its reference to a board of army officers to consider and report upon.

"In conclusion, we respectfully present the following summary of recommendations, the most of which have already been discussed in their proper connection:

- "1. That Agent Saville be removed.
- "2. That J. W. L. Slavens, of Kansas City, Missouri, be excluded from all participation in future contracts under any department of the Government.
- "3. That E. R. Threlkeld, of the same place, be excluded from all further employment as inspector.
- "4. That no bids for supplies be hereafter received from J. H. Martin.
- "5. That D. J. McCann be excluded from future contracts with the Government.
- "6. That the papers relating to the account presented by D. J. McCann for transportation of the property, stores, &c., of the Red Cloud Agency from the old to the new location, be referred to the Department of Justice for examination and action.
- "7. That the distance from Cheyenne and from Sidney to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies be accurately ascertained by measurement, without unnecessary delay.
- "8. That a new and careful enumeration of the Sioux around the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies be made, and that the agents be required to make an enumeration of the Northern Indians as they may come in for supplies, and to keep a record of all issues made to them.
- "9. That bids for flour and other produce be received at some suitable point in the West, instead of New York.
- "10. That bids for wagon transportation from the railroads to the Agencies be also received at suitable points in the West.
- "11. That the office of superintendent of Indian agencies be abolished, and the duties connected therewith be transferred to inspectors.
- "12. That the feasibility of dispensing with the services of a freight contractor between Eastern cities and terminal points of railroad transportation in the West be considered.
- "13. That in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of 1868 army officers be detailed to inspect all issues of annuity goods, and that all inspections of Indian supplies and beef be made under the direction of the Commissary General of the army.
- "14. That a carefully devised system of accounts, uniform for all Agencies, be established, with the mode of issuing and accounting for all articles definitely prescribed.
- "15. That the agencies, differing greatly as they do, in the amount of intelligence and capacity required to conduct them, be so graded as to establish for the most important ones salaries sufficient to secure the services of thoroughly trained and competent men.



"16. That the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies (which are now off the Sioux reservation) be removed to some suitable point near the Missouri river.

"17. That a commission of army officers be appointed to consider the practicability of organizing an Indian soldiery for police and similar duty.

"18. The establishment of a United States Territorial government over the Indian Territory.

"19. That suitable persons possessed of the necessary legal qualifications be appointed to prosecute for all wrongs against Indians, and to defend their rights and interests, so far as they may become the subject of adjudication before the courts.

"20. That all future legislation for the Indians and all dealings with them be based upon the policy of bringing them as rapidly as possible under the same law which governs all other inhabitants of the United States.

"21. The consideration of such additional legislation as will develop and apply the general system of dealing with the Indians suggested under the previous head of 'General Observations.'

THOS. C. FLETCHER,  
BENJ. W. HARRIS,  
CHAS. J. FAULKNER,  
GEORGE W. ATHERTON.

October 16, 1875."

#### FOURTH LECTURE OF PLINY E. CHASE.

"Thomas Young and William Allen Miller—Force in the Universe; Spectroscopy; 'Let there be Light.'"—In his prefatory remarks Professor Chase said in substance that our word light is connected with an old root signifying manifestation, that manifests in many ways. It belongs to a class of words found in all languages that date beyond any grammatical connection, and go far to establish the unity of language. The power of the sun as the source and centre of light was recognized in the earliest ages. In speaking of light, and of those who had devoted themselves to its investigations, he said he had selected two men from among the sect which recognized light spiritually. These two, Thomas Young and William Allen Miller, were members of the Society of Friends and trained in their schools; the former was born at Somersetshire, Eng., in 1773, was educated partly at Göttingen and partly at Edinburg. He was the tenth and youngest son, another instance of youngest sons attaining to greatness. After taking his degrees at the latter place, he went to London, and was for some time lecturer at the Royal Institution. In the year 1800 he studied medicine. At the age of 28 he was professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Society, he also lectured at Middlesex Hospital. He taught the undulating theory of light, and by his knowledge of coptic gave to Champolion the hint which enabled him to read the hieroglyphics of Egypt. He was a man of great learning, of liberal religious views and noted for his domestic virtues. His death occurred in 1829.

William Allen Miller was born in 181 and received his early education at Ac worth. At 20 he entered King's College. He assisted Professor Daniels and became his successor. He investigated the constitution of the stars by spectrum analysis. He died in 1870.

Light, said Prof. C., is a central force gravitation and heat are central forces. Mind demands space and time. There must be a definite point where manifestation takes place. The degree of light is varied inversely according to the distance. At this point he gave an account of the experiments made in measuring the velocity of light on the earth, and then said:

"Many modern physical investigators regard force as simply 'matter in motion,' and they look upon molecular motion as the highest form of force. But the nearer we approach to the great natural forces, light, heat, electricity and gravitation, the more important is the element of motion, and the less important is the material element.

La Place showed that the action of gravity was communicated with a velocity at least 8,000,000 times as great as that of light. At that rate gravitating impulse would be transmitted, in one tenth of a second, as far as a carrier pigeon could fly in 80,000 years, if it were to fly steadily at the rate of 200 miles per hour. The idea of 'matter in motion,' with such speed, is utterly inconceivable.

The velocity of wave-motion, in elastic media depends upon the elasticity and density of the medium. If it were either infinitely elastic, wholly devoid of density, the velocity would be infinite. But either of these conditions would imply a removal of all purely material qualities and leave nothing but simple extension and power, such as could be attributed only to spirit.

The greatest gravitating velocity manifested in our system, is that of meteoric bodies plunging into the sun, at a possible rate of 377 miles per second. If each wave of light were to impart one five-hundredth of one millioneth, of one millioneth, of one millioneth,\* of its own velocity of progression would suffice for producing this maximum rate of gravitating fall. Can it be reasonably imagined that anything material could increase this force of light eight million fold? We know that our finite human Consciousness exerts a great control over the forms of force; we may feel assured that an Infinite Consciousness and Infinite Wisdom could exert infinite control, and only in such a Consciousness and Wisdom can we imagine such possible annihilation of time, as makes one day as a thousand years, or a thousand years as one day.

This lecture was a wonderful display of the power of the human mind, and of almost unlimited extent to which investigation into the mysteries of creation may be carried. The only regret at its close was that there were not more present to enjoy this rare opportunity.

God dwells intimately in every human body.

\* 1  
500,000,000,000,000,000,000.

Selected.

## MY SCHOOL.

I sat in the school of sorrow,  
The Master was teaching there;  
But my eyes were dim with weeping,  
And my heart oppressed with care.

Instead of looking upward,  
And seeing His face divine,  
So full of tender compassion  
For weary hearts like mine,—

I only thought of the burden,  
The cross that before me lay,  
The clouds that hung thick above me,  
Darkening the light of day.

So, I could not learn my lesson,  
And say, "Thy will be done,"  
And the Master came not near me  
As the leaden hours went on.

At last, in despair, I lifted  
My streaming eyes above,  
And I saw the Master watching  
With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me He pointed,  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
"My child, thou must take thy burden  
And learn thy task to-day.

"Not now may I tell the reason:  
'Tis enough for thee to know  
That I, the Master, am teaching,  
And appoint thee all thy woe."

Then, kneeling, the cross I lifted,  
For one glimpse of that face divine  
Had given me strength to bear it,  
And say, "Thy will, not mine!"

And so I learned my lesson;  
And through the weary years  
His helping hand sustained me,  
And wiped away my tears.

And ever the glorious sunlight  
From the heavenly home streamed down,  
Where the school tasks are all ended,  
And the cross is exchanged for the crown.

## HYMN OF TRUST.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

O Love Divine, that stoops to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear!  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near.

## MOTHERS AND THEIR SONS.

A modern essayist observes that "the intellectual influence of woman is closely connected with her moral or educational influence over the children whom she trains. Here lies her chief power, and our chief hope for the world's peace. The children are in her hands. The ideas of the coming race may be the fruit of her endeavors. The seeds of peace and order sown in young hearts will flourish and become goodly trees. When we consider the training which boys generally receive, we can feel little wonder that the cause of peace makes slow progress. Take the life of a British boy of the upper or middle classes, who receives no special training for the military profession. His first infancy is soothed by warlike songs, and enlivened by the sight of military grandeur. His first toys are guns, swords, and wooden soldiers, with which he makes imaginary war; and the most brilliant prints in his picture-books are representations of horse-guards and dragoons. His next step is to play at soldiers with his brothers or companions. His histories are generally a series of battles, sieges, victories, and defeats; his biographies the lives of distinguished conquerors and generals; his story-books tales of adventure, in which shooting and slaying form the principal and most attractive part. He goes to school, where he learns that the highest courage consists in a stoical indifference to pain, which, while it encourages physical bravery in himself, tends also to foster indifference to the pain of others. Here, separated from home influences, he serves an apprenticeship in school-boy rudeness, and learns that his honor as a young Briton is to fight boys older than himself, and to refer all disputed points to the test of brute force. He puts the life of adventure and brilliant renown on the highest pinnacle of his admiration. Meanwhile, his literary food still consists of histories in which those who have caused endless misery, ruined countless homes, and retarded the world's civilization, are surnamed the Great, the Noble, the Christian, and very rarely do his teachers take pains to point out to him the difference between these heroes' talents as men, and their work as conquerors. At college much the same training is carried on, and both there and at home his recreation is not seldom taken in the form of volunteer service, which, though first commenced in a panic of patriotism, is now too often continued as a means of aping a military life. During this time the boy or youth hears few whispers as to the unlawfulness, the injustice, or the inexpediency of war. He is accustomed to connect war with honor and patriotism.



Its horrors, its miseries, and crimes are not thought of by him, or are passed over lightly as the necessary shadow in a brilliant picture.—*The British Friend*.

## NOTICES.

*To the Stockholders of Swarthmore College:*

There has been some complaint that the notices of annual meetings, and the various publications of the College, have not been received in many cases.

It is the desire of the Managers to furnish every stockholder therewith, but the list which was made out a number of years ago is now manifestly imperfect, by reason of deaths, removals, etc.

It is proposed to make out a new one, so that in future no such omissions may occur.

As there are nearly two thousand names, it would be very laborious, if not impossible, to obtain a correct list without the co-operation of stockholders. It is therefore earnestly requested that every stockholder to whom this notice shall come, will not only at once forward his or her address, but also the address of other persons owning stock in their vicinity.

It is hoped that Friends generally will lend a helping hand, as without such assistance an accurate list cannot be obtained.

The annual catalogue and report of the Board of Managers, soon to be issued, will be promptly forwarded to every address received by either of the undersigned,

ISAAC H. CLOTHIER, Clerk of Stockholders' Meeting, No. 801 Market street, Philadelphia.

EDWARD H. MAGILL, Swarthmore, Delaware co., Pa.

### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

12th mo. 19th, Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P. M.

" " Upper Dublin, Pa., 3 P. M.

" 26th, Centredale, Iowa, 3 P. M.

Friends' Charity Fuel Association meets this (Seventh day) evening, 18th inst., at 8 o'clock, at Race street.

ALFRED MOORE, Clerk.

The next Third-day Evening Meeting will be at Race street, on 21st inst., at 7½ o'clock.

FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FEMALE ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK AND INFIRM POOR WITH CLOTHING, ETC.

In presenting this, our Annual Report, we take the opportunity to express our gratitude to those who, by their liberal donations, have enabled us so successfully to continue the work of charity in which we have been engaged, with the hope that a continuance of their favors may be granted us, for we find that each year brings increased demands for assistance from those whom our Society was organized to help.

During the past summer, we have received from I. V. Williamson (who, in former years, has been so generous in his donations to us) three valuable ground-rents. We have also cause to be grateful for a liberal bequest from Mary D. Brown.

We distributed last winter 3,035 garments, for making a portion of which we paid \$530.14, to a class unwilling to accept charity without an equivalent as far as they were able.

As this report may reach those who are not familiar with the workings of this Association, it will be as well to state that during nearly one-half century of its existence its charities have been distributed

only after personal inspection of the needs of the applicants. It has no salaried officers, and rooms for its use are gratuitously provided in Friends' school-house, Race street.

President, ANNIE M. NEEDLES.

Secretary, P. J. NEEDLES.

### TREASURER'S REPORT.

Dr.

To balance in treasury.....	\$ 19 63
annual subscriptions.....	748 00
special donations.....	485 00
interest on investments.....	519 87

\$1,773 00

Cr.

By paid for goods.....	\$1,225 66
paid for sewing.....	530 14
printing, stamps, etc.....	7 75
balance due Association.....	9 43

\$1,773 00

ELIZABETH J. FERRIS, Treasurer.

Third month, 1875.

## ITEMS.

THE steamer Deutschland, from Bremen for New York, with emigrants, grounded on Kentish Knock Sands, a few miles off the mouth of the Thames on the 6th inst., during a heavy northeast gale. The weather was thick with snow. It is estimated that at least sixty-eight persons, of whom forty-six were passengers, were drowned.

ONE of the latest efforts of the beneficent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is to break up the cruel custom of sending thinly clad children into the street to beg. Several arrests have already been made, and in a majority of instances, President Wright states that the parents, one or both, have been found to be drunken and dissipated, forcing the children to beg to get means to buy strong drink.

ON the 6th inst., a terrible explosion occurred in the Swarthe main colliery, near Barnsley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is feared that 200 lives are lost. The colliery at which the dreadful explosion occurred is one of the largest in the southern part of Yorkshire. It is joined by underground working with Edmund's main colliery, where, twelve years ago, over 300 persons perished. The works extend for many miles. They are entirely worked with safety lamps, under very rigid discipline, and were considered safe.

As Philadelphia has often been styled the Birmingham of America, it may be interesting to know of the vastness of the manufacturing interests concentrated in that English city. According to a recent statement in the *Engineer*, a week's work at Birmingham comprises among its various results the fabrication of 14,000,000 pens, 6,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 5,000,000 copper or bronze coins, 20,000 pairs of spectacles, six tons of paper machinery, \$150,000 worth of jewelry, 4,000 miles of iron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hairpins and hooks and eyes, 130,000 gross of wood screws, 500 tons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, 50 tons of wrought-iron hinges, 350 miles length of wax for vestas, 40 tons of refined metal, 40 tons of German silver, 1,000 dozen of fenders, 3,500 tons of brass and copper wares—these, with a multitude of other articles, being exported to almost all parts of the globe.—*Ex. Paper*.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 25, 1875. No. 44.

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The THIRTY-SECOND Volume commenced on the 27th of second month, 1875, at Two Dollars and Sixty Cents to subscribers receiving it through the mail postage prepaid.

SINGLE NUMBERS SIX CENTS.

It is desirable that all subscriptions should commence at the beginning of the volume.

REMITTANCES by mail should be in CHECKS, DRAFTS, or P. O. MONEY-ORDERS; the latter preferred. MONEY sent by mail will be at the risk of the person so sending.

AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

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## MEMORIAL OF WEST BRANCH MONTHLY MEETING, CONCERNING JEREMIAH MOORE.

He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th day of the Eighth Month, 1794, and was the son of James and Lydia Moore, (formerly Sharpless,) members of the religious Society of Friends, who in the year 1796 removed with their family and settled in Centre county, then nearly a wilderness. The advantages of education were at that early day limited, yet amid these privations, they earnestly endeavored to train up their children to habits of honesty, industry and temperance, which characteristics distinguished them during life. In 1810 they crossed the Alleghanies and settled in Clearfield county, where they were the pioneers in the establishment of West Branch Monthly Meeting, in 1833, an indulged meeting having been held at their house for several years previously. The subject of this memoir was early impressed with a sense of the Divine Presence, stimulating him to obedience to its equirings, and showing him that this alone would give him peace. Although to his natural inclinations the Cross appeared to him grievous to be borne, yet in mercy was judgment administered, until he was made willing to yield up all in obedience to the Cross, which was thereby made easy, and he was enabled to testify unto others of this being the only way to inherit the Crown.

In 1819 he was united in marriage with

Susanna, daughter of Andrew and Shivery, with whom he lived about six years, when she was removed by death. In 1827 he entered into marriage with Sarah, daughter of Jonathan and Priscilla Coates Evans, with whom he lived until the year 1844, when she too was removed by death, leaving him with six children, one of whom soon followed her. Through these deep trials and baptisms he seemed to resign all unto his Heavenly Father, whom he endeavored to serve. In the year 1847 he was united in marriage with Hannah K. Heacock, a member and minister of Fishing Creek Half Year's Meeting, with whom he also lived in much unity until in the Ninth Month, 1854. Whilst travelling on a religious visit she was taken suddenly ill and died in a few days, which added to his cup of affliction; but knowing that He who had been with him in six troubles would not leave him in the seventh, he became more resigned and dedicated to His service. He was a regular and faithful attender of all his religious meetings, in which his ministry was profitable and edifying. His communications were generally brief, yet in the authority of the Gospel of Christ; and his gift having been early acknowledged by his Monthly Meeting, he travelled in the service of truth within the limits of other Yearly Meetings. In the year 1857 he attended Ohio Yearly Meeting, and most of the meetings composing it; and on his return expressed the satisfaction and peace of



mind he felt in the accomplishment of this service. In 1864 he was taken ill, and during his prostration he felt the overshadowing of Divine Love, his mental vision being illuminated, and he was made sensible that he would be accepted if he continued faithful to the end; he often referred to this season as a foretaste of joys to come. He was much inclined to reading and meditation, and as age advanced, spent much of his time in retirement, having become, as he expressed it, weaned from the world. Not having kept any memoranda of his religious experience, the following extract from a letter written to one of his daughters, then at a distance from home, will give evidence of the state of his mind: "As thou art absent from thy friends with whom thou didst love to mingle, and from our meetings where strength is to be obtained, hold on thy way in the path of virtue; for in every place we shall be preserved if we keep inward and watchful, for the Scripture saith, 'Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world'; and again 'Hold fast to those things which thou hast learned,' and 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them, I sometimes feel lonely, but have many kind friends, and the love I feel for them tends to make life happy; and above all, as my time in the world is fast coming to a close, I have an unshaken confidence that when it comes, I shall pass to a purer state of happiness, to meet with many who are gone before to their everlasting rest."

He was an attentive peruser of the Holy Scriptures, to the truth of which he could bear testimony by living experience. In the First Month, 1873, he was attacked with a disease which slowly but surely terminated his life; but leaning on that Arm which had hitherto sustained him, he was enabled to bear his intense sufferings with patience and resignation, which seemed to so awaken the sympathies of his friends, that he said he "believed they were all love." On being told that some of his friends were coming to hold a meeting in his room, he replied that it "rejoiced his heart." When no longer able to read, he requested to have the Scriptures read to him, until frail nature gave way. Almost the last words that were audible were, "We know not in what watch of the night the Son of Man cometh." About 6 o'clock on the following morning, being the 26th of the Seventh Month, 1873, his purified spirit took its flight, to receive the blessings promised unto those who are found watching.

On the afternoon of the following day his remains were interred in Friends' Burial Ground at West Branch, followed by a very large concourse of Friends and others, and a

solemn meeting was held on the occasion, in which testimonies were borne to the purity of his life and peaceful close.

Read in and approved by West Branch Monthly Meeting, held the 19th day of the Eighth Month, 1875, and signed by direction of the same, by

NATHAN MOORE,  
ANN MOORE,

Clerks.

#### THE READING OF THE BIBLE.

The attentive and repeated reading of the Bible, in small portions every day, leads the mind to habitual meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of conduct for our conduct towards others in our social relations. In the Commandments delivered from Sinai, in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets, in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manner embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job—an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth; and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and goodwill towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God and an ever blessed existence hereafter.

I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you, *Search the Scriptures!* If ever you tire of them in seeking for a rule of faith, and a standard of moral search them as records of *history*. General and compendious history is one of the foundations of human knowledge to which you should all resort with steady and persevering pursuit. The Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world, and in storing your minds with the facts of this history, you will immediately perceive the need of assistance from geography and chronology. These assistances you may find in many of the Bibles published with commentaries, and you can have no difficulty in procuring them. Acquaint yourselves with the chronology and geography of the Bible, that will lead you to a *general knowledge* of chronology and of geography, ancient and modern, and these will open to you an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge respecting the globe which you inhabit, and respecting



the race of men (its inhabitants) to which you yourselves belong. You may pursue these inquiries just so far as your time and inclination will permit. Give one hour of mental application (for you must not read without thinking, or you will read to little purpose), give an hour of joint reading and thought to the chronology, and one to the geography, of the Bible, and if it introduces you to too hard a study, stop there. Even for these two hours you will ever after read the Bible, and any other history, with more fruit, more intelligence, more satisfaction. But, if those two hours excite your curiosity, and tempt you to devote part of an hour every day, for a year or years, to study thoroughly the chronology and geography of the Bible, it will not only lead you far deeper than you will otherwise ever penetrate into the knowledge of the book, but it will spread floods of light upon every step you shall ever afterwards take in acquiring the knowledge of profane history, and upon the local habitation of every tribe of man, and upon the name of every nation into which the children of Adam have been divided.

There are many other subsidiary studies to which you may devote more or less of time, for the express purpose of making your Bible-reading more intelligible to yourselves. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent mind can read without improvement.—*J. Q. Adams.*

From the Medical and Surgical Reporter.

#### VEGETARIANISM A CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

*A paper read by C. O. Groome Napier at the British Association for the Advancement of Science, before the Department of Anatomy and Physiology.*

He said that more than twenty years ago he read, in Liebig's "Animal Chemistry," how the use of cod-liver oil had a tendency to promote the disinclination for the use of wine, and how most people found that they could take wine with animal food but not with farinaceous or amylaceous food. He was at that time a vegetarian, and he felt in his own person the truth of this statement of Liebig, as did also some members of his family who, after becoming vegetarians, had no inclination for alcoholic liquors, although brought up to their moderate use. He was induced thus to inquire whether vegetarianism might not be a valuable cure for intemperance. Having applied it successfully to twenty-four cases, he would briefly give the results. One person, aged 61, of a Scotch aristocratic family, had contracted habits of intemperance in India. His habit was to eat scarcely any meat, fat or vegetables. His breakfast was mostly salt fish and a little bread; his din-

ner consisted of joint, and very little else, and he consumed during the day from a pint to a quart of whisky, and was not sober more than half his time. He was induced to return to oatmeal porridge breakfast, and adopt a diet for dinner of which boiled haricot beans or peas formed an important part. About this time his wife became so alarmed as to the consequences of the cattle plague, that all the family were put upon a vegetarian diet. The husband grumbled very much at first, but his taste for whisky entirely disappeared, and in nine months from the time he first commenced eating largely of beans, and two months from the time he became an entire vegetarian, he relinquished alcoholic liquor entirely, and had not returned to either flesh or alcohol. The author also instanced the case of an analytical chemist, aged 32, who was given to intemperance, but who, on having his attention drawn to Liebig's statement, was induced to adopt a vegetarian diet, and, following up this, before six weeks he was a total abstainer.

As other instances, he mentioned a lady of independent means, a clergyman, a country gentleman, a girl of 19, a man and his wife and sister (all over forty years of age), a bed-ridden gentleman (cured in 36 days), a captain in the merchant service, a half-pay officer, a clergyman and his wife, both of intemperate habits, who were cured by a diet mainly farinaceous. A gentleman of 60 had been addicted for thirty-five years to intemperate habits, and his constitution was shattered. After an attack of delirium tremens, he was induced to adopt a farinaceous diet, which cured him in seven months. He was very thin, but his weight increased 28 pounds. Two sisters, members of a family noted for intemperate habits, adopted vegetarianism; and were cured in about a year. A clerk, who had lost several situations through intemperance, was cured by vegetarianism, and was taken back by an employer at a higher salary than he had ever received. A governess, aged 40, lost her situation through intemperance, and was cured by adopting a farinaceous diet in nine weeks. Two military pensioners were cured in six months. Three old sailors were cured in like manner in the same period. The author then mentioned various articles of diet, which he regarded as specially antagonistic to alcohol. These were: macaroni, haricot beans, green dried peas and lentils, soaked for 24 hours, well boiled with onions and celery, rice and highly glutinous bread. The author stated that he had himself found his health benefitted by a vegetarian diet, and all whom he had induced to adopt it had received similar benefit.

After pointing out the increased economy



of this diet, he recommended those who had a distaste for it to try sea-side or mountain air. He then alluded to the increase of national wealth which would arise from the employment of land now growing barley for other purposes, and added that nations living on a farinaceous diet are less given to drunkenness than meat-eating populations.

#### WHAT IS FAITH?

There are a few great words which constantly recur in the New Testament. They stand for ideas which were fundamental in the religion of Jesus. Such are "love," "faith," "repentance," "the kingdom of God," "the Spirit," "the fruits of the Spirit," and so on. The Church has kept all of these words in current use, but some of them have lost the fullness of meaning which they once had. Take, for instance, the trinity that Paul so exalts—faith, hope and love. "Love" shines out clear and full to our thoughts. "Hope" is taking a higher place in religion than it has had before. But "faith"—what is *faith*? In our time, the word does not strike home to the consciousness of men. Say *love*, and faces brighten; say *faith*, and a shade of uncertainty comes over them. This is partly because the word itself has been put to false uses, partly because the thing for which the word rightly stands is not so common as it ought to be and sometimes has been.

Faith is the sense of unseen things. Especially it is the sense of God. It is the quick and sympathetic consciousness of a Divine Presence.

A man may live taking note only of the physical world that makes itself known through the senses. He may live simply by what he sees, and handles and tastes. That is the very lowest stage of existence. Next is the stage in which man enters into relations with his fellows, and lives by social intercourse and human sympathy. Then there is the realm of thought—of reasoning and imagination, and abstract ideas. And many gifted and largely cultured men get no higher than this.

But there is something higher. There is a being greater than man, who inspires and guides the universe, and enfolds the human spirit. Some perception of this higher Power forces itself on every thoughtful man. As Tyndall has said, Who can watch the springing grass, the opening flowers, the renewing life of the year, and not believe there is some one who knows more about all this than we do? Reason, and something deeper than reason, point man upward to an intelligence which infinitely transcends his own. And as the moral sense develops it

comes to the recognition of a goodness above all human goodness—a moral perfection which is not merely dreamed of but actually *is*,—a love which shines through all human affections and is purer, holier, mightier, than they. Just as man rises from brutish isolation to social relations with his fellows, so he may rise still higher into relations with the unseen and perfect One.

Faith is that state in which man's recognition of this brooding and enfolding Divinity is vivid, sure and constant. When we talk about the abstract proofs and evidences of a God, we are like men who talk about the Alps having never seen them. What, to such talk and thoughts, are the sensations of him who stands looking upon the glory of the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa—that, compared to philosophical speculations about God, is the sight and sense of God which faith in its highest moments affords.

There are men, and have been men in every age, to whom the Infinite Goodness and Truth and Love were the surest of all facts. They lived *as seeing Him who is invisible*. And they who have attained to that have attained to such peace within themselves and such power over things without, as nothing but faith ever gave. They have "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight. More than that, they have won debased souls back into purity; they have raised men out of moral death into life; they have been God's instruments for reformatory which have swept over the world and regenerated it.

This is the rare and heroic aspect of faith. But faith is not an exceptional thing; it *by faith we are saved*, all who are saved. And how does faith save us? Not by being a substitute for right conduct, but by being the supreme help to right conduct.

When a boy leaves his home and goes among the coarse temptations of the city suppose that by some means he never lost the sense of his mother, and always felt as she were by his side. Would not that sense of companionship be a surer safeguard against impurity than all his good resolutions and efforts without it?

A man comes home at night from the care of business to the society of his wife and children; his tired and chafed spirit bathes itself in the sense of their gentleness and spotlessness, his wife's clear truth, his children's innocence of evil. If the vivid remembrance of these things could abide with him when he goes back amid the hot competitions and basenesses of the world, would not do much to keep him upright and generous and manly?



These are true but imperfect illustrations of the way in which faith in God saves men. How can he harbor base thoughts who feels above and around him the all pure one? How can he yield himself to malice and revenge who feels a divine goodness brooding over his heart? How can he stand unmoved and idle amid his suffering fellow-men who is conscious of an infinite love, yearning and striving to bless all? This living faith—this faith which works by love—strikes down the foes that beset man the worst. It strikes down despair, for he feels the power of the Almighty working for him. It drives out the baleful fires of low impulse, by kindling an intenser flame of noble aspiration. It sets love to help virtue in her hard struggle. It reveals man to himself as no longer helpless, borne down, the sport of resistless fate, but the child of a Heavenly Father, the heir of immortality, called to rise into the likeness of God, and with all the power of God pledged for his help. To know this and feel it, to carry in daily life this sense of a Divine Friend, is to have victory over all the ills of life.

Faith is the consciousness of God. The man who is without faith is not therefore without God. No man can put asunder what God hath joined together—his own life and the Divine Life that supports it. A blind man does not lose the sun. It warms him, it gives the food to grow that feeds him, it illuminates the whole physical life of the globe without which he could not exist. But, what a loss is the blind man's! What freedom and power, what daily gladness, what capture of beauty does he miss! And so the man whose consciousness of God is undeveloped still stands encompassed by the divine providence and beneficence; but, missing the recognition and sense of it, he sees the highest joy and the true victory of life, and is at best but a stunted and imperfect creature.

The Gospel does not ask of men that they be at once by their own effort into this realm of faith. It meets them where they are living without a sense of God, and sinfully. Its first word to them is, *Repent*. Turn about, and do your best to forsake sin. That any best man can do. So striving, he may lay hold on the thought of a Divine Friend who sympathizes, and is patient, and helps him. That thought will grow into certainty, into strong and habitual consciousness, as he holds it and lifts himself by it. The just shall be by faith—the man that honestly does his best shall find God working with him. And his path shall grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day.—*Christian Union*.

## SCIENCE FOR WOMEN.

BY GRACEANNA LEWIS.

The following extracts are taken from a paper read at the recent Woman's Congress, held in Syracuse, N. Y.

"Viewed in the light of guardians of the rising generation, women, conjointly with men, hold their minds as a sacred trust for the benefit of posterity. Women, whatever be their condition in life: either weaken or strengthen the mother. They diminish or increase their influence in proportion as they are potencies in the world of thought. In this view of the subject we must look with growing interest on the opening of every avenue to studious women.

"The opportunity for scientific culture offered to young women who enter college or university, is already admirable. Scientific courses are now common in our best institutions of learning, and their influence on the general mind, must, in time, be incalculable.

"Colleges exclusively for women—the natural reaction against colleges exclusively for men—serve a purpose, and must exist for a time; since the justice of the age demands their continuance until a due balance of culture shall be provided. Not containing in themselves the elements of permanency, they must in time be superceded by something better, but, while they continue, they are as useful as colleges for men. As instruments of scientific progress they are of high value, and should be duly estimated. Who can measure the good accomplished by one astronomer at Vassar? How many minds has she raised above the frivolities of fashionable life, to fasten them on the truths of her noble science; and how much of love of science depends on love of Maria Mitchell?

"In the new colleges for women at Wellesley and Northampton, we greet the sisters of Vassar. Womanhood will wait with expectant joy, and will triumph in the complete success of both these institutions; and science will rejoice in her handmaidens there as well as elsewhere.

"Swarthmore, Antioch, Oberlin, Santa Barbara and other colleges favoring the co-education of the sexes, being founded in accordance with one of the deepest harmonies in nature, give greater promise of continued usefulness, and must interest more deeply the philosophic mind. Of such colleges the number is now nearly, if not already, beyond one hundred.

"Boston, Syracuse, Cornell, Howard, Ann Arbor, Northwestern and other universities, with doors wide open alike to Man or Woman, and ready at the same moment to admit the broad light of truth. Here pure science should find a sacred home.

"Through all these institutions and agencies, the leading principles of science must be deeply implanted in the general mind, and special studies of great value ought to be the result in future.

"If for nothing else, we should ask for women everywhere the highest scientific culture attainable, for the sake of the happiness it would afford her. The gladness of the child—that of simple innocence—should grow into the large joy of the mature mind. The enjoyments of women should not be infantile; they should grow with her growth, strengthen with her strength, and broaden with her whole being. All of nature, all of art, all of science, all of poetry, and all of religion, were not too much to enable her worthily to appreciate the blessings of one perfect autumn day. The deep blue of the sky; the invigorating atmosphere; the mellow sunlight after



summer's torrid blaze; the softening haze on distant hills; the golden sunsets and purple mists, the affluence of vegetable life, ripening for the needs of its happier animal forms; the many sounds from stir of leaf to insect hum and song of bird, blending with sweeter-voiced childhood; and, crowning all, the interests of youth, maturity and age; who shall comprehend and value these as the Divine Nature comprehends and values them?

"There is, indeed, a sense by which the most untutored feel their power; but the deep, rich thankfulness which arises in the instructed soul in view of the harmonies of nature, is a perennial spring, refreshing and invigorating the whole being and making it bloom as the Garden of the Lord.

"It is the right of Humanity, without distinction of sex, to comprehend the gladness of God; it is the right of Humanity, without distinction of sex, to receive the culture which will give this comprehension.

"When Woman shall come clearly to understand (what no man yet does) the vastness of the preparations made for her advent; the marvelous forces brought into play, the mighty movements; the adjustment of our system to its predetermined portion in the order of the universe; the slow maturing of Life on earth, through all grades of being, that she might have existence; she will take her rightful place as joint sovereign of the earth, with the dignity becoming her position, and the thoughtfulness belonging to her responsibility. She will neither claim superiority nor admit inferiority; neither strive for ascendancy, nor endure subjection; but in unison with man, she will move forward in the ever-ascending road of progress, fulfilling her womanly destiny; inseparable from the destiny of man—the destiny of the human race.

"In the new era of philosophic truth, while Man explores in every direction, Woman will not fail to do her part; while at the same time she may be a centralizing and elevating element, preserving the integrity of the whole. The presence of Woman in Science is as needful as that of Man; the harmonious development of human thought depends upon it.

"The daughter of Mary Somerville, in speaking of her mother, informs us that 'Every thing in Nature spoke to her of that great God who created all things, the grand and sublimely beautiful as well as the exquisite loveliness of minute objects. Above all, in the laws which Science unveils, step by step, she found ever renewed motives for the love and adoration of their Author and Sustainer'.

"To many, the study of Science is the under-structure of that temple of faith wherein their souls can worship. The perception of Law enables them to touch the 'garmenthem' of the adorable Law-Giver. To such it is of infinite importance to supply the hunger and thirst of their spiritual natures with fitting nourishment. Their love of Science is a yearning for the Infinite; and one fact to them sometimes outweighs all the wealth of earth. A simple experiment, conducted by earnest seekers after truth, may hold their souls in awe, as listening to the Anthem of Creation.

"When William Crookes showed, in the presence of Stokes and Huxley, Huggins and Carpenter, Lockyer, De la Rue, Seimens and Galton, that, when freed from the friction of the atmosphere, discs, under the play of light, would move in a horizontal plane, or, accurately, perhaps, in an ascending spiral, around a perpendicular axis, he illustrated every example of Phyllotaxis under the sun. He connected the snow-flake with the milky way; he

reached out to bind under terrestrial law the most distant nebulae of the universe. Nay, more, since plants develop in circles of branches around a central stem, under the law of Phyllotaxis; since under the same law, the various branches of animal life are related to each other in vast circles rising around a central axis, of which man is the summit, the discoverer widened the domain of life to the farthest verge of dimly guessed systems, lost in the obscurity of outermost space.

"When Sir John Herschel wrote to Mrs. Somerville, after her elegant experiment upon the effect of the solar spectrum on the juices of plants, that there was a world of wonders awaiting disclosure in the solar spectrum; and that influences widely different from either light, heat, or color were transmitted to us from our central luminary, he probably had some appreciation of this important truth. It must have been clearly in the mind of Dr. Falconer when he wrote 'The law of Phyllotaxis which governs the evolution of leaves around the axis of a plant is nearly as constant in its manifestation as any of the physical laws connected with the material world. Every one, indeed, who has truly conceived of the harmonies resulting from the antagonism of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, must have appreciated to a certain extent, the essential elements of this discovery. So clearly was it indicated by ages of preceding thought, that a classification of the animal kingdom based on this principle, was completely worked out before the announcement of this magnificent discovery.

"This systematic arrangement is the complement of Brookes' Radiometer; it is the reply which Biology is making to Physics.

"Oken dreamed of the Law of Phyllotaxis, when at the beginning of the present century he wrote of magnetism and electricity as 'forever at right angles,' for horizontal lines continuously revolving in a succession of parallel planes, would give circles, or rather the thread of a continuous spiral. Scientists express the same fact in nature by stating the magnetism acts from end to end whilst electricity pushes from side to side.

"Every ray of light composes a circle of the primary colors centred by pure white; every ray of the crystallizing forces may produce a crystal; every ray of chemic force combines atoms, molecules and particles, and every ray of the vitalizing forces may bring into being animate forms, provide these various forces meet with the proper combinations on which to act. Frost crystals will not form without moisture, and life forms cannot appear without the proper combinations which shall sustain it. In a certain sense the colors of the solar spectrum, a molecule of matter, or the minutest crystals are as marvelous as would be spontaneous generation.

"The grandeur of this great discovery of Crookes is more truly appreciable when we consider that it had existence in human thought; that it was sought for and found; that it is the answer of Nature to the deductions of science. Wherever is perceived the sway of forces inherent in the solar beam, or existent in our stellar systems, there may Life arise also. Crookes gives to us positive justification for the faith which the study of nature has engendered, that Light and Life and Love, are only varying manifestations of One Power, each dependent on the other, and altogether forming the Blessed Trinity of the Divine Unity of Creation."

TRUTH like roses often blossoms upon a thorny stem.



**MOUNTAINS.**—Mountains are to the rest of the earth, what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion and strength; the plains and lower hills are the repose, and the effortless support of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines on their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action—that of the lowlands, repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive place, sleeping like the firmament; with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their right foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, "I live for ever!"—*Ruskin.*

*To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer :*

In your paper of this week, I observe that the review of "The Investigating Commission's Report," on the Marsh charges against the India Bureau is concluded with a summary of their recommendations.

One of the changes they propose is, "that the office of Superintendent of Indian Agencies be abolished, and the duties connected therewith be transferred to inspectors." It is probably known to many of the readers of the *Intelligencer*, that some years ago all the superintendencies, except two, were abolished and five inspectors appointed to perform the duty of visiting the agencies and inspecting their condition. The two superintendencies retained are the Northern, now administered by Barclay White, who has been recently renominated by our committee's request; and the Central, administered by Enoch Hoag, who represents the other branch of the Society of Friends. There was an attempt made, two years ago, by a committee of Congress to abolish the office of Superintendent in the Northern Superintendency, by omitting the usual appropriation for sustaining it. This change was earnestly protested against by the Central Executive Committee of our six Yearly Meetings, and after many conferences with committees of Congress, and an interview with the President, the appropriation was restored and the office continued.

The ground taken by the committee was, that a superintendent, through whom the agents should render their accounts and receive instructions, was essential to the successful working of the Indian service. The superintendent is intimately acquainted with the affairs of each agency, he visits them frequent-

ly and receives from the agents monthly reports, which he transmits to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. An inspector travels through a wide circuit visiting agencies, with power to examine accounts, hear complaints and make observations, but he cannot in his brief sojourn at each agency become intimately acquainted with its affairs. The Executive Committee stated to a committee of Congress, that when Friends were invited by the President to take charge of the Indians in the Northern Superintendency, they were promised the nomination of the superintendent and we still claimed that privilege. At the time this subject was discussed, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs assured our committee that he would be sorry to lose the valuable services of Superintendent Barclay White.

The report of the Central Executive Committee, to the convention of delegates from the six Yearly Meetings which met in Baltimore in the Tenth month last, contains near its close, the following passage:

"The term for which Barclay White was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs, being now near its close, we deem it right to express our cordial approval of his efficient and judicious administration, and we earnestly desire that he may be re-appointed to the service."

This sentiment was fully united with by the Convention. S. M. JANNEY.

*Lincoln, Va., Twelfth mo. 18th, 1875.*

**GRASS**—Ruskin, in his last volume of *Modern Painters*, remarks upon the grasses as follows:—"Observe the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility* and *cheerfulness*. Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service—appointed to be trod on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth—glowing with variegated flame of flowers—waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing there, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colorless and leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the braver and gayer for the hoar-frost."

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

White Water Quarterly Meeting was held at Richmond, Ind., on Seventh-day, the 4th of Twelfth month, with nearly the usual at-



tendance. The Meeting gathered promptly and was soon dipped into a profound silence, broken only as the Father's advocates were moved to testify of His mercies and goodness to His creature, man.

Heaven signifying a state of rest, was lively dwelt upon, and we were shown that the many are traveling on in the broad way, their only heaven sought in the gratification of the world's lusts, while they that truly seek the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof are comparatively few.

A feeling of brotherly love and condescension appeared to pervade the minds of Friends during the transaction of the business. W.

The Third day evening Circular Meetings, held in Philadelphia, continue to be well attended, and are mostly satisfactory occasions. There is need of caution that the impressive silence in which we profess to gather, may not be too soon broken. R.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 25, 1875.

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As a large number of our subscribers have not paid for the present volume, we wish them to understand that unless remittances are sent us before the close of the volume, Second mo. 19th, we shall be obliged to erase their names from our list.

"DIARY AND LETTERS OF PHEBE M. IRISH."—We find on our table a small book of 200 pages bearing this title, compiled by her husband from her diary and correspondence.

From the brief examination we have given its pages, we think it will be read with interest, though the style is more familiar than is usually found in print.

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.—The word "excitement," which, in its simplest definition, means that which moves, stirs or induces action, is, especially when applied to the subject of religion, most frequently used to express a state of mind in which the emotions and passions are unduly active. That even in this state men are often turned from a life of evil to take the first steps in a life of goodness, no one with common observation can doubt. If we

are imbued with that charity which "hopeth all things" and "believeth all things," we can rejoice that men are awakened to consider the relation they bear to the Supreme Being, although in the means used, "they follow not us." There is an apostolic injunction, which recognizes the variety of means by which men may be aroused to religious sensibility. "Of some have compassion, making a difference; and others, save with fear, *pulling* them out of the fire." Jude xxii, v.

Yet, while thus regarding kindly and hopefully the efforts made by sincere and earnest people to better their fellow beings, we should cling not the less, but rather the more firmly to what we have found to be the "more excellent way." If we have learned to give heed to that "voice" which speaks in the soul, and have found that in the silence of the passions it is most distinctly heard, let us not forget that we need, notwithstanding often to be "aroused" and "stirred up." The unavoidably engrossing concerns of this life have a tendency to absorb us, and to disturb that balance of the mind upon which true serenity depends. Hence we need the retirement, the books, the ministry, which *stir up* the pure mind by way of remembrance.

We presume that if the most zealous "revivalist" was asked whether, when he had succeeded in inducing a fellow-being to listen to and obey the voice of God in his soul, which convicts him for evil and leads him to good, he would consider his work accomplished, he would unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. If so, he is like John the Baptist calling the people to repentance, and would prove himself a true forerunner by saying, as he did, "There standeth one among you whom ye know not; he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit."

Are any of us among the number who know not this Divine Spirit which is so near to us? Then, indeed, we need to be aroused if not from a state of actual sin, from a state of apathy, forgetfulness or worldliness. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ (the inspeaking Word) shall give thee life."

## MARRIED.

HALL—NORRIS.—Eleventh month 17th, 1875, under the care of Concord Monthly Meeting, Samuel H. Hall to Sarah J., daughter of the late Lloyd and Sarah E. Norris.

JUDD—HUNN.—On the 5th inst, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's father; Edward P. Judd, son of Henry G. Judd, to Elizabeth A. Hunn, daughter of John Hunn, all of Beaufort, South Carolina.

## DIED.

MATTHEWS.—On the 11th of Tenth month, 1875, after a protracted illness, Mary Matthews, in the 78th year of her age; a member of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting.

WALKER.—At Waterford, Loudon county, Virginia, on the 2d of Twelfth mo. 1875, Jane, widow of the late Nathan Walker, in the 64th year of her age.

As a ministering angel, she was ever ready to visit the sick and afflicted, and very many of her friends have just cause to cherish her memory with grateful affection.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 79.

(Continued from page 684.)

## FROM MURREN TO BERNE.

The flora of Murren is almost the same as that of the Engadine, the most notable plants observed, new to me, being the brown gentian, which I gathered on the heights of Almendhubel. It has a stout rootstock, and rises about 12 inches from the ground, bearing a tuft of five or six large flowers, of a dusky red or purplish-brown color. It is far inferior to its blue brethren in beauty, but has a pleasant fragrance, which I do not remember ever before to have found in the gentian family. The arnica, the monkshood, the edums, the Alp rose, the veritable wild rose, spiritualized by its lofty habitat, and quite different from the *Rosa pomifera* (the apple-rearer) of the Engadine, fragrant pinks, golden anemones, the caltha, all the rich little gentians, with "their flowers of loveliest blue," and the viola tricolor, of unusual size and beauty, as well as many other familiar and beautiful floral forms, are to be found upon these hillsides and meadows.

Not much animal life is to be seen in this silent land, but we are interested in observing the large black birds which float about, soaring and sinking at will in the deep abyss on the brink of which we stand. There are many of them, almost darkening the air at times, and we are told that they have their homes high up on the tallest firs of the mountain. This bird is called the Alpine crow. A large flock of grey dove-like birds are also floating up the near heights of Almendhubel, and these are called "Bernese" or "Steinhuhn."

Our host has been a mighty hunter in his time, and, seeing we are interested in the creatures that are dwelling, or that have dwelt, in this vicinity, invites us to an upper room in his house, where he has a most interesting collection of the birds and other animals which he has obtained at different times. A fine stork surprises us near the entrance, and this bird, says Gurtner, came up to Lauterbrunnen last summer, when he was shot by one of the peasants, and very narrowly escaped being eaten. By his side is a fine grey heron, from the Lake of Thun, and a lively-looking magpie, which I should not have expected to find in a collection of Alpine birds. There are many specimens of the steinhuhn, which give an opportunity to note the difference between the plumage of the male and the female bird. According to the well-known law of the Bird realm, the male wears the gayest clothing, even donning a fine suit of white for winter use. This change of coat, from summer grey to winter white, is also shown in the Alpine hare, which crouches on the floor. The pretty little animal, something between a mouse and a squirrel, called the Seven Sleeper, keeps company with several beautiful snowy ermines, and with many squirrels—brown, black and fawn color. Seven varieties of owls and many hawks are here, but the glory of the collection is two noble eagles, one measuring seven and a half feet from tip to tip. There are marmots, and here is an otter in the very act of swallowing a fish, and a poor frightened little fox looks pleadingly up to the royal eagle who has just seized him. There were many more birds and little quadrupeds which M. Gurtner assured us were taken in this vicinity, and a fine chamois stood contemplative among them all. We protested against this valuable and instructive collection being hidden in an obscure attic, but our host assured us that next year they would be appropriately placed in one of the lower rooms, and bear their part in the entertainment of his guests. So great is the scarcity of animal life upon the Alpine hills now, that it is almost difficult to believe that these were the veritable captives of the enterprising proprietor of the Hotel des Alpes.

A week slips by most pleasantly at Murren, and on Eighth month 3d, we resolve to descend to the valley and resume our journeyings, though I do dread leaving the coolness, calmness and splendor of the lofty mountain plateau for the busy, travelled ways of men again. Looking down to the right from our high estate, we can see the little village of Stechelberg in the valley, and we are informed that it marks the end of the carriage-road, and that a conveyance from Lauterbrunnen



will meet us, if we descend to this point. Making this arrangement, we engage a porter, who is also a guide, and, armed with stout alpenstocks, away we go down the steep, rocky pathway, realizing at every step how much easier it is to get down than to get up in the world. Ever and anon an avalanche thunders down from the mysterious Roththal glacier, which lies on the right of the Jungfrau, but we know them harmless, and have ceased to be awed by them. The warmth of the midday sun gently releases pendant masses of ice from the body of the glacier, and the loosened fragments obey the impulse of gravity, plunging down helplessly to the depths. At every roar we are assured whole tons of solid ice are broken off the parent ice-fields, and, in falling many hundred feet, are shattered to atoms and ground to powder. Upon the steep, narrow way we meet a man and a woman, both pretty far advanced in life, and both equipped with great conical baskets, strapped on the back, which are filled and piled up with wood for fuel. We step up on the bank, to make the way clear. This concession is acknowledged with smiling thanks, and the burden-bearers find a little rest for their baskets, and pause to breathe and to chat. They live in Murren, they tell us, and have been down the mountain for wood, all of which they have to carry up the steep, stony way on their backs. Really, I am not quite sure I should think it possible to carry myself up, and here is this old woman bearing at least 100 pounds quite uncomplainingly. With what careful economy must wood so obtained be used! Timbers for building their houses, iron pipes to conduct the waters from the mountains into the hotels, all articles of furniture, stoves and various utensils, and almost all the bread used in that skyward land must be brought in this fashion. The flocks and herds, the pasturage and the scant produce of the tiny gardens, are all that the plateau of Murren can yield for the use of man. The fir-trees that yet deck the mountain sides and fringe the pasture lands are far too valuable now to be felled for building or for fuel; for the people fear that if these are destroyed others would not grow, and the little mountain world would become only a grassy desolation. As we continue our descent, with frequent rests, we come in view of waterfalls, which have a mad way of leaping downward into the depths, always thrilling and suggestive of wild, destructive impulse.

It is a little after five when we reach the valley, and find at the town of Stechelberg a carriage, which waits to take us toward Interlaken. It is a pleasant ride down the fair Lauterbrunnen valley once more, and Inter-

laken is reached before dark. The Hotel Victoria receives us again, and we are only safely in shelter when down comes the rain with the night. The week of fair weather is over, and we are happy to find the visit to Murren has been timed so fortunately. Two days of storm at Interlaken are not so dismally lost as two days on the heights of Murren would have been; for there are letters awaiting us, to be read and answered; there is the *Friends' Intelligencer* to be examined, with its record of the doings and strivings of friends afar, and there is a goodly array of the journals of many nations in the well-stocked reading-room.

On the 5th, the rain ceases for an hour or two, and we arrange to proceed on our journey to Berne, the federal city of Switzerland but hardly have we started when down it comes again with all its persistent, dull monotony; making what otherwise would have been a charming trip on the Lake of Thun and a pretty railway ride from Thun to Berne a sad rainy ordeal, better forgotten. We could see that the route along the valley of the Aar is pleasant, and could also discern through the rain that the grand mountains were not far away; but an hour's ride in Switzerland ought to be something more than a mere change of position. The federal capital is soon reached, and, even on this dull evening, it is impossible not to admire the situation of the city, on a lofty promontory enfolded by a sudden bend of the Aar. A fair and fertile district lies all around, and the solemn, snow-capped mountains keep watch and ward along the horizon; while the city itself, built substantially of a fine sand stone, presents rather an imposing appearance. It has a population of about 40,000 and was founded, in 1191, by Duke Berthold V, of Zähringen, and was named Berne by him to commemorate the fact that he slew a bear on this spot.

One specialty of this city, which immediately strikes the visitor, is, that in the old part the houses rest on arcades, which form covered walks, and are lined with various kinds of shops and stalls. These arched passages are rather low and gloomy, but very convenient on a rainy day, and we did not fail to spend our first hours in Berne in the sheltered promenade. It was very neat and clean, though full of business, and is provided at frequent intervals with comfortable seats where one may sit and watch the progress of events. A fine stream of pure water flows down the middle of the street, in a stone channel, and numerous fountains pour forth the crystal element for the use of the people. Quaint devices surmount all the fountains and perhaps the most remarkable of these



the "Kindlifresser" (child-eater). He is the ogre of the German story-books—an ugly, but rather comical-looking giant, who has gathered up quite a quantity of little babies, enough to fill his hands and his pockets, besides those which hang uncomfortably suspended from his girdle. He has thrown back his mighty head, opened his cavernous mouth, and is proceeding to make a meal of one of the fattest of the babies—the poor little curly head just fitting in the giant's mouth. The stranger looks and laughs, and passes on his way, wondering, doubtless, that the fancy of the Bernese street decorators should have chosen so grotesque a device. Perhaps it reminds the thoughtful Switzer of to-day, of the cruel feudal age, when robber knights lorded it over the land, and used a giant's power with an ogre's greed, sparing not nor pitying the hapless sons and daughters of the land and they should have guarded. The children of Helvetia may laugh at the ogre now. Another fountain is the Bärenbrunnen, which supports a bear in armor, with a sword at his side, and grasping a banner; and yet another is adorned with a semblance of a Swiss crossbowman, attended by a young bear as squire.

Two antique watch towers stand in the principal street, and the clock-tower, which is one of the curiosities of Berne, and stands early in the centre of the city, once guarded the outer wall. We find a bench conveniently placed, and sit down to see the amazing array of ingenious but childish devices that mark the progress of the hours. It is nearly four o'clock, and just about five minutes before it is time for the clock to strike, a cock, to the right of the face and a little below, flaps his wings and crows as a wooden cock crow. A minute passes, and then a droll circle of bears, in warlike garb, parade round the seated figure of a bearded old man, who holds an hour-glass in one hand and a sceptre in the other. Then the warning cock crows a second time, and a mailed figure in a niche above on high, strikes the hour on a bell, while the old man turns his hour-glass, raising his sceptre and opening his mouth solemnly at each stroke of the bell. It is a strange thought, that for more than 600 years these grotesque puppets have stood like watchmen on the heights, while under the arched gateway below the long generations have passed on their way. No wonder the old man bows his head and raises his sceptre so gravely and so wisely, if long experience of the ways of men has any tendency towards gravity and wisdom.

Our first visit to the Münster, as the cathedral of Berne is called, was in the evening, and the light of about a dozen common candles can do very little towards revealing the

beauty or grandeur of the edifice. But placed on high is one of the famous organs of the world, and it is to hear what wonders of harmony this instrument can achieve, that we seat ourselves in the gloomy Münster. At the appointed hour the organist comes, and the great organ becomes vocal. And now, if I had any scientific knowledge of music, I should like to say something of what appeared to me a wonderful performance. I seemed to hear the sighing of the wind among the trees, the mutterings of the distant storm, the nearer crash of the thunderbolt, the rainfall, and the passing away of the tempest. Then arise tumultuous sounds of wild grief and entreaty, a pause, and then, from some realm afar, comes a glorious response, as if from a choir of angel voices, full of consoling love, full of reassurance. It is really hard to believe that there are not human voices replying to the organ wail, so perfect is the illusion; but the wondrous instrument does it all, and much more that can only be described by the connoisseur of musical performances. The edifice itself, which we visited subsequently, is a Gothic building of the fifteenth century, and in the windows and on the ceiling are the armorial bearings of the aristocratic burghers of Berne. Three tall windows of stained glass, in the choir, are accounted worthy of all attention, and I am able to appreciate that the coloring is soft and rich, and that there is a vast amount of pictured story for those who are wise enough to read it, but it is too laboriously complicated for me to decipher. The wood carvings which adorn the stalls are more within our reach, and repay investigation. On the left are represented the apostles, among whom is placed a modern or mediæval saint, who looks to me very like Martin Luther; while on the other hand are the prophetic writers of the ancient days. The absurd and grotesque finds its expression in the lower parts of the work, and the bear of Berne is many times repeated, giving every attitude of this genial looking savage, so dear to the hearts of the people.

The great west portal is a notable work of art, being crowned with an elaborate sculpture representing the oft-repeated conception of the Last Judgment, while at the sides we have the prophets and apostles, with the wise and foolish virgins—five on the left hand, among the condemned souls, and five on the right, joyous and triumphant, with lamps trimmed and burning.

In front of the cathedral is the bronze statue of Rudolph von Erlach, who led the Bernese to victory over their foes in 1339. Four bronze bears keep jovial guard around the warrior. Turning to the left, and passing through an open gate, we emerge on to a



beautifully shaded terrace, supported by a solid wall of masonry, 108 feet above the Aar. Here are abundance of comfortable seats and convenient little tables, to tempt the loiterer to linger awhile, and see what glorious things the sunset hour can do for yonder ghostly line of snowy mountain peaks—the Bernese Oberland. And so we wait in the pleasant shadowy place, and note the exceeding beauty of the valley and of the rolling hill country which surrounds the federal city of the Swiss; admire the neat and careful culture bestowed upon this charming land; and, more than all, take respectful note of the love of order and obedience to law manifested in every act of the multitude who have gathered on the terrace this evening. There are cafés at each corner, and neat-handed Bernese maidens dispense ices and other refreshments, if they are desired, and little children are amusing themselves, without rudeness or any intrusive noise, around us. At length the daybeams are gone from the valleys, and have even faded from the hill tops, when suddenly the mountains burst forth in a glory of golden radiance from base to peak, as if bright internal fires were compensating for the withdrawal of external light. As we see the mountain wall, far in the distant horizon, seemingly glorified with a golden radiance all its own, I am again reminded of the material imagery by which the inspired apostle shadowed forth his conception of the spiritual Jerusalem, and, as the “Alpghuen” passes away in a transparent purple tint of indescribable loveliness, one is forced to remember that the last foundation of the mystic city of the Revelations was an amethyst. Surely, we doubt not that the rapt evangelist, whose experience was more rich and full than that of any other of the chosen apostles, realized that the kingdom and city of God was to be erected in the human heart, and that he knew by his own experience that it would be evermore illuminated by the Spirit Divine, needing no other light to lighten it. But he must have discerned in all visible created things, types and semblances of that which “eye has not seen, nor ear heard,” and the gracious fruition in store for those who accept the rule and reign of the Redeemer’s Spirit during their earthly lives. Wonderful are the suggestions and revelations of the eventide among the mountains! S. R.

*Eighth month 7, 1875.*

THE truest Christian politeness is cheerfulness. It is graceful, and sits well on old as well as young. It is the best of all company, and adorns the wearer of it more than rubies and diamonds set in gold. It costs nothing, and yet is valuable.

Reported for Friends' Intelligencer.

#### FIFTH LECTURE OF P. E. CHASE.

“Howard and Espy — Weather Predictions.”—Prof. Chase commenced by calling our attention to the whirling of water, when emptying itself through a funnel. This, he said, is owing to the motion of the earth. The circle made by this whirling becomes larger as the equator is approached, because of the more rapid motion of the earth near that point. Upon this principle rests the weather predictions. The two who have done the most toward placing meteorology upon a scientific basis are Luke Howard and James B. Espy, the former a member of the Society of Friends, was born in England in 1770 and died in 1864. He asks, “For what are these inquiries pursued—why watch the wind?” The result of his investigations are a reply to this. In 1816 he published his first observations, which were for the benefit of agriculture, and although the sun is the most instrumental in causing meteorological changes, he found by experiments extending over several years, that the moon also exerts an influence upon the weather. The time may come when we may be able to predict a week ahead. The form of the cloud was Howard’s principal study. He distributed them into three essentially different formations. 1. *Ceusus*, fleecy, like wool, consisting of filses, which diverge in all directions, and indicating wind. 2. *Cumulus*, piled up, increasing from a horizontal basis, producing thunder. 3. *Stratus*, layers vastly extended, connected and horizontal, indicating clear weather.

Besides these divisions, he classed them in different combinations of these three forms. The “nimbus” is formed of all, and as its name indicates, is a rain cloud. Prof. Chase also explained the process by which the mean temperature of the winter and the summer is found, and said that in all our investigation the intimate association of mind and matter must be kept in view.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth,” signifies where it inclines; that is, where the least resistance is offered, where the pressure is least. The barometer indicates the pressure of air; its construction was very clearly explained by Prof. Chase, also the method by which our present weather signals are taken.

James B. Espy was born in Pennsylvania in 1785, and died in Cincinnati in 1860. His views proposing the building of immense fire to produce rain, caused much discussion in the papers. In 1843, he was appointed to Washington to make observations. He sent a paper to the British Association on the four changes that occur in the barometer in the twenty-four hours. The fluctuations in the

instrument enables us to weigh the sun, and tell also how far it is off. Meteorology is almost exclusively an American science, and foreign meteorologists acknowledge our superiority. Our large country is favorable to observations; these are taken three times a day.

The time may not be far distant when meteorological observations can be taken simultaneously all over the world.

THEY are wrong who suppose that life must be a continual struggle to be pure, good and worthy. The earnest desire, which when opportunities occur, manifests itself in generous or useful service, is sufficient proof of the loyalty of the soul. Those who are so placed that endeavor and achievement in practical well-doing is cherished there, may rest assured that their impatience is the indication of their own worthiness. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Selected.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

An infant on its cradle bed,  
In softest slumbers lay,  
With anxious heart and bending head,  
The mother stoops to pray.  
And as she bows before the throne  
Of Him who reigns on high,  
Her voice is low, and sweet the tone,  
She knoweth "God is nigh."

A gentle boy has left for school,  
His heart and hands are free,  
And having learn'd the "golden rule,"  
No thought of sin hath he.  
The mother, 'mid her cares at home,  
Implores with tearful eyes,  
The Father's love, where'er he roam,  
She knoweth "God is nigh"

A care-worn man is on the earth,  
'Mid scenes of toil and strife,  
One that has lov'd him from his birth,  
And seen his inmost life,  
May only know his hidden lot,  
As years of grief pass by,  
Her faithful heart has not forgot,  
She knoweth "God is nigh."

Her eye now dim, her pulse now low,  
The mother sinks to rest,  
She goeth where the weary go,  
An angel welcom'd guest.  
And as she breathes her life away,  
And yields her latest sigh,  
Her soul is lifted up to pray,  
She knoweth "God is nigh."

An erring son hath wander'd far  
From off the narrow path,  
He cannot see the "morning star,"  
Or flee the "coming wrath."  
Again he seeks the guiding hand  
That kindly train'd his youth,  
Again he seeks to find the land  
Of Holiness and Truth.

Now low in heart, once more he hears  
The long-lost fervent prayer,  
And, soften'd with repentant tears,  
He strives the cross to bear:  
"Father, forgive transgressions past,  
Redeem me, or I die,  
I know with life Thy mercies last,  
I know that *Thou* art nigh."

The day is past, and night draws near,  
The earth will claim its own,  
The seed once sown in trembling fear,  
To fruit Divine hath grown.  
The aged Christian's joyous eye  
Perceives where angels dwell,  
He knoweth, then, that "God is nigh,"  
And doeth all things well.

Oh! mothers could you truly feel  
The end of all your care,  
How often would you strive to seal  
The love of God with prayer.  
Early and late the seed is sown,  
'Tis nourished from on high;  
Your loving life to God is known,  
He is forever nigh.

#### "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

The comprehensive and interesting lecture of P. E. Chase, reported in No. 43, has called to memory the following beautiful lines, which are taken from the first canto of Darwin's "Botanic Garden."

"Let there be Light!" proclaims the Almighty Lord,  
Astonish'd Chaos heard the potent word—  
Through all his realms the kindling ether runs,  
And the mass starts into a million suns;  
Earths round each sun with quick explosion burst,  
And second planets issue from the first,  
Bend as they journey with projectile force,  
In bright ellipses their reluctant course;  
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centers, centers roll,  
And form, self-balanced, one reluctant Whole.  
Onward they move amid their bright abode,  
Space without bound, the bosom of their God!

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

#### THE FLORA OF THE SEA.

Lecture recently delivered in Berkley, California, by Dr. Anderson, of Santa Cruz.

The flora of the sea, said Dr. Anderson, although comparatively unknown, is no less interesting than the flora of the land. And when we consider that nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with the sea, and in a large portion of that sea there grows a luxuriant vegetation, our subject assumes a degree of importance which scarcely begins as yet to be appreciated. When I speak of the flora of the sea I mean, of course, the vegetable forms of life that are formed there, and not in a special sense flowering plants. In the foundation of vital organisms we find the simple independent cell. Animal and vegetable are alike, and it is only by further development that we are able to distinguish the one from the other. Going back to protozoic times, in the earliest rocks bearing remains of



life, we find seaweeds apparently as the foundation upon which animal life began to exist. Such a relation as to time might naturally have been expected. The animal must directly or indirectly subsist on the vegetable.

That the sea was universal at the period when vegetable life began to exist, is indicated by the fact that seaweed-formed fossils in the oldest sedimentary rocks are all of the same species, in the same formation, all over the world. The same may be remarked of animal remains. Seaweeds belong to some of the lower order of plants. But why we should say higher or lower order is not very clear, except for convenience of designation. Some of these plants are quite complicated in structure, and the study of them is more difficult than of any of the higher orders.

Seaweeds, or algæ as they are called, have certain characteristics. They are cellular, flowerless plants, living in moist places, or entirely under water, and deriving their nourishment throughout their whole substance from the medium in which they vegetate. In a proper sense, they have no roots—the base by which they are attached, when attached at all, serves merely as a holdfast to prevent the plant being driven about by the movement of the water. They derive no nourishment from the substance to which they are attached, growing sometimes on iron or floating timber, or rocks, shells, and even on each other. They are found in chemical solutions such as sulphate of copper, and in mineral springs, both hot and cold. They are found on snow-covered peaks, in the snow of the polar regions and on the surface of the polar ice. The “Red Snow” is a species of algæ. Air and moisture are the only essentials to their development. Sunshine and heat are not necessary to many of them.

Seaweeds are produced in the simpler forms by cast-off cells; in the compound forms by a somewhat different cell, called a spore. The red snow plant, taken as an example, is a round cell containing a little globe of half fluid substance of a red color. This little globe bursts at maturity, sending out granules, each of which becomes coated with a thin sac, and finally develops into a cell like the parent cell, and is cast off to become an independent plant.

Oceans and seas are at times colored with microscopic algæ. The Red Sea is supposed to have been named from this fact. In short, the waters are filled with the different forms of algæ. Ships are often impeded in their course by some of the larger forms. There are places where many thousand square miles are covered with the surgassam. Algæ vary in size, from the smallest microscopic cell to those several hundred feet in length. After

storms they are torn from their fastenings and cast upon the shores in great heaps.

Now, what is the use of this great profusion of vegetation? Is it that it may decay and help to fill up the low places in the sea? There is a higher and more valuable purpose. These seaweeds, about which we know so little, and have so much to learn, are indispensable to the continuance of organic life in the sea. They furnish oxygen to the water by which action the water is kept pure, so that animals can live in it. All that profusion of animal life of the ocean must have a substructure of vegetable life in which to feed. Otherwise desolation would immediately follow.

It is a well-known fact, also, that seaweeds not only furnish oxygen to the water, but to a considerable extent they supply the air with oxygen. On the Channel Islands, consisting of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, and some others in the English Channel, cows are fed on seaweeds, and, mixed with other materials, they are said to be a valuable food. Turtles and the whole race of molusca, from the large abalone to the small shell fish, eat seaweeds. We might also infer from the elephant-like tusks of the walrus, that it is vegetarian to a certain extent. And so it is. It seems to live on seaweeds mainly, which it gathers to its mouth with its long tusks.

By facts, then, we are led to the conclusion that directly or indirectly all animal life in the waters, as upon the land, has its basis in the vegetable kingdom. A universal failure of the crops upon the land would not be more disastrous than a like failure of seaweeds in the water. In either case, famine and desolation would ensue.

With but few exceptions, all the submerged plants belong to the algæ. Botanists make three divisions of this tribe. First—Melanosporus, dark or olive spored. Second—Rhodosporm, red spored. Third—Chloroforms, green spored. These classes may generally be distinguished by the colors indicated. The olive colored are most abundant between tide marks. They seem to grow where they are most exposed to sun, air and the changes caused by the tides. The red algæ grows in the deeper and less exposed parts of the sea, generally below low tides in sheltered places. The green algæ is found in places more exposed to the sun. Nearly all the fresh water species are green.

Of the dark seaweeds there are six orders. Those include most of our coarse sea-plants, the *Saminarias*, the gulfweed; *Sargassum*, a group from which kelp was formerly manufactured.

The red seaweeds include some fifteen orders, among which are found the finest a



most beautiful of what are popularly called sea-moss. The green seaweeds contain about fifteen orders also. *Naulbas*, *Conferous*, and so on down to *Diatoms* belong here. Their numerous orders include a great many genera and a still greater number of species. At Santa Cruz, on Monterey Bay, I found quite a number of new species, and a great many not before observed on this coast.

The speaker referred at considerable length to the observations of Dr. W. H. Harvey, of Dublin University, who twenty-three years ago brought seaweeds out of confusion, and arranged them on a scientific basis.

In conclusion, he referred to the abundance of seaweeds on this coast suitable for the manufacture of iodine, which, owing to the increasing demand for iodine in medicine and the arts, must soon be utilized. There are also on the Pacific coast numerous varieties of seaweeds equally well adapted to all the uses of the Irish moss. The macrocystis, one of the giant plants of the Pacific Ocean found along our coast in great abundance, growing, it is said, to be 700 to 1,000 feet in length, must some day become an article of value on account of its size and the desirable materials which it contains as food elements.

The lecture was illustrated by beautiful specimens of seaweeds, collected both on the Atlantic and the Pacific.

#### BRITISH WILD FLOWERS IN RELATION TO INSECTS.\*

Sir John Lubbock, in his preface to this little book, says: "My observations and notes on this subject were originally prepared with the view of encouraging in my children a love of natural history from which I myself have derived so much happiness; but was suggested to me that a little book such as the present, might, perhaps, be of use to others also."

We are glad that Sir J. Lubbock has acted on the suggestion made to him, and published his notes on this most interesting subject. The book is confessedly fragmentary and introductory, but admirably calculated, we think, to excite a wish to pursue the study further in the more elaborate works of Darwin and others.

While, from time immemorial" (says Sir John Lubbock), "we have known that flowers are of great importance to insects, it is only comparatively of late that we have realized how important indeed, how necessary—insects are to flowers; it is not too much to say that if, on the one hand, flowers are in many cases necessary to the existence of insects—insects, on the other hand,

are still more indispensable to the very existence of flowers; that, if insects have been, in many cases, modified and adapted with a view to obtain honey and pollen from flowers—flowers, in their turn, owe their scent and color, their honey, and even their distinctive forms, to the action of insects. There has thus been an inter-action of insects upon flowers, and of flowers upon insects, resulting in the gradual modification of both."

It will be seen, from this passage, that Sir J. Lubbock fully adopts Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection.

In a short notice of the book like the present, we can hardly attempt even an outline of it.

Insects visit flowers mostly—though by no means entirely—for the honey they find in them. In some cases they go to feed upon the pollen-dust on the anthers of the flower; in others—*e. g.*, the bee—both for honey and also to gather the pollen into little balls and carry it away upon their hind legs, to be afterwards mixed with water and honey, and made into food for the young bees while in the larva state.

While thus engaged in visiting flowers for their own ends, insects are unconsciously carrying the fertilizing pollen dust from flower to flower, "not merely from the stamens to the pistil, but from the stamens of one flower to the pistil of another."

Most wonderful are the contrivances which are to be found for securing *cross* fertilization in plants. Some of our most common flowers, such as the nasturtium, the primrose, the scarlet flax, the pink, the common arum, and many others afford interesting examples of this.

The necessity of insects to plants is sometimes discovered through disappointing experiences. We read not long since in Mr. Belt's "Naturalist in Nicaragua" that a European gentleman, fond of scarlet runner beans, planted some seed that he had taken into that tropical country. It sprang up rapidly, and his eyes were cheered by a splendid crop of scarlet flowers, and he naturally counted upon a good supply of his favorite vegetable, but he was doomed to disappointment. With all the promise there were no seed pods! The reason of this, Mr. Belt believes to have been that the species of humble bee that in Europe visits the scarlet runner flowers, does not exist in Nicaragua, and that, therefore, if you wish to grow this vegetable there it is not sufficient to provide yourselves with a stock of seed, but you must first import and establish the humble bee that unconsciously performs the necessary work of fertilizing the flowers.

That this is no isolated experience will be gathered from the fact recorded in *Nature* some time since, that 300 humble bees had

*British Wild Flowers in relation to Insects.* By John Lubbock, M. P., F. R. S. (Nature Series.) Millan & Co.



been sent out to New Zealand, with the hope that they would establish themselves there.

On the question of the power of insects to distinguish colors, Sir John Lubbock records an interesting experiment of his own.

"I placed," he says, "slips of glass with honey on paper of various colors, accustoming different bees to visit special colors, and when they had made a few visits to the honey on paper of a particular color, I found that if the papers were transposed the bees followed the color."

The flowers of grasses, many kinds of trees, &c., are fertilized by the wind and not by insects. In these cases, therefore, there is no need to attract insects, and Mr. Darwin finds it "an invariable rule that when a flower is fertilized by the wind, it never has a gaily-colored corolla."

The peculiarity so well known in some plants, the daisy (day's eye) for instance, of "sleeping," also comes in for remark, and the author suggests "that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habits of insects, and it may be observed also in support of this, that wind-fertilized flowers do not sleep; and that some of those flowers which attract insects by smell, emit their scent at particular hours."

To those who have not been very close observers of plants, many curious and interesting facts will be learnt from Sir J. Lubbock's book. Take the instance of the common sweet violet. The scented flowers that we are all so familiar with in the spring, very rarely produce any seed, but in the autumn an entirely different flower is produced, very inconspicuous and almost without petals, but which produces plenty of seed.

The book is professedly confined to British *wild* flowers, but the author has been unable to resist the temptation to introduce some cultivated species, and to allude to the marvellous contrivances to be found in some of the most remarkable orchids.

In some concluding sentences, Sir John Lubbock says:

"Our knowledge of this subject is as yet in its infancy; and, indeed, my great object has been to bring prominently before my readers how rich a field for observation and experiment is still open to us. Most elementary treatises unfortunately, though perhaps unavoidably, give the impression that our knowledge is far more complete and exact than really is the case. This naturally tends to discourage rather than promote original observations. Few, I believe, of those who are not specially devoted to zoology and botany, have any idea how much still remains to be ascertained with reference to even the commonest and most abundant species."

We hope we have said enough to induce any who are fond of flowers, but who have not studied them in relation to insects, to

read this little book, which they will find opens up a mine of interest well worth further exploring.

## NOTICES.

The Managers of the Home for Aged and Infirmed Colored Persons, have appointed New Year's day contributions in aid of the Institution. Contributions may be sent to the Home, Belmont and Girard avenues, to Israel H. Johnson, Treasurer, No. 809 Spruce street, or any of the Managers.

## ITEMS.

THE Emperor of Brazil expects to leave Rio de Janeiro early next Spring.

ADVICES from Japan state that the Mikado's Government had triumphed over its political opponent and that a proclamation had been issued intimating that the age of feudalism was past forever.

AN extensive inquiry has been made in Prussia into the effect upon the durability of woods of season at which the trees are cut down. In general the wood felled when the sap is not running has decided pre-eminence as to its durability, strength and density. The heat given out in burning wood felled in Twelfth and First months, is also, according to these experiments, greater than for woods in Second and Third months.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says in a recent letter: "The great educational need of the West, of the whole country, indeed, is good schools voted exclusively to fitting boys thoroughly for colleges of high standard. The public schools have different function, and the work of fitting a small proportion of their pupils for college interferes with the discharge of their very important legitimate function. Endowed schools, managed by private corporations, receiving boys of ten or twelve years and keeping them until they are seventeen or eighteen years old, are more needed in this country than any other class of educational institutions, unless be girls' schools of the same sort. It would be a clear gain if nineteen-twentieths of the so-called colleges and universities could be converted into such secondary schools, for a vigorous school, doing its appropriate work with thoroughness, is a more useful institution than a lame college."

SOUTH DOME AT YOSEMITE.—The summit of South Half Dome in the Yosemite Valley, heretofore last been attained, a Scotch sailor named Anderson having climbed the precipice, a distance of 1,000 feet, by means of spikes and ropes, accomplishing one of the most perilous feats on record. The ascent was made on the 15th of September, and on the 16th half a dozen tourists successfully reached the dizzy height. They found an area of about 100 acres on the summit of the Dome and say that the magnificent view can be obtained from the height. A staircase will be erected, so that all may ascend in safety, and another feature will thereby be added to the attractions of the valley. Last season an English tourist attempted to reach the top of the Dome and failed. He then offered \$500 to any man who would accomplish the feat and arrange that he could follow. There is but one chance for an adventurous man to eclipse Anderson's feat and that is for some one to reach the "Tree in the Niche," a pine which projects from the side of the cavern or platform, 2,000 feet from the valley, the sheer face of El Capitan.—*Sonora Union* Oct. 1.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

## RELIGION.

There is no endowment inherent in the human being that has been so variously interested, and so often turned from its divine purpose to the injury of the race, as the religious or spiritual element of its nature.

The relation which religion sustains towards the human family may be compared to that which exists between the universe and the ether by which motion is kept up in all its parts. Both agents are invisible, and imponderable, and without limit, permeating every atom and fibre of matter in the one, and of thought and feeling in the other, yet as surely shown in their manifestations as the things which our eyes behold and our hands handle. They are emanations from that Primal Cause,

All-Creating, All-Controlling Essence whom we call "God" because we have no more comprehensive by which to express our finite conception of that which must be infinite.

In our investigations we should expect to find religion all-embracing, broad enough to reach the utmost bounds of human intelligence, and with a fullness that meets and satisfies the best desires of the soul; the results do not disappoint us. The rudest and most barbarous nations express their highest insight through their religion. Under whatever form of superstition, of symbolism or of magic it is manifested, there is in all a

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reaching towards something higher than themselves—something that the outward life fails to satisfy, and that the intuitions of their common heritage, though debased and degraded by passion and ignorance, prompts them to seek after and possess.

If the point taken is true, the analogy with which we started out must be maintained, but in doing so we are brought at once into conflict with the theories and creeds that have been formulated by the wisdom of human investigation, and offered to the world as the rule of faith and practice, embracing the whole of man's religious obligation.

The centres of spiritual authority that have been established in every nation, and have wielded such a powerful influence, are founded on the acknowledged universality of the religious element. These, now as in the past, are doing much to subvert that freedom of thought and action which is the only safeguard of human liberty. The success of their efforts is conclusive evidence that religion is an integral part of the human entity, and that its healthy exercise is as necessary to the full and perfect development of mankind as the cultivation of the intellect, the training of the hands to labor, or the satisfying of physical wants.

And this religion with which man is endowed, how it follows the current of being, adjusting and harmonizing in one all the elements that so diversify human life, just as



the laws that regulate motion by their checks and balances maintain the equilibrium of nature.

Astronomers tell us that all sounds—the soft lullaby of the mother, the merry carol of the song bird, the music of flowing water, the piping of the wind, the procession of the stars in illimitable space, all that are heard above, beneath and around us—move in rhythmic order, obedient to the same law of universal harmony, each responding to the key-note to which it is attuned! Doubtless, from the standpoint of Infinite perception the discords and derangements in human affairs, that so perplex our bounded vision, are but the perturbations and oscillations in the orbit of existence—the sharps and flats that change with the scale in which our lives are set, but in no wise mar the plan or affect the harmony of creation.

The religious thought of the world has expressed itself under various forms, yet all meaning the same thing, all looking upward to the same Infinite source, and all acceptable in so far as they are sincere. But the progress must be onward, to clearer views of the relation the soul sustains to the Centre and source of spiritual life, and to the universe, of which its outward form is part and parcel. In its all-penetrating, all-permeating power, religion was designed to regulate the conduct and lead into healthful aspirations after something purer and holier than has yet been attained.

Having his birthright midway between the visible and the invisible, and by his two-fold nature allied to both—sharing with the creatures below him the common heritage of life, yet by the Divine inbreathing made an heir of immortality, man, in this complex existence, without the religious element would be incapable of apprehending his eternal kinship or responding to the Divine call.

To the All-seeing one, from whom no act is hid, how bald and weak must the poor shams appear by which man cheats himself into the belief that for some act of his he has become the special object of Divine favor, as if the Loving Father, whose tender mercies are over all His works, could be unjust to the smallest or weakest creature that He has made, or confer special favors where He has a right to unqualified obedience. Our blessings which we are apt to term special, are but the reaction of our cravings, which, if sincere, lead in the way by which they are soonest realized, thus fulfilling the words of Jesus, "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive, and ye shall have."

All the precepts of Jesus are based upon moral purity. Purity of thought, manifested

by a pure life, with love to our Heavenly Father, which shall find its best significance in kindly feeling and interest in the welfare of others, is the broad platform upon which those who claim to be His followers are called to stand, and be as lights in the world, not spiritual lights only, but intellectual and moral lights, knowing God through an acquaintance with the mechanisms of nature, as well as by His indwelling Spirit, ever adding knowledge to experience, coming up to the full measure of all the endowments He has bestowed so bountifully, and thus fulfilling the end of our creation.

This is the solid basis upon which faith and reason, religion and science may join hands and move onward with steady footsteps to the emancipation of the human race from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition, for between investigation and aspiration—twin sisters of the soul—there can be no conflict. The true issue lies within the domain of religion, and is waged between faith and revelation; it is the outgrowth of that free and earnest inquiry now going on in the Christian church respecting the will and intent of the Creator, as discovered in the things created; and the question uppermost in the mind of the earnest, liberal thinker is, Shall reason, conscience and immediate revelation be the foundation of Christian faith; or, shall superstition, tradition and bigotry fetter the mind and dwarf the religious thought of the present age? Shall the revelations made to other peoples, in other times, living under other circumstances, and groping their way through centuries upon centuries of semi-civilization—shall these revelations and the creeds framed upon them be the only canon of the church; or, shall the spiritual food of to-day be acknowledged also as coming fresh from the bounty of the Great Giver, not to a chosen few claiming priestly succession only, but to every soul, as its immediate needs may demand? And the question must be met and decided by the church. It concerns religion, and can be brought with propriety before no other tribunal for adjudication. Science deals with material things. Religion begins at the point where science finds its limit—at the boundary line of the finite, beyond which arrogant assumption rather than true science leads the investigator who has not yet learned that "*Faith* is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

L. J. R.

*Twelfth month 26, 1875.*

CULTURE is the blossoming pathway leading from mind to progress, whose flowers are planted by discipline, weeded by disappointments and opened by the sun of Divine love.



BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF  
WOMEN FRIENDS.

The following minutes embracing the exercises of the Women's Yearly Meeting, recently held in Baltimore, gives an interesting glimpse of the good that was scattered and the comfortable feeling that prevailed on that occasion:

As we draw near the close of this memorable meeting, there seems an unusual feeling that the Father's hand has been laid on us in blessing. A deep sense of the presence of His love accompanied the ministrations of His messengers who came to mingle with us.

We have been told that by our daily example we can stimulate the young minds around us to aspirations for pure and holy lives, and thus give life and force to our principles.

The influence of our sex in instilling a love of truth, in guarding our loved ones against the temptations to the use of intoxicating drinks, and of tobacco, were, it seemed, irresistibly set forth.

The answers to the Queries were followed by much earnest counsel and sympathy. The attendance of our smaller and Mid-week Meetings was tenderly urged on those with whom it was practicable.

The weary and heavy-laden were counseled to go, as the blind man did formerly, where they knew the Master would pass by.

Fervent prayers ascended to the All-Merciful for the preservation of the beloved and venerated mothers still spared to us, and tributes of affectionate remembrance were expressed for those who had laid down the burden of life and now wear the crown.

The heartfelt exhortations on the subject of light reading made deep impressions; the waste of time and our intellectual and spiritual vigor thereby, were tenderly set forth. Who of us can return to our houses and say, "Can I not do as I please with mine own?"

Hoping for another reunion with all who have shared in this bountiful repast, where the good Master has broken the bread and blessed it, we part trusting to resume the duties of life with renewed dedication to His service.

With a reverent sense of thankfulness for the blessings vouchsafed, and with hearts drawn nearer together by sharing the incomes of our Father's love,

We adjourn to meet at the usual time next year, if so permitted.

MARY C. CUTLER, *Clerk.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

I regard with interest this new movement. For many reasons these meetings further a purpose that is not reached by our regular meetings. Moving from neighborhood to neighborhood, they are an advertisement to the world of our kindly brotherhood. We profess a religion of feeling of the sweet humanities that make for the amelioration of daily life, and whatsoever measures exemplify these must be of beneficent result. Our work is with this world and this day. We live to do the will of a Father who speaks to us di-

rectly concerning the realities around us. The past is accomplished, and the future, with its emergencies, will be in other hands. Those now living measure our duties, and if we have a mission it lies close by our doors. The harvest is white, and the laborers are few. These meetings open new avenues for united service in sustaining our testimonies. Let the young hands that are strong enter the field. Let the eloquent lips that are timidly keeping silence break the corrosive seal, and much good may be done.

A great writer tells us, "The Highest dwells with him who has the sentiment of duty in his heart." We must walk abreast of the activities of our age, and keep our lamps burning. The labors of our fathers were no substitutes for ours. Our work and responsibilities met us at the cradle. As we will to do, the light and strength of God will flow into our full measure of capacity. The heritage of a free ministry, and the conviction of our Father's constant intercourse with His children, and testimonies that embrace the breadth and depth of human experience are committed to our care, to live and proclaim unto a larger acceptance. Will not Circular Meetings assist to this end? Interchange of thought and feeling melts inevitably the harsher barriers between man and man, and frees the channels of those charities that are the requisites of peace. We are all inexorably akin and mingling, and comparing our deeper experiences render this bond more clearly manifest. This coming together in mutual desires for good, in mutual dependence on and prayer to a common Father, sustains the hands grown weary, and establishes the hope of the strong. The mutual reading of soul, the grasp of sympathizing hands softens away prejudice and kindles an inspiration that illumines life. We owe it, too, to the humanizing nature of our faith, so void of mystery and superstition, so beautiful beyond description, and comprehensive beyond measurement, to widen its operation and extend its enjoyments. The possession of a saving truth is a Divine commission and command to spread it abroad. To enunciate conviction has been the irrepressible impulse of all true minds who loved their race. It is the test of unselfish humanity. Experimental knowledge once communicated, eternally operates. "Going about doing good," is the method of righteousness. "Bearing witness to the Truth" by pen, word or deed, brings us into tenderer converse with Him who reveals it, and clarifies that spiritual discernment that is "the light of man." By the publication of individual conscience by the dissemination of the light given to each prayerful soul, may society reach a diviner level for all lives.



I am thankful for the progress of scientific knowledge and the refinement of literary taste. I am thankful that the laws of matter and spirit are everywhere in harmony and irrepealable. I am thankful that the heavier burthens are being lifted from the shoulders of labor by the unfolding of skill. Yet, more especially, I am grateful for the growing conviction of this day, that religion is not history or dogma or creed of human weaving, but brotherly love, and that he who would become "one with the Father" must become *one with his brother!*

SAMUEL SWAIN.

Bristol, Twelfth month, 1875.

From The Christian Register.

CHRIST IN THE FAMILY.

We need him, first, in the sacred trust, committed to us, of one another's happiness. It is impossible to overestimate the proportion of our happiness derived from domestic relations, as compared to that which comes from all other earthly sources united, or the degree to which causes of domestic disquiet can neutralize prosperity, honor, and every external object of desire. In our out-of-door life many of us are able to case ourselves in an armor of determined purpose, resolute endeavor, and strenuous industry, which is proof against petty annoyance. But at home, this armor is thrown aside; the whole nervous tissue of the soul, the minute network of sentiment and feeling is laid bare; every shrinking fibre of sensibility is exposed without protection, and the slightest puncture may produce untold agony. Or to vary the figure, these complex, many-stringed lyres of mind and soul, sense and feeling, may out-of-doors, be set ajar, and their discord shall be lost in the wind, or merged in the tumultuous noises of the busy world; but within close walls every discordant note falls with painful stroke on the ear, and its harsh echo vibrates for hours, and gathers strength from reverberation.

To preserve the home-harmony, we need more than the general goodness, the cardinal virtues, enforced by the natural conscience and by public opinion. We need that Christ tune each throbbing string of each living lyre.

The evangelic virtues are precisely those which alone can make a happy family. There must be, not pride, but that modest and lowly self-estimate which shall concede his due and more to every member of the circle; not self-assertion and obstinate adherence to ones own preference in things indifferent, but a mutual yielding, "in honor preferring one another;" not the captious spirit, on the watch for causes of offence, but the heart slow of suspicion, and incapable of imagining slight or wrong where none is intended; not quick resentment, but

forbearance and long-suffering, in the consciousness that, in the alternations of temper and feeling to which we all are liable, each may claim to-morrow the kind construction that is demanded of him to day; not the rough, curt answer, the abrupt utterance, the ungentle mien, but the meekness and courtesy, not to be simulated, which are the spontaneous, every-day garb of a truly Christ-like soul; not the selfish indolence, good-natured though it be, which quietly lets itself be ministered to, and takes as rightfully its own the sunny-side, the place of privilege, the Benjamin's portion, but the spirit of willing and cheerful service, which claims its unstinted share in the division of every common burden, and which never forgets that the Lord of men and of angels came to minister, not to be ministered unto, and pronounced him the greatest who makes himself the least and the servant of all.

We all know that these are the elements of domestic peace and happiness. We who trust that we have learned enough of Christ to be saved from gross sins and great transgressions, have, most of us, been oftener called to penitence and self-humiliation for offenses under these heads than for all things else. Now I know not how we are to overcome these infirmities of temper, these easily besetting sins, except as we emulate the beloved family of Bethany—like Martha, serve Christ in the routine of domestic care and duty; like Mary, have our chosen place at his feet, and under the word-fall of his lips; like Lazarus, have him at our side when we sit at table. We need to contemplate his meek and gentle spirit, his kind and courteous mien, his self-sacrifice, his constant thought and care for those around him, his genial sympathy alike with joy and with grief, till our souls receive the image we behold, and the loving Christ be fully formed within us. Thus, and thus only, can the earthly family grow into the similitude of the heavenly. and the union here be prophetic of that which shall make us one in the Father's house on high.—*Dr. A. P. Peabody.*

A SOCIAL NECESSITY.

Among the dangers of large cities none is more fatal to true prosperity than the spirit of segregation, which shuts up certain classes within themselves, and obstructs every avenue of intercourse between them. It is of course the natural tendency of men and women, when brought together in large numbers, to separate into smaller groups, according to mutual attractions and sympathies; and to this there can be no possible objection, provided they do not become so absorbed in their own little "set" as to forget the outside world. But the



special separation to which we here allude, is one which divides the dwellers of a city into two distinct communities, as alien to each other, and as ignorant of each other's life as if the great ocean rolled between them. In London it is not at all unusual for the extremes of wealth and poverty to be found within a few rods of each other; the extreme of refinement, fashion and luxury on one street, and round the corner the deepest ignorance, barbarism and even starvation. Many of these wealthy persons travel into foreign lands for the purpose of investigating the manners and habits of savage tribes, while, close to their very doors at home, live men and women sunk in as profound a barbarism, through poverty and vice, of whose ways of living they know nothing, and of whose very existence they are hardly aware.

In our land of plenty, and especially in this city, where such ample provision is made for the comfort and independence of the poorer classes, such a state of things is hardly possible; yet even here there is a degree of estrangement between the rich and the poor prejudicial to the interests of both, and consequently inimical to the true prosperity of the community. It is not the benevolent sentiment that is wanting; the outward necessities of those in need meet with timely sympathy and aid; but there is a more permanent want which is less fully responded to, that of the diffusion of intelligence, self-respect, knowledge and principle, through the influence of personal contact. There is nothing tending more directly to perpetuate vice and crime than shutting it up within its own walls, admitting no purifying air and leaving it to increase and multiply unchecked by anything save the stern penalty of the law. While vice is by no means confined to the poorer classes, yet poverty and distress bring with them peculiar temptations, especially where neglect and loneliness conspire to produce despair and recklessness. None can fully estimate the influence of even a single pure and true man or woman who carries a loving heart and helping hand into the abodes of weary labor, or anxious fears, or suffering sickness, or perchance, wretchedness and sin. If, however, instead of its being the rare thing it is, to see one thus engaged, it were the habit of all to mingle freely and frequently, wherever their presence would be a blessing, what a new and living prosperity would be awakened for our city! Surely it is not our beautiful buildings and parks, our manufactures, commerce and fine arts, our consolidated wealth or political influence, that constitute the truest glory or prosperity. We may rightly rejoice in all these things, but only as means to an end, only as the instrument developing an ever-pro-

gressing humanity. It is our men and women who create the glory and happiness or the misery and ruin of our city. Not on their numbers or their wealth, but on their *character*, intelligence, purity and integrity, do the interests of our city depend. If these can be nourished and developed, no adversity can ever quite overwhelm us; if they are suffered to decline, no train of outward successes can make us truly prosperous.

To this great end of improving and elevating the people nothing will so largely or permanently contribute as the infusion of thought, ideas and moral life, that will follow a nearer and more frequent intercourse among all classes. The rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the strong and the weak should know each other; they should no longer stand aloof absorbed in their own private interests, and unconscious of the life that is passing at their very doors. From this responsibility no one of us is free. We can all do something to diffuse the light that is in us, to spread the blessings we have received, to carry comfort to the desolate, encouragement to the despairing, counsel to the ignorant, and strength to the tempted. We can at least become acquainted with those in our immediate neighborhood who may be in any need of sympathy or aid; we can study their habits, temptations and necessities, and learn how best to help them, not so much by material aid as by strengthening self-respect, encouraging effort, and infusing into them new spirit and *euergp*. We cannot too heartily or too gratefully acknowledge the efforts of the many noble women of our city who have devoted time, talents and culture to this work, both privately and by means of social combinations. Let us see to it that we too do our part, and throw all our influence into the scale of a more extended, free and friendly intercourse between the rich and the poor.—*Public Ledger*.

From the Liberal Christian.

#### SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

One of the many words in the English language which have been perverted from their original meaning is the term "sensitive." The dictionary definition of it is this:

Sensitive—Having sense or feeling, or having the capacity of perceiving impressions from external objects. Having quick and acute sensibility, either to the actions of external objects, or to impressions upon the mind and feelings," etc.

According to this, therefore, a sensitive nature is a most excellent quality. Persons who possess it enter quickly into the feelings of others, and are consequently the best "confidants." You can talk to them as freely as



it may be necessary without being in continual alarm lest they should discover left-handed personal reflections in your innocent remarks. They have the happy faculty of forgetting themselves in their interest in other people and things. They are, perhaps, too easily frozen by an uncongenial atmosphere, but how rapidly do they thaw when the foreign element is removed, and become the life and soul of society. It is not the *healthy* sensitive people that continually fall into "misunderstandings" and are always in some "scrape" or other. They possess too much of that all-important endowment "tact" which, when it is combined with good breeding, gives that exquisite courtesy of manner which no amount of external polish will bestow.

But this is not the usually accepted interpretation of the word. The expression, "A sensitive person," brings to your mind one whose nerves are on the wrong side of his cuticle, one who "wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," one who is continually being "hurt" at some fancied neglect or coldness, and to whom you converse on miscellaneous subjects in constant trepidation, lest you should accidentally hit upon one of the many tender points in his character.

"I know that I am very sensitive, but I can't help it," is the reason given for many a foolish distrust of friendship and unwarrantable caviling at a careless word. But the truth is, these unfortunate persons do not want to help it; on the contrary, they cherish it, and even cultivate it, as if it were the most apparent virtue, and as it is *not* a virtue it grows accordingly, until finally they cannot rid themselves of it if they would. All persons, high or low, poor or rich, possess the power of hurting their feelings, therefore they are almost always injured. The world accords them pity, but not respect—sympathy, perhaps, but little love—and before long they are too apt to lose even these, for those who have duties to perform and an object in life cannot waste precious time in listening to complaints that cannot be remedied. The man who goes through life with a purpose, and realizes, be it ever so little, how important is his work to himself in the formation of his own character, and how there is always some one who could take his place and perform his mission as well as he does himself, and therefore of how little real importance he is in the world, will meet with true friends and unlooked for consolation; but he who thinks more of the place he holds in the affections of other people, and how much or how little of a necessity he is to them, than of his duty toward his Maker and himself, will

be disappointed, injured and unhappy all the days of his life.

I wish I could say to every growing girl and boy, who is looking forward to manhood and womanhood so earnestly and eagerly, In the course of your life you will probably be wronged, your motives misunderstood and your action perverted more than once or twice. If you cannot rectify the wrong, bear it, live it down. Don't try to talk it down, and, above all things, do not let it hurt you.

"Let it not be in any man's power to say truly of thee, that thou art not simple, or that thou art not good; but let him be a liar whoever shall think anything of this kind about thee, and this is altogether in thy power. For who is thee that shall hinder thee from being good and simple." Thus says Marcus Antoninus, and we are permitted to see with much more certainty than he did, that evil cannot, in the long run, withstand good.

#### LOCAL INFORMATION.

At the late Southern Quarterly Meeting, held at Camden, Kent county, Del., Twelfth month 1st, 1875, our Select Meeting, held on Third-day afternoon preceding, was small.

Fourth day morning the meeting for business was opened with a very appropriate prayer, that we might be favored with strength from the Source of all good to do what might be required of each of us.

Reports were received from all our Monthly Meetings, calling forth some labors or account of several dropped meetings, owing in part to the few members that constitute them and the scattered situation of those meetings. We were favored with the company of John Parrish and his companion Charles Kirk and wife, also Watson Tomlinson, whose company and gospel labors were truly encouraging, bearing an evidence that we are still held in lasting remembrance by the great Head of the Church; though few in number, we feel that we are not forsaken.

The day of our public meeting, which was large and very interesting; many of other denominations were present, and all seemed well satisfied with what was communicated. Much of the exercise was turned to the vanities and follies and extravagance of the times, and the youth in an especial manner were exhorted to stand firm against the tide of intemperance that is sweeping over our land.

Near the close of the meeting, one friend called our attention to the prayer that was offered in the beginning, by saying he felt had been answered, as many of us could acknowledge the great Head of all right

gathered assemblies had manifested Himself, by the breaking of bread which the disciples handed to the multitude, and many of us do feel it was good for us we have been thus gathered.

A MEMBER.

The Executive Committee of the First-day School Association met at Camden, on Seventh-day, Twelfth mo. 18th, and had an interesting meeting. The several committees reported satisfactory attention to their duties.

It was concluded to change the commencement of the volume of "Scattered Seeds" so that it will hereafter begin with the first of the year.

The Literature Committee had, at the request of some of the writers, extended the time for the reception of MSS, in competition for the premiums to Second mo. 1st; several MSS, have already been received.

The Book and Library Committee have aided some schools within Western and Bucks Unions.

Thos. H. Speakman attended, and brought to the notice of the committee those who met together at Manchester, Eng., some of whom were formerly members of Friends there. There are many who sympathize with them in various parts of London Yearly Meeting, and he believed that in the main they were in sympathy with our Friends, but being isolated, there was a liability of their getting away from our principles, and he suggested the propriety of opening a correspondence with them in the interest of the First-day school cause, of which movement he had spoken to them whilst in that country, where the First-day schools are not for Friends, but for the poorer classes of society.

Much sympathy being expressed for these Friends as well as others who may be isolated, a large committee was named to consider the matter in conjunction with T. H. S., and report to a future meeting.

The Committee adjourned to meet in Philadelphia Seventh-day, Fourth mo. 15th.

The Meeting of Haddonfield Union, in the afternoon, was quite interesting.

J. M. T., JR.

#### PRAIRIE GROVE QUARTERLY MEETING, IOWA.

On Twelfth mo. 13th, Friends of Iowa held their Quarterly Meeting for the third time at Marietta, Marshal county, the farthest Western meeting held by our branch of Friends.

It is a beautiful country, and Friends have a very neat and well-finished meeting-house.

The Meeting of Ministers and Elders the Seventh-day preceding, was a comfortable and profitable season. Three valuable friends, who are not members, had a desire to sit with

us. Their request received the sanction of the members.

A Friend expressed a concern that there might be an increase of fostering care over those young in the ministry, and that the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings for Discipline might decide on the qualifications of ministers, thus deferring to the people who are called upon to endorse certificates the judgment on their recommendation. There seemed to be but one sentiment in the meeting on the subject.

On First-day, the public meeting was larger than on any previous occasion. A gospel ministry flowed with an evident manifestation on the part of the audience, of its being acceptable. The meeting closed after a fervent supplication.

In the afternoon a large First-day school conference was held; clerks were appointed. A young Friend expressed a desire for a season of reverential silence. There was much interesting discussion. A committee was appointed to visit the schools and also the neighborhoods where there are yet no schools established.

At the Quarterly Meeting on Second-day, the Representatives were all present except one, notwithstanding some had to travel from 50 to 150 miles.

The minutes of Illinois Yearly Meeting were received. Several official messages were received from the Correspondent and acted upon. The present time of holding the Quarterly Meeting interfering with the Yearly Meeting, Wapsinonoc Monthly Meeting proposed that it be changed to the Second-day following the third Seventh-day in the Second, Fifth, Eighth and Eleventh months, which was referred to the Representatives to report to next meeting. A concerned member of another religious society being in attendance, the shutters were lowered to hear his concern. It was for our Society to attend the State Convention of the various religious societies, to be held at the Capital of the State on the 19th of next month, on the subject of temperance. The meeting was baptized into much exercise, and appointed seven Friends (men and women) for the purpose. It was stated that there were strenuous efforts being made on the part of the advocates of capital punishment to have that barbarous code re-enacted in our own beloved State. The meeting entertained the proposition, and authorized the same committee to appear on our behalf at the coming Legislature at Des Moines, and in the name of our religious Society protest against any change in the law on this subject. Feeling that we had been refreshed and strengthened in com-



mingling together, the meeting closed under a precious feeling. J. A. D.

*Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Twelfth mo. 19th 1875.*

Since the meeting of the stockholders of Swarthmore College, the Committee on Trusts, Endowments and Scholarships has received \$10,000 for two scholarships, and property valued at about \$30,000, for the Educational Endowment Fund.

The latter will enable the committee (should they adopt the same rule as they have heretofore made to reduce the price of tuition) to take fifteen or twenty scholars more at the rate of \$250 each, and carries out the concern many share towards cheapening education in a practical manner. The names of the recipients will be confidential with the committee. Applications can be made, in writing, to the Secretary and Treasurer of the committee, Clement M. Biddle, 511 Commerce street, Philadelphia.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 1, 1876.

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THE NEW YEAR.—The advent of a new year is always regarded as an occasion of peculiar interest, a mile-stone, as it were, in the journey of life. Few, if any of us, who enter upon its untried realities, can look back with entire satisfaction upon the record of the year that has just closed. There are some things we regret having done, some words thoughtlessly uttered that had better not have passed our lips, errors of omission and of commission, that even the best regulated lives feel and confess. As the mistakes and short-comings of the past rise up before us, we are sensibly reminded how weak are our resolutions, how feeble our best intentions.

If these self-provings broaden our charity towards the faults of others, and enlarge the spirit of forgiveness, we shall be all the better fitted to meet and overcome the difficulties that this new year has in store for us.

The financial embarrassments in business circles, in our own and in foreign countries, that have marked the past year, will long be remembered, and the uncertainty that continues to disturb the monetary affairs of the world with little present prospect of improvement, exerts a depressing influence on all classes of society.

When a man, with the heavy expenses attendant upon conducting business, sells whole dollar's worth of goods and gets less than a dollar in return, as is largely being done at this time, it needs but a small degree of insight to determine ultimate results.

How far this state of things has contributed to the simultaneous and wide spread religious awakening that has also made the closing year memorable, it is not possible to determine.

That men and women, who see their outward prosperity checked or utterly laid waste and the means of supplying their daily wants cut off, should be led to inquire concerning the bread that never fails, and being fed therewith find peace and comfort for the soul in the hour of their extremity, is in accordance with the Divine economy.

If permanent good results from this overflow of the religious element, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness are increased, we may accept with thanksgiving the troubled waters through which we are now passing.

But we must bear in mind that it is individual blunder and individual wrong that bring national bankruptcy and ruin, and when the few who have power or commercial influence, fail to maintain a healthy, wholesome restraint upon their transactions, the whole people are the sufferers.

No permanent prosperity can return to the country until legitimate, honest business takes the place of wild speculation and men make up their minds to be satisfied with smaller but more solid results. Every individual owes it to every other to contract no debt that there is not a near prospect of paying off. We can scarcely imagine a professed Christian, with the accumulated testimony to justice and honesty in dealing before him, forgetting his duty in this respect, yet we know that contracts are so loosely made and so little regarded, that even those calling themselves members of the church of Christ are led into error in this way. There are untoward circumstances that occur which seem to be unavoidable where the most upright become involved, yet in trying business emergencies these will be true to themselves and to the profession they make.

The year upon which we are now entering will be memorable as marking a century in the experiment of free government. The eyes of the civilized world are turning toward us with an interest unknown in the history of nations, and the celebration in our city for which so large an amount of the material wealth of the country is being expended, will draw to our shores representatives of every nation.

While we cannot endorse this vast outlay that, perhaps, adds to the stringency felt in monetary circles, we trust that the principles upon which the stability of our Government rests, when the results are witnessed by the crowds who will come among us, will so commend themselves to the attention of our visitors as to lead to their ultimate adoption in other lands, and the benign influence of our free institutions radiating from this centre, go forth to bless all peoples.

**USURY.**—Webster informs us that this word formerly denoted any legal interest; but in this sense the word is no longer in use. In its present usage it denotes a compensation paid for the use of money beyond that established by law.

The articles on this subject, which, some weeks since, occupied many columns of our paper, no doubt appeared to most persons to present very extreme views. But while some minds may have been repelled on this account, others may have been led to serious reflection on a subject about which they may have thought but little. Many of the comments and denunciations of the Blessed Jesus on some of the customs of His times were uttered in a manner as startling and unqualified as are those of the writer, from whom our friend E. R. so freely quotes. This mode of presenting a subject is not common in modern times, but it is one that brings the point in question into full view, while the reader or hearer is left to make the application and supply the necessary qualifications.

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away;" is an instance in point. While no one can mistake the *spirit* which it recom-

mends, no one who desired to have something to give, and to lend, would think of carrying it out literally.

With regard to the prohibitions and denunciations in the Old Testament against "usury," (meaning, as has been explained, any payment for the use of money,) it is evident that a people just emerging from barbarism would need checks and restrictions upon their tendency to selfishness and oppression, that would not be needed in a state of society where the obligations of benevolence were more fully recognized. For while the principle of benevolence is always the same, its application to the varying circumstances of human life must also vary. The practice of hospitality, for instance, is always obligatory, but the mode of carrying it out must vary with modes of life. The hospitality of the Patriarchal times, when the tent door was left open that every passing traveler might enter and sit at the board, would, in our more settled and modern life, but invite intrusion and destroy the sacredness of the home.

The machinery of social and commercial life becomes more complicated as civilization advances; and precepts and prohibitions which were needed in an early and simple state of society, may be difficult or impossible of application in a later and more advanced one. But that, among political economists, money is not placed on a par with merchandise, rent, labor, &c., and that the trade in it is peculiarly liable to lead to extortion, monopoly and other evils, is evident from the necessity that is felt to regulate the amount paid for its use by legal enactments.

In its moral aspects we think much of the reasoning, in the articles in question, may be applied to the taking of security rather than to moderate "interest." It will hurt no one to consider whether the law of brotherly kindness is not often violated when, in lending money to a worthy person, we are unwilling to take any risk as to its repayment. He who has more of this world's goods than is needed for his own wants, is in a condition to help others less favorably circumstanced. But he who will not do this, unless he can



be secured, by some one else, from possible loss, is indeed keeping his worldly treasure undiminished, but is he laying up that treasure which is found in a spirit of unselfishness, willing to share the risk of loss with a poorer brother? It is not necessary to go into all the reasoning, pro and con, on a question of this kind, for the law of love is ever a sufficient guide, and no one who sincerely seeks to be governed by it need go astray.

THE growing intelligence of the age is nowhere more forcibly shown than in the consideration given to the importance of proper drainage. For a clear and concise exposition of the subject we refer our readers to the numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly" published in the Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh months. These papers should be read entire, but for those who may not have the opportunity to do so, we have made some extracts pointing out the great risks to which health is exposed by neglecting to extend proper care towards the drainage and surroundings of our dwellings.

*To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer :*

By reference to the extracts of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, you may notice that the guarded education of Friends' children under the care and influence of teachers in membership with us, claimed the earnest interest and sympathy of the meeting, the result of which was the appointment of a committee composed of not less than four members from each of the Monthly Meetings within our Yearly Meeting, to have charge of the concern and labor therein as way may open therefor.

In entering upon the work, the most important as well as difficult question that presents within our Monthly Meeting, is the procurement of a suitable teacher; the same difficulty, no doubt, exists in other localities.

The committee met after the adjournment of the Yearly Meeting, and organized by the appointment of Eli M. Lamb, Principal of Friends' Elementary and High School, as Secretary, and with whom the sub committee might correspond. Some of us have thought that amongst your many readers, and especially within the verge of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, there might be qualified persons who would be willing to accept these positions, and if there are such, we propose that they forward their names with such references

as they may be able to give, to our Secretaries as early as possible.

Any further information that may be desired relative to compensation, localities, etc. can be obtained by addressing E. M. Lamb.

We are anxious to have the school operation about the first of the year, or very soon thereafter.

T. H. M.

#### DIED.

GILLINGHAM.—On the evening of the 2 ultimo, Mary H. Gillingham, a member of R Street Monthly Meeting.

TRAGO.—On the 6th of Twelfth month, 18 Phebe, wife of Thomas Trago, of Little Britain Monthly Meeting, Lancaster county, Pa., in 75th year.

This dear friend was, for many years, an invalid unable to attend religious meetings, but encouraged her family to that duty. She manifested a lively interest in the testimonies and principles of Society, and was a diligent reader of Friends' books. She lived to see all her children (five number) removed by death. During her illness, which was brief, she expressed to her husband her belief that she would not recover, and she was ready to depart, and that all was well before her.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

No. 80.

(Continued from page 700.)

#### BERNE TO GENEVA.

Of the museum at Berne which contains one of the best collections of the natural productions of Switzerland in the country, much might be said. We were interested in examining it, and took special note of the Bear and clumsy, uncouth little cubs; of the pine Lynx and Steinbock; of the Wild Boar of the Chamois with three horns, one growing out of the nose; and of the anomalous creature, a cross breed between the Steinbock and the domestic goat which attained the age of seven years; but I was more interested in the dog Barry, one of the heroes of the Fable of St. Bernard, who is recorded to have saved the lives of fifteen human beings. He must have been a heavy, solid, meek-looking creature, so domestic and sober-minded in appearance that I should have named him "Towser," had he not already a famous name of his own. Among the birds, is the Lammergeier of the Alps, the largest of birds except the Condor, and here are the Flamingo and a Pelican which were seen while making a summer visit to this intensely travelled land.

The minerals of the country are beautifully represented by large and fine specimens, and a long and rich array of fossils proclaim in what manner of life existed during the vast

ast in the seas which swept over these lands when the foundations of the everlasting hills were being laid. In a very conspicuous position are placed the enormous black quartz crystals, the largest known to exist, which have been accounted to have individuality enough to warrant their receiving each a special name. The King weighs 280 pounds; the Fat One, 230; the Arm, 41, the Youth, 5; the Mirror, 36; the first Twin, 143; the second Twin, 135.

Swiss Botany is very fully illustrated, the collection being accounted as nearly complete; but we did not investigate the stores of plant mummies, being curious to investigate the wondrous trophies, taken at the battle of Granson by the Bernese, from Charles the Bold of Burgundy in the 15th century. It is related that Duke Charles, having by treachery gained possession of the castle of Granson, and caused hundreds of the garrison to be stripped and hung on the surrounding trees, and as many more to be drowned, was utterly defeated two days afterwards, 3rd month 3rd, 1476, by the Swiss Confederates, who amounted to no more than one third of his force of 50,000 men. The Duke himself was compelled to fly for his life across the mountains, with only five followers. Among the spoils of his camp which fell into the hands of the victors, were all his jewels and regalia, and the costly hangings which decked his tent and field altar. No wonder the amazingly rich tapestries of this magnificent prince are preserved by the Swiss with care and pride. They were made in Flanders during the reign of Philippe the Good, the father of Charles, and represent religious subjects, historic scenes and heraldic symbols. The material of the fabric is wool and the scenery is delineated by means of raised work in gold and silver threads. On one is represented the Adoration of the Magi, and the appearance of the heavenly messenger who warns the wise men of the east not to return to Herod. Then comes a scene from the life of Trojan, the just and wise Emperor of Rome. He pauses at the very hour of departure on a military expedition to do an act of justice, to avenge the injured and to punish the guilty. The next piece represents Pope Gregory 1st, who so greatly admired the noble character of the Heathen emperor that he prayed earnestly and with tears that the soul of Trojan might be received among those who find acceptance with God. The Pope receives the assurance that his prayers have availed, and Gregory immediately causes the remains of Trojan to be exhumed, when the tongue is found to be yet like that of a living man, after 450 years burial. This miracle, the Pope attributes to the attribute of justice of which

this imperishable tongue was ever the oracle. The legend of the unknown prince Herkenbald, who slew his favorite nephew with his own hand as an act of justice, occupies the next great tapestry; and then follows one on which is shown the death-bed confession of the same prince. The priest refused absolution to the dying ruler unless he confesses his homicide; but Herkenbald declares his purity of intent and refuses to account the deed a crime. Then the confessor withdraws, denying to the dying man the consolation of the sacraments. Immediately, says the pictured legend, appears Jesus Christ, and administers the host with his own hand to Herkenbald, and thus is an act of stern justice vindicated.

Such were the scenes which the good Duke Phillippe of Burgundy, thought fitting to adorn the drapery of the dwelling places of princes, that they might have ever before their eyes the examples of wise and self-denying rulers.

Another series of great tapestries are devoted to the exploits and great events of the life of Julius Caesar, from the time of the first triumvirate, 60 B. C., to the death of the dictator 44 A. D.—The principal persons in the great scene before us are, curiously enough, arrayed in the splendid habiliments of the Burgundian court in the 15th century, and not in the classic garb of the antique Roman.

The heraldic symbols which adorn another series I did not understand, and so passed them by rather hastily, in order to give more attention to the marvelous life and death of St. Vincent which is pictured on a series of tapestries which once decorated the cathedral of St. Vincent at Berne, at the period when it was consecrated to the Romish faith. The first shows the scene of the early baptism of the "high-born Vincentius"; and the second represents his instruction in the sciences by his teacher Valerius. Next we see him, having reached adult life, pursuing his studies under priestly guidance. He becomes a great and eloquent preacher and an eminent doer of good and gracious deeds, but being a shining light in the church, he becomes the special object for persecution from the cruel rulers of his day. He is condemned to be a victim to wild beasts, but the savage and hungry creatures will not touch the man beloved by God. Then is he placed upon the gridiron, and is grievously tormented, but he laughs at the malice of his persecutors, insensible to pain. They then put him in a sack attached to a great mill-stone, and cast it into the sea; but the sea refuses to keep the body of the saint, and casts him uninjured upon the shore, where he is found by two fishermen, and a choir of angels appear guarding his remains from harm. His Christian brethren prepare



for him a costly sepulchre, and wonders and miracles, the healing of the sick, the deaf, and blind attest that this was indeed a man especially commissioned by the Highest to be his messenger and servant among men.—Such is one of the legends of the early church in the days of the Emperor Dacian, and such the high degree of skill to which the tapestry makers of the 16th century had attained. I will not weary my friends with descriptions of gorgeous church vestments and other antique relics here preserved, but ask them to accompany me to the Arsenal where are preserved the 750 halters which Charles the Bold had brought with him for the Swiss, and which the grateful and exultant victors of Grançon preserved to show their sense of the great deliverance. Here, too, is a grim series of headsman's axes, each of which has cut off 100 heads, and other relics of barbaric days.

I greatly admired the Federal Palace of Switzerland, which occupies a beautiful site, commanding charming views of the distant Oberland and of the fair hills and valleys which make up the Canton Berne. It is built of the light sandstone of the country, in the Florentine palatial style, without external ornament. It is sufficiently spacious to accommodate all the departments of the Swiss Legislature, and the various public offices. The Federal Diet, which meets in Seventh month, consists of two bodies, the Ständerath (two deputies from each of the twenty-two Cantons) and the Nationalrath (one for every 20,000 inhabitants and one for each Canton). The handsome, comfortable, semi-circular halls are shown us, and they compare favorably with other legislative chambers we have seen. I regretted that the representatives of Switzerland were not in council at the time of our visit; it would be most interesting to me to see the honored citizens of the sturdy republics of the hills exercising the high prerogative of lawgivers in their own capital.

In the upper story of the palace is the Picture Gallery, into which we were admitted, but the display seemed to me very meagre after the splendid collections of Italy, among which we have spent so many days of delight. Almost a whole hall was devoted to delineations of peculiar Swiss costumes, which are now passing away. They are strangely and grotesquely correct, and look like veritable portraits. It is hardly credible that each Canton has its peculiar costume, yet such, I believe, is or has been the fact; and the people have other local characteristics more important than those of dress. The Federal Diet has to contend with the jealousies and intolerance of the different States, and to judge wisely between those who cling to ancient aristocratic institutions and the more

progressive, who demand equal rights and privileges for the people. I believe it may be said that the principle of entire religious liberty now prevails, unless it is considered that the suppression of some of the convents and the expulsion of the subtle order of monks are to be accounted acts of oppression.

The bear is the armorial badge of Berne, and the people, not content with placing a jolly-looking effigy on sign-posts, fountains, and public edifices, keep four living specimens as the pets and wards of the city. Just at the Nydeck Bridge, a commodious den provided for the ursine family, and thousands of visitors come to amuse themselves by throwing food to the odd, clumsy, knowing-looking creature. There is something absurdly human in the father of the family, as he sits erect to receive the homage of those who come to pay court to him, and, strange to say, there is something absurdly bear-like in the aspect of many of the heavy, genial-looking citizens of Berne. When the French army took possession of this city, in 1798, they set upon the pet bears as lawful spoils of war and took them to France to end their days in the Jardin des Plantes. But the citizens found means of replacing them when the ancient order of things was again restored, and now we have bruin in all, perhaps more, than his ancient dignity.

The ancient fortifications of Berne are converted into promenades, and beautiful shadowy places they are, commanding various points, grand views of the Oberland Alps and of the city. But I thought the view from the terrace of the city, in the rear of the Federal Palace, where we sat at evening, Eighth month, 8th, to see the sun down, and the Alpine glow suffuse the snow-capped summits, satisfied every reasonable aspiration. S. F.

*Eighth month 15th.*

Reported for Friends' Intelligencer.

SIXTH AND LAST LECTURE OF P. CHASE.—"Harmony of Faith and Reason"—Before entering upon the subject for the evening, Prof. C. gave a cursory review of previous lectures, alluding to Lamarch, Agassiz and Franklin, and stating that laurels should be awarded to the latter for snatching the thunderbolts from heaven. The unsectarian tendencies of the present is due to George Fox and Jonathan Edwards. The former was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1624, died in 1690. Prof., after giving details of his life, took from his diary, read an autograph letter written by G. F. in 1683, to a friend then residing in South Carolina. The latter

in Connecticut, in 1703. At the age of he took his first degree at Yale College, at the age of 19 became a calvanistic cher and accepted a call to serve as missionary among the Indians at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Whilst here, he composed famous work on the "Freedom of the

He shunned speculation, advocated the of free inquiry and spoke of a divine natural light. In his writings he dwells the love and fore knowledge of God. If, Prof. C., we believe in a being of infinite that love will remove all difficulty. J. ards died in 1758. His teachings have ly modified sternness in religion and red the feelings of love. To the state- that Quakerism is dying out, the reply be made that if so it is because its ments are becoming more widely ac- ledged by the various religious sects. ough Bacon came the inductive theory; se theories are beneficial, inasmuch as lead to discussion and to the formation correct theory. At this time Darwinism the ascendancy. The time may come Agassiz's theory will be adopted, or the may lead to one more correct than

modern writer has said we should re- the man as a soul with the body, rather as a body having a soul. We are told we don't know we have a soul, we know matter and of force. Faith longs for hing more—if we *could* know. It is for us to consider what we do know. It the exercise of our reason, by compar- ings that we know, yet reason is power- ithout faith. We go back step by step we get to the convictions given us by eator. But we are told that faith has to error, so has science. We have had in Astronomy and in Geology. There errors in the metaphysics of the old s, but we are getting a better under- ng of these things; so will it be with . There can be no conflict between and reason; all facts are revelations, er they relate to the mind, or to what e. Science carries us no farther than tion did thousands of years ago. One mprovement in modern science is that, it recognizes only what we know, yet l there is something unknowable that cannot give us; has it the power to itself to its creatures? Jonathan ds said God is a Father of infinite and we may safely leave everything to

he close of the lecture, the audience upon the following, as expressing the of the occasion, viz:

We have listened with deep interest and profit to the course of lectures on Heat, Motion, Electricity, Telegraphy, Spectroscopy, Weather Predictions, Harmony of Faith and Reason, delivered in Mercantile Library Hall, by Prof. Pliny E. Chase, of Haverford College, and we earnestly recommend institutions of learning to engage his valuable services to give familiar lessons on the above-named and kindred themes; believing that the Natural Sciences, as presented by Prof. Chase, not only incite intellectual activity, but promote moral and religious growth.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

The new building of the Academy is sufficiently advanced for occupancy, and all the collections have been removed thereto. The removal of the library has been commenced, and the prospects now are that the inaugural meeting will be held in the new hall on the second Third-day in First month.

The new Academy stands at the corner of 19th and Race sts. The north wing of the edifice only has been completed; the dimensions of this are 184 by 66 feet, while those of the old hall were but 115 by 50 feet. It is estimated that when the collections are arranged very little room will be left for additions; particularly will this be the case among the Molusks, which have been largely added to by the splendid Swift collection of the shells of the West Indies, without doubt the finest collection in existence.

S. R. R.

Twelfth month 23d, 1875.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

BY GEORGE E. WARING JR.

It is proposed in these papers to consider a subject which, one might almost say, was born—or reborn—but a quarter of a century ago, and which has contended with much difficulty in bringing itself to the notice of the public. Indeed, it is only within the past ten years that it has made its way in any important degree outside of purely professional literature.

Happily men, and women too, are fast coming to realize the fact that humanity is responsible for much of its own sickness and premature death, and it is no longer necessary to offer an apology for presenting to public consideration a subject in which, more than in any other—that is, the subject of its own healthfulness and the cleanliness of its own living—the general public is vitally interested.

The evils arising from sanitary neglect are as old as civilization, perhaps as old as human life, and they exist about every isolated cabin of the newly settled country. As population multiplies, as cabins accumulate into hamlets, hamlets grow into villages, villages into towns, and towns into cities, the effects



of the evil become more intense, and in their appeal to our attention they are reinforced by the fact that while in isolated life fatal or debilitating illness may equally arise, in compact communities each case arising is a menace to others, so that a single centre of contagion may spread devastation on every side.

It is not enough that we build our houses on healthful sites, and where we have pure air and pure water; we must also make provision for preventing these sites from becoming foul, as every unprotected house-site inevitably must—by sheer force of the accumulated waste of its occupants.

Houses, even of the best class, which are free from sanitary objections are extremely rare. The best modern appliances of plumbing are made with almost no regard for the tendency of sewer-gas to find its way into living-rooms, and for other insidious but well known defects. So generally is this true, that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that unwholesomeness in our houses is practically universal. Hardly less universal is a curious sensitiveness on the part of the occupants of these houses to any suggestion of their short-comings.

Singularly enough, no one whose premises are subject to malarial influences seems willing to be told the truth with regard to them. No man likes to confess that his own well and his own cess-pool occupy the same permeable stratum in his garden; that the decaying vegetables in his cellar are the source of the ailments in his household; or that an obvious odor from his adjacent pig-sty, or from his costly marble-topped wash-stand, has to do with the disease his physician is contending against.

That the imperfections of our own premises are a menace to our neighbors is a still more irritating suggestion, and such criticism seems to invade the domain of our private rights. Yet surely there can be no equitable or legal private right whose maintenance jeopardizes the well-being of others. It is not possible, in a closely-built town or compact neighborhood, for one to retain in his own ground (either on the surface or in a vault or cess-pool) any form of ordure or festering organic matter, without endangering the lives of his neighbors, through either the pollution of the common air or the poisoning of wells fed from strata underlying the whole ground and more or less tainted by household wastes. Even if he might be permitted to maintain a source of injury to his own family, his neighbors may well insist that he shall not endanger them.

It being important for all that each be made to live cleanly, and the requirements of all, so far as the removal of the wastes of life is concerned, being essentially of the same character, the question of drainage is one in which the whole public is interested, and should be decided and carried out by public authority,—so that all may have the advantage of the economy of organized work and the security of work well done.

The drainage question is essentially a question of health and life. Dr. Geo. Derby stated the whole case when he said, "The well are made sick and the sick are made worse for the simple lack of God's pure air and pure water."

Yet, neither this statement nor the most perfect modern development of the art of cleansing towns by water-carriage has the merit of novelty. Hippocrates gave as the cardinal hygienic formula, "Pure air, pure water and a pure soil," and after all these centuries we know nothing to add to it. Our modern sewerage works are thus far only taking us back to the cleanly condition of the most prosperous ancient cities; only lifting us out of the slough of

plague-causing filth that marked the darkest period of the Middle Ages; only continuing the wholesome revival that the Mahometan Moors introduced among the unwashed Christians of Europe. It is a revival that has grown slowly, urged on by the harsh work of disease and death. So late as the middle of the brilliant nineteenth century it had only begun to command the aid of the law, and as a subject of popular interest it can hardly yet be said to command the attention of even the more intelligent members of society.

Yet, when the subject is once considered, every thoughtful person must appreciate the fact that seeking the advantages of civilized life we necessarily depend at every turn upon our fellow-men, that in this communion we lay ourselves open to the consequences of the neglect of others, while equally threaten others with the consequences of our own neglect. The influence of thoughtful persons cannot long be withheld from a movement whose object it is to popularize the knowledge of good and evil in the conduct of the daily life of household and of the community, and to make the public at large insist that each shall so regulate his action as to secure the greatest safety for all.

Public sanitary improvement is not the affair of the philanthropist alone, nor is the interest of individual satisfied when he has made his own immediate surroundings perfect. Everything that affects the health of the poorest and most distant of our neighbors may affect us; and, practically, the spread of disease in closely-built towns is often more than from the poorest classes upward, that many a patient falling ill of contagious or infectious disease in the back slums of the city comes the centre of a wide infection. The health of each is important to all, and all must join in securing it.

The great aim of all sewerage work is to see to every member of the community his full supply of uncontaminated air, and where the wells are of pure drinking-water.

Referring to the lower quarters of the city of London, Dr. Derby asks us to consider "what would be the effect upon the annual mortality in a community like Boston, if the wretched cellars and crooked palaces and rookeries and dens in which the extremely poor and improvident live could be drained, and their occupants transferred to clean, drained and lighted and ventilated buildings, however cheap and simple construction; if all the foul fluids could be made quickly to depart by the force of gravity through ventilated sewers; if all the solids could be removed without delay in carts provided with means for arresting putrefaction, if the blind alleys and narrow streets were opened to the admission of the air and of sunlight; if the old wells were removed, the old cisterns torn down or replaced, and the general principle of *cleanliness in its broad sense* applied to air, water, and food." The plan would have been complete, had he suggested the well-known fact that the danger to the community from the classes of diseases known as "pythemic" (born of putridity) is not confined to those who live amid these filthy surroundings, but that the very sewers with which the better houses are drained are too often subterranean channels for conveying poisonous gases from the places of their origin to the quarters which, without this transmission, would remain free from contamination.

Self-preservation is the first law of our nature, but it is a law which we ignorantly and consistently disregard in laying our life and health at the mercy of the foul conditions of life prevailing among our neighbors.

We roll up our eyes and stand aghast when contemplating the horrors of war; yet the mortality of war is trifling as compared with the mortality of eventable disease. England, in twenty-two years continuous war, lost 79,700 lives; in one year of plera she lost 144,860 lives.

We look idly on and see our population decimated an infant mortality so great that its like among ves and colts would appall the farmer, and set a whole community energetically at work to discover a remedy.

It is estimated that for every person dying, twenty sick (Playfair estimates it at twenty-eight), and—turn the argument in a direction best understood many of our more influential neighbors—that every case of sickness costs on the average fifty lars.

(To be continued.)

### SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A gold fringe on the purpling hem  
Of hills the river runs,  
As down its long, green valleys falls  
The last of summer's suns.  
Along its tawny gravel-bed,  
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,  
As if its meadow levels felt  
The hurry of the hill.  
Noiseless between its banks of green  
From curve to curve it slips;  
The drowsy maple shadows rest  
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,  
Unstoried and unknown;  
The ursine legend of its name  
Prowls on its banks alone.  
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn  
As ever Yarrow knew,  
Or, under rainy Irish skies,  
By Spenser's Mulla grew;  
And through the gaps of leaning trees  
Its mountain cradle shows;  
The gold against the amethyst,  
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall,  
Are God's great pictures hung.  
How changed the summits vast and old!  
No longer granite-browed,  
They melt in rosy mist; the rock  
Is softer than the cloud;  
The valley holds its breath; no leaf  
Of all its elms is twirled;  
The silence of eternity  
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals  
Of mystery is this;  
Yon miracle-play of night and day  
Makes dumb its witnesses,  
What unseen altar crowns the hills  
That reach up stair on stair?  
What eyes look through, what white wings fan  
These purple veils of air?  
What Presence from the heavenly heights  
To those of earth stoops down?  
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods  
On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky,  
The golden water pales,

And over all the valley-land  
A gray-winged vapor sails.  
I go the common way of all;  
The sunset fires will burn,  
The flowers will blow, the river flow,  
When I no more return.  
No whisper from the mountain pine  
Nor lapsing stream shall tell  
The stranger, treading where I tread,  
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,  
God's colors all are fast;  
The glory of this sunset heaven  
Into my soul has passed—  
A sense of gladness unconfined  
To mortal date or clime;  
As the soul liveth, it shall live  
Beyond the years of time.  
Beside the mystic asphodels  
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,  
And new horizons flush and glow  
With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear  
Too soon their wintry frown,  
And snow-cold winds from off them shake  
The maple's red leaves down.  
But I shall see a summer sun  
Still setting broad and low:  
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,  
The golden water flow.  
A lover's claim is mine on all  
I see to have and hold—  
The rose-light of perpetual hills,  
And sunsets never cold.

[John G. Whittier, in *January Atlantic*.]

For the Children.

### BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

You never need fear little children, to meet  
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;  
Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable,  
I'll give you its moral as well as I'm able;  
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet everywhere—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,  
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies:  
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—  
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the very large eyes;  
'Tis ready to snap and trample and tear—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn  
About things with which she should have no concern;  
Such mean curiosity really appears  
To me like the wolf with the very big ears,  
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness—that's like the wolf in the wood;  
With the very large mouth, ever prowling for food,  
That eats so much more than for health can be good,  
That would clear a whole pastrycook's shop, if it could;  
That never a dainty to others will spare—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

—Moravian.

What are the little foxes? Read and see.

THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES.

One little fox is "By-and-by." If you can track him, you come to his hole—Never.



Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, 'I Can' by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is, "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is, "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is, "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is, "No Matter." It does matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults."

There are many other little foxes besides these. Some young folks, and older folks, too, are beset by foxes that gnaw holes in and spoil every sentence they utter. No sooner do these unhappy mortals begin to speak than up flies the fox "Good gracious," mangling what they mean to say. Before the listener recovers from his alarm a whole pack of foxes are upon the speaker: "You know," "I say," "Did I ever," "Awful," "Jolly," "My," "My goodness," "Patience," "Mercy," "He says, says he," "She says, says she." It would seem a wonder that a shred was left of these luckless wights. Yet, strange to say, they actually pet their tormentors, and encourage their coming. Do I hear any around our table?—*The Methodist*.

### NOTICES.

The next Third-day Evening Meeting is held at Green street, on 4th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

#### CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

1st mo. 2d, 1876, Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.

" " Plymouth, Pa., 3 P.M.

Friends' Charity Fuel Association.—Stated Meeting this evening, at 8 o'clock.

ALFRED MOORE, *Clerk*.

Quarterly Meetings will be held 1st mo. 25th, Western, at Longdengrove, Pa., 10 A. M.; 1st mo., 27th, Caln, East Caln, Pa., 11 A. M.; 1st mo., 27th, Westbury, at New York City, 10½ A. M.

Friends' Boarding House.—The Managers will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 7th inst., at 3½ o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room. Any who feel interested are invited to meet with them.

J. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk*.

Burlington F. D. School Union, will be held at Trenton, N. J., on Seventh-day, First mo. 8th, 1876, at 10 o'clock, A. M. All are invited.

MARY J. GARWOOD, } *Clerks*.  
EDITH R. ABBOTT, }

### ITEMS.

MOUNT VESUVIUS is in an eruptive condition. The instruments in the observatory are in motion, and Prof. Palmieri predicts a long period of eruption.

An earthquake shock was felt at Richmond, Va., at many other places in that State, at Weldon, N. C., and at Washington, on the 24th ult. The shock lasted ten seconds.

LEAVES of the pineapple, now being extensively cultivated in the East Indies, are turned into account by being converted into a kind of wadding which is used for upholstering instead of hair. A

sort of flannel is also manufactured from them from which substantial waistcoats and shirts can be made.

A MAN living in Clay, N. Y., has invented a snow plough which is so constructed that instead of crowding or pressing the snow from the tracks, it carries it up an inclined plane or apron to the height of ten or fifteen feet, where it is received by a side shoot and carrier, which throws it from the track as far as may be desired. The inventor asserts that the new plough will do the work of one hundred men, and in heavy banks of snow considerably more.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is proposed to open communication with Sudan and other regions of Central Africa, by means of a canal three or four hundred miles long, debouching at one end into the Mediterranean, and at the other into an inland sea that, when made, shall equal in extent the two counties of Kent and Sussex put together. A port is to be made on the outer as well as the inner—that is to say, on the Constantinian and Scudanian coast; and when it is considered that all the merchandise from the latter country has at present to be carried to the ports of Tripoli and Morocco on foot, it will be seen that the scheme aims at an enormous gain in time and cheapness.—*Woman's Journal*.

THE WOOL PRODUCT OF CALIFORNIA.—The raising of sheep has in twenty-five years grown to be one of the most important industries of the State. Very little wool was raised by the Mexican inhabitants up to the time of the American occupation, and the little that was produced was coarse, and only fit for making a kind of heavy waterproof blanket, which the Indians manufactured by a simple hand process without even a loom. Our wool product is now very large, having amounted in 1874, according to the State Surveyor-General's report, to 21,340,486 pounds, being an increase over the previous year of 1,806,660 pounds. It has been the custom of wool growers hitherto to shear their sheep twice a year, but we observe that it is being abandoned as unprofitable and prejudicial to the animals. The great sheep raising counties are Fresno, Los Angeles, Kern, Santa Barbara, Merced and Tehama, but sheep are also raised to a greater or less extent in every county in the State.—*Santa Barbara Index*.

THREE freight cars containing \$6,000,000 worth of silk-worm eggs arrived at New York, on 12th inst. They had come from Hong Kong to San Francisco in twenty-three days, and thence to New York in less than seven days, the speed being faster than the mails are carried by the same route. This uncommon cargo is going to Italy and the South of France, and could have reached its destination quicker and at less cost by way of the Suez Canal, but it has been found useless to ship them that way, because the southern climate hatches the eggs.

The silk-worms are put upon long sheets of cardboard in China, and are left until each board is covered with eggs, which are about the size of mustard seed. The eggs stick to the cards, which, interlaid with sheets of paper, are packed in wooden boxes tightly closed, and wrapped in canvas and matting. In this shipment there were 647 cases, containing over 160,000 cards. The cases were transferred yesterday to the Hamburg steamer *Frisia*, which will sail for Europe to-day. When the eggs reach their destination they will be stored in vaults, secured against warmth, until the mulberry trees on which they feed have grown their foliage.—*Evening Telegraph* of 16th inst.

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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From the Correspondent of the Christian Register.

## NATIONAL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

Yesterday we had the great pleasure of seeing for the first time the man who has given the world so many, and such serviceable, "Chips from a German Workshop." The occasion was the annual distribution of prizes to those students in this vicinity who have successfully passed the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations. . . . .

Max Müller is now a man apparently fifty-five or fifty-six years old. His figure is not tall, but of medium height, with a scholarly stoop to the shoulders. His head is large—a long head rather than a broad one,—covered with hair in which the silver closely contests the victory. When he speaks, his head inclines to the right side, physically speaking, as everybody knows it does in the moral sense. His face combines in its expression cheeriness, gentleness and strength. His accent just tells that his first work was in a German workshop. His voice has a clear, silvery ring, and he speaks, when he speaks, because he has something to say.

Yesterday he spoke to us of education. It was the theme suggested by the occasion, the theme in which the speaker is chiefly interested, and the theme concerning which England needs especially to hear. In the course of his address Max Müller delivered himself of sentiments which were quite too just and true to be either acceptable or orthodox

here, particularly with the ecclesiastical and professionally religious gentlemen by whom he was for the most part surrounded. He knew his audience very well, but did not abate one jot or tittle of his manly word. Close beside him sat our aproned and knee-breeched Bishop Frazer, and the aproned Dean of Manchester, and two or three of our cathedral canons, with other learned and wise doctors of the great national temple; and it was just a little interesting to notice how patiently, and what an uneasily enforced ease, they had to bear it, as the sword of his truth-loving spirit cut clean through some of their favorite persuasions.

After expressing his deep interest in the educational effort which had brought us together, and speaking of his connection with this system of local examinations from the first, the professor gave us what he supposed to be the true underlying reasons for his personal consecration to the cause of education, "in the largest sense of that term." One was that education was the national hobby of Germany,—the one great luxury in which his nation indulged. Another, he thought, might be found in *atavisism*, a family bias. And in speaking of this he gave us a biographical chip of great interest, as showing us the quality of the block from which he was hewn. "My own *atavisus*, or, at all events, my great-grandfather, was the first reformer of our national education, the forerunner of



Pestalozzi, the first who, during the last century, stirred up the conscience of the people of Germany and of their rulers, and taught them at least this one lesson: that next to the duty of self-preservation there is no higher, no more sacred duty which a nation has to fulfill than national education." That grandfather's name was Barsdow. About a hundred years ago he raised the first war-cry for national education in Germany. His foes were, of course, ecclesiastics. His life may be read in the "German Biographia," recently published by the Bavarian government. "This one great principle he established: that national education is a national duty; that national education is a sacred duty; and that to leave national education to chance, church or charity, is a national sin! Another principle which followed, in fact as a matter of course, as soon as the first principle was granted, was this: that in national schools, in schools supported by the nation at large, you can only teach that on which we all agree; hence, when children belong to different sects, you cannot teach theology." Barsdow's argument was irresistible, but it roused the most terrific opposition. He tried, but in vain, to concoct some sort of a diluted religious pabulum for common schools, which should neither offend any of the bitterly opposed Christians, nor Jews, nor Mohammedans. Failing in this he planted himself firmly upon the conviction that everything ought to give way to national education. "I confess," said Max Müller, "I fully share the same conviction. If it were possible to imagine a religion or a sect that should try to oppose or retard the education of the people, then I should say that religion cannot be true religion, and the sooner it is swept away the better. I say the same of national education. If there were, if there could be, a system of national education that should exclude religious education, that system cannot be the true system, and the sooner it is swept away the better." Poor Barsdow was a deeply religious man; but because he contended that no theological obstacle must stand between the people and the universal privilege of receiving an education, he became the victim, not of heathen, but of Christian rage. He was deprived of his professorship. He was excommunicated, not by the Pope, but by the Protestant and Reformed Christians. His whole family, as well as himself, were excluded from the communion. Had there been a "Year Book," his name would have been dropped. Failing of that gentle and attenuated resource, the good people piously mobbed him, and the sale of his books was prohibited. But he conquered, like all men thus slain. His two fundamental principles—that nation-

al education left to chance, church or charity is a sin, and that theology must be excluded from the public schools, prevailed—are the present basis of the educational system in Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and are just adopted in Italy, which desires to educate her people that she may preserve her life. France and England still persist in the course which old Barsdow considered a sin, and concerning which his eminent grandson cordially agrees with him.

Max Müller now addressed himself directly to England in this matter. "We may be certain," he said, "that the time has come when England also will recognize these two fundamental principles, education by the nation and for the nation, and complete separation of school teaching and church teaching. And, believe me, as soon as these two principles are acknowledged, most difficulties that now beset the educational question, whether theological or financial, will vanish. The clergy will be relieved from their present false and invidious position. They, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic or Nonconformist, will be able to teach during certain hours on week-days, and in Sunday-schools, that religion which it is their right and duty to teach. The time will be amply sufficient, for the less a child learns of theology as distinct from religion, the better. Nothing can be more wasteful than the present system, when every parish, or, at all events, every clergyman, wants to have his own little school. In order to have good education you must have good educators. It is true we no longer employ the sexton, who, in addition to bell-ringing, organ-playing and grave-digging, had to teach the children in school; but it is very bad still. The school-master is still in many places the servant of the clergyman; his work is hard, and he never rises to much more than about one hundred and fifty pounds a year. What can you expect upon such conditions? a young school-master might begin with much less than that if there were a career open to him. In the army a man begins as a lieutenant, but he may end as a general. In teaching a lower profession than drilling. In every department of the civil service a gentleman begins with little; but he rises, and he has the prospect of a retiring pension in the end. Is the place of school-master too low for a gentleman? Is teaching so very repulsive, even teaching the A B C? Do gentlemen shrink from offices which seem at first most repulsive in the medical profession. Has a schoolmaster fewer opportunities of doing good than a clergyman? If gentlemen can be inspectors of schools, why could they not be teachers of schools?"

Our American readers can take note of



what Max Müller means by his constant use of the term *gentleman*. A gentleman over here, though it is rather difficult to make him out with precision, is at least something different from a man of gentle manners, spirit or even of generous culture. He is a man, one would say, who carries himself in certain ranks, circles and conventional ways. He is one who avoids doing certain things. They may be honorable, useful, even essential things. But a gentleman must not do them. . . . This will account for Max Müller's pleading for the elevation of the school-master to the rank of a gentleman.

"Make education a branch of the civil service make school-masters what they really are, in the true sense of the word, servants of the Queen, and you will find the best talent and the best moral stuff in the country ready at hand for making really efficient school-masters. There would be, no doubt, a large expenditure at first, only let us call it by the right name. It is not expenditure, it is investment, and the best, safest, the most lucrative investment in the world. That is what I often preach to parents who think that the education of their children is too expensive. It is far better to spend money on the very best education that can be had than to leave each child a thousand pounds more. The same should be preached all over the country, till the nation at large, which, after all, consists of so many parents, understands that it will receive far higher interest for capital spent in English education than on capital invested in the English, nay, in the Turkish funds. As foolish parents have to pay their children's debts, foolish nations have to spend for prisons and work-houses what they might have spent on national schools. But not that only. Every nation at present is trying to improve its material by national education; and in the peaceful, but not the less fierce and determined, warfare of commercial competition, depend upon it the worst drilled, the worst educated country will go to the wall. A man in these days who cannot read is like a blind man; a man who cannot write is like a dumb and deaf man. Are those the men whom England wants to rear? You have money, you have peace, you have public spirit, and you have, what is best of all, practical religion. I mean, you still do a thing, however you may dislike it, because you believe it is the will of God. Well, then, invest your money, utilize your peace, rouse your public spirit, and convince the world that one-half, three-fourths, nine-tenths of real practical religion is education, national education, compulsory, and, it may be, gratuitous education."

These are some of the more characteristic

parts of Max Müller's address. They reveal the man. Do they not also reveal the public to which they were spoken? It is always proper to move a vote of thanks for any gentleman's services upon an occasion like this. You may be sure that yesterday the moving was critically and carefully as well as cordially done. The Dean was not prepared to agree upon many points. He thought our prejudices were too strong just at present to adopt such a scheme. The Bishop also put in his testimony so as to neutralize as far as possible a too favorable acceptance of a national education divorced from theology. Still the applause had been too hearty, and the eminence of the speaker was too great for anything more than a stammering and weak resistance to the testimony which had been borne. In responding to the vote of thanks, Max Müller simply said, that in uttering himself under a sense of duty "he knew perfectly well that he should not carry every one present with him; but he believed they had asked him to come there, not in order to speak smooth things, but to say what he individually believed to be right and true." Thus ended the most advanced and pronounced utterance which we have had upon education in many a day. It will do something, we trust, to enlighten public opinion, and to sweep an obstructive and false religion out of the way.

From a Collection of Memorials.

A TESTIMONY FROM GUNPOWDER MONTHLY MEETING, IN MARYLAND, CONCERNING OUR FRIEND AND ELDER IN THE CHURCH, WILLIAM AMOS, DECEASED.

This our dearly beloved friend, was born about the 1st of Third month, 1717, old style, and educated a member of the Episcopal Church. At the age of nineteen years, it appears he was an officer in the militia, but whilst in that station, it was, through Divine mercy, opened to his understanding, that the kingdom of Christ was a peaceable kingdom; he, therefore, not conferring with flesh and blood, became obedient to the heavenly vision, and resigned his office.

His understanding being enlightened to behold the emptiness of all outward forms and ceremonies in religious worship, he was often led into silent retirement; and apprehending his mind to be drawn to a certain place, then a forest, for the purpose of retirement on the first day of the week, he yielded thereto, and on the way was led to call on two others in his neighborhood, and invite them to accompany him—they consented, and continued regularly to meet with him; in about six weeks, their number increased to nine persons.



About this time, apprehending that they were united in faith and principle, with the profession of Friends, they concluded to apply to Gunpowder Monthly Meeting, to be taken under its notice. They were received into membership by that meeting, and a meeting-house built, and a meeting settled by the name of Little Falls, where they had at first assembled. Before he had any acquaintance with Friends, he was summoned as a witness, and required to take an oath, when he found himself constrained to refuse, notwithstanding heavy penalties were threatened as the consequence; yet, being enabled patiently and steadfastly to bear his testimony, he was, after some time, discharged.

In process of time, he also saw the inconsistency of supporting a ministry by hire; and at one time stood almost, if not quite, alone in those parts, in refusing to pay the tax imposed for that purpose; and although this testimony exposed him to some close trials and sufferings, yet he appears to have faithfully maintained his integrity.

He was also a zealous advocate in the cause of the oppressed descendants of the Africans, and one of the first to liberate those in his possession; and after making this sacrifice to justice, labored in much love and tenderness to induce others to do likewise.

Soon after he was received into membership, from the flowing of love and good will in his heart, he felt an engagement to impress his mind to invite others to become partakers of that inheritance which at times he had to experience in retirement; often setting forth the benefits which attended those who humbly waited on the Lord. And as he grew in years, he grew in his gift, and became an able minister, it being evident that his love for the eternal good of mankind increased with his years; often repeating in his public testimonies the song of the angels to the shepherds, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men." Thus living in near unity with his friends, he was much employed in the service of the Church, and truly helpful therein.

Having earnestly labored for the good of his fellow-creatures, he often expressed the ardent desire of his mind to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; being himself an example of meekness, resignation, piety, benevolence and charity, whereby he secured the general esteem and good will of those who knew him.

At the burial of his wife, which was but a few days before his departure, when a number of his friends and neighbors were assembled on that occasion, as he lay on his bed, he delivered an awakening testimony, calling

their attention in the most pressing and moving manner, to consider their latter end, that the joy of acceptance might be their consolation; saying to a friend who inquired how he was, "my greatest desire is to be with my dear and suffering Lord."

Thus our beloved friend, during the course of a very long life, continued to support the various testimonies which he was called to bear, to the edification and encouragement of many.

He departed this life on the 26th day of Second month, 1814, and was gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe, in the 97th year of his age, having been a minister about seventy years; and was decently interred in the family burying-place, attended by a large number of his friends and neighbors.

Signed the 27th of Ninth month, 1815, on behalf of the meeting aforesaid, by

THOMAS CLARK,  
*Clerk at this time.*

From the Public Ledger.

#### SPIRITUAL HUNGER.

A chief element of vitality is the power of absorbing nourishment. The lowest of all vegetable organisms exhibit this superiority over the mineral world that they are in some way capable of imbibing the surrounding air and moisture for their sustenance, a power which does not reside in the most massive rock or the most polished gem. As we ascend higher in the scale, this attribute manifests itself more and more vividly. The plant draws into itself the elements of the soil from below, and the influences of sun and air from above, and thus develops into the fragrant flower or the majestic tree. In animal life this necessity increases; more various and concentrated substances are absorbed, and special organs provided for their reception and assimilation with each peculiar structure into which they enter. With intelligence comes a craving for this supply and corresponding efforts to obtain it, and the powers of the brute creation seem mainly to be put forth in one continuous struggle for food. Man's more complicated physical nature makes the same demand as imperiously and more exacting fashion, and his varied powers are put forth, and land and sea compassed to provide and combine materials for the nourishment and strengthening of his physical frame.

This law which governs all material forms of vitality is equally potent in those higher and purer forms called spiritual. Indeed the higher the form of vitality the greater the need and craving for appropriate nourishment. It is now well known that a sense such as that of sight or hearing, if constantly denied the congenial elements of light and



sound, by which it is fed, will gradually dry up and finally become extinct. Fishes found in caves where no light can penetrate are destitute of eyes, though a slight indenture shows where the organ had formerly existed in far removed ancestors before darkness enveloped them. So the human mind, if utterly deprived of the external nutriment which strengthens and develops it will gradually lose its power and sink into imbecility. Instances have been known where, under absolutely solitary confinement, the mind, shut out from all living nature and having literally nothing to feed upon, has been starved into idiocy. Just as the nature of a tree requires the air and light to make it thrive and branch forth in rich luxuriance of foliage or fruit; just as the body of man requires not only these, but also more solid and nutritive aliment to vitalize and strengthen its various parts, and to make activity possible, so the spirit of man, which is the purest form of vitality on earth, needs the sympathy of kindred spirits, the light of truth, the pure air and sunshine of infinite goodness, the very bread of life to sustain and animate it.

That a craving for such spiritual food is inherent in every nature is evident from the unrest and want of satisfaction that follows all merely material success. When the hunger and thirst of the body are assuaged, the still hungry mind, not clearly discerning its own needs, seeks the stimulus of some new sensation; and delicate condiments and exciting pleasures of all kinds are resorted to, and a double work imposed on the body, to its great detriment. This is not a craving of the body—that was satisfied with simple, nourishing aliment—it is the unsatisfied spirit, longing for its natural food, and trying vainly to satisfy its hunger with husks. A feverish passion for acquiring money often urges men to undergo toils, to make sacrifices and to bear burdens that were worthy of a better cause. But success in this fails to bring the quiet serenity or peaceful content. Whether they lay it up in coffers or lay it out in luxuries, the same fever burns within them, and ever spurs them on to fresh struggles and fresh disappointments. It is not their material wants that are calling aloud for sustenance—they were long since satisfied; it is the eager, never-dying spirit within them that is seeking to satisfy its infinite hunger with finite things. Many other channels are vainly drained to allay this craving of the soul. Power, honor, fame, society, applause, are sought and gained, only to prove that they are not the true nourishment of the soul. The cares, irritations and envyings, the disappointed hopes and wearied natures, still proclaim that the spirit can be fed by none of

these things. It is only when it turns to higher, purer, nobler good, to which it is itself allied, that it finds the congenial elements that can alone satisfy its hunger and promote its vitality. One disinterested act of benevolence, one outgoing of pure affection, one living truth received into the heart, and carried out into the life, one noble sentiment cherished, or virtuous resolve executed, will give more solid satisfaction to the soul than any measure of temporal success or material pleasure; for such are the elements with which it is allied, and such the food which alone is capable of affording nourishment to its vitality. Every ray of the infinite goodness for which it yearns, that penetrates and permeates the soul, gives it new life and strength, while all attempts to feed it with inferior good, all doubling of bodily pleasures, or eager pursuit of gain, or applause, or show, will leave it starving for its true food and pining for its native air.

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#### PERTE DU RHÔNE.

This "Perte du Rhône" was translated from the *Almanac of Good Counsels*, published in Geneva in 1874. It is all TRUE, but I cannot remember the name of the American. Much of the land he bought was from Mons. Cottin. That was four or five years ago. They now have a society there and various factories, such as paper-mills, manure factory, etc. The water-power diverted from the Rhône is as much as 12,000 horse-power, which is sold according to the demand. It may be many years before all the power is disposed of. Mons. Cottin regrets having sold the land so cheaply. B.

#### BELLEGARDE AND THE PERTE DU RHONE.

About an hour by rail from Geneva, in Switzerland, the Rhône, after having mingled its blue waters with the grey waters of the Arve, enters a narrow, deep gorge. From the railway, which follows the river, you can hear the waters groan and roar in the bed which they have dug for themselves. All at once the river disappears to reappear some hundreds of yards farther on. This is called the "Perte du Rhône" (the loss of the Rhône) and the place is Bellegarde, a village of poor enough appearance, but now likely to become an industrial center, and, perhaps, a large city. And to what do you think it will owe its transformation? To the Rhône first, and secondly, to an American, who had come to visit the Perte du Rhône. Perhaps he shrugged his shoulders as he thought of Niagara; but, suddenly, he was struck with an idea. In an American brain ideas ripen fast. He walked back thoughtfully to Bellegarde, and went straight to the notary.



"Sir," said he to him, "your locality pleases me; I have an idea of starting a washing establishment on the banks of the Rhône. Will you do me the favor to see if there is any land for sale? And, as I should like a choice, you may get as many offers as possible. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied the notary. "I will return them to you in a week." At the end of which time, the American entered the the notary's office. "Well, have you attended to my little affair?"

"Oh," said the notary, laughing and placing his hand on an enormous pile of papers, "if you want to buy all the land around here it depends only upon yourself. Your offer is such a Godsend, that everyone wishes to profit by it—everyone wishes to sell you his land."

"Let us see," said the American, quietly looking over the letters; and after a few minutes he resumed, "I will buy all."

The notary was stupefied, the inhabitants were still more stupefied, and wondered whether they or the stranger was mad. But the promise was given; the legal papers were soon made out, and our American is the proprietor of almost the whole plain of Bellegarde. Then, and not before, he explained his idea. He had remarked that between the point where the Rhône disappears and the point where it comes out again, there was a very considerable difference of level; and he said to himself, "Here is an enormous loss of water-power, of power which it is possible to gather up and utilize. What must be done? Why, just what the miller does, who turns the stream from its course to bring its waters to his mill—open a new channel for the Rhône, and conduct it to the place where he wished to transform its fall into motive power." The idea was put into execution without delay. A company was formed; a subterranean channel of more than 500 yards in length has been dug, and a part of those waters which had been engulfed without profit to anybody, now follow peaceably that new road to pour themselves into enormous turbines, and to communicate to them a power valued as that of 10,000 horses!

But that was not all. Ten thousand horses at the bottom of a hole could not do much work. The question was to transport them (or their equivalent) to the summit of the steep banks of the Rhône, and distribute them over all the extent of the plain of Bellegarde. They did this by means of cables of iron wire, which transmitted movement and force to great pulleys, around which they were rolled. Power can thus be sent several miles, as easily as water or gas is sent through a pipe. Now you understand the complete thought of our American. The lands will be

resold; the 10,000 horse-power will be rented; the American will make his fortune, and the valley of Bellegarde will become the asylum of the exiled workman of Alsace, and the place where they will invest their capital.

Dear reader, is there in your life no lost power? Are you employing well your time, your intelligence, your fortune, your knowledge, your health, your energy? If not, then haste to dig a new course for them, which shall be obedience to the will of God. In doing this, you will become not only more useful, but more happy.

From the Christian Union.

#### THE LAW OF MORAL INHERITANCE.

One of the special topics of modern thought and investigation is the degree of practical limitation imposed on free will, and consequently on moral responsibility by inherited tendencies. It is a new phase of an old discussion. A most interesting chapter of history could be made by a record of the successive changes of sentiment on the question as to how one man's responsibility may be effected by another man's action.

In the earliest stages of society known to us, it is not the individual who is regarded as the unit so much as the family, the tribe or the clan. As one result of this, the history of early times abounds in instances of whole families punished for the offence committed by the father alone. In early Jewish history we find this practice supported by the national sentiment, while in conflict with it and gradually superseding it appears the higher idea of strictly individual responsibility. The Mosaic code expressly repudiated the lower principle. "The fathers," it declared, "shall not be put to death for the children, neither shall the children be put to death for their fathers; every man shall be put to death for his own sin."—(Deut. xxiv, 16.) But here, as in other instances, the practice of the people was inferior to the sentiment of their law. When Achan committed a capital crime, his sons and his daughters were stoned along with him, and the people evidently considered it a righteous proceeding. So, in later times, the psalmist's wrath against his and the Lord's enemies expressed itself in imprecations even upon their children. In the earlier Old Testament books the idea appears, repeatedly and in impressive forms, that the sins of the fathers are directly visited upon the children and the children's children. But, later, Jeremiah declares: "They shall say no more, The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge. But every one shall die for his own iniquity; every man that eateth the sour grape, he



teeth shall be set on edge.”—(Jer. xxxi, 29, 30.) Ezekiel (chap. xviii) makes the same proverb the text for a very noble indication of the Divine justice. Like Jeremiah, he renounces the idea of a transmittal of retribution from father to son. “As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold, all souls are mine. As the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die. . . . Yet say ye, ‘Why? doth not the son bear the iniquity of the father?’ When the son hath done that which is lawful and right, and hath kept all my statutes, and hath done them, he shall surely live.” The whole chapter is an exposition of the same idea. It sets forth in the most emphatic manner the justice of God in holding every man accountable for his own conduct, and for nothing else.

By one of the singular relapses which abound in the history of mankind, the theology of the middle ages based itself in part on a direct contradiction of this simple principle of justice, so clearly declared by the Jewish prophet. It asserted that every man was liable to the heaviest conceivable punishment for the sin of his first ancestor. At one time it based this on the assertion of an actual participation of all mankind in the original sin of Adam; and when driven from this position, it asserted that to those who had no share in the sin, the guilt and retribution of the sin were attached by the Almighty. But this conception, though still avowed in the creeds of great churches, is fast dying a natural death. It falls away as the moral sense of mankind asserts itself against the casuistries and traditions of schoolmen.

But, going back to the simple principle laid down by the prophet of old, that a man stands or falls according to his own actions, we now find ourselves obliged to provide for an additional class of facts. There is a sense, wholly different from that in which the proverb was denied by Ezekiel, in which the children's teeth are set on edge because their fathers ate sour grapes. As a modern physician would put it: If a man ruins his own digestion, his son will probably have a weak stomach. In other words, though moral responsibility is not and cannot be transmitted, the conditions which largely determine conduct and character are actually transmitted—not occasionally or incidentally, but as a general law. The child is born with an outfit of tendencies inherited from many ancestors, which has an immense and incalculable influence in determining whether his life shall be, humanly speaking, a failure or a success. A familiar instance is the inherited craving for strong drink, through which many a man

becomes a drunkard, as it were, in spite of all he can do. But, in less patent ways, in regard to all the qualities which go to make up character—not only temperance, but honor, fidelity, magnanimity, every virtue and grace and their opposites—each individual is under a subtle and powerful bias, sometimes an irresistible bias, which he inherited, for which he can neither be praised nor blamed, yet which has a prodigious effect upon his character and his fortunes.

To this class of facts modern science is giving great emphasis. The statements of scientists in this direction—often, it must be said, made in too sweeping terms, sometimes made with culpable disregard of the probable effect, yet containing a very large element of truth—are often resented, and sometimes broadly denied by religious teachers. There is fear lest such statements should break down the sense of free will and moral responsibility, and so work fatal mischief. And in a one-sided and inconsiderate presentation of these views there undoubtedly is danger.

But it must be remembered that there is nothing so safe and so strong as truth. Whatever are the real facts as to human nature, we want to know them and to conform to them. And this emerging truth of the great limitations upon the practical freedom of the will must work good as it is rightly discerned and assigned its right relative place. The great fact stands unshaken, deep rooted in consciousness and experience, that man has power over his own acts. Against that rock no fatalism, whether born of philosophy or theology or material science, can prevail. To arouse the sense of free will and power over circumstances, and to inspire and guide it to noble ends, will always be the work of leaders of men. Man's nobility must always be measured largely by his sensitiveness to the voice of conscience. But the other truth, that man is free only within certain bounds, has also a great work to do. In right-minded men it will minister to charity. The perception of the forces which warp men away from their better selves, the thought of the undercurrent of inherited infirmity that may be the cause of what looks like willful depravity, should bring home to us with new force the command of Christ to “judge not;” should help us into the spirit of that Divine word, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

The same views which in one aspect narrow our responsibility, in another view broadens it. If we are less free in our own acts than was formerly supposed, we have correspondingly greater power over our successors. As the past has moulded us, so we are to mould the future. The habits we



form, the institutions we build, our whole contribution of right or wrong living, of wise provision or spendthrift waste, is our legacy to those who shall come after us. In every act, we are doing for others as well as ourselves. And so we are led into a sense of the oneness of this great human family. We are inseparably bound together, all of us; not only all who walk the earth to-day, but all past generations and all that are to come. As Paul wrote: "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." The good of each is the good of all, and the loss of each is the loss of all. And to this great truth of the brotherhood and very oneness of all mankind, Christ gave the crown, showing that God makes Himself one with all of us. He, too, enters into the suffering of the lowest, that the lowest may be brought to share His glory. And since Deity itself stands not in isolation, but pours its life through every creature, and stoops to bear the burden of every creature, so our lot, linked with that of all our fellows, is more Divine than if we stood alone.

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 8, 1876

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A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the fact that an item of local information in regard to Piles Grove Monthly Meeting found place in a late number of our paper, which referred to an important measure not yet fully determined upon; and expresses a wish that we will "discourage the prevalent disposition to spread abroad matters prematurely."

We acknowledge the justice of the criticism, and fully coincide with our friend in his concern. Doubtless, weakness rather than strength results from such indiscretions.

THROUGH inadvertence, "British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects," in No. 44, was not accredited to the *London Friend*.

THE MICROSCOPE.—A meeting of special interest occurred at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in this city, on the evening of the 23d inst. For the benefit of the students of the College, and for the entertainment of its many friends, the spacious communicating rooms of the new building were thrown open to a large invited company. On tables, properly arranged and suitably lighted, fifteen microscopes, under

competent superintendence, were in use, displaying many of the wonderful and beautiful phenomena of the organic world. The instruments varied in excellence and cost from the modest and inexpensive student stand, up to the most perfect, elaborate and expensive patterns of the American and English shops—instruments capable of penetrating to the utmost limits of microscopic vision.

It is always an advance in teaching when the student can study the thing itself rather than a picture of it. Pictures, if very good, may present the apparent features of organic structures with reasonable distinctness, but the finer elements can be demonstrated only under lenses of greatest perfection. To the microscope alone, among all the instruments of precision in use by man, is reserved the power to reveal to his educated vision the delicate and ultimate units of organization. Only under its lenses, directed by skillful hands, can the thinking mind obtain perceptions of the minute though grand possibilities of organization. We are not more impressed with the magnitude of astronomical facts than by a contemplation of the extremely minute in the organic world. Similar forces move stars and atoms; similar garments of splendor and grace clothe all that is.

The cell-sap in the vegetable kingdom moving with slow majestic step, ever returning, ever commencing its round of mystery; the hurrying corpuscles in the transparent vessels of living animal organization, each and all in silent haste to do their work, were clearly displayed to an intelligent company. Beyond all doubt, the circulation of the blood is the grandest sight revealed by the microscope.

Harvey taught the doctrine of the circulation for the first time, intelligently, in London, in 1619, but he never saw the phenomenon. Swammerdam first saw the blood in the frog in 1655. Malpighi saw it in the hedgehog in 1661. It was reserved to Leeuwenhoek to see it for the first time in man, 1673. Neither of these old observers ever saw it as it was displayed on this occasion.

The blood spectrum—its characteristic absorption bands—obtained from a blood spectrum not half the size of a pin's head, was shown

and compared with other spectra. The spectral analysis of blood, in trained hands, is the most delicate means of detection in criminal cases.

Many beautiful forms of foraminifera, of diatoms, and of crystals, of insect anatomy in its delicacy and beauty, demonstrations, too, of parts of higher organizations, of their digestive and respiratory structures, were seen, perhaps, for the first time by many in the company.

During the evening the guests assembled in the lecture-room, where they and the students were entertained by specimens and photographic illustrations thrown on a screen by the projecting microscope. Many of these illustrations were enlarged several thousand times. This kind of demonstration is indispensable in every scientific lecture-room. Proper specimens and photographs should be accumulated, as books are accumulated in every college, for the illustration of lectures, because in this way striking points in the course of teaching can be lastingly impressed on the memory, and the old routine of stale and indolent didactic teaching is interrupted, to the mutual good of teacher and student.

The entire evening was one of intellectual profit and social enjoyment. For a time we were taken out of our books, and brought to close intellectual contact with things—how wonderful, the minute and otherwise invisible and beautiful things of the world of reality in which we pass this life. Few of us daily workers or idlers in life's harness know that nature's wonderful forces are silently going around us, and within us, and beyond our ordinary vision. Few of us know the mystery of our own abused, yet surprising, mechanism, until the microscope opens our eyes to see what the Lord has made, and that He has pronounced good.

#### MARRIED.

CARPENTER—RICH—On the 25th of Twelfth month, 1875, at the residence of the bride's parents, under the care of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Bucks county, Pa., George W. Carpenter, of Schuylers county, N. Y., to Mercie Anna, daughter of John C. and Ann M. Rich.

#### DIED.

ABBOTT.—On the 26th instant, Mary, widow of late James Abbott, in the 82d year of her age; member of Green street Monthly Meeting.

EVES.—On Eleventh month 29th, 1874, at the residence of her nephew, Wilson M. Eves, in Iola, Pa., Edith Eves, in the 84th year of her age; a member of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, Millville, Pa.

JONES.—Tenth month 23d, 1874, at Conshohocken, Pa., Mary, widow of Jonathan Jones, in her 91st year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

LONGSTRETH.—On the morning of the 24th of Twelfth mo., Rachel O., wife of John L. Longstreth, aged 40 years; a member of Green street Monthly Meeting.

TRIPP.—Of diphtheria, on the 14th of Twelfth mo. 1875, at Deruyter, Madison Co., N. Y., Marinda, daughter of Henry and Chloe M. Tripp, aged 10 years.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 81.

(Continued from page 716.)

#### BERNE TO GENEVA.

On the morning of the ninth we leave Berne by rail for Geneva, and the ghostly mountains fade away in the distance. It is almost sad to leave behind the magnificent Jungfrau and her mighty attendant peaks, having lived a whole month in their inspiring presence, but then the old, old story of greater things beyond lures the courtier from the realm of this Princess of the Peaks to that of Mont Blanc, the acknowledged "monarch of mountains." By fertile and fruitful fields and vineyards, through tunnels and over viaducts we go, by picturesque, famed old Freyburg without pausing to admire, at leisure, its noble suspension bridges, its antique cathedral with the famous organ, its lime trees, cotemporary with the battle of Morat (1472), and its grand historic walls and gates.

As we approach the shores of Lake Geneva, views of the Savoy Alps, with the imposing peak of Mont Blanc, are obtained, and the warm hillsides are densely clad with the vine. We are now in the Pays de Vaud, a beautiful and fruitful region, ruled in the early times by the Dukes of Burgundy. In the 13th century it became subject to the Dukes of Savoy, from whom it was wrested, in 1536, by the Bernese, to which State it remained subject till 1798, when it acquired its independence, becoming a member of the Swiss Confederation in 1814. Lake Geneva, or Lake Lemman, purely blue and beautiful, lies before us, the boundary between Switzerland and Italy. No wonder it has moved the poet's rapturous lay, and what marvel that its lovely shores, which look at once on the grandest and loveliest things of creation, should have tempted the fervid and restless spirits of earth to linger long, and to rejoice.



"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."\*

The remarkable intensity of blueness reminds me of the *Ægean*, and is a little surprising when we remember that it is the "nursing lake" of the Rhone, which pours its great turbid wealth of glacial waters into it, to emerge so heavenly pure as to strike the beholder with admiration. The author of *Childe Harold* aptly compares the glorious mountain-guarded lake to a gracious mother, making

"A fair and froward infant all her care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake.—"

The troubled river comes laden with mountain debris, with the sand and mud which have been borne onward in its mad career, and the deep, silent, gentle lake receives all its burdens into her calm bosom, and here nature repeats her assurance, made so often, that all is well in the universe of God. Layer by layer, slowly but surely, is being builded the fruitful plain of the far future, where distant generations may dwell, marveling, perhaps, over the dim and uncertain records they find of a remote, forgotten antiquity.

I will not describe the afternoon's ride along the northern shore of the lake to Geneva, though we found it very beautiful, and though we passed points of great literary and historic interest. I remember that this is the native country of the beloved Agassiz, and try to recall to memory J. S. T. Fields' sweet little poem, expressive of his feeling of loving remembrance for his departed friend, when sojourning in this land. Among the sturdy, sensible people of the country, faces like that of Agassiz, strong, bright, sensible, genial, are very frequent. A beautiful page of nature's glorious picture book was unfolded to the eyes of the born naturalist in his early days, and perhaps yonder inspiring snowy summits, this resplendant mirror lake, and these vine-clad slopes had much to do in giving his mind so strong an impulse.

"To read what was yet unread,  
In the manuscript of God."

What better gift could the fair Pays de Vaud have given to the young Republic beyond the western wave, than this genial teacher, this wise and patient student, whose pure, simple life, and truly amiable character, endeared him to all hearts.

We arrived in Geneva about three o'clock, and were driven first to the new and beautiful Hotel National, at the northern extremity of the city, where every elegance, as well as

every comfort, is provided for the use of visitors, but we find it too remote from the conveniences of the city, and so abandon it regretfully, the next day for a more central position in the heart of the town, just on the Place de la Metropole, overlooking the English Garden and the lake.

We are now in the most populous city of Switzerland (62,312 inhabitants), which keeps friendly guard over the eastern extremity of Lake Leman, just where the "blue waters of the arrowy Rhone" leave "the pure bosom of the nursing lake." The English Garden is a shaded and ornamental promenade, furnished with abundance of comfortable seats, overlooking the pure waters which breathe peace and coolness toward the heated city, and one of our fine walks was under its friendly shades along the quay. A little kiosk on the right of the garden contains the admirable wood-relief of Mont Blanc, which cost its author ten years' labor, and represents with beautiful accuracy the chain of the Alps, of which Mont Blanc is the acknowledged monarch. The highest summit is 29 inches 2 lines high, and the Mer de Glace occupies about 3 feet. All the mountains of the group are carefully chiselled, every village is correctly placed, every glacier, every lake, every stream, every forest, every mule path, every road is clearly indicated, so that the ardent aspirant, after a victory over the frowning smiling heights, may plan his campaign intelligently before entering on the conflict. The brisk-looking maiden who presides over the miniature mountain scene, takes a lead rod and rapidly points out each spot of interest, and rattles off a profuse explanation in French, fully half of which is lost on painfully attentive ears.

Further along the quay, before reaching the long bridge which spans the outlet of the lake, we find, looking eastward over resplendent waters to the majestic mountain heights, the monumental group, in bronze, Doric, which commemorates the union of the State of Geneva with Switzerland, an event which occurred in 1815. Switzerland stands erect and stately, receiving this beautiful and congenial daughter by adoption who seeks admission into the happy family of Cantons after her long trials, conflicts and triumphs. We may imagine that she counts, to the genius of Helvetia, the history of her troubled childhood and severe education. She was an outpost of Roman power, and a seat of Roman civilization in the imperial days, and, after the downfall of the mistress of the world, (A. D.) became one of the chief cities of the Burgundian realm, and here was a palace

\* *Childe Harold*.



ing Gondeband, to whom King Cloris, of France, sent the golden gift, demanding in marriage the hand of his niece, Clotilda. Geneva became the prey of the Ostracisms, and during the long dark night of the middle ages was again and again desolated, pillaged and burned; a new city rising ever above the ruins of the old. In 858 she came once more a part of the Burgundian kingdom, and was its chief city till 1034, when she was incorporated into the German empire, and here Conrad, the Salic, received the imperial crown at the hands of the Archbishop of Milan. In the course of the fifth century Christianity had been introduced in Geneva, and the bishops had been invested, kings and emperors, with the power and the will of prince. The civil and the ecclesiastical princes of the State of Geneva were frequently at war for the supremacy, and the citizens gradually succeeded in establishing their privileges and rights on a firm basis, as their rulers strove with each other. Here it must be acknowledged that the bishops were often, perhaps generally, the friends of liberty and the protectors of the people from feudal tyranny. But, in 1401, the Ducal house of Savoy having succeeded to the positions of the Count of Genevois, acquired the right of nominations to vacancies in the episcopate, and bestowed it on creatures of their own, whose many acts of despotism incurred the hatred of the people. The dukes of Savoy, of course, seconded the policy of the bishops, and deeds of dread-cruelty roused up a brave spirit of resistance on the part of the Genevese. The gaol, the torture, the scaffold, the faggot served to stimulate the spirit of abhorrence of tyranny, and to kindle afresh the love of liberty. The story of Bonivard, confined for several years in a dungeon beneath the waves of Lake Leman, and released by the patriots of Geneva, is known to all the world, and it is most inspiring to remember that his sufferings and faithful endurance, as well as the tears and blood of all the victims of the martyrs of liberty, did indeed appeal from tyranny to God." S. R.

Eight month 15th, 1875.

#### TRACTS FROM THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

BY GEORGE E. WARING.

Continued from page 719.

Dr. Stephen Smith says, "Man is born to health and longevity; disease is abnormal, and death, except from old age, is accidental, and both are preventable by human agencies."

Disease is not a consequence of life; it is due to an unnatural condition of living,—to neglect, abuse, and want.

Were any excuse needed for the constant reiteration of such truths as are known concerning the

origin and spread of infectious diseases, it is to be found in the hope that by creating a public realization of the danger of sanitary neglect we may obviate the necessity that now seems to exist for the appearance of occasional severe epidemics, acting as scavengers and inducing the performance of sanitary duties whose continued neglect would lead to even more serious results.

An ordinary epidemic any modern community will bear almost with indifference. The few who know the close relation between the disease and its preventable cause will generally maintain their accustomed indifference until their own circle is attacked, and even then they are powerless to arouse the authorities to the necessary action. It is only when an outbreak of more than ordinary malignity occurs that even the sanitary authorities of most of our towns bestir themselves in the matter; but if the prevalence and the malignity be sufficient, there follows a most active cleansing of streets, purification of drains, and investigation of the private habits of the lower classes of the people.

When the improvement of sewerage was actively undertaken in London, some twenty-five years ago, it was found that the death-rate was so much reduced, in some of the worst quarters of the town, that if the same reduction could be made universal the annual deaths would be twenty-five thousand less in London, and one hundred and seventy-seven thousand less in England and Wales; or, by another view, that the average age at death would be forty-eight instead of twenty-nine, as it then was.

The early registration returns of England developed the fact that the prevalence of fatal diseases was in the case of some three times, of some ten or twenty times, and of others even forty or fifty times greater in certain districts than in others, and that these diseases raised the mortality of some districts from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than that of other districts, the death-rate of the whole country being from thirty to forty per cent. above that of its healthiest parts.

The effect of sanitary improvement has been nowhere better shown than in the British navy, where in 1779 the death-rate was one in forty-two (this of able-bodied, picked men), and the sick were two in every five. In 1813, after the means and appliances of health had been furnished, the death-rate was one in one hundred and forty-three, and the sick two in twenty-one.

Less than a generation ago the idea prevailed that it was of doubtful propriety to ask why we are sick, and even at this day many believe that such an inquiry savors of irreligion. Happily this condition of otherwise intelligent minds is passing away.

While we know, thus far, comparatively little of the exact causes of disease, our knowledge at least points to certain perfectly well-established truths. One of these is that man cannot live in an atmosphere that is tainted by exhalations from putrefying organic matter, without danger of being made sick—sick unto death. It is true that not all of those who live in such an atmosphere either fall sick or die from its effects; but it is also true that not all who go into battle are shot down. In both cases they expose themselves to dangers from which their escape is a matter of good fortune. Fewer would be shot if none went into battle, and fewer would die of disease if none were exposed to poisonous air. Our adaptability is great, and we accustom ourselves to withstand the attacks of an infected atmosphere wonderfully well; but for all that, we are constantly in the presence of the danger, and



though insensibly resisting, are too often insensibly yielding to it. Some, with less power to resist, or exposed to a stronger poison, or finally weakened by long exposure, fall sick with typhoid fever or some similar disease, that springs directly from putrid infection. Of these, a portion die; the community loses their services, and it sympathizes with their friends in mourning that, "in the wisdom of a kind but inscrutable Providence, it has been found necessary to remove them from our midst."

In this way we blandly impose upon Divine Providence the responsibility of our own shortcomings. The victims of typhoid fever die, not by the act of God, but by the act of man; they are poisoned to death by infections that are due to man's ignorance or neglect.

(To be continued.)

From The British Friend.

#### VIVISECTION.

The following letter appeared in the Edinburgh newspapers in the early part of this year. Hearing that it is to be reprinted, I wish to prefix a few words of explanation. The general subject of experimental physiology is not discussed in the letter; this I have done in a little work entitled, "A Plea for Mercy to Animals," one chapter of which treats of Vivisection, its history and its results. The present object is to oppose a new abuse of this method of research. Ten years ago Dr. Markham, in the preface to a prize essay on Vivisection, said that his remarks applied only to continental schools, as *there were no such practices allowed in this country*. Since that time at several of the London medical schools, classes of experimental physiology have been formed, and a hand-book has been prepared containing directions for performing many horrible and cruel, as well as useless, operations on live animals. Sir Thomas Watson, Mr. Tuffnell and others representing the higher grades of the profession in London and Dublin, have protested against this innovation. Even apart from *teaching*, Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester, proposed that no physiologist should be allowed to perform experiments except under the sanction of the College of Surgeons or Physicians in either of the three kingdoms; the nature of the experiments, and the expected advantage being first specified. Sir Robert Christisen, while claiming freedom of research for physiologists, objects, and always has objected, to any public demonstrations by experiment on living animals. Professor Traill said "There are few points of importance in the animal economy on which Vivisection is capable of throwing light even in the hands of the skillful and experienced anatomist, and still fewer that are likely to reward the casual researches of the unfledged anatomist." Vivisection classes and mere demonstration of ascertained facts in physiology ought not to be permitted in our medical schools.

*Letter reprinted from "Scotsman" and other newspapers*

Edinburgh is in danger of being disgraced by the establishment in its medical school regular courses of Vivisection, or experiments and demonstrations on live animals. It has become known in connection with its proposals for extending the present University buildings. In the plans of an architect, intended to be secret and confidential, but fortunately made public, these sentences occur "I have placed physiology at the south-west corner, because it is desirable to place this department in such a position that it cannot be overlooked, and also where good south and north light can be had. On the ground floor is a room (30 ft. 6 in. by 19 ft.) for physiological experiments on animals. Another reason I have for placing the physiological department here is, that there is good space for keeping animals, and plenty of south light to preserve them in health. Good accommodation can also be had for keeping the animals belonging to the pathological department." Edinburgh is very much changed from what it was if this atrocious scheme is allowed to be carried out. At Dublin, in the programme of the class of physiology, published under the joint sanction of the College of Physicians and the Board of Trinity College, "Vivisections are absolutely prohibited. In Edinburgh these practices have not been unknown, but they have been hitherto generally condemned, and have never received an official sanction. It cannot be that the school rendered illustrious by men like Cullen and Gregory and Abercrombie, will now seek notoriety from classes like those of Magendie at Paris or Schiff of Florence. If it were in the interest of medical science, and if any benefit to the healing art were probable, I would be silent, I do not question the abstract right of experimenting, nor deny that in some instances it may be justifiable. But this is utterly distinct from the present scheme of establishing classes, "thus setting a premium," as Dr. George Wilson says in his life of John Reid, "upon animal torture and animal murder." It is not a question between science and sentiment. Many of the highest authorities in the profession have shown the fallacy of this mode of research, and Sir Chas. I. has declared that "it has done more to perpetuate error than to add to sound knowledge." Dr. Barclay, the founder of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, in his book on the Muscular System, strongly condemned Vivisection as a legitimate mode of research. Many authorities to the same effect may be given. So science is on the side of humanity in this matter. Let the University and city

Edinburgh prevent this scandal. It is not a question for the medical profession only. If the clergy are silent they must be of a very different spirit from Dr. Chalmers, whose voice was raised on the subject of humanity to animals. Lawyers and men of letters may remember the weighty words of Sir Walter Scott on the cruelties perpetrated under pretence of science. Edinburgh is gaining for itself fresh honors by founding the Livingstone Memorial College, as a training school for medical missionaries. Let not the presence of the place be sullied by founding at the same time a school of Vivisection.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

A circular signed by upwards of thirty influential inhabitants of Edinburgh, ministers, advocates, merchants, &c., has been issued, proposing to have prohibited by legislative enactment this refinement in cruelty upon the animals.

From the (London) Friend.

#### CALLLED ASIDE.

"I have somewhat to say unto thee."

Called aside

In the glad working of thy busy life,  
In the world's ceaseless stir of care and strife,  
In the shade and stillness, by thy Heavenly Guide;  
A brief space thou hast been called aside.

Lonely hours

Thou hast spent, weary, on a couch of pain,  
Watching the golden sunshine and the falling rain;  
Thy whose sad length only to Him was known,  
Thou trod a sadder pathway, dark and lone.

Laid aside—

Not the little cup of suffering be  
Giving one of blessing given to thee?  
The cross of chastening, sent thee from above  
To him who bore the cross, whose name is Love.

Called aside—

Thou no memories of that "little while"?  
Sweet remembrance of thy Father's smile?  
Hidden thoughts, that wrapped thee in their hold,  
To him who did such light and grace unfold?

Called aside—

Thou steps into the desert garden, dim,  
Yet not lone when thou hast been with Him,  
Thou heard his voice in sweetest accents say,  
Thou said, wilt thou not with Me this still hour stay?"

Called aside,

Thou hidden paths with Christ thy Lord to tread,  
Thou wert to drink at the sweet Fountain Head;  
Thou wert in fellowship with Him to roam,  
Thou wert, perchance, to feel thy heavenly home.

Called aside.

Thou knowledge deeper grows with Him alone,  
Thou wert oft His deeper love is shown,  
Thou wert earned, in many an hour of dark distress,  
Thou wert rare, sweet lesson of His tenderness.

Called aside.

We thank Thee for the stillness and the shade;  
We thank Thee for the hidden paths Thy love hath made;  
And, so that we have wept and watched with Thee,  
We thank Thee for our dark Gethsemane.

Called aside.

Oh, restful thought—He doeth all things well!  
Oh, blessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell!  
So, in the shadow of Thy cross to hide,  
We thank thee, Lord, to have been called aside.  
February, 1875. LETA.

#### RESPONSE TO "CALLED ASIDE."

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—MARK VI, 31.

Yes, He "called me aside," saying, "Come, now, and rest!"

Bade me leave unto others the vines I had dressed,  
And, for His sake had tended with untiring care,  
And "apart" with Him go, and His solitude share.

"For I've 'somewhat to say,' which thou only must hear,"

Was the Master's brief summons, in tones sweet and clear,

"And some lessons to teach of deep import to thee,  
Which thou only canst learn whilst abiding with Me."

So He "took me aside," gently clasping my hand,  
And He led me away to a wilderness land;  
Yet it seemed not a "desert place," dreary and dim,  
But the "garden of spices," I traversed with Him,

Where the spikenard and myrrh and the lign-aloes grow—

Where the lilies are blooming, the "still waters" flow.

Ah! 'twas blessed indeed to be thus "called aside,"  
E'en to tread the "dim pathways," with Him for my guide!

Sweet the converse we held in the silence, alone,  
And most tender the care to His weary child shown;

On His warm, loving bosom He pillowed my head,  
Of His cup bade me drink, from His table He fed.

As a token of grace and of favor benign,  
Around me He folded his mantle divine  
Of ineffable love. There was naught to alloy  
The sweet peace, and the rest, and the "fulness of joy."

Rich the knowledge I gained of His fatherly care,  
Of His infinite mercy, His tenderness rare;  
That He chastens in love, and He "wounds but to heal,"

And e'en sorrow oft comes with His token and seal,

As a guest from above, of His favor the sign,  
From earth's pleasures to wean, and the soul to refine;

For his "chosen" are oft in Pain's crucible tried;  
In the furnace alone is the gold purified.

Then He showed me the cross that His servants must bear,

Following close in His steps, if the crown they would wear;

"Counting all things but loss" for His holy name's sake,

If they'd reign with their Lord, of His glory partake.



Showed me, also, that I had no wisdom or might,  
And only as I was equipped for the fight—  
With the sword of His Spirit, His helmet and  
shield—  
Could I hope that the foe to my prowess would  
yield.

Sweet, indeed, were these lessons of faith and of  
love,  
And of reverent trust in the Father above.  
Oh, let Thy will be my will! dear Lord, choose for  
me!  
"All Thou doest is well," and my strength comes  
from Thee.

And I thank Thee that thus Thou hast "called me  
aside,"  
And hast counted me worthy with Thee to abide;  
Thus to list to Thy teachings, to learn of Thy  
ways—  
Learn the ever-new song of thanksgiving and  
praise.

A. R. P.

*Baltimore, Twelfth month, 1875.*

#### MOUND BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

##### CURIOUS DISCOVERIES.

A Chicago correspondent says:

The mound-builders of the West are and must continue to furnish one of the most insoluble of problems to antiquarians and ethnologists. A nation sufficiently advanced in the arts and sciences, as appears from their relics, and as numerous and powerful as must have been the race that occupied the whole Mississippi Valley, was blotted out utterly and left never a trace in their own literature or that of their conquerors, if conquerors they had or were not swept away by disease. It is true that many quadrangular or conical mounds have been placed to the credit of the mound-builders which really were the work of the great architect, Nature; none the less is it a fact that the whole face of the western country is studded with their *tumuli*. They are generally—almost invariably—situated on a plateau overlooking or near by a water-course, and of various forms and sizes—oval, oblong, pyramidal, cruciform, from a few feet in height to an altitude of nearly one hundred feet, and having an area ranging from a few perches to several acres. The mound at Grave Creek, W. Va., is—I quote from Squier—70 feet high and 1,000 in circumference at the base. That at Miamisburg, Montgomery county, O., is 68 feet high and 852 feet in circumference, containing 311,353 cubic feet. The mound at Selzertown, Miss., covers six acres of ground, and that at Cahokia, Ill.,—in the form of a truncated pyramid—has an altitude of 90 feet and a total circumference of about two thousand feet. Many of these mounds are found in Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, and in Winnebago county, where they are traced in scores along the banks of Rock river and the other streams of that vicinity. An interesting research has

just been prosecuted, terminating in discoveries of value.

The mounds selected were on a high tableland stretching back from a bluff on Rock river, about six miles from the city of Rockford. A trench was cut through a mound about 100 feet in circumference and 8 feet high, and excavations prosecuted from every side. At a depth of 6 feet a thin seam of dish earth, apparently a relic of pottery, encountered, but it was friable as the surrounding soil. Between two and three feet further down was unearthed a small oblong tablet of Niagara spar, smoothly polished, about a quarter of an inch in thickness,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches long and 2 inches wide, with traced and beveled edges. The inscriptions and figures there are thus described:

"At the centre of the top is a curious wrought face surrounded by what appear to be rays of light; beneath, and running nearly to the bottom, is an upright bar, supported by a cross-bar; at the left upper corner is a form of a coiled serpent; beneath this a triangle, another serpent, a lizard, and another appears to be a burning taper. These figures stand in a line one above the other. In the right-hand upper corner is a character resembling the letter Z, and beneath this one resembling the letter U; next a dagger-shaped character, under which is a fish's head; an elongated, circular character, with a dot at the centre, and a continued stroke from the upper left elongation; next under this are bars crossing each other at alternate angles; under this is the last figure, that of a formed fish, making fourteen distinct figures in all."

These figures, it is stated, may represent signs of the zodiac, the sun and the earth, and of them are said to correspond very exactly with six of the Lybian characters, the twelve letters of the most ancient of African alphabets. The curious face, which is the prominent figure, is very nearly a countenance of the face in the centre of the great calendar of the Mexicans, which was captured by Cortez when he invaded Mexico, and was buried by him because he could not destroy it by carrying it off, it being 12 feet square, 12 feet thick, and weighing over twenty tons. The lizard and a horned head on this Mexican calendar are also prominent on the Rockford tablet. A little below this interesting face were found a variety of articles, a stone hammer four inches long, with a round hole in it for a handle; a stone chisel; a portion of the bowl of a pipe; several flint arrowheads or spear points; a quantity of decayed wood; a small stone or two having fire marks on them; what appears to be fragment of

kull-bone; and a twisted fibre having the appearance of hair. The excavations in an adjoining mound brought to light a human kull nearly complete, but the bones were so brittle that they fell apart. The earth within it, however, retained and showed the shape.

Further researches are shortly to be made. *Late paper.*

**FAMILY LIKENESSES.**—Southey, in a letter Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept, as were, in abeyance while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in acts (as in infancy) the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; a brother and sister, in whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass where they never used to appear."

#### QUANTITY OF REST OR SLEEP.

No rules of universal application can be set down as to amount of rest or sleep, in the absence of which there are endless diversities, according to health, habit or constitution. Every one must be guided by circumstances, always remembering that longer repose than necessary for refreshing the body has a weakening and relaxing effect on the system, and to speak of the waste of time which it involves. Seven or eight hours is the average for the majority of persons in health. The same measure will not suit all individuals, nor even the same person at different ages. John Wesley, who was remarkable for the very little sleep which he allowed himself, though engaged incessantly in active or, admitted that, whatever might be done in extraordinary cases, the human body can scarcely continue in health and vigor without eight hours sleep in four and twenty. Jeremy Bentham and Richard Baxter have affirmed that four, or even three hours might suffice. These writers have probably looked at the question from a moral rather than a physical point of view. Medical men will be found in general to approve of eight hours as a reasonable average time. If less time suffices for healthy repose, so much the better, from the additional time gained. Dr. Franklin once wrote an ingenious essay, pointing out the economical advantages in a national point of view of less sleep. In the year 1784, he published an economical project in Paris, where he estimated that ninety-six million French livres,

or four million pounds sterling, might be saved in that city alone, with its population at that time, by using sunshine instead of candle-light. Many curious calculations of a similar kind have been made, and the advantages in regard to mental acquisitions have been also demonstrated. It is only in regard to health, however, that we have now to consider the subject. In childhood and old age, and when the body is exhausted by fatigue, or enfeebled by illness, a longer period than eight hours is required. From seven to eight hours are necessary for most persons, and there are very few who can preserve vigorous health for any protracted time with less than six hours sleep.—*Selected.*

#### For Friends' Intelligencer. REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC. FOR TWELFTH MONTH.

	1874 Days.	1875 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	11	9
Rain all or nearly all day.....	0	6
Snow, including very slight falls.....	3	3
Cloudy, without storms.....	7	8
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	10	5
Total.....	31	31
TEMPERATURES.		
	1874 Deg.	1875 Deg.
Mean temperature of Twelfth mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	36.00	35.36
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	55.00	64.05
Lowest point reached, per Penna. Hospital.....	14.00	8.00
RAIN.		
	Inches.	Inches.
RAIN during the month, per Penna. Hospital.....	2.24	5.16
DEATHS.		
	Numb'r.	Numb'r.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year.....	1184	1301
MEAN TEMPERATURES.		
		Deg.
Average of the mean temperature of Twelfth month for the past 86 years.....		32.69
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1848.....		45.00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1832.....		25.00
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
	1874 Inches.	1875 Inches.
Totals for the first six months of each year.....	21.47	16.81
Totals for the last six months of each year.....	19.37	26.18
Entire totals for each year.....	40.84	42.99

So far as the mean temperature of the month just closed is concerned, there is but little to remark—only a fraction of a degree less than last year, and about two and one-half degrees above the average of



means for the past eighty-six years. But if we take the extremes we see they have been marked, showing a range of a little more than fifty-six degrees. The intense cold of the 19th rapidly gave way, for though the morning of the 20th was still cold, by half-past two o'clock the mercury had risen to 31 degrees. On the 21st a white frost occurred, and from that time the month out we had a succession of almost sultry and rainy days, rain having fallen for eight days in succession. In New York, four degrees above zero was noted on the 20th, and 32 on the 21st, the change occurring in the space of 12 hours. During the "cold snap," so freely commented on, the Delaware was closed near Yardleyville and frozen over at Port Richmond, Philadelphia, while the Schuylkill was also frozen over above Girard avenue bridge.

In the comparison of rain for the entire year, we find that 1875 shows about two inches more having fallen than the preceding year, while during 1873 we had 58.22 inches; during 1872 51.08 inches; during 1871 47.27 inches, and during 1870 44.06 inches. It will thus be seen that with the great number of days on which rain has fallen during the month under review, no great quantity has fallen. And yet it is to be hoped, with a temperature above freezing so much of the time, that the moisture has reached the springs to a certain extent, and that they are in a much better condition than they were when the month opened. We believe, as a rule, they have seldom been as low at this season of the year, and that they have not been well filled for a period of three years. The damp, misty, continuous drizzling weather for some ten days past, is certainly an unusual and remarkable feature for the season.

J. M. ELLIS.

*Philadelphia, First mo. 3d, 1876.*

### NOTICES.

Philadelphia First-day School Union will meet on Sixth-day evening, First mo. 14th, at 7½ o'clock, in Girard avenue meeting-house. An essay on "The Government of First-day Schools," by Benj. Hallowell, Jr., is expected to be read. All are invited to participate.

### LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, 12th inst., at 8 o'clock.

### ITEMS.

ONE of the latest efforts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is to break up the cruel custom of sending thinly-clad children into the street to beg. Several arrests have already been made, and in a majority of instances President Wright states that the parents, one or both, have been found to be drunken and dissipated, forcing the children to beg to get the means to buy strong drink.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at Madrid from the Philippine Islands, giving the details of a hurricane which occurred on the 30th of Eleventh month. The storm was particularly severe in the provinces of Albay and Camarines, which form the southeastern part of the island of Luzon. Two hundred and fifty lives were lost, and three thousand eight hundred dwelling houses destroyed. Many cattle perished, and the crops in all directions are ruined.

M. LAVALLEY, President of the French Society of Civil Engineers, and inventor of the powerful

apparatus which contributed to the rapid construction of the Suez Canal, announces that fifteen experimental soundings have been made in the strait of Dover; in none of them were the results unfavorable to the possibility of boring a tunnel to join France and England, and M. Lavalley adds that the engineers are agreed that the completion of the project is only a question of time and money.

THE General Postal Union Treaty will go into operation in France on the first of this month. The Postal Union rates of five cents per one-half ounce on letters; two cents for postal cards; two cents for newspapers each, if not exceeding four ounces, or two cents per two ounces of other printed matter and patterns of merchandise, will take effect on the date named for correspondence from the United States addressed to France and Algeria, and also for correspondence addressed to Spain, including the Balearic Isles, the Canary Islands, the Spanish possessions on the North Coast of Africa, and the postal establishments of Spain on the western coast of Morocco. The Postal Union Treaty will include the whole of Europe without exception together with Asiatic Russia, Asiatic Turkey and Egypt, and of course, the United States also.

THE *Weser Zeitung*, in giving an account of a fearful explosion last month at Bremenhaven—a seaport town of Bremen, states: "that just before the Mosel was about to sail, a cart, containing for cases and a barrel, was being unloaded for shipment. Suddenly a terrible explosion occurred. The effect was horrible. The quay was then thronged with people—partly belonging to the steamer, passengers and partly passengers who had remained there to take a last farewell of their friends.

An eye witness who stood under the gangway of the Mosel, on hearing the terrific report, saw a number of black lumps flying about in the air, whilst very few of the persons on land remained visible. Apprehending a boiler explosion, he threw himself flat on deck, where he received a volley of sand, broken glass, fragments of flesh, bones, &c. The devastation on board the Mosel was terrible. No skylight was left; the cabins aft, starboard and port, were either crushed in or bulged out by pressure, or altogether smashed; the side plates of the ship were burst; the ports, with their glass and rivets, forced inward. The authorship of this terrible catastrophe is now traced to W. K. Thomas, a passenger of the Mosel. Thomas has acknowledged that he was the owner of the barrel which exploded, and that he intended to take this barrel on board the vessel for the purpose of sinking it. The motive of this diabolical wickedness appears to have been the hope of gaining a large sum by means of exaggerated and fictitious insurances, and sum thus obtained was to have been shared with others. The barrel was made of strong material, and was divided by means of a partition in the middle, through which there was a hole. In one division it is assumed that he had placed the igniting apparatus, and the other was filled with dynamite—(giant gunpowder). He accompanied the barrel when it was taken to the depot of the North German Lloyd Company, and told the porters it should be handled with care. It is supposed his plan was to effect the ignition by means of a clock-work apparatus, which in all probability would have been set in motion when he arrived in Southampton, to which place only he had booked, according to authentic information the list of the dead and wounded amounts to 170 persons. Nearly the whole family in the little town has suffered severely."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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From the Penn Monthly.

PESTALOZZI, AS A PHILANTHROPIST WITHOUT  
 MEANS AND AN EDUCATOR WITHOUT BOOKS.\*

The life and character of Pestalozzi are  
 objects full of touching interest. The im-  
 pressions received many years ago from a pul-  
 ver recently returned from Yverdon are still  
 vividly remembered. His attachment to his  
 loved teacher, and the pleasure with which  
 he referred to him, could be readily accounted  
 for in looking on the life-like picture of Pesta-  
 zzi he had brought home—so expressive of a  
 living heart and tender sympathies.

The painful history of the trials, disap-  
 pointments, alternate hopes and fears of Pes-  
 talozzi's chequered life has become widely  
 known through his biographies. The present  
 sketch is intended simply to give an outline  
 of his straits of character, strongly marked  
 by individuality from boyhood to old age,  
 and by enthusiastic devotion to the ideas and  
 purposes he endeavored to bring to a successful  
 realization. From his father, who was a phy-  
 sician, he inherited that benevolence and un-  
 selfishness prompting to give freely, and often  
 lavishly, to all who ask for aid, and prevent-  
 ing the acquisition of wealth; and from  
 his grandfather, a Protestant minister, who  
 watched over the welfare of his parishioners,

knew the needs of every case and sought to  
 bring relief, he learned to feel for the suffer-  
 ing and the destitute. In the village where  
 his grandfather lived there were many mills  
 in active operation, and "here" says Krusi,  
 "he first witnessed the contrast between ex-  
 treme wealth and abject poverty. He saw  
 the children contented and happy even in  
 their rags, but when he compared them with  
 those of more mature age, the victims of over-  
 work and manifold vices, with hollow cheeks  
 and sunken eyes, and with the appearance of  
 constant misery upon their faces, his young  
 soul was incensed against the selfishness of  
 wealth, built upon such ruins of health and  
 happiness. What he saw of the oppression  
 of the people under an aristocratic govern-  
 ment and the acts of injustice committed un-  
 der its sway, nurtured in his breast that  
 yearning for liberty and reformation which  
 earned for him afterward the name of a noble-  
 minded patriot."

Another biographer says: "The hate of  
 wrong and the love of right led Pestalozzi, at  
 fifteen years of age, to unite with a league  
 formed with Lavater and other young men in  
 protesting against the governor of a canton  
 and the mayor of a city by a published charge  
 of injustice." "While we were yet boys,"  
 said Pestalozzi, "we fancied by our superficial  
 school acquaintance with the great civil life  
 of Greece and Rome we could prepare our-  
 selves for the little civil life in one of the

\*Pestalozzi—His Life, Work and Influence, by  
 Herman Krusi. Essays on Educational Reformers,  
 Robert Herbert Quick.



Swiss Cantons. By the writings of Rousseau this tendency was increased—a tendency which was neither calculated to preserve what was good in the old institutions nor to introduce anything substantially better.”

In a letter to a lady whom he afterwards married in his 24th year, Pestalozzi writes: My first resolution is to devote myself to my country, and never from fear of man, refrain from speaking when I see the good of my country calls upon me to speak. My whole heart is my country's. I will risk all to alleviate the need and misery of my fellow countrymen.”

During the years immediately preceding the French revolution, the wealth of the country and those surrounding it was exclusively in the hands of the privileged classes, while the poor toiled for insufficient wages, with no thought of the future. They thus became a sure prey for the workhouse, and a burden to the community. The introduction of cotton manufactures rendered the contrast between employer and workman still more striking. Pestalozzi thus expresses his feelings on this subject: “I had, from my youth, a high instinctive value of the influence of domestic training, in the education of poor children, and likewise a preference for field labor, as the most comprehensive and unobjectionable external basis for this training; and also another reason, as it is the condition of the manufacturing population, which is increasing so rapidly among us, who, being abandoned to the operations of a mercantile and speculating interest, destitute of humanity, are in danger, in case of unforeseen accident, of not finding any means of escape from entire ruin. Full of a love for my fatherland, which hoped for it almost impossible things, and longed to lead it back to its native dignity and power, I sought for the means of averting the coming evil, and of awakening anew the remainder of the old home happiness, home industry and home manners.”

The influence of manufacturing wealth among the Swiss, at that time, led Pestalozzi again to write: “The paternal love of the upper classes, and the filial love of the lower, that once bound them together in consequence of the rapid increase of the manufacturing interest, is going more and more to ruin under the effects of ignoble wealth. The blinding height of arrogance derived from a position obtained by money, the deceitful cornucopia of an unreliable life of mere pleasure, has drawn all within its destructive influence, even down to the commonest people, and carried them into the crooked path of a spiritless and powerless routine life. Truth, honor, sympathy, moderation, are daily vanishing. Pride, insolence, recklessness, contemptuous-

ness, laxity, immorality, the eager pursuit of vain, ostentatious pleasure, the cherishing of boundless selfishness, have taken the place of the ancient simplicity, faith and honor.”

The only relief for the suffering poor, provided by the government, was the introduction of poor-houses where the innocent child and the hardened sinner, the helpless sick and the shiftless vagabond, were herded together. These were mere feeding establishments, rather than homes for the unfortunate, or houses of reform for the wicked. The occupants, when dismissed, usually returned to their vicious practices, which soon brought them back again.

Disgusted with the artificial systems of society, revolted by the pride and selfishness of the higher orders, and touched by the miseries of the laboring classes, the poor and neglected childhood, exposed to temptation and unprotected by principle, industrial training or habits of industry, Pestalozzi determined to try the effects of education.

It was for this growing evil that the ever active mind of Pestalozzi tried to find a remedy. He proposed the establishment of schools, in which the instruction of manual labor should be combined with the ordinary mental and moral training. After having advocated his views publicly, he offered his house and farm for the purpose of making the experiment.

Determined to try what education might do, he received fifty children into his house—most of them orphans or children of vagabond beggars, and began, in 1775, an industrial school for the poor, the first of the kind ever conceived, and the mother of hundred now existing on both sides of the Atlantic. Regarding the family system as the best mode of training, he acted as a father to all and taught them knowledge useful in their circumstances. He instructed them while employed in manual labor by talking with them, drawing out their ideas and developing their judgment. To make such a scheme success was certainly no light undertaking and to a man like Pestalozzi, impossible.

His enthusiasm and impatient zeal carried him with irresistible power in pursuit of one grand object, and would not allow him to stop and measure every inch of ground over which he had to go. He struggled for a long time in the noble cause of the poor, until he became poor himself. In 1780 the school had to be given up, and had been carried on for five years without aid from individuals or the public body.

His ignorance of business and the lack of faculty of learning it practically caused him to fall each succeeding year deeper and deeper in debt. The sacrificing generosity of his

wife helped him out of his financial difficulties, until there came an end of this means of help. His neighbors respected him, but their confidence in his abilities changed; they lost all faith in his enterprise and capacity as a teacher. But such is the way of the world. It treated Pestalozzi, when poor, as all are treated whose poverty is regarded as their own fault.

"I have no time to make money," said Agassiz when the suggestion was made to him. When he died, the breaking up of his favorite school at Penikese and the forced sale of his long-treasured gatherings became the consequent result. As there are few men so wholly engrossed by philanthropy or science as to forget that money is a necessity, as did Pestalozzi and Agassiz, they also meet with few who can understand or appreciate their devotion to such pursuits.

Pestalozzi felt most deeply the condition of his noble wife, who, in the excess of her devotedness to him, had mortgaged nearly all her possessions. In their handsome country-house at Neuhoft they were often destitute of bare comforts, having only a limited supply of means to defend his family from cold and hunger. Only the forbearance of his creditors and the kind help of his friends kept him from despair and utter ruin. He lived as a poor man among the poor, suffered what the common people suffered. He studied the wants of the lower classes and the sources of their misery in a manner which would have been impossible for one in different circumstances.

The natural buoyancy of his spirits did not allow him to give himself up to despair. He thus writes: "In the midst of the withering years of my fellow-men, my heart ebbcd and flowed as it ever had to stop the sources of misery. My failure even showed me the truth of my plans." At this time, from necessity as well as choice, Pestalozzi began to write articles for a Swiss journal, and to publish books, in which he appealed to the public to bestow their attention upon some of the most sacred interests of humanity.

From 1780 to 1798, he espoused the cause of the poor and oppressed, sharply criticising the existing abuses of society. The titles of these works show the range of his efforts—*The Tendency of Penal Laws to Increase rather than diminish the sources of Crime*, *The Moral Improvement of Criminals*, *The Temptations that surround Females of the Lower Classes*, *"Popular Education,"* *Investigation on the Course of Nature in the Development of the Human Race*, *"Evening Hours of a Hermit,"* *"Leonard and Gertrude."*

Although these writings are all distin-

guished by originality and thought, and inspired by philanthropy, not one made more impression than Leonard and Gertrude. This, he says, "was a work extorted from me by sympathy with the sufferings of the people. I desire nothing now, as the object of my life, but the welfare of the people whom I love and whom I know to be miserable, as few feel them to be miserable, because I have borne them their sufferings as few have borne them."

The consequences of the French Revolution called Pestalozzi from his political calculations. He had hoped that the condition of the people would be bettered, but he found no basis and was brought to himself. In his earlier years, as previously quoted, he had perceived that "the tendency of the writings of Rousseau was neither calculated to preserve what was good in the old institutions, nor to introduce anything practically better." But he had not anticipated the terrible excesses committed in the name of liberty. The lower classes of France and of other countries, emancipated from obedience to their hereditary rulers, set at naught even the rules of justice and humanity, and considered liberty permission to indulge in violent passions. Hence the people soon engaged in a war of self destruction, at which the better part of humanity shuddered.

Pestalozzi's mind was too clear and far-seeing not to note\* the dangers that threaten when liberty degenerates into license and the sceptre of power is wielded by those who could not govern themselves. In his younger days he had cherished the idea that the welfare of the people could be obtained by the improvement of outward circumstances; but he now saw and felt the important truth, that for man to be truly free, his moral nature must be developed and cultivated. The same idea is expressed in the precept of Jesus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

After this conviction of the fallacy of trusting to governmental expedients, Pestalozzi expected but little good from merely political changes unless they were accomplished by the elevation of the masses, and his whole heart impelled him in the direction in which this could best be accomplished. This truth is as apparent at this day to every thoughtful observer. "Political and social institutions," says Professor Seelye, "cannot be made for any people: they must grow out of the spirit and character and tendencies of the people by whom they are adopted." The direction taken by Pestalozzi to elevate the masses, was to begin with the children. Some of his friends,

\*Krusi.



and a few members of the Government who, like himself, regarded the education of the masses as the main pillar of the State, were willing to procure for him an influential position; but it was left to Providence to indicate the particular spot where he was destined to commence his immortal labors.

(To be continued.)

#### LOST TIME.

Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass; fear, lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it; but alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done willfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time, lost once, lost forever. Thus, we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me. *Teach me to number my days.* An hour-glass to turn me, that I may turn my heart to wisdom.—*Fuller.*

#### "THE PEACE OF GOD."

The word which Fénelon has most frequently used to express the happiness to which the mind ascends by a supreme love of God is "peace," perhaps the most expressive which language affords. We fear, however, that its full import is not always received. There is a twofold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace, to which this is but the prelude—"a peace of God, which passeth all understanding;" and properly called "the kingdom of heaven within us." This state is anything but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is as the concord of all melodious sounds. Has the reader never known a season when in the fullest flow of thought and feeling in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of joy, yet unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through his spirit, and given him a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a happier world? Of this character is the peace of religion. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, a surrender of every separate will and interest, a participation of the spirit and life of

the universe, an entire concord of purpose with its infinite Original. This is peace, and the true happiness of man; and we think that human nature has never entirely lost sight of this, its great end. It has always sighed for a repose in which energy of thought and will might be tempered with an all-pervading tranquility. We seem to discover aspirations after this good, a dim consciousness of it in all ages of the world. We think we see it in those systems of Oriental and Grecian philosophy, which proposed as the consummation of present virtue a release from all disquiet and an intimate union and harmony with the Divine mind. We even think that we trace this consciousness, this aspiration, in the works of ancient art which time has spared to us, in which the sculptor, aiming to embody his deepest thoughts of human perfection, has joined with the fulness of life and strength a repose which breathes into the spectator an admiration as calm as it is exalted. Many we believe, never wholly loses the sentiment of his true good. There are yearnings, sighings which he does not himself comprehend which break forth alike in his prosperous and adverse seasons, which betray a deep indestructible faith in a good that he has not found and which, in proportion as they grow distinct, rise to God and concentrate the soul in Him, as at once its life and rest, the fountain at once of energy and of peace.—*Channing on the character and writings of Fénelon.*

#### THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELER.

The Christian is traveling through a strange country, in which he is commanded to execute his work with diligence, and pursue his course homeward with alacrity. The fruit which he sees by the wayside he gathers with caution; he drinks of the stream with moderation; he is thankful when the sun shines and the way is pleasant; but, if it be rough and rainy, he cares not much, he is but a traveler. He is prepared for vicissitudes; he knows that he must expect to meet with them in the stormy and uncertain climate of this world. But he is traveling to a "better country," a country of unclouded light and undisturbed serenity. He finds, also, by experience, that when he has had the least of external comforts, he has always been least disposed to loiter; and if, for the time, it be a little disagreeable, he can solace himself with the idea of his being thereby forwarded in his course. In a less unfavorable season he looks round him with an eye of observation; he admires what is beautiful, he examines what is curious, he receives with complacency the refreshments which are set before him, and enjoys them with thankfulness.—*Wilberforce.*



## REST AWHILE.

Come apart and rest awhile, men of business; believe me, there is now and then a profitable venture in doing nothing at all. In the power to put business aside, and abiding now and then in a perfect quiet, things sometimes solve themselves, when we give them that advantage, which refuse to come clear for all our trying. We all know how, by simply taking some perplexity into the deepest silence this side of death—a good night's sleep—we can do better sometimes than if we sat up and wrought at a task all night. When Matthew Murray, of Leeds, wanted to see his way through some sore perplexity in his inventions, and all other efforts were of no use, he rested day and night from all noise and all effort, except the effort an active man has to keep himself quiet; and then the thing he wanted would steal in and look at him, and stay as birds used to light on the old hermits, no more afraid of them than of the trees under which they sat.

And, mothers, you, too, may care and toil incessantly for your little ones, never resting a moment in your devotion; and then, because you never do be quiet, but enter into your very closet with a little frock to mend, you shall never be able to take the whole sunlight and sum of your motherhood into your heart. You will be so full of care about the bread that perisheth as to miss the bread that cometh down from heaven. No person in the world needs so much now and then to be still, and open her soul only to the silence, as an earnest, energetic, whole-hearted mother. This eternal activity is almost sure to run at last into shallows, and cheat the soul of its just and right inheritance, the presence of the Heavenly Master, the strength and joy which flow from calm and secret fellowship with God.—*The Moravian.*

From the Christian Register.

## HARMONY OF CHARACTER.

BY JAMES T. BIXBY.

When we look at most men we see them developing only one part of their nature. One spends his days feeding his animal passions, or exercising his body, letting his mind lie fallow. Another cultivates only his brain, and lets limb and heart wither. A third fosters only his emotions, wrapt up completely in the ecstasies of love or mystic devotion. Still another cultivates exclusively his social nature, or the graces of gentility, devoting himself to its external polish and stock proprieties. Thus men are almost universally one sided and disproportioned; that which ought to serve is acting as king, and that which should rule is in durance vile. If one

set of faculties is well developed, another is correspondingly dwarfed. If a man has certain shining virtues, they are counterbalanced by equally striking vices. If one side of his character is rich and full, it is countervailed by the equal weakness and poorness of another side. Virtues and vices often run in pairs. They seem like Siamese twins—born together and inseparable till death. Wide, comprehensive views are generally accompanied by an inability to attend to practical details. If a man is strong of will and of an unbending rectitude, he is apt to be lacking in affability and consideration for others. If full of hope and enthusiasm, then he is generally too rash and imprudent. Thus a man has at once the respective virtues and vices of his temperament or style of character. People dispute which one of these is best. One man or race makes this one the standard, another that; various ages and religions prefer and foster various excellences.

Christian perfection, however, is no one or two of these, but what is best in all. It is every beaming star of grace or virtue, plucked from the whole round sky, and united in one grand constellation. It is every power of the body, every faculty of the mind, every affection of heart or soul developed in their highest activity, the training of every part into subordination and harmony, the enriching of every part and of the whole with whatever is sweet and generous and beautiful.

Now this rounding out of our natures on all sides which, as I have just said, is the great duty and end of Christianity, is needful to us both for beauty of character, and for full usefulness in life. We need it, first, for beauty of character. How ugly is a tree whose top has been cut off, or whose lower limbs hewn away, or whose branches have all been lopped to produce one monstrous prize-apple. Just so look many men,—mere stumps or bare poles of humanity, aiming only at the production of a single huge pippin, which often proves a windfall after all. The beautiful tree is one that not only sends its trunk up high, but its roots down low and its branches out wide, spreading in all directions, in graceful arching curves, forming an emerald vase to catch the dew of heaven, rich both in fruit, in blossom, and bowery lattice-work and greenery. So the full man bourgeons out with blooms of sentiment, and bud of aspiration, and fruit of deeds, with vital sap, and resolution's sturdy trunk, no part of his proper organism wanting, and men as they pass gaze at him in admiration. It is this completeness, this just proportion and good balance, that is the finest charm in character as it is in art.

It is just *this*,—this absolute symmetry and exquisite adjustment of all parts, one to



another, and not any striking beauties, any brilliancy of conception or execution, that makes the Athenian Parthenon the most admirable work in the architecture of the world. Many other buildings are larger and more elaborate; they seem at first grander and more beautiful; but there is none, it is said, to which the eye returns with such satisfaction; none the sense of whose perfect elegance grows upon the observer as this does. What the Parthenon is among buildings, such is that full-developed, well-poised and ordered character that expresses God's thought of human nature.

Most men, however, are like the mongrel architecture so much in vogue nowadays. The structure may be vast, its decorations rich, its material most costly. But still it is incurably ugly, profoundly dissatisfying to every cultured eye. It is confused and disproportioned. If grand here, mean there. Conflicting styles are placed side by side; here an Ionic column, above it a Gothic arch, and over that a mansard roof. The pillars are not half large enough to uphold the weight supposed to rest on them. The buttresses have evidently nothing to sustain; and in the fourth story, where the building rises above its neighbor, the showy marble reveals the common brick behind it, and discloses the fact that the splendid facade is only a flimsy veneering. Just such characters do we see men daily rearing. They forget that where excellences are partial or incongruous, the more striking they are, the worse the effect. He who develops only one or two elements of his nature, commits, indeed, as woful a mistake as an artist would, who in fashioning a bust, should devote himself to making the nose or the lips alone of fine form and size, and think it no matter if the rest of the face were left dwarf-like and half moulded.

The simplest and most ordinary character, if all the powers are developed harmoniously and in a normal ratio, has a satisfying beauty. No picture that was ever painted, no statue that was ever carved, equals that living grace of manhood that shadows forth the true perfection of the soul.

It is only the broad, well-balanced nature that can do service of unalloyed usefulness. One-sided, narrow men, who can see only one aspect of a thing, and who consequently hammer away at that until they have accomplished their purpose, often have tremendous force, and work valuable reforms in society. But much of their strength and efforts are thrown away, for they pull against or athwart the world's true line of progress. If they save society from running upon one bank of the stream, they drag it upon the opposite, and it takes a great part of the next generation's

labors to get the ship off from the mud-flat and into the channel again.

But admirable and useful as is this perfection of human nature—undoubtedly as it is the Christian aim and ideal,—is it attainable by us? Is it within the reach of finiteman? Of course, that absolute and infinite perfection that belongs to God, is not attainable by us. But as God is perfect in that infinite divine sphere to which we can never reach, so may we be perfect after our own kind and order on our lower human plane. A pint dish can never hold as much as a hog'shead, but it can be just as full. He who would accomplish any worthy thing must aim at the highest. If a man imagines that he has reached his highest possible stature before he is yet out of his spiritual cradle, what wonder that he is only a pigmy, lop-sided Christian. As the old proverb says, he is building a mountain who is bringing the first barrowful; and he has already failed in the attempt who leaves off while there is still a single grain to be added.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—A friend of mine who had no money to spend for jewels or silks or even antique vases, has employed his Christmas more wisely than this, and in his action there is more angelic music than in those divine old statues. He filled a large basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets to distribute them among hungry children. How little dirty faces peeped after him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates. How their eyes sparkled as they led along some shivering, barefooted urchin, and cried out: "This little boy had no cake, sir!" Sometimes a greedy lad would get two shares by false pretenses; but this was no conclusive proof of total depravity in children who never ate cake from Christmas to Christmas. No wonder the stranger with his basket excited a prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones. Every one had a story to tell of health ruined by hard work of sickly children, or drunken husbands. I was a genuine outpouring of hearts. An honest son of the Emerald Isle stood by, rubbing his head, and exclaimed: "Did my eyes ever see the like o' that? a jintleman giving cake to folks he don't know, and niver asking a bit o' money for the same." Alas! eighteen centuries ago that chorus of good-will was sung, and yet so simple an act of sympathizing kindness astonishes the poor.

In the course of his Christmas rambles, our friend entered a house occupied by fifteen families. In the corner of one room, on a heap of rags, lay a woman with a babe three days old, without food or fire. In another ver-

small apartment was an aged, weather-beaten woman. She pointed to an old basket of pins and tape, as she said: "For sixteen years I have carried that basket on my arm through the streets of New York; and often have I come home with weary feet, without money enough to buy my supper. But we must always pay our rent in advance, whether we have a loaf of bread to eat or not." Seeing the bed without clothing, her visitor inquired how she slept. "Oh, the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and the rain and snow come driving in. When any of us are sick, or the weather is extra cold, we lend our bedding, and some of us sit up while others get a nap." As she spoke, a ragged little girl came in to say: "Mammy wants to know whether you will lend her your fork?" "To be sure I will, dear," she replied, in the heartiest tones imaginable. She would have been less generous had her fork been a silver one. Her visitor smiled, as he said: "I suppose you borrow your neighbor's knife in return for your fork." "Oh, yes," she replied; "and she is as willing to lend as I am. We poor folks must help one another. It is all the comfort we have." The kind-hearted creature did not know, perhaps, that it was precisely such comfort as the angels had in heaven; only theirs is without the drawback of physical suffering and limited means.—*L. M. Child.*

## EXTRACT.

"It is not in military strength, it is not in the accumulations of wealth, it is not in the brilliancy of great oratory, or in the speculations of deep-seeing philosophy, or in the wonderful discoveries of science, that a nation finds its highest glory and most unassailable security. It is in the private character of its citizens, and in those institutions which preserve social order and maintain peace and protect property and life, and in the incorruptible faithfulness which characterizes those who interpret and enforce its laws; for the best laws may be made oppressive, and the most perfect institutions ever devised for the perpetuation and peace of society may be converted into an enginery of injustice, if those who are set to expound and apply the laws are not men of severe and pure virtue. Laws command respect, and secure obedience only when those in whom their authority is typified and represented, personally command our respect and entitle themselves to our confidence by a manhood without reproach."—*E. B. Willson on the Character of Judge Wills, of Mass.*

MUCH of the fine gold of patience is found in the crucible of sorrow.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

## REFLECTIONS.

None can so well appreciate the progress in the industrial arts as those who, like myself, have plied the spinning wheel, and from wool and flax have spun the material for their dress, dyed it a beautiful olive shade with the bark of the butternut, had it pressed in the mill till it shone as richly as an Irish poplin, and was as highly prized.

This was in 1812, when war closed the avenues of trade, and no goods from foreign lands could be obtained, so that all our wearing apparel was manufactured by our own hands. In those days we literally sought wool and flax, and worked willingly with our hands. How many happy hours have I spent spinning wool in my father's barn. I could draw a thread of fine merino twice the length of the wheel, give it a twist and run it on the spindle with an agility and swiftness few now could comprehend. We made all our linen, even to nice pocket handkerchiefs. We also spun cotton and made our summer dresses, which were pretty and strong, durable and comfortable, answering every purpose.

The implements of husbandry were the sickle, the scythe, the cradle and the hand-rake. Many a time, like Ruth of old, have I gleaned after the reapers, and carried the lunch of chocolate and solid food to the workers in the harvest field; for my father was one of the first to banish intoxicating liquors from his fields and espouse the cause of temperance.

In the autumn was the merry husking, and in the winter the grain was threshed by the flail and garnered in the granary.

Then came the evening enjoyments; a large, bright, open fire, a table spread with books, such as the Bible, journals of Friends, histories and other works. In those days newspapers were few and rare.

A family of ten persons gathered round the hearth; one would read while others plied the needle, or we held sweet converse on the various topics of the day. This was rural simplicity, and I do not think the extravagance of the present time has added to the stock of domestic happiness.

There was no steamboat on the Hudson in those days, for Fulton was just about to mature his great experiment. I have been six days in a sloop on that river, going home from Yearly Meeting, waiting for a favorable wind. Now we go with impetuous speed, we talk by lightning, we annihilate space, and neither sea nor land impedes our progress. Science has unfolded the wonders of the creation, earth yields up her rich treasures of gold and silver, and the flinty rock pours forth the oil.



Let us see to it that our moral and religious advance keeps pace with all these improvements, lest when we are weighed in the balance we be found wanting, and that we give God the glory for all that has been achieved, lest another century find us in the downward course. "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider," and so may our land escape the fate of the empires and kingdoms that have been, but are now only known on history's page.

SARAH HUNT.

#### THE GRACE OF RECEIVING.

All men praise him who gives; and 'tis, indeed,  
A gracious thing to go through life as goes  
A king along a highway, where he throws  
Perpetual golden alms, and takes no heed  
Of measure or of merit in the deed.  
How much of virtue lies in this God knows.  
He said: "Who give are blessed more than those  
Who do receive." It may be. But to feed  
On alms each day and look un murmuring  
On lips with careles, scornful pity curled;  
To fill forever, grateful and content,  
The place where rich men's lavishness is spent,  
Seems unto me a braver, greater thing  
Than from one's plenty to endow a world.

—H. H., in *Independent*.

### FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 15, 1876

**SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.**—There has been so much said and written of late, and so many efforts are being made to promote social intercourse among Friends, that the question, "How shall this be best accomplished?" is fairly before our readers.

There is much yet remaining to be thoughtfully considered respecting our duties one towards another, as members of the same "household of faith." The subject has a vital bearing upon the perpetuity of our religious organization.

Every society that is formed must have some common bond by which its members are held together. While the Society of Friends in its meetings for worship is, perhaps, more democratic than any other important religious body, there is yet a certain adhesive principle, common to other branches of the Christian church, which we do not appear to possess to any extent. This is doubtless due, in part, to the absence of the pastoral oversight, each member being his own center and circumference of religious thought. Then we have no

meetings for the encouragement of spiritual outflow and the development of the emotional nature. In our quiet introversion, we are apt to become too much absorbed with ourselves, drawing so within ourselves that we let go our end of the cord of Christian sympathy, and are left alone in the midst of our brethren.

Now, what we most need is to feel the responsibility of our profession; for until we are made sensible that we owe something to the profession we make, we shall never awaken to its obligations.

The Church of Christ is the great leveler. It knows no high, no low, no rich, no poor in the Father's house. When we come together in our meetings for worship, if we are Christ-like we will forget the distinctions of wealth and influence, of poverty and toil, and the who are rich will be as ready to reach forth the hand of welcome and fellowship to the brother or sister of "low degree" as to those belonging to their own class in society. They will thus develop a sympathy and interest for these that will brighten their own lives, and the less favored ones in their turn will be encouraged by the recognition of a common brotherhood.

Our individual preferences and the circle of friendship that grow out of them, are in no danger of subversion by this act of Christian courtesy. People, inspired by the same impulses and living in the same social atmosphere, whatever their religious faith, will be drawn mutually together; and this holds true of every grade in society; while the whole stratum is rising through a better understanding of the humanities of the gospel, there will always exist the same boundaries and limitations in social intercourse that we now see. We need also a unity of purpose, in promoting the welfare of the whole body, and to feel that we are so bound together in spiritual fellowship, that if one suffers, all are made partakers in the suffering.

The consolations of religion that in a multitude of ways may be carried by the earnest Christian to the couch of the invalid or extended to the weary and heavy laden, from whatever cause, are very precious to the recipients, and make one of the strongest links

a Christian brotherhood. There are times when the most favored feel the need of outward help—hours of darkness and doubt, when every prop seems taken away, and the tribulated soul yearns for human sympathy. It is then that the opportunity is given to minister of the good gifts we have received, and blessed is even the cup of cold water when it is handed forth to the needy in the name of a disciple for Christ's sake.

**NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.**—The reported absence of all intoxicating beverages, on the occasion of the official New Year's Reception at Washington, is worthy of special notice, as marking a decided change for the better, which it is earnestly hoped will become the order on all such occasions in the future.

With the general government leading off a reform so greatly needed, we may look forward to an improvement in our State and municipal entertainments and receptions. The practice of making expensive feasts, where wines and other intoxicating drinks are provided in abundance, whenever any of the heads of government visit our cities, entails an onerous and unnecessary burthen upon the people which ought to be abolished. We would not counsel any want of respect towards those who occupy positions of trust and responsibility in the nation, but that it be shown in a more rational and elevating way than by an appeal to the appetites.

**LECTURES.**—Dr. J. Thomas will commence a course of twelve lectures on the English language and Literature, at the William Penn Charter School, No. 8 S. Twelfth street, Sixth-day, the 14th inst., at 4 o'clock P. Tickets may be had at 1100 Arch street. We call attention to the above course of lectures with pleasure, believing it to embrace subjects worthy the notice of Friends.

**THE IOWA HOME FOR INDIAN CHILDREN**  
**THE GREAT NEMAHHA AGENCY, NEBRASKA.**  
A seamstress wanted at this Agency. The person filling this position is expected to make and repair children's clothing, and give instruction in matters pertaining to her depart-

ment, assisting in the care of the children when required.

Apply to John Saunders, No. 34 North Fourth street (up stairs), Philadelphia.

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#### MARRIED.

**UNDERWOOD—JOHN.**—On the 21st of Tenth month, 1875, at the residence of the bride's mother, in Millville, Columbia co., Pa., with the approbation of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, Warner Underwood, of Boalsburg, formerly Unionville, Centre co., Pa., to T. Eliza, daughter of Hannah K., widow of the late James M. John, dec'd.

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#### DIED.

**BUCKMAN.**—On the 18th of Twelfth month, of apoplexy, Joshua V. Buckman, in the 73d year of his age; a highly esteemed elder of Bristol Monthly Meeting, Pa.

The removal of this dear friend, has left a great blank; but we believe his careful, consistent life has given evidence that his purified spirit has received the reward of "well done good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Every department of his life was characterized by a truly conscientious endeavor to do unto others as he would have others to do unto him,—thus securing many positions of trust and the confidence and esteem of a large circle of friends.

Though for many years not in the enjoyment of good health, yet he was a constant attender of all our religious meetings when so permitted, and during his last illness, when unable to attend, remarked his spirit was each day with them. He also manifested a deep interest in First-day schools, with an earnest desire that they might be conducted in accordance with the views and principles of the Society of Friends, believing that their influence would thereby be promoted and extended.

**SHEPHERD.**—At Union Bridge, Carroll county, Md., on the 12th of Eleventh month, 1875, Thomas Shepherd, in the 88th year of his age.

He was the oldest member of Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting, and at the time of his death, and for many years, had been an elder in that meeting, which station he filled to general satisfaction. His hospitality to friends and strangers was most liberal; it was a life-long law with him not to "let man or beast leave his place hungry." He was a very regular attender of meetings; his seat was seldom vacant when he was well enough to be there. He was a plain, unassuming, honest man, was neither bigotted nor sectarian in his views. He believed that "God is love," and all men are His children, and to serve Him best we must love and serve our fellow-men.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 82.

(Continued from page 731.)

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AT GENEVA.

The dissolute conduct of the clergy and their subservience to the Duke of Savoy had a tendency to prepare the way for the acceptance of the protestant reformation by the people of Geneva, when it was advocated



among them by the Dauphinese preachers, Farel and Froment. So complete was the triumph that, in 1535, after a long agitation, the Bishop and his adherents fled from the city, and Protestantism was proclaimed without bloodshed. From this period is dated the existence of Geneva as a free state.

The next year, at the invitation of Farel, came another great man, a native of France, equally well versed in political and in ecclesiastical affairs. He is said to have been a powerful and eloquent preacher, an austere moralist, and a learned theologian. Great qualities he undoubtedly had, for he speedily became the absolute head of the Genevan state, and was termed by some the Pope of the Rome of Protestantism. No affair of state was transacted without his consent, and that consent sanctioned not only wise measures of reform, the establishment of colleges, and the shelter of the fugitives from persecutions of many lands, but it established another tyranny only less cruel than that he had helped to sweep away. The student of history who muses over the annals of the days of Calvin, marvels that the baptism of suffering which the great reformer passed through, before the day of his power, did not soften his heart, and teach him charity, without which the most saintly virtues avail nothing. The fate of the Spanish physician Servetus, condemned to be burnt alive because he differed from the austere preacher in his views of the Trinity, albeit his life was blameless, and he made no effort to promulgate his opinions, and the doom of perpetual banishment arbitrarily pronounced against many eminent men of Geneva, cloud the world's memory of the really great John Calvin. But we should learn to judge the reformer's work by the fruit it bore, and remember that it was he who largely influenced the current of opinion and the system of faith and of morals, which we see to-day exemplified in Scotland, in Holland and in the New England States of America. The hard Calvinist has been the friend of enlightened liberty, of learning, of law and of material progress, and we smile now to think of the absurd sumptuary laws, regulating the number of dishes to be served at a dinner, the quality of the clothing to be worn, and the despotic inquisition into the affairs of families and into the private lives of men.

We make an early visit to the old cathedral, the pulpit of which became the tribune and judgment seat of the reformer, and are even permitted to rest a moment in the austere-looking old straight-backed chair which he used. No monument of any kind, and so far as I can see, no memorial inscription recalls John Calvin to mind as the trav-

eler wanders through the fine old church; though here is sculptured the warrior Duke of Rohan, the champion of the Huguenots in the days of Louis XIII, and here is the monument of Agreppa d'Aubigné, the friend of Henri IV and the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon. The edifice was erected during the 12th and 13th centuries, and is striking from its extreme simplicity of architecture, being accounted a specimen of very early, uncorrupted Gothic. A fine Corinthian portico of the 18th century is quite out of harmony with the old towered cathedral.

Our next visit is to the reputed house of Calvin, a substantial mansion on the Rue de Chanoines. No memorial tablet indicates the spot, and a family of Sisters of Charity seem to be domiciled within the very walls of the reformer's mansion. We enter a broad gateway, leading into a square court yard, and inquire of a white bonneted Sister if this is Calvin's house. She shrugs her shoulders and replies, with a smile, "Ou dit" (they say). Strange it is, that in the city where he sojourned for twenty-eight years, and from which he influenced so mightily the Christian world, John Calvin's residence is almost forgotten. His grave is quite unknown, since he forbade his friends to erect any monument over his remains. In the Public Library his portrait hangs side by side with those of the other heroes of the reformation, and, in its angular austerity is strikingly unlike the broad, fervid visage of Luther. There are many of his manuscript letters here, but they are so curiously obscure, though in a good state of preservation that I could not make out a single word. We are told that one of these is addressed to Lady Jane Grey, while a prisoner in the Tower. Here also are preserved forty-four volumes of his manuscript sermons. In curious contrast with the hand-writing of Calvin, is that of Fénelon, plain, neat and perfectly legible, indicating, perhaps, the purity, gentleness and holiness of his character; Madame de Maintenon's is large, plain and strong, while that of Voltaire is as quaint and angular as his face. Martin Luther contributes a neat translation of the first Psalm, and from Sir Isaac Newton we have a pen and ink diagram of the famous experiment of the analysis of light by the prism with an explanation in Latin, dated 1722. A letter from Lalande asks for the publication of a work of Tycho Brahe in the Louvre entitled, "The Astronomical Observations of Tycho Brahe." This is exquisitely neat and microscopically small. From Laplace we have a readable letter of introduction for a young friend, but I cannot make out a single word of the manuscript of "the great and learned



faller." There is a letter from Mirabeau, dated 1789, inviting a friend, in most complimentary terms, to visit Versailles. I am quite unable to read a word of the manuscript of Napoleon Bonaparte, but that of Adam Roland and of her husband are quite clear and distinct. To those who are skilled in reading mental and spiritual characteristics, from the hand writing, this collection is of the greatest interest, one of the richest I have ever seen. Besides those already mentioned, we take note of autographs of Kings Louis XIV and XV, of the great Henry IV, and of Richelieu, exquisitely neat and delicate, and of Thomas Jefferson, presenting to a friend a copy of his notes on Virginia. We spent hours in the apartment, examining the splendidly illustrated books which are preserved as specimens of the patient, skillful work of the penman and the artist before the invention of printing. It is a most valuable and beautiful collection, though not so extensive as some others we have visited. One learns a higher reverence for the books of hoary antiquity, in view of the vast labor their preparation and perpetuation have involved. Over this ponderous, delicately pictured volume, some patient monk, perhaps, spent his whole life, leaving it as a precious memorial to the religious use which was his earthly home. This mighty copy of the sacred scriptures, which no man can scarcely lift, was prepared by the early printers for the especial use of King Henry IV, at the time when it was believed that this great and generous prince would die for the Protestant confession; and here are the discourses of St. Augustine, a manuscript pyrus roll of the 7th century.

In the same building with the Public Library is a fine Museum of Natural History, which is worthy of most honorable mention. But the great merit of the collection is the wonderful extent of the display of the order Coleoptera (Beetles). Here, says the courteous custodian who admits us to the room, are specimens of 33,000 species, arranged in scientific order in the little, shallow drawers with which the hall is lined. With evident pride and pleasure he unlocks the department of Central and South American beetles, named from the gods, demigods, heroes and warriors of antiquity. The male creature is often great imposing horns, while the female, true to the traditional virtues of her sex, is meekly defenceless. And why not, if we have Hercules or Perseus to fight her beetles? The king's jeweler might come to the lowly Coleoptera for delicate and splendid devices, for here are the hues of all the flowers, the brilliance of every metal, and the glory of all the gems from the mountain.

One division, which has representatives from Mexico, Texas and Persia, is characterized by a delicate furry investment, worn around and under the splendid metallic armor. I am sure no king of men was ever so grandly arrayed as some of these little warrior creatures of the insect world. But they do not all wear gay attire, for there are wonderful long horned deputies to this silent world congress of beetles, from the Antipodes, from far off China, who are clad in grave and sober colors; while the Australians have very short horns and are invested with jewelled coats of mail. There are many drawers which contain water beetles. These have curiously feathered and divided legs, adapted for swimming, almost like a fish's fins, and with wings much elongated, or occupying a much greater proportion of the body than in the land Coleoptera. Then there are drawers filled with minute creatures, of which my eyes cannot take any intelligent cognizance, and, really, my only knowledge of the Pilium or of the yet smaller Tricopteryx, is that they are wonderfully little.

Our attention is called to the Blatoides Kollar, from Japan, for he is very rare and costly, there being but one other of his name and race in Europe, and he is placed in the collection at Berlin. The custodian assures us that £37 was paid for the possession of this specimen, which is certainly not distinguished for beauty, being black and slender, with great bead-like eyes. There was an array of the little, hemispherical, gold-armored beetles with black spots, known to our childhood as "lady bugs," more numerous than I had ever dreamed of. They may have "been to London to see the queen," for every one has on a court dress.

Some of our friends at home, mindful of the ominous crescent scar on the green plums, would look with a sort of vengeful satisfaction on the vast array of the Curculios transfixed with pins and safely shut up in drawers, never more to trouble man, or spoil the gracious fruits of the earth.

I will not take time nor space to enumerate the many points of interest in the other departments of the museum. The whole collection is admirably arranged, and appeared to be very full and perfect. The halls are well lighted, and one walks through the avenues with great satisfaction, for nothing is obscurely placed. One of the most striking objects in the building is an enormous group of smoky quartz crystals, which elegantly decorates the hall of entrance.

I made a hasty visit to the museum Rath, where there is a collection of works of sculpture and of paintings. Here is the haughty daughter of the Medici, Catherine, the



mother of Charles IX, of France, receiving, with cruel, exultant joy, the head of the murdered Coligny, and here we see the last adieu of Farel to Calvin, both of which are accounted fine works, by Hornung. The statues, with few exceptions, are plaster casts, from celebrated models.

The great heat of the weather made it rather a pain than a pleasure to investigate the fine Botanic Garden. It was laid out under the direction of the eminent botanist De Candolle, in 1816, and it is peculiarly rich in Alpine plants. We are reminded that the ground occupied by the garden is sadly memorable as being the place of horrible butcheries in 1794, when the blood of the most respectable citizens was shed, at the command of the cruel tyrants at Paris, who disgraced the cause of liberty by their wild excesses. Each of these long, box-bordered beds accommodates a genus, and in some cases, I think, a family of plants. Many are doing their best to bloom and bear fruit, but, to me, there is a sorrowful look about them, as if they did not relish being nourished by the blood of the martyrs. But, perhaps, it is the hot, dry weather that is not congenial to these imprisoned children of Flora, whose habitat should be by the mountain stream, or mid the boulders of the glacial moraine. The green houses were ruined by the late hail storm, and the more rare and precious specimens are quite demolished, nothing being left but bruised and battered stems, heaps of earth, and forlorn-looking pots lying around the floor.

The Town Hall of Geneva is a venerable structure, built in the massive Florentine style, and having a paved incline plane winding up to the upper stories, of so gradual a slope that a horse, or even a carriage, can ascend or descend with ease. In front of this edifice is the place where Servetus met a fiery death, but the ground floor has far more glorious memories. Here is the apartment where the commissioners of England and of America laid their difference before arbitrators, and settled a national grievance according to reason and justice. The table, in the centre, around which the arbitrators sat, the chairs occupied by the English commissioners at one end of the room, and those of the Americans at the other, and the elevated chair of the President, all remain as they were placed while the deliberations were going on, while photographic portrait groups on the wall remind us what manner of men were these who inaugurated this civilized, Christian warfare, this fortaste of what will be, when the world which so loudly declares itself Christian, shall really adopt the pure and simple principles proclaimed in old

Jerusalem, 1800 years ago, by the Messiah.

From this place we turn to the Arsenal just opposite the Town Hall, where is preserved a fine collection of ancient arms. The main objects of interest are the 20 cuirasses, among which are those of the Savoyards who fell at the attempted escalade of Geneva in 1602, but I look in vain for the iron sauce-pan with which an old woman knocked down a soldier on that eventful night. It is a suggestive fact that this mediæval armor would be quite too small for the average man of the 19th century in these lands; but those who wore these coats of mail must have had great physical strength to endure the weight of such metallic attire and to wield the ponderous weapons we see here displayed.

We read that at the commencement of the seventeenth century, on the conclusion of peace between France and Savoy, Henry IV. declared formally that Geneva was comprised in the allies of the thirteen cantons who were parties to the treaty; but the Duke of Savoy yet cherished designs against her liberty. Planning an attack upon the city, he advanced under the walls on the night of the 12th of Twelfth month, 1602, at the head of a corps of 3,000 chosen men. The people were reposing in fancied security, and had taken no precautions against surprise; when at 3 o'clock on a dark winter morning, scaling ladders were placed against the outer walls, and 200 Savoyard soldiers penetrated to the interior of the fortifications before the alarm was given. Then the whole town rushed to arms, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in repulsing the Duke's army and thus ending forever the attempts of the House of Savoy to overthrow their liberties. The anniversary of this deliverance is yearly celebrated under the name of the Fête de l'Escalade. It is recorded that the venerable Theodore Beza, at that time eighty years of age, gave out from the pulpit the next day after the escalade the 124th Psalm, which has ever since been sung on the anniversary—

"Our help is in the name of the Lord, who maketh heaven and earth."

In recent days a monumental fountain, in a conspicuous situation, has been erected, that the people may be continually mindful of the value of the liberties they have inherited from their strong-hearted forefathers.

At eventide we find it pleasant to watch the dying away of the day, from the little islet which divides the blue waters of the lake as they rush into the channel of the Rhône. After the clear, bright day, comes an evening of splendor. The solemn dome of Mt. Blanc catches the glow of the last beams, and smiles benignantly, as a monarch

ly, over his attendant mountain host. It asserted that these distant summits are not in with perfect distinctness from Geneva more than sixty times a year on an average, and we get a satisfactory view every day, and think one could hardly desire a more enchanting sight than that of Mt. Blanc when edged with the delicate pink hue which is light from the unseen sun before his rising and after his setting.

The little isle bears the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whom we are perpetually reminded in our wanderings about Geneva. It is related of him that, at 16 years of age, he had been apprenticed to an engraver, a most uncongenial master to the young genius, being of violent temper and rough manners. Rousseau liked not his trade, and became moody and discontented. One evening he wandered out into the country to seek consolation by the quiet contemplation of natural things, as we may reasonably suppose, and returning late from a long ramble, stayed just in time to find the gate closed at the drawbridge raised for the night. He resolved to present himself before his master the morrow, and so left his native city and sought refuge with the parish priest of Confignon, who introduced him to Madame de Miremont, a step which influenced his future life, and developed his wonderful intellect. A bronze statue of the erratic philosopher, seated in a contemplative attitude, seeming to gaze eastward over the tranquil lake, was erected here in 1837. It is the work of the French sculptor Pradier, and gives one an idea of a noble, not ungenial presence of a man who ought to have the will, and surely the power, to do good work upon the world. Time softens all things. In 1762 the Council of Geneva ordered his books\* to be burned by the hangman in front of the Hôtel de Ville, while in less than one century the memory of his birth has so far forgotten and forgiven his extravagances and faults, and so fondly remembered his genius and his sorrows, that it has honored him with this grand memorial statue.

The charm of the moonlit nights at Geneva is indescribable, reminding one much of Venice, as I sit on a balcony overlooking the murmuring waters. We miss the song of the gondolier, but the musicians are pouring forth sweet harmonies in the gayly lighted English garden. The great square hotels and modernizing edifices which reflect themselves in the lake are not comparable surely to the wondrous palaces and temples of Venice, but this is the same intense dark-blue sky, the same precious "lady moon," and these lovely wa-

ters will bear comparison with the briny seas which wash the marble stairs of the pathetic and lovely city of the Adriatic. A coolness, balmy and grateful, comes with the night. Lake Lemane sends a breeze from her long reach of waters, which enters our windows softly and silently, so that by 10 o'clock one may quite forget the fervor of the day, and retire for a most comfortable night's repose under blankets. Geneva boasts a very pure air, but is subject to sudden and violent changes, and the cold of winter is sometimes severe. They tell us that when the North-east wind called the *bise*, prevails, then the lake is lashed into billows, like the sea during a tempest, and its effects are so chilling that the warmest clothing hardly suffices for comfort, even under the bright sunshine of the spring time. Just now a moderate visitation from the *bise* would be very welcome in Geneva.

The abundance and perfection of delicious fruit makes an early stroll in the market places very interesting. Here are quantities of green and yellow gage plums, varying in price from two to three or four cents a pound, while the larger and rarer kinds are a little dearer. Then there seems plenty of strawberries, raspberries, apricots, pears, peaches, tomatoes, figs and apples, as well as an excellent variety of vegetables. Pretty bouquets of the purple heather from the hills, encircling fragrant clusters of the cyclamen are smilingly offered, and for those who prefer the flowers of the garden, there are abundant supplies. The prices asked in the Genevan markets are quite fixed, but the vender will often add a little gift after the purchase is made,—putting a fine juicy pear into the paper with the plums, as an evidence of friendly liberality, but declining to take anything from the first asking price. S. R.

Eighth month 18th, 1875.

From the Public Ledger.

#### MEASURING EARTHQUAKES.

The cable telegram from Naples dated December 21st, anticipating an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, stated that the instruments in the observatory on the mountain are in motion, and that Professor Palmieri predicts a long period of eruption. This statement is entitled to more than a passing thought, for although the movements of the instruments indicate only earthquake shocks that have already passed, Professor Palmieri has had such experience in observing and noting such phenomena that his prediction of a future eruption is likely to be fulfilled. The observatory referred to is situated on a spur of rock on the side of Vesuvius, close to the Hermitage or half-way house. The delicate instruments used for registering the direction and force of

\* "Emile" and "Contrat Social."



earthquake shocks are in the second story of the house, but are built on solid piers of stone reaching to the earth. The instrument for the automatic registration of vertical shocks is a fine metallic point, suspended by a coil of wire just over the surface of a cup of mercury. The slightest upward motion of the earth carries the mercury up to the wire, completing a galvanic circuit which instantly stops a clock and rings a bell to notify the observer to reset the apparatus and observe future phenomena. To measure the intensity of vertical shocks, small magnets are suspended over a cup of iron filings by means of coils of wire of different strengths. When a vertical shock occurs, some of these magnets dip into the iron filings, and to one of these a light index is attached for measuring the intensity of the shock. For horizontal shocks the registering apparatus consists of U-shaped glass tubes, partially filled with mercury, and set to the four cardinal points. A small weight rests on the mercury, and is attached to a silk fibre, which runs over an ivory pulley and has a counterpoise at the other end. On each pulley there is an index and circular scale to mark the angle through which it turns. A horizontal shock causes the mercury to rise in the tube or tubes corresponding to the direction from which it comes, the weight is raised and the pulley marks, by means of the index, the angle through which it has turned. At the same time the mercury in rising completes a galvanic circuit which stops a clock and rings a bell. The galvanic current from either registering apparatus also starts another clock, the pendulum of which has hitherto been held out of perpendicular, and this clock allows a roll of paper to be unwound, on which, by means of electricity, a pencil traces the movement of future shocks, the spaces between the markings indicating the time elapsing between the shocks. There is other apparatus in the observatory for measuring atmospheric electricity and for similar purposes, and presiding over all this delicate mechanism is Professor Palmieri, who devotes all his time to the study of the great forces concentrated in his little world—Mount Vesuvius—and he is so familiar with their manifestations that no eruption of Vesuvius can occur now without forecasting its approach by registrations on Professor Palmieri's instruments in an intelligible way to him.

The first recorded eruption of this volcano took place in August, A. D. 79, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried beneath its ashes. The first known flow of lava occurred in 1066. Between the years 1306 and 1631 no eruption occurred, except a slight one in 1500. In 1779, 1794, 1822,

1855 and 1861 there were violent eruptions and great floods of lava were poured down upon the villages on the mountain side. The total number of great eruptions has been about sixty, and some have been remarkable for the great movement taking place in a short time.

From the Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1872

#### ON THE HABITS OF THE BEAVER.

BY FELIX R. BRUNOT, OF PITTSBURG, PA.

While visiting the Shoshone and Bannack Indian Reservation in Western Wyoming Territory, last September, I saw, at the saw mill, a cotton-wood log which had been cut down by beavers (castor); and which is 2 feet in diameter at the butt, where the cutting was done. Whether you have anything of the kind at the Smithsonian Institution I do not know. The time will probably come when such tangible proofs of the rare industry and curious habits of the beaver will be unattainable, and people will be loth to credit the facts in regard to them.

Mr. S. G. Goodrich, in his popular work "The Animal Kingdom," quotes the traveler Richardson as saying upon this subject "The largest tree I observed cut down by them was about the thickness of a man's thigh, that is, about six or seven inches in diameter; but Mr. Graham says that he has seen them cut down a tree that was ten inches in diameter"; and the author adds, "this is no doubt, an exaggeration, or, at least, very uncommon."

Captain Bonneville tells of having seen trees cut by beavers which were eighteen inches in diameter, as something marvelous; but this one at the Shoshone Agency is far larger. If I am not mistaken, Washington Irving also expresses doubts on the authority of Captain Bonneville, as to whether the beaver exercises any instinct, or judgment, if you please, in cutting the trees in such a way as to drop them into the water. I think he says that he saw some or many trees which had fallen to the shore side, and from the fact reaches his conclusion that the direction in which the trees fell was a matter of accident.

I was for a day or two on the bank of Wind River, some forty miles from the nearest settlement, and where the beavers are quite abundant, and examined a cotton-wood tree, eighteen inches in diameter, on which they were nightly at work. It was just about ready to fall, and was being cut so as to render its fall in any other direction than toward the water impossible. This, and the remembrance of Captain Bonneville's doubt, led me to look further, and I found, within a distance of 300 yards of the shore line, five other

ees, nearly as large, which had been dropped to the water, and one other, about ten inches in diameter, which had been partly at all around, but much more deeply on the water side. The fallen trees were in a quick run of the stream, where swift, deep water kept along the shore, and the stumps showed the deepest cut, in each case, next to the water.

These trees were not cut for the purpose of making a dam, but for a winter store of food, which the bark and twigs furnish, and they were dropped into the water to be there kept in a tender and palatable condition for their owners. Some further examinations showed that there were other stumps of trees which had been cut off by the beavers, a short distance from the stream, too far off to have been intended to reach the water, and these seemed to have no uniformity of direction in their fall. Is it not probable that these and other trees not dropped into the water are cut during the summer for immediate consumption, and give no proof whatever that these wise "fellers" do not know exactly what they are about, but to the contrary?

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#### WAITING.

BY J. BURROUGHS.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

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Selected.

#### SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

If all our life were one broad glare  
Of sunlight clear, unclouded,  
If all our path were smooth and fair,  
By no deep gloom enshrouded;

If all life's flowers were fully blown  
Without the slow unfolding,  
And happiness mayhap was thrown  
On hands too weak for holding;

Then we should miss the twilight hours,  
The intermingling sadness,  
And pray perhaps for storms and showers  
To break the constant gladness.

If none were sick and none were sad,  
What service could we render?  
I think if we were always glad  
We hardly could be tender.

Did our beloved never need  
Our loving ministration,  
Life would grow cold, and miss indeed  
Its finest consolation.

If sorrow never smote the heart,  
And every wish were granted,  
Then faith would die, and hope depart,  
And life be disenchanting.

And if in heaven is no more night,  
In heaven no more sorrow,  
Such unimagined pure delight  
Fresh grace from pain will borrow.

As the poor seed that underground  
Seeks its true life above it,  
Not knowing where it will be found  
When sunbeams touch and love it.

So we in darkness upward grow,  
And look and long for heaven;  
Yet, cannot reach it here below,  
Till more of light be given.

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#### BOYS' RIGHTS.

For a series of years the boys of America have been shut out, more completely with each year's advance, from a chance of learning a trade. The trade unions have adopted rules which prevent the employment of any except a very limited number of apprentices. These rules forbid a master to employ an apprentice unless he employs a certain number of journeymen. In some trades the proportion is one boy to twenty men. The few places made vacant by apprentices becoming journeymen are soon filled. Tens of thousands of boys are thus deprived of the opportunity to become reputable and self-supporting artisans. When they leave school, and try to do something for themselves, they find the doors closed in their faces. Therefore, instead of becoming skilled mechanics, they are obliged to seek meaner occupations. If the doors of education were closed against the boys, there would be a general cry of complaint. A far greater wrong is committed, however, when trade education is prevented. Many more boys are affected, for one thing, and most of them must go to work at once and labor constantly in order to live.—*Com. List and Price Current.*

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It is not all joy which produces laughter; the greatest enjoyments are serious. The pleasures of love, ambition or avarice make nobody laugh.



From the Boston Herald.

### DRAWING IN SCHOOLS.

As to the great disciplinary and educational value of drawing, the testimony of teachers is very emphatic. Indeed, a decided majority of the teachers of the Boston schools to-day regard drawing as the most valuable of all studies, educationally considered, since it brings into healthy exercise so many different faculties. To take an instance: No other study trains vision to any like extent. It is one of the primal functions of drawing to teach the pupil not only to see, but to see intelligently, which so few are capable of doing. Again, it is of the very nature of this study to make the pupil neat and orderly, while it is one of its special functions to develop the taste for the beautiful. Of the great practical utility of drawing, it is safe to say that no one who has thoroughly examined the subject entertains the slightest doubt. Indeed, no other study bears so directly, and in so many ways, upon so many kinds of labor. Now, the great majority of boys in the public schools of Boston will engage in some mechanical or other industrial pursuit. For them a knowledge of drawing will be almost indispensable. Hundreds of boys have left these schools during the last two years who will sooner become masters of their trades, and will be better workmen all their lives, because of their knowledge of drawing acquired in school. But the direct practical utility of drawing is not limited to the boys, for many of the girls in the public schools a knowledge of drawing will be the means of securing special and profitable employment, while it will better qualify every one of them to do many things that will fall to their lot.

### NOTICES.

The next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Race street, on the 18th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

Friends' Charity Fuel Association will meet this evening, at 8 o'clock.

### ITEMS.

THE extension of telegraph communication from the capital of the French penal colony in New Caledonia to the principal villages and Government stations is advancing rapidly, and a large staff of operators are engaged along the route of the proposed line, from Canala to Uarai. This will prove an expensive work, as the wires are to run through a dense forest and cross a mountain range at a height of about 2,500 feet above the sea.

It is estimated that the number of railroad ties in present use in the United States is 150,000,000. A cut of 200 ties to the acre is above the average; and it, therefore, has required the product of 750,000 acres of well-timbered land to furnish the supply. Railroad ties last about five years; 30,-

000,000 ties are used annually for repairs, taking the timber from 150,000 acres. The manufacture of rolling stock disposes of the entire yield of 350,000 acres and a full supply of 50,000 acres more every year. Our railroads are stripping the country at the rate of 1,000,000 acres per annum.—*Ex. paper.*

It appears from a recent return that the consumption of silk in Europe is made up of pretty equal proportions of home and foreign silk. During the year of 1874 the total of raw silk produced is stated at 9,050,000 pounds, while the amount exported from Asia is 11,500,000 pounds, making a total of upwards of 20,500,000 pounds, as the entire consumption of silk in Europe during 1874. The countries included in the report are Italy, France, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Georgia, Persia, India, China and Japan. The great proportion—to the amount of four-fifths of the silk employed in Europe—comes from Italy and China. China itself has exported mainly from Shanghai, 8,000,000 pounds of silk. The share of Italy is estimated at 6,900,000 pounds; France has furnished 1,600,000 pounds; Spain about 310,000 pounds; Greece under 30,000 pounds; Turkey has furnished 1,600,000 pounds; Georgia and Persia, 880,000 pounds; India, 935,000 pounds; and Japan about 1,200,000 pounds.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE petrified forest, near Santa Rosa, Cal., is one of the greatest curiosities in that State, being visited last summer by about 17,000 persons, mostly tourists. The forest contains about 300 trees, so far as they have been discovered, the largest measuring eleven feet in diameter, and the butts of this tree have been uncovered for a distance of sixty-eight feet. The trees lie across a belt about half a mile in width from east to west, in tiers which are slightly concave. There is a space between the tiers of from one hundred to three hundred feet. The tiers extend for a long distance north and south. The trees lie in the tiers at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees, the butts lowest and toward the north, the tops near the surface and to the southward. The trees were of red wood, fir and pine. The owner of the forest has uncovered about one hundred feet of the trees. Some of them have the bark still on, some were charred and afterward petrified. Petrification in every stage and in all colors may be found among the debris of the fossil forest.—*Public Ledger.*

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIÖLD is a Russian savant, who has undertaken a part in the polar exploration which is now universally recognized as a scientific necessity. Sailing through the Kara Sea, long regarded as the ice cellar of the North, but which had been cruised year after year by Norwegian fishermen, he reached the mouth of the Yenisei and revealed a new ocean route between Europe and Siberia. The importance of this discovery cannot be overestimated. If it should be found as practicable as it is believed to be by Dr. Petermann and other eminent geographers, it will give commerce a new highway and open up a vast and important country to trade. What both Europe and Asia have needed is a waterway from the northern European ports to the grand river system of the Asiatic continent. Until now this has been scarcely hoped for, and so great a discovery was certainly not expected. Such, however, is the meaning of Professor Nordenskiöld's explorations if his assumptions are found to be correct, and fortunately, his assumptions have passed beyond mere theory. He has accomplished a journey which gives the world a highway between the west and the east as important as that which was perfected by the Suez Canal.—*New York Herald.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER: FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

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Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

From the Penn Monthly.

PESTALOZZI, AS A PHILANTHROPIST WITHOUT MEANS AND AN EDUCATOR WITHOUT BOOKS.

Continued from page 740.

The year 1798 saw Switzerland the battle ground between the French, Austrian and Russian armies. The Swiss were compelled to take sides with one or another of the contending parties. The influence of France was very great, but her centralizing tendencies were odious to the old republic. After France had vanquished the ill-organized resistance of the Swiss, who were divided among themselves, they forced upon the Cantons a new constitution, modeled after that proclaimed by the Directorial Government of France. By this constitution the power of the larger Cantons was diminished, while several of the smaller ones were consolidated into one, and deprived of a portion of their democratic institutions.

In most places the people accepted their fate with silent and unresisting sorrow. The small Canton of Nidwalden alone sought to maintain its independence. Enraged at this opposition to its plans, the French Government sent its legions against this unfortunate levy. The brave mountaineers rallied for the defence of their homes. In revenge for their resistance, the invaders commenced a terrible massacre. The whole region seemed doomed to destruction. Men, women and children were shot. Every village except

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Stanz was burned, and this only spared by the intercession of a French officer.

The news of these atrocities produced a deep sensation of pity and indignation throughout Switzerland, and the government instituted means to save the remnant of the unfortunate people from starvation. In Pestalozzi's soul compassion was associated with an overpowering desire to do something for the sufferers, especially the orphaned children, who now, more than ever, needed the healing remedy of a sound education. His resolution was at once taken, and without delay he made an offer to the government to go to that desolate valley, there to collect and instruct the poorest of the children. His offer was accepted, and henceforth his vocation as schoolmaster was fixed.

\*The Helvetic Government, although in some respects the tool of France, yet counted among its members men who would be an honor to any State—men who had studied the wants and necessities of the people and who were earnestly devoted to the task of finding a remedy for existing evils. Of these men Le Grand, President of the Council, and Stapfer, Minister of Arts and Sciences, deserve the highest place. They were staunch and unflinching supporters of Pestalozzi, and their conduct is a strong contrast to others, who were accustomed to judge character by outward success.

\* Krusi.



The report submitted by Stapfer to his colleagues in regard to Pestalozzi's mission to Stanz, displays the views of a wise statesman as well as an intelligent friend of education. He says, "Permit me, Citizen Directors, to remind you on this occasion of the principal points in the plan of Pestalozzi; such are indicated in his classical book 'Leonard and Gertrude.' He unites practical application with elementary instruction, develops and fortifies early habits of industry, and bestows his attention on all subjects which will facilitate the labor of the working classes. A good education must enable the pupil to secure for himself, by his principles, his sentiments and actions, a path to happiness. It brings into play all the faculties and takes advantage of everything in his earliest years which may have an influence on his success in the circumstances in which he may be placed. Pestalozzi's first care is directed to the child's physical wants. He habituates him to all kinds of work. He wishes to keep his pupils from all useless wants and desires, and to implant a love for simplicity and a contempt for everything that is superfluous and enervating. He requires them to practice rural and domestic occupation, to inspire them with a love of order.

"If the project succeeds, it must be a model school and be productive of others of the same kind. If it does not succeed, it will, at least, have supplied new, interesting and useful experience."

In this and other addresses of the same kind the warm-hearted Stapfer alludes to Pestalozzi as "that grand, unappreciable man whose ardor for the improvement of his fellow-men age has not been able to dampen and whose heart ever burns with a sacred fire for the human race." When the offer of Pestalozzi to take charge of these children was accepted by the directors he was ready to go. "I went," he writes, "I would have gone to the remotest clefts of the mountains to come nearer my aim, and now I really did come nearer." Pestalozzi's resolution to go to Stanz seems to have been one of those inspired acts which are not weighed in the scale of reason. The inhabitants of the town were governed by priests from whom little sympathy could be expected. Add to this the general devastation of the country, the want of food, shelter and other necessities of life, and the reader can judge whether any inducements were offered to a man fifty-three years of age, of frail physical constitution, and weary from disappointment and care. The saying of a philosopher that "great ideas spring from the heart," was true of him. It was love that urged him to ponder over the means of helping his poorer brethren;

love that enabled him to persevere in his efforts under the most perplexing difficulties. When speaking of his resolution he said, "I knew not exactly what I could accomplish but I knew what I wished—to die or carry out my plans."

The empty convent assigned for his school required alteration. There was but one room fit for occupation when he arrived. It was when it was known the convent was open that children came flocking in before the kitchen school and bed-rooms were finished. The appearance of these ragged, neglected little ones would have been revolting to almost any other man, but Pestalozzi saw before him immortal souls which might be saved from the sloth of mental and moral perdition. And for these he undertook the management of the clothing, feeding, teaching, and even the most menial offices. This love did not look for its reward. By degrees it gained him the affection of the children, and introduced harmony and order into the chaos which first surrounded him.

The very disadvantages in which he was placed, drove him to discoveries he never otherwise would have made. His whole school apparatus consisted of himself and his pupils; so he studied the children themselves, their wants and capacities. "I stood in the midst of them," he says, "pronouncing various sounds, and asking the children to imitate them. Whoever saw it was struck with the effect. It is true, it was like a meteor which vanishes in the air as soon as it appears. No one understood its nature. I did not understand it myself. It was the result of a simple idea, or rather of a fact of human nature, which was revealed to me by feelings, but of which I was far from having a clear consciousness." Again, he says, "Being obliged to instruct the children myself, without any assistant, I learned the art of teaching a great number together; as I had no other means of bringing the instruction before them than that of pronouncing everything to them loudly and distinctly, I was naturally led to the idea of making them draw, write or work, all at the same time.

"The confusion of so many voices repeating my words, suggested the necessity of keeping time in our exercises, and I found that this contributed materially to make their impressions stronger and more distinct. Their total ignorance forced me to dwell a long time on the simplest elements, and I was thus led to perceive how much higher a degree of interest and power is obtained by a persevering attention to the elementary parts until they be perfectly familiar to the mind; and what confidence and

est the child is inspired with by the consciousness of complete and perfect attainment, even in the lowest stage of instruction. Never before had I so deeply felt the important bearing which the elements of every branch of knowledge have upon its complete outline, and what immense deficiencies in the final result must arise from the confusion and imperfection of the simplest beginnings. To bring these to maturity and perfection in the child's mind, became now a main object of my attention, and the success far surpassed my expectations. The consciousness of energies hitherto unknown to themselves was rapidly developed in the children, and a general sense of order and harmony began to prevail among them. They felt their own powers, and the tediousness of the common school tone vanished like a spectre from the room. They were determined to try—they succeeded, they persevered, they accomplished and were delighted. Their mood was not that of laborious learning, it was the joy of unknown powers aroused from sleep; their hearts and minds were elevated by the anticipation of what their powers would enable them to attempt and to effect."

Thus during a short period, not more than a year, spent among the children at Stanz, I settled the main features of the Pestalozzian system. Biber is quoted as saying, "Pestalozzi did not burden their minds with the memory of words whose meaning the children did not understand; but he led them gradually to the discovery of truths, which they could never forget. He drew forth life to the mind and life to the heart from the fountain of life within, and thus established a new art of education, in which to follow him requires on the part of the teacher not a change of system, but a change of state. Its excellence consisted in his power to reach the hearts of the children, and to stimulate them to mental exertion. They had no lessons to commit to memory, but they had always something to investigate which they gained little positive knowledge, but their love of knowledge and power of acquiring it increased daily." At the end of a single term the result of this course of instruction was manifestly great. The children had improved so much, physically and morally, that Pestalozzi said, "they seemed entirely different beings from those I received a month before, neglected, ragged and shy."

But yet he stood entirely alone. There was no admiring school committee to sound praises; not even one to visit his school, his brother pedagogue to give him countenance and advice. What was it then that kept his spirit alive, and seemed to impart to his

very body the buoyancy and strength of youth? It must have been the consciousness of doing good and a vision of the eternal principles of education, combined with an unbounded confidence in God and the possibility of improving the human race. To the philanthropist and friend of education, Stanz will always be a hallowed spot, exhibiting the picture of this venerable teacher sitting among the outcast children, animated by the spirit of Christ, and by a great idea which not only filled his own soul, but inspired those who had known of his labors.

It is thus he speaks of his self-denying work at Stanz: "I was among them from morning till evening. Everything tending to benefit body and soul I administered with my own hand. Every assistance, every lesson they received, came from me. My hand was joined to theirs, and my smile accompanied theirs. They seemed out of the world and away from Stanz; they were with me and I with them. We shared food and drink. I had no household, no friends, no servants around me; I had only them with me. Was their health good, I enjoyed it with them. Were they sick, I stood at their side. I slept in their midst. I was the last to go to bed and the first to rise. I prayed with them, and taught them in bed till they fell asleep."

We see from Pestalozzi's own words, that his chief aim was to carry out one of his most cherished ideas—to impart to the school the character of a family. Like a good mother, he relied less on words than on actions, to enlist the sympathy of the children. The fact that he worked under less favorable circumstances than most mothers have to encounter, only tends to increase our admiration for his wonderful insight into the mainsprings of human actions, and for the motive which stimulated him.

In June, 1799, a French company of soldiers took possession of the convent which Pestalozzi occupied. As there was no appeal from force he relinquished his labors, and after having supplied his beloved pupils with clothing from the remaining part of the fund granted for that purpose, he took leave of them with tears and sobs. His own feelings are thus expressed in a letter to his friend Gessner: "Imagine with what sensation I left Stanz. Thus might feel a shipwrecked sailor, who sees land after weary and restless nights and draws the breath of coming life, but is thrown into the immensity of space. This was my own condition. Think of the fullness of my heart, the greatness of my plans, my success and my ruin, the trembling of my disordered nerves and my mute agony."

After this painful event Pestalozzi repaired



to the rural home of his faithful and sympathizing friend Zehender, in the Canton of Berne, where he spent some time in regaining his shattered health. In the immediate neighborhood, upon a plateau above the beautiful lake of Thun, are the baths of Gurnigel. The scenery in this region is among the finest in Europe. The eye looks down on a wide plain strewn with hamlets and villages, and bounded by the snow-capped summits of the Bernese Alps. Respecting this visit Pestalozzi says: "I looked with admiration from the height of Gurnigel upon the immense valley with its mountain border, and yet I thought at this moment more of the badly-instructed people it contained than the beautiful scenery. I could not, nor would I live, without the endeavor to accomplish my aim."

He was poor and emaciated, yet as enthusiastic and determined as ever. His experiment at Stanz, like that at Neuhoft, though apparently failures, yet he considered them a success from the experience he had gained, and especially in the last, as he had demonstrated the practicability of his principles.

The sudden ending of the school at Stanz left Pestalozzi without occupation. His only desire was for employment in a school, no matter how low the grade. He accepted a position as teacher at Burgdorf, and continued his experiments in simplifying elementary instruction as far as the mechanism of the school permitted it. The honor of giving the first public testimony of the value of Pestalozzi's educational principles belongs to the school committee of Burgdorf. It was stated in the report: "He has shown what powers are hidden in the feeble child and in what manner they can be developed. The pupils have made astonishing progress in some branches, thereby proving that every child is capable of doing something if the teacher is able to draw out his talent and awaken the power of his mind in the order of natural development."

Some of these exercises, such as object lessons and others, were out of the ordinary school routine. In making these innovations Pestalozzi had little difficulty with the children, for they always enjoyed such teaching; but it was hard to convince the parents that their children could profit by any instruction that had not the scholastic character to which they had been accustomed. A man once said to him, "Why, these exercises are so simple that my wife and I could give them at home." "The very thing you ought to do," replied Pestalozzi, delighted to have an opportunity to speak in behalf of domestic education.

(To be Concluded.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS STATE POLICY IN REGARD TO THE INDIANS—THE PEACEFUL ARBITRATION FOR THE ADJUSTMENT OF INTERNATIONAL DIFFERENCES, AND THE "THIRD TERM" PROPOSITION.

The time is approaching when arrangements will be made to present for the suffrages of the American people the name of some person or persons to occupy the Presidential chair, at the termination of the incumbency of the present chief magistrate.

In every respect, perhaps, that can affect the Society of Friends, in regard to its pacific policy towards the Indians, and the welfare of the Indians themselves, the approaching election is likely to be the most important that has ever occurred, inasmuch as upon the character of the successful candidate will depend the continuance of the present Christian course pursued by our Government, relative to the great moral principles involved.

When it is remembered, that of all the Presidents since the establishment of the Federal Constitution in 1788, the present incumbent is the only one who has recognized the doctrine that Indians have rights which our Government is bound to respect; when we remember the demoralized condition of the Indians, over all our far western domain, the wars and wholesale massacres of the Indians by the whites, the enormous frauds practised by Indian agents, and other appointees of the Government of former administrations, leading to a condition of exterminating warfare which has existed during years immediately antecedent to the accession of the present chief magistrate; the Society of Friends having in the mean time no opportunity of testing the efficacy of peace principles in our intercourse with the Indians; when we remember the present improved and improving condition of these same Indians—the happy results of equitable policy pursued—and when, moreover, we realize that such an opportunity practically to illustrate the superiority of peace principles has never before been enjoyed by Friends during the existence of our national Government; and when we anticipate the possibility, and even probability, that the change of the executive may be followed by a change in its present peaceful policy towards the Indians; when these contingencies and probabilities are weighed, the great probability that the man who is to be our next President, and who will be his policy in regard to the Indians, is suggestive of considerations of a very good character.

As previously expressed, the present executive is the only one since the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1788, who has evinced a due regard to the rights of

Indian race. Washington cultivated a friendly relation with the Indians of Western New York, but it was a political alliance, having no reference to a recognition of Indian rights. It does not appear that he ever attempted to prevent the encroachment of the whites upon the Indian lands west and north-west of the Ohio river; which encroachment led to conflicts between the Indians and the white settlers, attended by barbarities of almost incredible cruelty.

While these conflicts were raging, a large number of peaceable Indians, who had taken no part in the war, placed themselves under the protection of some friendly whites at Zanesville, Ohio. Indians in other parts of the Territory, having committed depredations and barbarities upon the settlers, a company of infuriated whites marched to Zanesville, armed themselves with knives sharpened for the purpose, broke open the block-house, where the peaceable Indians were confined for safety, and slaughtered the whole of them—men, women and children.

It does not appear that any judicial or congressional investigation was ever instituted or recommended by the chief executive of the nation. This massacre occurred about the latter part of the last century, probably during the administration of Adams, or the latter part of Washington's.

It may be fairly assumed that President Grant is the first chief executive who employed U. S. troops to protect the Indians and their lands against the encroachment of the whites. It is not long since that companies were organized to take possession of rich mineral tracts belonging to the Indians. President Grant, upon notification, promptly prohibited such emigration, and gave orders to the military to remove all intruders from the territory. Under former Presidents all proceedings have been the reverse of this. Either directly or indirectly, the usual course has been to employ the military to protect trespassers upon Indian land, and to chase the Indians for endeavoring to protect their own property.

The history of our western and south-western border settlements, from an early period until Grant's accession to the Presidency, is a history of outrages by the white settlers and government officials, that are a reproach to the Christian name. Some of the most terrible massacres of aged and helpless men, women and children, by the whites, occurred within a brief period antecedent to Grant's accession to the Presidency.

It is a noticeable fact that, almost immediately upon his accession, Indian wars and massacres ceased, or nearly so, over our great western domain,—except to a very limited

extent—mostly upon the borders of Mexico and Northern Texas, where outrages were instigated by causes not pertaining to the general condition of the Indians in other regions.

The outrages upon the Cherokee Indians, in the western part of Georgia, by President Jackson, and the still greater ones under President Van Buren, upon the Florida Indians, were but forerunners of succeeding barbarities—of violations of its solemn treaties by the Government—and of fraudulent and oftentimes forcible occupancy of Indian lands by white settlers.

These great wrongs were practised with occasional intermissions from the inauguration of President Washington until the accession of the present executive. During that time, numbering about 80 years, it does not appear that any President interested himself in the welfare of the Indian race.

A briefly related incident will indicate the policy which President Johnson would have pursued if he had been at the head of the government during the last seven years.

The writer of this article was one of a committee of Friends to memorialize Congress and the heads of the several departments in favor of the Indians. After the address had been read to President Johnson, and the committee was passing out, I delayed a moment, and suggested to him the desirableness of exerting his influence to restrain the wanton outrages of some of the military upon peaceable Indians. His reply was, "they are under the War Department; I have nothing to do with them."

It was about that time that Gen. Hancock, with a squad of U. S. Cavalry, marched into a settlement of peaceable Indians, and turned their horses loose into a field of standing corn, upon which the Indians were depending for their winter subsistence.

This tribe of Indians was in the practice of placing the remains of their deceased friends upon elevated scaffoldings to protect them from carnivorous animals. The soldiers cut down some of these depositories of the dead, and mutilated the bodies of the deceased by cutting off their shriveled toes and fingers as objects of curiosity; and yet, President Johnson felt at liberty to say he had no control over those affairs.

During the earlier part of Grant's administration, Gen. Sherman was sent to the frontier to compose some differences existing between the white settlers and the Indians. He accepted the white man's story, and telegraphed back to Washington that, "Nothing short of exterminating the Indians will restore peace to the frontier settlements." President Grant gave no heed to this barbarous missive, but unwaveringly pursued his



peace policy, and the highly gratifying results are before us.

During the administration of President Grant, Friends have had no occasion to approach him with any other sentiment, in relation to Indian affairs, than that of cordial commendation. The alacrity with which he has endeavored to redress the wrongs inflicted upon the Indians is pleasant to reflect upon; and, instead of threatening to plunge the country into war, we have also to commend him for promoting a system of international arbitration, which, there is reason to believe, will perpetuate his memory, when some of his predecessors will be forgotten.

These remarks are preliminary to the sentiment, that if the first term of President Grant was now about to terminate, the almost unanimous voice of Friends would be in favor of his renomination. His record, in regard to the protection of the colored people South, international arbitration and Indian rights, is as fair now as it was at the time of his second election; and I know of no administrative act that would justly damage a prospect for a third term nomination.

The "third term," as it is called, being the present alleged obstacle, it may be worth while to weigh the force of that argument.

The intention, in electing a national chief, is to have a satisfactory administration of national affairs. If a change in the presidency should be effected now, have we any assurance, or is there a probability, that a successor will prove equally satisfactory? Even if the constitutional term should be restricted to two years, a vast amount of mischief might be wrought during that brief period. The amount of good or evil effected does not depend upon a protracted term, or a short term, of service, but upon the good or evil course the incumbent pursues, whether long or short.

Some of us remember how a large portion of the public mind was saddened by the devious course pursued by President Johnson, during his brief term of service. If the successor of the present incumbent should exhibit the predilections of President Johnson in regard to the colored race South, and in regard to the aborigines of our land, the amount of evil that might be wrought would be beyond calculation.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, can we point to a man whose antecedents would warrant a reasonable hope, that he would fulfill the great moral and political requirements, as well as the present incumbent, and possessing, at the same time, a prestige sufficiently national to warrant the

probability of success if he should be nominated?

The objection that the proposed third term would present a bad example does not constitute an argument of any value. The great desideratum to be considered is, whether he would be likely to administer the third term equitably.

The question of first, second or third term is insignificant, compared to the important question whether the prerogatives of the President, that is to be, will be exercised in accordance with the principles of equity in relation to peaceful arbitration, the rights of the colored people South, and in regard to the protection of the rights of the Indians.

Whether a president administers national affairs in accordance with the principles of justice, mercy and truth, does not depend upon his being in the first, second or third term. Most of our antecedent Presidents have enacted or connived at great national wrongs, although they were never elected for a third term.

During President Grant's two terms he has evinced a disposition to substitute arbitration for war, to protect the rights of the colored people South and also the rights of the Indians scattered, as they are, over a vast territorial domain, three distinguishing traits which have never been exhibited by his predecessor, and it is a logical inference that, in the event of his re-election, he will be guided by the same principles, and will pursue the same course which has, in these respects, so signalized his administration.

I am aware that President Grant has recently indicated, indirectly, that he will not be candidate for the next term. In regard to mere political considerations, as to the success of one party or the other, I am not hereby endeavoring to inspire any interest. My purpose, in presenting the foregoing, is to induce Friends to reflect upon the historical facts herein recited, in order to act intelligently if an appropriate occasion for action should occur.

GIDEON FROST.

*Greenvale, Long Island, First Mo., 1876.*

Sincerity signifies a simplicity of mind and manners in our conversation and carriage towards another; singleness of heart, dissembling itself in a constant plainness and honesty of behavior, free from all insidious devices, and little tricks and fetches of craft and cunning: from all false appearance, a deceitful disguises of ourselves in word and action; or yet more plainly, it is to speak as we think, and do what we pretend or profess to perform and make good what we promise, and, in a word, really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

From the Christian Register.

#### WOMEN AT THE SWISS UNIVERSITIES.

The position and progress of women at the Swiss universities are well set forth by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. Before the edict of the Czar, refusing civil employment to women who studied at Zürich, the number of women students there rose to 114, one hundred of whom were Russians. The great preponderance of this nationality is explained by the fact that girls are admitted to the Russian gymnasia on the same terms as boys, so that in no other country have the former so good an opportunity to fit for the university. There is also a great stimulant to Russian women to enter the medical profession, as doctors are scarce throughout the country districts, and the absence of competent midwives so general as greatly to reduce the natural increase of population. The government commissions, all the doctors, and hence those pupils at Zürich were shut out from the pening. Most of them were women of only moderate means, relatives of Russian emigrants living at Zürich, and the socialistic and other scandals which so disturbed the Czar were very insignificant, and confined to a few persons. Those pupils who intended to seek their support as governesses, or without the sanction of the government, remained, to the number of a dozen. About twenty went to the university at Berne, to which the Imperial edict did not extend, and where they were welcomed, only the students at first reconstituting against their admission. At the last winter term there were thirty-three at Zürich, of whom nineteen were studying medicine, thirteen were from Russia, one from Servia—now so prominent in European affairs—and four from this country. There were thirty-two at Berne, of whom twenty-four were Russians. The general absence of Swiss women is accounted for by the anomalous lack of preparatory education for women in Switzerland.

The attitude of these universities has produced general discussion of "Frauenfragen" on the continent. Women questions have occupied many a pamphlet. The success of the pupils in their studies, their strict attention to business, and the complete disappearance of the difficulty of teaching the youth both sexes together, even in medical science, have thrown the argument all on one side. One of the most striking of these utterances is the rectorial address of Prof. von Scheel, of the University of Berne, on the necessity of opening to women all the fresh spheres of activity possible. There are a million and a-half of unmarried women in Russia, in Baden 30 per cent. must earn their bread, in England two out of five are unmar-

ried. Prof. von Scheel attributes the abstinence from marriage to the fact that a woman is less able than formerly to help her husband, on account of the extent to which corporate manufacture has superseded domestic industry. Hence, to exclude women from any profession for which they prove themselves qualified, is to inflict serious injury upon society. "Their sex," says this wise professor, "should not constitute an element in the calculation. By a strict adherence to this principle, the State has twice as many chances of being efficiently served."

We append to the above an article from *The Liberal Christian*, which contains suggestions that we think well worthy of consideration.—[EDS.]

#### MEN, WOMEN, WIVES, DAUGHTERS AND PROPERTY.

It is evident that women are coming to their "rights" quite as fast as may be safe or well. That is, if there is anything they want to do, they have but to go on and do it. If there is anything they want, let them take it if they can. If they think they are fit for any work, let them prove it by doing the work. Some practical examples are better than reams of writing and floods of platform speeches.

But there must arise by degrees, in the common sense of men, a little different notion with regard to property. In our country, where most men make their own fortunes, great or small, a man is very apt to feel that it is his own, to do what he will with it, to withhold at his will. But, is it? His wife has done her part probably in saving and caring for the portion used in daily living, while, by bringing up his children with the habits which the use of money gives, he gives them a certain claim on him to keep them in the same way. And if he is wise (and they are at all wise) he will give them their portion and not let them wait for, not to say wish for, his death. They may not quite go to him, like the young man in the Scripture, and say, "Father, give me the portion that falleth to me," but, for all that, they have rights. And it is here that the difference appears between men and women. If a daughter marries, she receives, or should receive, her wedding portion, to do with as she will. In ordinary cases, where a man will trust his child, he should not fear to trust her money. But where daughters remain at home and do not marry, they are from sheer habit kept in the same state of dependence as when they were children. It may be mere thoughtlessness on the part of the father, but it is none the less unjust. Even if a woman does not marry, she has her own plans and purposes



as her life matures, and she ought to have the means of doing as she will without being accountable for every dollar or without the pain of asking for money. If a man *could* put himself in her place he would understand it.

So, in many cases, a wife has nothing of her own. If she gives, it is not hers; specially, she has not the satisfaction of giving, or of doing good, as the fruit of self-denial.

When a man says, "Ask for what you want," "All you have to do is to ask," he little knows what a burden he imposes. It is not to be denied that there are worse, but still it is a real trial to many, a sort of crucifixion, so they say, to ask for money. Put the question to your wife or daughter, and if she is honest she will tell you so.

Suppose you are in partnership with some one, and have to ask him every time you want to take money from the drawer or draw a check. And yet even these cases are hardly parallel.

And, the more especially, where a woman has money of her own, should she have the control of it. It is no division of interest any more than it is a division of interest for him to hold the purse-strings and only draw them when he chooses. If she has her own, it is cutting off a kind of dependence that is galling and very hard to bear, only that women have to get used to it, as Eastern women to their bondage.

Men are not yet educated up to it, and are too apt to jest about the continual calls for money. They *are* continual. In a small household or a large one, it is marvelous how, even with care, money dribbles away. To be sure, that is what it is made for; it merely represents wants or comforts or luxuries. But there is a story of a man who staid at home a few days in his wife's absence and opened his purse for shoe-strings and buttons, etc. He had a lesson, and never asked again, "Where is that dollar I gave you yesterday?"

"Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart."

It will be one of the signs of better days when, if women have money they will have it, when those who have a claim to it will be trusted. The other course makes them children. There is little motive to save and to help, when they are treated like children; and, as a whole, with all the outcry, there is less extravagance among women than among men.

#### GOD'S LOVE FOR US.

God cares for us, not on account of our merits, but because He loves us. In love He created us; and all that comes upon us in life

or death is sent in love. Ask a human mother why she cares for her child? Is it because it is a good and obedient child? Oh, no. She cares for it because she loves it, because it is in her nature to love it. It is unnatural for a mother not to love and care for children, wayward and disobedient though they be. So it is the nature of Him who is our Father to love his children, and to love them without reference to their merits or demerits. We cannot wander away from Him beyond the reach of His love. Whatever our merits or demerits may be, His goodness still surrounds us, His love still follows us. Whether we are obedient or disobedient, His love for us remains the same—it changes not. If we obey Him, he sends us happiness and peace; if we disobey Him, He sends us sorrow and suffering; but all is sent in the same spirit,—the spirit of love. The Scriptures inform us that in all His dealings with us our Heavenly Father has one object in view, and that object is to train us for happiness and Heaven; to lead us to know, love and obey Him, which is life eternal.—*New Covenant.*

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 22, 1876.

GENERAL AMNESTY.—It is matter for regret that the discussion in Congress on the "General Amnesty Bill" took the course it did. Every one who wishes to see peace and fraternal feeling established in all parts of our country must deplore the probing again of the old wounds and the bitterness of recrimination to which it leads. Yet these occasions can hardly be avoided, while the men who participated in the unhappy strife of both sides, continue to occupy seats in our National Assemblies.

We believe in amnesty, full and free, even to the leader of the so-called Confederate Government; we believe also, that the nation should so guard its liberties, so environ its dearly bought constitutional amendments with hedges and protections that no after legislation can rob or despoil the weakest or lowest of its subjects, of the rights thereby conferred.

There are, too many national interests at stake at this time, for the members of the present Congress to fritter away its precious hours in angry debate over past wrong-doing. We hope a loftier spirit will be revived

he hearts of all, and the clogs and hindrances that have interrupted the course of legislation, during so much of the session as has passed will no longer obstruct its progress.

There are momentous issues before the country, and it will take clear heads, and all the wisdom that is in the present Congress, to guide and direct its action. We trust there is a sufficient leaven of true patriotism in those, to whom are committed these important trusts, to lead them to labor for the best interests of the whole country.

The vote on the passage of the bill was large in its favor, but lacked the requisite two-thirds of the whole. Various amendments were offered, and efforts made to keep the matter before the House, but without accomplishing anything.

The subject will doubtless be brought up again during the present week, and it is hoped the bill will be framed that all parties can unite on.

DR. THOMAS will deliver on Sixth-day, the 21st inst., at 4 P.M., at No. 8 South 12th street, his lecture on Chaucer, perhaps the most interesting of his Literary Course.

## DIED.

HULL.—On the 15th of Twelfth month, 1875, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Reuben E. Phillips, Farmington, Ontario county, New York, Oliver P. Hull, aged 62 years and 11 months; an elder and member of Rochester Monthly Meeting, New York.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 83.

(Continued from page 749.)

## IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

The purity and excessive blueness of the Rhone has been already remarked. The great, powerful river starts on his way triumphantly, only to meet the turbid Arve bringing an impure wealth of waters into the narrow channel of the Rhône, while the Arve, blue stream crowds jealously on the bank, as if loathing the pollution. All in vain, beautiful river, fate has decreed this union, and together you must travel the fair vale of France, and pour your united floods into the Mediterranean. The furious Arve gains the mastery, and the once pellucid Rhone is pure no more in all its course, bear-

ing the weight of the sins of his turbulent sister to the solemn ending. We stood long on the steep bank at evening, watching this curious meeting of the waters, and then turned eastward to see the city of Geneva as a whole, tinged with the beauty of the dying day. Surely, few cities are more happily placed than she who guards the outlet of one of the fairest of lakes. Around are neat homesteads, with fine hedgrows boundaries; and none can fail to be struck with the appearance of prosperity and comfort everywhere displayed. The situation is 1,250 feet above the sea, but the visible presence of majestic mountains, which, though sixty miles distant, are often reflected in the lake, gives one an impression of much greater elevation. The cleanliness of the town, and its air of opulent refinement, the elegant simplicity of its architecture, its beautifully substantial quays and five fine bridges, and the crystal purity of its waters, give it a high rank among the fair cities of Europe.

On the 20th of Eighth month, we took passage in one of the diligences, which make daily trips from Geneva to Chamouni, and in the cool morning sped away into the land of Savoy, now a province of France. This kind of diligence affords a mode of conveyance I had never tried before. Doubtless, many a weary soul has wondered, in times gone by, as he took his seat inside the lumbering stage-coach, and his trunk was elevated to the top, why the human freight, desiring a view of the glory of the earth, and the comfort of free air without dust, must be doomed to ride so near the wheels, while the insensate baggage enjoys the coveted advantages. And now behold all the errors and absurdities of the old arrangement corrected! Our trunks are snugly packed in a box-like receptacle like a peddler's wagon, having a windowed compartment in front the coupé for feeble souls that cannot climb, and a friendly ladder helps the ordinary traveler to a breezy pavilion on high. We choose seats beside the driver, and so have an unobstructed view of the lovely land through which we pass. The day is warm, but rapid movement makes a fancied breeze, and the good horses speed willingly over the perfect road. At various points we find men carefully sweeping the dust off the highway, while piles of finely-divided stone are placed by the wayside ready to repair the inevitable wear and tear. For miles the road is lined with villas, and gardens "in which all pleasant fruits do grow." Great apple, pear and plum trees shade the wayside, and the burden of fruit is often so great as to break the strong boughs, and plums and apples lay thickly on the ground to tempt the wayfarer. I never saw



such a wealth of plums, and the size of the trees is surprising. They seem to flourish in this inspiring land, and soar to the same height as the pear trees. At every halt of the diligence, the venders come with little tempting baskets of plums, strawberries, raspberries, grapes and apricots, and lift them up inquiringly.

At Bonneville we are delayed for a little time by the refusal of one of the wheels to revolve any more, and while the proper means of overcoming its obstinacy are applied, we stroll around the town, and make such hasty observations as we can. The little town contains about 1,800 inhabitants, and is situated on a small plain at the very entrance of the Alps of Savoy. On the right rises Mt. Brezon, 6,045 feet high, while on the left is Mt. Mole and the Point of Machilly, 6,675 feet high, and the massive Mt. Buet bounds the foreground. On the south side of the town rushes the impetuous Arve. In the central open square are numerous stalls, or booths, arranged under frail temporary shelters, where all manner of goods are offered for sale. Here are the Alpine crystals, set in many styles, for ornaments; here are hats, arranged for the needs of mountain wanderers; here are shoes, gloves, hosiery and other clothing; here are alpenstocks, with pretty carved heads, and wood carvings of many kinds, and here are the pleasant fruits and other refreshments which it is hoped travelers may want. The dealers show no anxiety to sell, and seem not the least displeased or disappointed when we examine their wares and turn away without purchasing.

French is now the universal language of the people, though I should have expected to hear some Italian in Savoy, and the wayside crucifix reminds us that we are again in a Roman Catholic land.

The diligence is soon ready for us, and away we go, crossing the Arve on a stone bridge, passing a column erected to the honor of Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, who, by raising embankments against the river, conferred a great benefit on the people of this province. The country is very beautiful and richly cultivated, and the frequent villages give an impression of a numerous population. The beautiful road follows the river valley—now passing between high mountains, now under frowning precipices, now through pretty towns, now traversing an amphitheater of cliffs, in which is a grotto 1,800 feet deep, which, we are warned, will not repay a visit, and now passing a lofty cataract, the Nant d'Arpenaz, which comes dancing and glittering down from on high to bring tribute to the Arve. We take note of the curving

tortuous stratification of the brown limestone rock, and try, vainly, to imagine how grievously the old earth has been tormented—how the everlasting hills have been tossed as with a tempest—how the healing hand of time, the wondrous ice-plow and the busy cataracts have gradually prepared the valleys for the homes of men. Pretty little children, holding up poor little worthless bouquets, run perseveringly beside the diligence, hoping to get a few centimes from kind-hearted travelers. One very little maid, with very rosy cheeks and very large, soft eyes, presents a very large dahlia; but, though many sous are thrown pityingly down, nobody wants the flowers this warm day.

A little after mid-day we reach the town of St. Martin, and here we seem to have come quite near Mont Blanc, though the actual distance is more than twelve miles in a straight line. The nearer heights, forest and pasture clad, and the noble dome of snow beyond, sending down great glacial arms into the valley, form a scene of such inspiring grandeur, that one might almost be tempted to tarry here at a respectful distance from the noble mountain. But onward we go, over the Arve to Sallenches, pausing here a little while to dine. Our course now lies along the northern slopes of Mount Joli, and the diligence turns a mile out of its way to leave passengers for St. Gervais, an extensive establishment for thermal baths. The valley is beautiful, and I feel recompensed for the inevitable delay, by this hasty glimpse at one of the pleasant places which tempt travelers from the great highways of travel.

We enter the Vale of Chamouni as the evening shadows lengthen across our way. The enormous mass of Mont Blanc, now close at hand, is magnificent, and the white glistening glaciers stream from on high into the flowery valley. Each glacier is parent to a furious torrent which comes channelling impetuously way to the Arve, and our road is built over many of these fierce streams—the ice-born torrents.

At 5 o'clock we reach the little town of Chamouni, and descend from our lofty coach into the street. A long row of hotel porters are awaiting us, and we select the one who bears on his hat "Hotel Coustell," and takes us in charge. Chamouni is very much crowded with guests just now, but there is a corner left for us, and we find courteous reception and good cheer. We seem to have paused just at the very foot of the mighty mountain and the tall, needle-pointed attendant peaks, to which the snows cling, look down upon us, over a lovely slope of green, with solemn majesty. A glorious evening is the fit sequence of a perfect day.

The high host of heaven look down from the blue vault, which seems to rest securely on the icy summits of the mountains; and the river roars onward with an awful voice, though heaven and earth are silent and calm. The travelers who have been out on excursions, return wearily or triumphantly, each having a report to make of the day's adventures, and a feeling of general sympathy and general good humor prevails in the Couttet mansion. One party has made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and the ladies have many questions to answer in regard to the terrors and trials of the way. It is a two days', sometimes a three days' trip, and in some cases parties return baffled by storm and cold. One father and daughter were taken with a malady like sea-sickness, occasioned by the cold wind, say the guides, and became so weak as to be quite unable to make the last stage of the ascent. One lady thoughtlessly removed her veil when she reached the snow-fields, and her face is dreadfully burned and swollen, but the solemn height has been reached and the sufferer is joyful,—even triumphant. One English maiden tells a strange, thrilling tale: The party consisting of her two brothers and herself were connected with each other and with the guides by a rope tied round their waists; and in crossing a crevasse on a glacier, five of the company had stepped over, availing themselves of an abutment of ice and snow which reached nearly across. But she hesitates to venture over the chasm 1,000 feet deep, and the guide who is behind steps forward, and with his ice axe roughens the pathway; but she is hardly reassured, so he gives his hand to help her across,—the ice gives way under their united weight and down they both go into the abyss. But the good rope does not break, and the strong men in front stand their ground and succeed in drawing out their fallen companions. "How did you feel as you hung suspended 30 feet deep on the glaciers," a wondering friend inquires. "O, I thought the rope would cut me in two, and I could not think at all," she replies. But she seems in good spirits and none the worse for wear, and tells the story very fully.

The climbing frenzy has taken strong hold of the English people, and to make a dangerous and successful mountain excursion clothes the adventurer with a coveted glory. There are two blithe, active little ladies here who have won many a laurel in this peaceful strife. Their tiny, bird-like forms, and their unaffected simplicity and amiability, give an amusing fitness to the suggestive name of Pigeon. They have twice ascended the wonderfully pointed Matterhorn; have once stood upon the hoary head of Mont

Blanc; have surmounted the difficult Grabenhorn or Dome, and have climbed to the highest peak of Mont Rosa. They find in these mountain climbs a real delight,—an exhilaration that nothing else can give,—and consider that they make no sacrifice of health and strength in their conflicts with the powers of the air and of the earth. One secret of success in these attempts is suitable clothing. I find the famous climbers wear soft, light colored woolen dresses, loose enough to give free play to all their muscles, strong shoes with broad, thick soles, low heels, and broad toes, and armed with rough nails to give steadiness of step on the glaciers; and shadowy hats, white veils, and masks to protect the face from the terrible irritation of the reflected light on the higher snow fields.

Scholars and earnest investigators of the phenomena of Nature, like Professor Tyndall, have found mountain exercise a powerful and efficient means of restoring the equilibrium between the spirit and the body, after long periods of intellectual labor and mental excitement, and their example and their eloquent raptures over the glories of the high places have stimulated thousands to tread in their pathway to the loftiest heights.

Of my own excursions around Chamouni it seems almost trivial to speak, but I felt quite a high degree of exhilaration and self-approval after a loitering morning walk up the beautiful zigzag forest path which leads from the valley to Montanvert, and stood on the borders of the wonderful Mer de Glace, the tortuous ice-stream which lies in this enormous ravine of the ancient hills. A traveler who stands by my side, tells me that he visited this spot twenty years ago, and that the glacier has wonderfully diminished in volume since that time, and, as he thinks, in magnificence. According to his judgment, the surface is now more sullied with impurities, and the lateral moraines encroach much more on the clear ice of the central part; but I know that the eyes of youth see not as do those of age. The hoary head may be very wise, but is often lacking in enthusiasm. There can be no doubt, however, that the shrinkage has been very great, even within the memory of men now living. The advance, too, is continual, that of the Mer de Glace being, according to Professor Forbes, 822 feet a year at the base of the Montanvert, the motion in winter being less rapid than in spring and summer. The rain and snow naturally penetrate the crevasses and cavities of the ice; and being converted into ice, the expansion would inevitably tend to propel the whole mass forward; while the force of gravitation of course acts in the same direction. The sunbeams, the summer rains, and the soft air



of the summer months are busily at work on the ice-stream, and the furious torrent comes rushing forth from the lower extremity, laden with the substance of the hills, which it is commissioned to deposit wisely in the low places of the earth. In a physical as well as in a spiritual sense, then, shall every valley be exalted and every mountain be brought low.

I wish I could give any adequate idea of the amphitheatre of solemn heights revealed from this point. Just opposite rises the lofty pinnacle of rock called the Aiguille du Dru, 12,515 feet high, seeming to pierce the very heavens; while just behind it, and connected with it, is the yet loftier Aiguille Vert, 13,473 feet. The rock promontory on which we stand is elevated 6,302 feet above the sea, so that we are just halfway to the sublime heights. The next point to the right is the imposing Aiguille de Moine, which rises from the junction of Talèfre and Lechaud glaciers with the Mer de Glace. On this side the glacier, rises the Aiguille de Charmoz, which is peculiar from its sharply cleft summit, there being two needle-like points instead of one. The mid-day sun is flashing down from the blue heavens on the pure snow-fields which clothe this wondrous upper world, and the richness, variety and delicacy of coloring is really enchanting.

De Saussure compares the Mer de Glace to "a sea which has become suddenly frozen, not in the moment of a tempest, but at the instant when the wind has calmed and the waves, although very high, have become blunted and rounded. These great waves are nearly parallel to the length of the glacier, and are intersected by transverse crevasses, which appear blue on the interior, while the ice is white on its external surface." But this description, although undoubtedly perfectly correct from some other point of view, is not entirely applicable to the portion of the glacial stream lying just below us, which bears more resemblance to a turbulent, rock-vexed river, suddenly congealed, and then exposed to dust, to snow, to the pollution of travel, and to the wasting rays of the summer sun. Our view of the glacier from Montanvert extends six miles, and, if one feels equal to making the journey, it is usual to descend the moraine to the surface, with the help of a guide, cross the sea of ice, ascend the precipitous moraine on the other side, to the Chapeau, which is considerably less elevated than Montanvert, and affords another interesting view of this sublime region. The brave and strong make Montanvert the point of departure for the triangular oasis of rock which rises from the icy sea farther up in the deep ravine of the moun-

tains, on which fair Alpine flowers find a congenial habitat. But this is far beyond our powers, involving ten hours' hard climbing and walking.

To loiter slowly back to the vale, pausing at frequent intervals to enjoy the ever-changing view, is enjoyment enough and exercise enough for one afternoon, and the pure bracing air and inspiring scenery banish all thought of fatigue till we reach the unshadowed plain.

The next day is devoted to a visit to the magnificent Glacier du Bossons, which reaches down into the valley on the other side of Chamouni. From my window I have a perfect view of this noble relic of the ancient day, when the vales were smoothed and furrowed by the wondrous ice-plow. As I see it from my window seat, it seems to come pouring forth from the lofty snow-fields of Mont Blanc, filling a mighty ravine, and to flow steeply down between mountainous moraines till, midway of its course, it meets a great rocky ledge which breaks it into tall pyramidal and prism-like masses, among which the sunbeams love to play. Then onward comes the glacier between fir-clad slopes, till it finds an ending in the smiling, fertile vale. From this distance the surface appears very white, the broken portion reflecting the intense blue of the heavens, and the chance clouds which tra- over its jagged surface are torn by the point and pinnacles of ice, leaving portions of their fleecy substance to hide the dread abyssal chasms of the glacier.

It is a leisurely two hours' walk to the summit of the moraine, down which there is a very narrow, steep path to the ice; and here we do indeed see the semblance of powerful ocean waves, crystallized in their hour of might, much more impressive than in the Mer de Glace. The view is sublime, and the contrast between the refreshing coolness of the air from the ice stream and the burning heat of the barren slope of debris down which we have scrambled, is very striking. A young man, who announces himself as the "Garçon de la Grotto," makes his appearance and offers to lead us across the glacier and through the ice-tunnel on the other side, but the excursion does not look tempting, and we decline to follow the "garçon," though there have been cut in the slippery surface, and there seems to be no danger at this place. It is higher up, among the ice-pinnacles, where the stream has been broken by projecting rocks, that the formidable chasms occur, and to this rugged and interesting part of the glacier we see no pathway.

The pretty Cascade du Dard forms a pleasant resting-place on the way homeward, where one may sit and watch the melodious fury of the waters, and note the effect of the

descending stream on the solid rock with which it comes in contact. It has smoothed and polished for itself a channel of descent, down which it plunges with two leaps, and at its base it has worn a fine symmetrical basin, analagous to those which have been left by the mighty torrents of yore.

It is interesting to know that remarkable healing qualities are attributed to the glacial waters which the Arve gathers from the mountains. In their rapid flow, of five feet per second, tossing over rocky river-beds, it is claimed that they become saturated with an air more intensely oxygenized than the atmosphere, and that they acquire by friction an electric quality which gives them a marked physical influence on the bathers who desire to be cured of nervous debility and its kindred ills. We even hear of the mind being benefitted by vigorous plunges in these wide-awake waters—the low-spirited and weary-hearted leaving the bath with a feeling of comfort and lightness, full of glee and joyous, as if there were no cares and sorrows to rest like an incubus upon the souls of men.

The solid ingredients of the turbid stream are traces of resin from the firs, carbonates of lime and of magnesia, the muriate of lime, and the sulphates of lime and of magnesia, with aluminium and a little silice. It is estimated that in times of drought four-fifths of the Arve waters are the outcome of melted ice and snow.

S. R.

*Eighth month 31st, 1875.*

#### METHOD OF TEACHING KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I have always tried in my forty-six years' experience as schoolmaster, to teach children bits of kindness to animals. I well know that early impressions are never forgotten, and that a child who is taught humanity to animals will, in later years, learn to love his fellow-men. I have, therefore, taken pains to develop the affections of the children under my care, and to sow the fruitful seeds of kindness, gentleness, and justice towards domestic animals, which are, and always will be, the farmer's chief wealth, and also towards others, which, although in a wild state, are no less useful in agriculture, though ignorantly treated as enemies. In this last category are such as the hedgehog, the shrew-mouse, the toad, the frog, and the lizard, all of them great destroyers of noxious insects,—the mole, which carries on a continual war with the vermin of beetles and caterpillars, and which could be allowed to live in peace, if not in our gardens, at least in the meadows, where the soft and fertilizing soil of the hillocks that it raises, so far from being injurious to the production of grass, in reality favors its

growth in a remarkable manner, provided care is taken to turn over freshly-raised earth with a spade,—the nocturnal birds of prey, for which agriculture cannot be too thankful, which are ten times better than the best cats, for, without stealing the roast or the cheese, they wage a bitter war against rats and mice, and destroy, in the fields, great quantities of various kinds of fieldmice and dormice, which, without these nocturnal hunters, would become an intolerable scourge,—and lastly there are the small birds, those indispensable auxiliaries, which hold a first rank for the services they render; those innocent and charming little creatures, which are the best guardians of our gardens, our orchards, and our fields, by their incessant and fierce warfare with the innumerable legions of destructive insects, which, for the most part, birds alone find out and destroy.

I have long been convinced that kindness to animals is productive of great results, and that it is not only the most powerful cause of material prosperity, but also the beginning of moral perfection. I therefore began my work in 1861, and at the same time introduced agriculture into my school; for I saw the close connection between the doctrine of kindness to animals and the important science of agriculture, since there can be no profitable farming unless animals are well kept, well fed, and well treated. And, besides, how can children better learn the pleasures of country life than by understanding the importance of agriculture, the methods used in their own country, and the profit which may be derived from intelligent farming and kind treatment of animals? Do they not become attached to country life? Do they not feel kindly towards all dumb creatures? Do they not receive ideas of domestic economy? Do they not love Mother Earth, who pays us so freely and so generously for our work? And does not this love tend to check the growing evil of emigration from the country to the city?

My method of teaching kindness to animals has the advantage of in no way interfering with the regular routine of my school. Two days in the week all our lessons are conducted with reference to this subject. For instance, in the reading class, I choose a book upon animals, and always find time for useful instruction and good advice. My "copies" for writing are facts in natural history, and impress upon the pupils ideas of justice and kindness toward useful animals.

In written exercises, in spelling and composition, I teach the good care which should be taken of domestic animals, and the kindness which should be shown them. I prove that, by not overworking them, and by keep-



ing them in clean and roomy stables, feeding them well, and treating them kindly and gently, a greater profit and larger crops may be obtained than by abusing them. I also speak, in this connection, of certain small animals which, although in a wild state, are very useful to farmers.

In arithmetic, I give them examples in domestic and rural economy, and thus show the children, in exact figures, the amount which may be made by farming when domestic animals are kindly treated.

Besides all this, we have a practical conversation on two afternoons in the week, when I often explain the law against cruelty to animals.

The results of my instruction have been, and are, exceeding satisfactory. My ideas have deeply impressed my pupils, and have exercised the best influence upon their lives and characters. Ever since I have introduced the subject into my school I have found the children less disorderly, but, instead, more gentle and affectionate toward each other. They feel more and more kindly toward animals, and have entirely given up the cruel practice of robbing nests and killing small birds. They are touched by the suffering and misery of animals, and the pain which they feel when they see them cruelly used has been the means of exciting other persons to pity and compassion.

My lessons reach adults through the example and advice of the children, and also by the following method: My pupils have a book containing "Talks about Useful Animals." By my advice, the book is taken home, and is read with interest in the winter evenings, giving rise to the best effects. In my evening class I also teach adults principles of kindness, in the same manner as in my day-school, and with the same success.

I close this letter with the hope that principles of kindness and compassion to animals will soon be taught in every school.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Selected.

#### HEAVENLY GIFTS.

Why are springs enthroned so high,  
Where the mountains kiss the sky?  
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,  
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,  
Basking in the golden light?  
'Tis to send down genial showers  
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?  
'Tis that they may prop the state;  
So that toil its sweets may yield,  
And the sower reap the field.

Riches, why doth He confer?  
That the rich may minister  
In the hour of their distress,  
To the poor and fatherless.

Does He light a Newton's mind?  
'Tis to shine on all mankind.  
Does he give to virtue birth?  
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Reader, whosoe'er thou art,  
What thy God has given, impart.  
Hide it not within the ground,  
Send the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power?—the weak defend;  
Light?—give light; thy knowledge lend;  
Rich?—remember Him who gave;  
Free?—be brother to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit,  
Bless—and richer blessings merit;  
Give—and more shall yet be given;  
Love and serve—for this is heaven.

#### MONT BLANC.

Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy and serene—  
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms  
Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between  
Of frozen floods, unfathomable depths,  
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
And wind among the accumulated steepes;  
A desert peopled by the storms alone,  
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone  
And the wolf tracks her there. How hideously  
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare and high,  
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. Is this the scene  
Where the old earthquake-demon taught her young  
Ruin? Were these their toys, or did a sea  
Of fire envelop once this silent snow?  
None can reply; all seems eternal now.  
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue,  
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,  
So solemn, so serene, that man may be  
But by such faith with Nature reconciled:  
Thou hast a voice, great mountain, to repeal  
Large codes of woe and fraud; not understood  
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good  
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply felt.

SHELLEY.

**HURTFUL READING.**—A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to youth as a vicious companion, and will surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers they get into their hands—for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthy body. Many of these papers have attained large circulation, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trending on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, allure the weak and unguarded from the path of innocence. The danger to young persons

om this cause was never so great as at this me, and every father and mother should be a guard against an enemy that is sure to eat their child. Look to it, then that your children are kept free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or a periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.

#### A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A training-school for girls has been opened on East Tenth street, New York, near Mr. Stewart's great up-town store, which is well worth telling the world about, since it promises to solve one of our most serious domestic problems. The object of the school is to teach girls how to do housework, and any respectable girl, of any nationality or religion, can go to the school free of expense. Indeed, the arrangements are such that most of the girls can support themselves while they are being educated, since they are enabled to earn considerable money in the school. The idea of originating this school started with a wealthy and benevolent lady, Mrs. Hodges, who has a large house on Fifth avenue, in the same block with Rutgers' College. At first she only thought to teach girls how to work on the sewing machine, and for this purpose took them into her own house, where she had several large and unused rooms. Some of her friends told her the experiment was a dangerous one, that the girls would prove dishonest, ungrateful, etc. A trial showed that these fears were groundless. The girls were only glad of an opportunity to learn, and were kind, grateful and polite as women in any class of society. The same warm heart and tender impulses were found beneath the dress calico as the robes of purple and fine linen. Coming in contact with the girls, and having them talk over their troubles, Mrs. Hodges came to know the wants of her sex better than she otherwise would have done. Her school for sewing rapidly increased, and in a short time she felt obliged to rent a large room on Broadway, where she soon had sixty sewing machines running. Then it was that the discovery was made that a girl cannot earn enough money on a sewing machine, in New York City, to give her a comfortable and honorable support. After a hard week's work had been done, and the wages divided among the girls, each received about \$3.25. Mrs. Hodges was surprised at this result, and made inquiries of the manufacturers, to learn if they paid her usual prices. Learning that they did, and that the sewing market is glutted, and the needle is no longer woman's best weapon, she determined to seek other fields of labor for

the girls. The truth is, that in New York a large number of Germans, Hebrews, Bohemians, and Irish, work on the sewing machine, both men and women, and they keep these instruments in constant motion, day and night, Sunday and all. The whole family is busy, and a visitor to a large tenement house in New York will find it buzzing like a bee-hive, from cellar to roof, with the whirl of sewing machines, driven by stout men and boys. How can a poor girl hope to compete with such a tide of opposition?

Knowing the difficulty which exists among housekeepers in obtaining good servants, Mrs. Hodges finally resolved to teach such girls as came to her, how to cook, to wash, iron and do dining-room work. To this list of practical accomplishments, she added penmanship, bookkeeping enough to enable girls to become clerks in stores, and phonography. To this end, the whole of a large house on East Tenth street was rented, and fitted into a training-school for girls. A range was put into the kitchen, large enough for a family of two hundred, and a French gentleman was employed to instruct the girls. He has had a large experience as head cook at one of the most aristocratic hotels in New York. The education of the girls in cookery is not confined to fancy French dishes, but rather to those plain, wholesome and palatable dishes common upon the tables of most well-to-do Americans. All the dishes are prepared in the presence of the girls, and frequent lectures are given on the nature of foods and the best methods of compounding and working them. The girls work in the kitchen, as well as in the tea-room, or restaurant, which is connected with the school. No special time is required before a girl can graduate, each learning according to her capability. As a rule, from three weeks to a month is spent in the kitchen. And as fast as the girls are educated, places can be found for them. The country sends to New York for domestic servants; but, as a rule, girls decline to live in the country, preferring New York with all of its attractions and disadvantages.

In the laundry department of the training-school a week or ten days suffices to teach those willing to learn the mysteries of washing and ironing. Good laundresses are in constant demand in New York, at wages as high as \$1.25 a day. Frequently an order is sent to the school for a dozen girls capable of washing and ironing. We have inspected the work done by these girls, and know it to be of a quality to gladden the eyes of all neat housekeepers who love to see spotless linen. Already this school has enabled from four to five thousand girls to earn a livelihood, thus removing them from the temptations which



beset the poor and friendless. The best thing a girl can have in New York is a comfortable home, with plenty of work and good wages.

Girls of all nationalities and religions, so they are respectable, are admitted to the school. We saw Americans, English, Swedes, Germans, Bohemians and Irish working side by side. The friends of many German and other foreign girls arriving in America frequently take them directly from Castle Garden to the school, that they may learn at once the American method of keeping house. But for this opportunity they might seek in vain for the instruction needed, being compelled to occupy inferior and poor paying positions for years, because ignorant of American cookery. Thus it will be seen that this school is a blessing in more ways than one. It is doing a great missionary work in saving girls. All the influences and surroundings of the school are refined and gentle. The parlors are neatly fitted up, and in the library there is a good collection of books, with most of the magazines and religious papers on file. Many ladies of high position in New York are taking a personal interest in this school, while ladies in Philadelphia, Savannah and other cities propose to inaugurate similar institutions. All the cities in the country need schools which shall accomplish the same ends, where both housekeepers and servants can be properly educated. With an improvement in American cooking and house-keeping, we expect to see an increase of health and happiness in all circles.—*F. Walker, M. D., in the Christian Union.*

### NOTICES.

The next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Spruce street, on the 25th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

The Western First-day School Union will meet at Friends' Meeting House, Kennett Square, on Seventh day, the 29th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. All the First-day schools within our limits, or any outside, are invited to send reports. The number of pupils, the average attendance, the number of books in the library, and the number read are important items in all reports. With such statistics, any incidental remarks add greatly to the interest of the meeting. Exercises by the pupils, whether old or young, are expected. Essays of a practical character are also desired, while declamations or any exercise offered merely to fill up, or anything that cannot be distinctly heard over the house, it is hoped will not be offered.

THOMAS F. SEAL, *Secretary.*

### ITEMS.

THE Empress of Japan has decided on the erection of a college for young girls who wish to devote themselves to teaching.

In the Milan cemetery a pavilion has been put up for the cremation of bodies, which, being placed

on an altar, are subjected to the action of two hundred gas burners giving a heat of 1,000 degrees. Thus a body is consumed to ashes in one hour. On January 15, Chevalier Albert Keller is to be burnt, the preparations having been made by direction of his will.

The school board for London has arranged that 300 selected girls shall be taught cookery by the teachers of the National Training School for Cookery at two centres—one in Marylebone and the other at Greenwich. The Society of Arts offers five free teacherships of cookery to be competed for, and the education department gives an annual grant to schools on behalf of each girl taught cookery according to the code.

It is well known that since the exhaustion of the stock of plumbago in the celebrated Borrowdale mines in Cumberland, England, lead-pencils have not been as good as formerly, the substitutes being deficient in many of the qualities of the English material. It is stated that recent examinations of an extensive character have brought to light the existence of new seams in the old mine, and that a company has been formed to work them. It is confidently believed that before long this mine will become as celebrated as ever.

In a memoir by Ludicke, he shows that the atmospheric pressure diminishes with the waxing and increases with the waning moon. The pressure is less at the perigee than at the apogee, and in general the effect of the moon upon the atmosphere is the inverse of that which it produces upon the ocean. The observations on which his results are based extend over eight years; but the actual effect of the moon upon the barometric pressure, although decided, is yet exceedingly small.

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE died at his home in South Boston, on the 9th inst., at the age of seventy-four years. He was born in Boston in 1801. In the year 1821 he graduated at Brown University, and at once qualified himself for the medical profession. During the famine which visited Greece, at the close of its struggle for independence, Dr. Howe procured large supplies from the charitable in this country for the distribution of which he superintended in person. Returning to the United States, in the autumn of 1831, he accepted the charge of the new Institution for the Blind, which has since acquired a European reputation. He went to Europe to acquire, in the schools of England and France, the necessary information for the post. In 1832 he opened in Boston the Perkins Institution for the Blind, invented an alphabet of raised letters for them, and educated Laura Bridgman, the deaf and dumb and blind mute, whose history is known over the world. His reports and papers on the education of the blind have given him great celebrity. In 1848 he took an active part in founding an experimental school for the training of idiots, which resulted in the organization, in 1850, of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth, of which he has been ever since normal principal. In 1871 he was one of the members of the commission appointed by President Grant to explore San Domingo, and report on the question of its annexation. Dr. Howe has published numerous pamphlets, addresses and appeals, a historical sketch of the Greek revolution, and other works. His life was one of great usefulness and devotion to the principle of benevolence in its most practical forms, and its sudden termination will be felt and regretted in a wide circle of associates in his public life and intimate personal friends.—*Ex. paper.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From the Penn Monthly.

PESTALOZZI, AS A PHILANTHROPIST WITHOUT  
 MEANS AND AN EDUCATOR WITHOUT BOOKS.  
 Concluded from page 756.

In less than a year Pestalozzi left the school in a bad health, and joined Krusi in opening a new school in Burgdorf Castle, for which, in 1802, he obtained government aid. Here he was assisted by Krusi, Tobler and Bluss, which enabled him to have sufficient leisure to embody his experience in a work of great celebrity, "How Gertrude teaches her children," and in this are given the original plan of the founder and the results of his initial experiments.  
 His biographer, Krusi, states respecting the work: "Learned scholars, who were at first disposed to question the ability and reprove the boldness of a partially educated man who dared to enter upon abstruse philosophical discussions, were disarmed and partly converted by the nobility of the thoughts uttered and the real humility of the man who expressed them. The magnitude of the work to be done and the terrible need of the suffering poor were the motives which urged him to write. Though often crude in expression, his writings all contain precious germs of thought."  
 "What I desire," said Pestalozzi, "is not to teach the world any new art or science, but to make it easier for the people to master the beginnings of all sciences: to develop the

powers of the poor and weak, who are neglected and given up to desolation; to open the avenues of learning which are the approaches to humanity. Notwithstanding our empty boasting of universal enlightenment, nine men in ten are deprived of the right of all men—the right of instruction, or at least the possibility of using it.  
 "The highest attainments can only be reached by means of a finished art of teaching and the most perfect psychology; thus securing the utmost perfection in the mechanism of the natural progression from confused impressions to intelligent ideas: this is, in truth, beyond my power.  
 "It is my effort to remove the imperfections from common school instruction; to knit it to the power of nature, to the light which God kindles and maintains in the hearts of parents, and in their desires that their children may serve God and be respected by men. In their early childhood the little ones are left to the full enjoyment of nature. They are allowed to imbibe its cheerful influence through every pore. After having tasted the bliss of sensuous life, the scene of their pleasures at once vanishes from their eyes. They are thrown into badly ventilated rooms; they are doomed for hours, days and years to the contemplation of dry, monotonous letters. Can the blow of the executioner, which transfers the criminal from life to death, have a greater influence on the body



than such a transition from the pleasant teachings of nature to the miserable discipline of our schools? Will men remain blind forever? Will they never look to those primitive sources from which the confusion of minds, the destruction of innocence, the ruin of health and all the consequences arise, drawing many to an unsatisfactory existence or a premature death?"

"My experiments" continues Pestalozzi, "led me to trace the various branches of instruction to their very elements. I endeavored to find out the time of life when instruction should begin. The first tutor is nature, and her teaching begins when the child's senses are opened to the impressions of the surrounding world. The feeling of novelty with which life surprises the infant is in itself the unfolding of the capacity of receiving these impressions. It is the starting of the germs of mental power. Whatever, therefore, man may attempt to do by his tuition, he can do no more than assist in the effort the child makes for its own development. To do this, so that the impressions made may always be commensurate to the growth and character of the faculties already unfolded, and also in harmony with them, is the great secret of education.

"The knowledge to which the child should be led must be subjected to an order of succession, beginning with the first unfolding of his powers, and the progress kept parallel to that of his development. I saw clearly that the child may be brought to a high degree of knowledge, both of things and language, before it would be rational to teach him reading or spelling. Seeing this, I felt the necessity of presenting things to children from early childhood in a manner calculated to draw forth into action the several faculties."

Pestalozzi rejected as an empty mockery the superficial book-knowledge, which, up to that time, the most enlightened had made the basis of education. He says: "A man who has only word-wisdom, is less susceptible to truth than a savage. This use of mere words produces men who believe they have reached the goal, because their whole life has been spent in talking about it, but who never ran toward it, because no motive impelled them to make the effort; hence I came to the conviction that the fundamental error—the blind use of words in matters of instruction—must be extirpated before it is possible to resuscitate life and truth."

"It is frequently alleged" says Krusi, "that the Pestalozzian method discards the use of books; and the maxim, 'A child should never be told what he can find out for himself,' is quoted in proof of the charge. It is evident that the first lessons of childhood, upon every

subject, must be presented through the senses. Children should examine things rather than read about them; and should express the results of their investigations in their own language, rather than adopt that which they find in books. This is especially true in regard to the natural sciences, which can never be thoroughly understood without illustrations or experiments. Even the elements of mental and moral philosophy are better taught by referring to the consciousness and experience of the pupil than by examining any system of philosophy. The attitude of the Pestalozzian toward books may be summed up in a single sentence. They are to be used to supplement experience, and to supply those facts that are not readily accessible by direct investigation."

Pestalozzi says: "The moral, intellectual and executive powers of man must be nurtured within himself, and not from artificial substitutes. Thus faith must be cultivated by our own act of believing, not by reasoning about faith; love, by our own act of loving, not by fine words about love; and thought by our own thinking, not merely by appropriating the thoughts of other men; and knowledge by our own investigation, not by endless talk about the results of arts and sciences."

From the general spirit and tendency of Pestalozzi's works on education, forming the basis of his system, is the natural, progressive and symmetrical development of all the powers and faculties of the human being. Many of these truths have been distinctly enunciated by Socrates, Plato and others; and some have been given to the world by the profound thinkers of the Christian era. These truths had long existed as intellectual convictions in the minds of philosophers, and had been expressed in proverbs and apothegms; but was Pestalozzi who first showed, by actual experiments, how they might be made the basis of universal education, and the means by which humanity might be elevated.

In his whole work, Pestalozzi was inspired by the highest morality and the deepest religious convictions. He never claimed to be a religious teacher, yet his work lays the foundation of all spiritual culture. He shows how the germ of conscience in the mind of infant is quickened into action, and what must be the successive influences which will contribute to its growth. He makes all education culminate in character, and by this standard he measures all educational processes. When he proved that the faculty should be unfolded according to their natural development, he undermined empiricism; when he pointed out the value of object teaching, the idolatrous worship of words was condemned by human intelligence; and when



he so eloquently and faithfully demonstrated the necessity of observing and respecting the individuality of every child, he showed the evils of arbitrary authority and routine. "No matter how slowly these ideas make their way, no matter how fiercely they may be assailed," says Krusi, "they are the leaven in the measure of meal, and will show the importance of the great educational movement which he inaugurated."

The above testimony from Pestalozzi's own writings, and the comments of his biographer, bear evidence to the leading ideas of the philosophy of Pestalozzianism; but the power and individuality of his life-work are most strikingly realized when he stood alone in the midst of his pupils at Stanz, without any intervening agency between them. It was from these untrained, untaught children, that he studied the truths he afterwards revealed. They were drawn to love him, because they felt that he loved them. Conscious that he knew them as they really were, they had no motive for deception.

In his own dear son, Pestalozzi had studied child-nature in its favorable aspect; but the little outcasts who had none to love or care for them, being left from infancy to the evil influences around them, these demanded a deeper study, which brought the anxious inquiry, "what must be done to save them from the injuries of the past?"

It was not the ideal Emile of Rousseau, with his unnatural and baseless theory of education, never tested by experiments upon living subjects, that could give an answer; nor was it the truths enunciated by Socrates, Plato or by any of the thinkers of the later day, that came to Pestalozzi's assistance. He had no books, for he knew they were of no use in his intercourse with these pupils. The needed light was brought in the process of his own experiments upon their hearts and minds. His own loving words, coming from the depths of his own soul, arrested their earnest attention and left their impress for life. If he had read to them the most eloquent passages from his own works, these would have failed to touch their hearts or to make a place in their memories. The success of his experiment was owing to the power of that loving sympathy and quick perception that enabled him to realize their special need and to minister to their moral deficiencies kindly and wisely.

In the school at Burgdorf, there were assistants who aided in carrying out the principles of Pestalozzi, and it is said the time spent there was to all the most profitable and pleasant in their lives. But from political changes, the funds for the support were taken out of the hands of the central government,

and the building had also to be surrendered to the governor of the district. Pestalozzi had to look for another place. He accepted an invitation from the inhabitants of Yverdon, and joining his assistants who had gone there, the Institution was opened in a castle. At Burgdorf his name had become widely known as an educator, but at Yverdon it afterwards gained a world-wide celebrity.

The spirit that prevailed there is thus described: Teachers and pupils were united by the love which Pestalozzi seemed to impart to all who came within his influence. The children forgot they had another home, and the teachers that there was any other world than the Institution. The morning and evening devotions in which all joined, and above all the spirit of brotherly love which seemed to pervade the members of the whole school, gave evidence that the loving precepts of Christ were received by willing ears and intelligent minds. This was the crowning glory of the whole system.

The popularity of the Institution increased with its celebrity. Pupils came from Germany, England, France and Sweden, and teachers went from it to Madrid, Naples and St. Petersburg. Kings and philosophers visited it and joined in doing it honor.

But it became too large for Pestalozzi to govern. His time was fully occupied in superintending his large and heterogeneous assembly—in an extensive correspondence, in literary labors, and in attending to the financial management of the Institution. Of the great number of pupils, scarcely two-thirds paid full board or tuition; some paid nothing at all. Although urged to caution by his early experience, yet he always forgot his worldly interests when the welfare of humanity touched his heart. No pupil was rejected on account of poverty, but every one who showed a desire to improve was always admitted.

The life of the Pestalozzi Institution had been the love which the old man had infused into all the teachers as well as the children; but its enlargement required a greater number of assistants, and among those introduced was one of a selfish, arbitrary character, who took his own course in undermining the authority of Pestalozzi, and producing discord and disaffection where all had been peace and love.

For a time the wife of Pestalozzi acted as the minister of peace between the hostile parties, and during her last illness the old teachers refrained from remonstrances out of sympathy for the deep afflictions of their venerable friend. This noble woman died on the 11th of December, 1815, aged nearly 80 years. She had been the faithful partner of



Pestalozzi for nearly half a century. At the funeral after the hymn had been sung, Pestalozzi, turning toward the coffin, said: "We were shunned by all when sickness and poverty bowed us down, and we ate dry bread with tears. What was it, that in those days of severe trial gave you and me strength to persevere and not lose hope?" Then he took a Bible which lay near at hand, pressed it to the breast of the corpse and said: "From this source you and I drew courage and strength and peace."

Soon after the death of Madame Pestalozzi, many of his old assistants resigned in consequence of the arbitrary proceedings, which Pestalozzi, broken in spirit and health, had not resolution to prevent. This proved eventually the ruin of the school. In the midst of these troubles, his heart went longingly back to his former efforts to establish his school upon a system of family government. Ramsauer thus refers to that period at Burgdorf: "So much love and simplicity reigned in that Institution! Life was so simple! so patriarchal! Pestalozzi's morning and evening prayers had such a fervor, that they carried away every one who took part in them. He read and explained the hymns impressively, exhorted each of the pupils to private prayer, and heard them repeat every evening those they learned at home; while at the same time, he taught them that mere reciting prayers by rote was worthless, and that every one should pray from his own heart."

"Such exhortations" continues Ramsauer, "became more and more rare at Yverdon. So long as the Institution was small Pestalozzi could, by his amiable character, adjust any slight discordance. He stood in close relation with each individual member of the circle, and could thus observe every peculiarity of disposition and influence it according to the necessity. This ceased when the family life was transformed into that of an organized school. Now the individual was lost in the crowd, and consequently there arose a desire on the part of each to make himself felt and noticed. Every day egotism made its appearance in more prominent forms. Envy and jealousy rankled in the hearts of many. Pestalozzi, however, remained the same noble-hearted man, living only for the welfare of others."

After a painful struggle for existence, the institution at Yverdon, deserted by its best teachers and by most of its pupils, had to be given up. Pestalozzi's feelings were of a most painful character on leaving a place where he had spent nearly a quarter of a century, and about which clustered so many glorious as well as humiliating associations. In a letter to a friend he writes; "It seemed to

me the closing of the Institution was the closing of my life." At the inauguration of a school for destitute children, founded with the money raised by subscription to his works, he thus addressed those who were present: "Accept my words as those of your father who is approaching the grave, who has deeply felt the misery of the poor, especially that portion which can be relieved by the blessings of education. Alas! it is only near the end of my life that I am enabled to give a mite for this purpose, and to leave its execution to you. Let my care for the sanctity of education devolve on you. Let every harsh and unkind feeling be banished from your hearts through the power of faith and love. Let no one say Christ does not love him who has done wrong. He loves him with divine love. He died for him. He did not find the sinner faithful, but He made him so by His own faith. He did not find him humble, but He made him so by His own humility. Friends if we love one another as Christ loved us, we shall conquer all difficulties and found our house on the eternal rock on which, through Jesus Christ, God has placed the welfare of the human race."

Pestalozzi returned to his beloved Neuhoof which belonged to his grandson, and there with his family quietly celebrated his eighty-second birthday. Soon after this he was prostrated by a fever, and breathed his last on the morning of February 27th, in the year 1827.

#### MERCY.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute of God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE DEFECTS OF EDUCATION.

"From education, as the leading cause,  
The public character its color draws;  
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,  
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste."—*Cowper*.

It is generally conceded that defects are to be expected in all human affairs, but the point beyond which the system in which they exist must be considered defective in the main, and not in the exceptions. The price of a community or a country for any well-established and long-lauded system will blind them, however, to such a discovery as



deafen them to its acknowledgment when made. However unpleasant and uncalled-for it may seem to some, the time is approaching, and has already been somewhat ushered in, when educational problems are to be discussed in all their various bearings, that prepondering imperfections may be remedied, if possible, and existing or supposed advantages promoted.

Education is intended to be the harmonious development and training of the various physical, intellectual and moral faculties of man. Now, in looking abroad over the educated world, the intellectual faculties seem to receive an undue attention, and that, too, in a shallow way, which the old philosophical analyzers of the human mind would detest. Since, therefore, but one-third part is developed at the most, generally speaking, it is evident that a requisite equilibrium is not maintained, and that disastrous results must follow. If, therefore, we do not behold in the main body of educated men such fruits as the term education implies, the proof of the inference is furnished.

The fathers of the present system of education argue it to be a modifier of crime, and prove very often by statistics that the greater number of criminals who fill jails and penitentiaries are illiterate; this gives education a very specious moral appearance, and dissipates for the many any reflections upon its beneficial results. Now if jails and penitentiaries contained all the educated and respectable persons whose unjust or criminal escape escapes the observation of the law, but titles them to an equal consideration with their less fortunate brethren, then the statistics would not present a majority of illiterates, nor would education stand a chance of acclimation: so while there are continually increasing evidences that there are a greater number of educated criminals away from confinement than there are illiterate ones in it behooves adherents of truth and justice to note the disparity, and correct the false impressions the report may make.

There are three general phases, social, industrial and political, in which the fruits of effective education may be briefly illustrated. That physical and moral defects must exist among women who slight and despise the sacred offices of domestic and maternal duties, and prefer dressing, gadding, gossiping and extravagance?

It has been reported that the depopulation of Massachusetts, one of the leading educational States, would occur in a short time, if sustained by an influx of foreigners. But such a people celibates from morality, or mere beings in an intellectual heaven where earth's duties are no longer obligatory?

Quite the contrary to these,—they lead still looser lives and summon their educational devices for protection. Still, their State bears all outward evidence of prosperity, and the inhabitants bear off the palm for many characteristics laudable among men. There is thus a possibility, alike in an individual, a State and a country, of presenting a favorable exterior while decrepitude may be daily increasing. Good mothers are the back-bone of society, and from their little realms proceed the individuals who form the rulers and supports of a country; when mothers fail, it is merely a question of time for the canker-worm of incontinency to sap the life of a country.

In industrial pursuits, agriculture stands even with any, or ahead of all; the valleys, prairies and mountains of our broad Republic, invite diligent hands to sow and reap; but shunning the country as if a pestilence pervaded it, all who can flock to cities to seek that employment which education has fitted them for, and leave that for which it has unfitted them. Consequently there are hundreds of young men and women always waiting to respond to city advertisements, and as many cannot be accepted, crime in its gilded forms invites them to its ranks,—the young man is tempted to some swindling operation, and the young woman to the house that leads down to death. When too late, who would not wish to see that young man a hewer of wood and a drawer of water at his early country home, and the young woman a milk-maid, with her roses ever blooming? But education, alas, made the change. Agricultural and mechanical interests are both suffering for the want of practical common-sense, or intelligent recruits, because labor is considered degrading and intelligence must not be polluted by its association. During the past summer (1875) there was a great scarcity of even ordinary farm laborers in many parts of the country, and just lately has Governor Hartranft lamented in his message an annual State expenditure of nearly ten millions of dollars for educational purposes, while through importations from abroad is sought the highest grade of skilled mechanics to direct the operations of manufactories. A social science Congress was lately held at Manchester, England, in which was discussed the phenomenal aspects of cotemporary crime. It was said that crime is taking the new direction of commercial frauds, and that the perpetrators were greater offenders than the common highwaymen,—no matter how respectable their social position—and should be punished accordingly. Swindles of every kind are daily coming to light, which, without the aid of education, could not be perpetrated.



Gamblers, abortionists and hundreds of others fitted for their criminal occupations by education, swarm everywhere and far outnumber illiterate robbers or murderers.

Coming to the political arena, we are supposed to find the essence of education, and the embodiment of the masses in the chosen few: both are found, it is true, and both sadly indicative of the tendency of the education and the condition of the masses they represent. They are as selfish as when they were school-boys over their marbles, and as excited by emulation as the scholars of an old-fashioned spelling class. Personal gain is in all things first, the gain of the many—last. They scruple not to buy the vote of the lowest sot, and assist to office any who will assist them. Their labor is largely for money, and their money is too often for the gratification of unregulated desires which education should have regulated.

Thus a passing glance at the defects of so-called education reveals facts calculated to shame a lover of education, humanity and free government. As counterfeits only prove the existence of the real, there is yet a possibility of finding an education productive of all the physical, mental and moral attributes that fit man for all duties to himself, his neighbor, his country and his God. It is, in the main, *Home Education*. L.

*First month, 1876.*

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF MARY ANNA SCHIMMELPENNICK.

It has often happened that, I have been told—I have a good memory; I might have replied it was not so, for I have never been able to learn anything by rote without extreme labor and difficulty; but that I had obtained many gleanings of information by constantly searching out in thorough earnestness whatever I set about, and that the knowledge so acquired was never lost, but became thenceforth a part of myself,—because it was an aliment supplied at the very moment I hungered for it. I believe that whether our wants be physical, intellectual or spiritual, a real hunger is never supplied with its proper aliment, without thenceforth becoming incorporated with the being of the receiver. This truth I think most important to those who have to teach others. It is as essential to the tutor in removing ignorance as it is to the physician in removing disease, to create that appetite which enables nutritious food to tell upon the system."

I enjoyed at Dawbish a complete liberty which I never had known under my dear mother's rule. I had amusement without end, for everything which surrounded me was new; yet not one of the things I did,

nor one of the things I saw, has left any distinct record upon my mind. My intellectual powers were not called forth; hence, though I saw a great variety of things new to me, they rather passed before me like the dreamy and baseless visions of a phantasmagoria, than were held and grappled with as substantial realities, the knowledge of which was to be acquired and treasured up for use. The amusements in which we now wasted hours after hour, were not like those we had at home,—healthful exercise either of the bodily or mental powers. They now present to my mind a mere chaos, without any chain of association linking them to the mind or memory: whilst many of a walk, a flower or a casual conversation with my dear mother or with my father have fixed information in my mind which I shall never forget. On reviewing the occasional periods of my life which were unoccupied by any definite or earnest intellectual pursuit, I have been reminded of a remarkable account of two children found in Champagne, who appeared about fourteen or sixteen years of age; one of whom was reclaimed and educated. We are told, it was only after he acquired the use of language that he was able to retain ideas in his memory, and that the whole of his savage life presented a blank he was unable to fill up though he retained with perfect distinctness every idea afterwards received, and stored up in words. Now, I have often thought, that as language imparts fixity of ideas by clothing them in words, so the habit of discrimination, of attention, of intelligent arrangement or vivid emotion, in like manner stereotypes the light of knowledge or the glow of feeling, and thus furnish memory with her most valuable treasures."

"The longer I live, the more convinced am that religion is the strongest hold, and the safest anchor in life. And besides, use the expression of a cheerful parson who we know, 'It is getting the cream of both worlds!'"

"Give a fixed portion of time without fail to wait upon God in silence, and to pause between the hours of study and social refreshment, and never to rush from one to the other but from every ray again to return to the centre before a new course is started.

*Sickness.*—"Who knows the blessing of health fully, that has never suffered from it want of it? And yet sickness has its blessings too: and like all the appointments of our Heavenly Father, it is intended as a sowing time,—to insure a rich harvest of precious fruit. How little should we discover the difference between the temporal benediction of God and that love of God which is the source of blessings, unless we were at times tak-



from the one and cast upon the other. It is well for the child to feel by experience, that to enjoy communion with his father is better than merely to receive a gift from him; and that oneness of spirit with our Lord is a much higher blessing and proof of love than any merely temporary good can be without it. How many of those refreshing visits does our Lord pay to His sick children? How often does He draw near their bed to comfort them with a sense of His loving presence? How many blessed angels invisibly minister to them, and watch over them in tenderest sympathy? And how many blessed spirits encompass us in those hours which seem to our eyes most desolate and lonely? And is it not a blessing of illness,—and that not a small one—that it is so much a means of drawing forth the love of our relatives?—of giving an evidence of its strength and reality, the sweetness and refreshment of which abides with us forever? I think that families are so bound together in a similarity of worldly interests, and those details of life belonging to time that were no illness *ever* to intervene, there would be danger of becoming *too* exterior, too altogether secular. Therefore, I think, the Lord in mercy from time to time, takes one, by illness or misfortune, out of those pursuits. He calls them to gather round Him, to leave, for a season, Martha's much serving, and, like Mary, to come as a family, and sit awhile at His feet, that He may renew in sweetness, not only their bond to Him, but their bond to each other, that it may become deepened in truth, warmer in love, and more active in heavenly as well as earthly uses; so that when the trial is over, all concerned may see what at the time they cannot well discern that this illness was for the glory of God; and also, for the happiness of man."

"A Christian, and not happy! As years roll on, and the treasures of eternity open more and more to our view, I think God's children should become more and more happy! . . . As one gets older, much older, the very love we have towards each other, seems to have less that is mortal more of the seed of eternal life!—not that the affections become colder—far from it; but we see more clearly, and recognize more joyfully, that Divine Life which unites us in one common Lord."

"In every child of God we should see the ideal of what he would be when he shall be at free from sin, infirmity and this body of death. It is, too, a part of wisdom to see that our Lord means us to be towards any human being. There are notes of accord, and notes of discord, in every relation; we must not expect to be all, nor to receive all, to or from any human creature,—God alone can

fill and satisfy that heart which He has formed; besides strong affections are a talent, and they should be used as such."

JOSHUA V. BUCKMAN.

The following sketch, taken from the *Bristol Gazette*, has been sent us for publication. [EDS]

Departed this life, on the 18th of Twelfth month, 1875, at his residence in Bristol, Pa., Joshua V. Buckman, in the 73d year of his age.

When a good man passes from this world, especially if he had been one otherwise noted in his day and generation, the occasion calls for a more extended notice than the simple announcement of the event. The subject of this notice, during the first half of his life, lived for the most part in Byberry, Philadelphia county. In the Spring of 1836 he removed to Bristol, where he has since resided.

He was indeed an uncommon man, and in several respects seemed

"Like ships at sea while in above the world."

His tall, erect form, and intelligent and benignant countenance "upright with front serene," were indicative of his nature and character—and his superior presence marked him a *man among men*. Possessing a sound and strong mind, improved by reading and study, these with his industry and activity rendered him conspicuous and useful in every department of his business and social life. Joined to these and still higher in the scale, were his excellent moral qualities. His native goodness of heart showed itself conspicuous in words and deeds of kindness, and good-will to all around him—and will long be remembered by those who knew and associated with him. In the various stations he filled, as an instructor of youth, an officer of different corporations, member of societies, and in other employments and pursuits bringing him in contact with many people, his high and undeviating integrity impressed itself upon all. This central principle of moral character, was, in his case, the outgrowth of an inward spring, a spirit of rectitude which no trial or circumstance could overcome, or even shake. It was so striking as to be "known and read of all men," and in these times when falsehood and fraud have so "corrupted the ways of the earth," such a character becomes a tower of strength to the cause of virtue. By birth-right and education, as well as thorough conviction, a Friend, he was ever diligent and faithful in his religious duties—and was more than any other, the representative member of Bristol Meeting, and so regarded both at home and abroad. In his later years, he was subject to a complication of disorders, and his sufferings protracted and severe. But these, with other afflictions, he bore with christian fortitude and resignation.

—"Above the cloud of human ill

His spirit rose cheerful and triumphant,  
Laying hold of the eternal promises of God  
And steadfast in its faith."

In all the relations of life: husband, father, neighbor, friend and citizen, his constitutional and habitual truth and goodness were manifested. How much he was beloved and honored, was attested by the large concourse of people from far and near who followed his remains to their last resting place.

On the whole, he was a righteous man and by his example "a preacher of righteousness;" and when death set its seal upon this example, "the communion around came as with one accord to render it



the tribute of their praise," to commend his life and character to the imitation of those he left behind him—and said one to another: "*Certainly this was a virtuous man. Truly this was a Christian gentleman.*"

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thy image came pleasantly before me this morning, as though thou asked for a little social converse. I felt, on the moment, that I had nothing to give thee, but immediately there came a train of thought in connection with the diversity of gifts with which the family of man is blessed. One person receives ability for the performance of one work or service, while another receives a different gift, fitting him more especially for *his* allotment,—and these gifts are wonderfully adapted to our different conditions and temperaments. As I mused upon this little opening, I felt a word of encouragement to spring up for thee that thou mayst be faithful to that which has been committed to thee. Thou hast received in no small measure the gift of discernment, and it enables thee to make nice distinctions,—to divide thing from thing, and to put each in its proper place, and to give each its proper name. I know that in this way thou art often helpful to thy friends, who, absorbed it may be, in their own line of service, may be taking such a one-sided view of things that their vision has become clouded. When this is the case, what a help is such a gift as thine if faithfully occupied without respect of persons,—not allowing partial affection to dim the clearness of the mental eye. Very often hast thou helped me—yes, thy help, through the exercise of this thy gift, has been like the putting aside of a large stone that had rolled out of its place into my path,—I saw not that it was out of its place, but was suffering under the conclusion that the Good Hand had placed it there to stay my feet from further progress,—but thy discernment cleared up the matter, and removed the difficulty.

Surely we are designed to be each other's helpers, and would be far more abundantly, were we all faithful in the occupancy of that which we have received. Thou wilt see that I am not using the word "gift" in the sense in which we apply it to the "ministry," but as embracing the various powers conferred upon us to fit us for usefulness in our several spheres.

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

Thank thee, my dear friend, for thy kind words of encouragement. I think, perhaps, I need them sometimes, for my *gift*, as thou terms it, is so little to be distinguished from my natural reason, that I often doubt whether

I have any; and when a little prompting comes to offer some of my *rational* views to those whose gifts do not seem so much a part of themselves, but rather superadded, I always feel that I am treading upon ground I have not tried.

My visit to thee was sweet and strengthening though I was disappointed in not having thee all to myself. We are descending into the vale together. The outer man is perishing, but the inner man is renewed day by day.

"And so beside the silent sea,  
We wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to us  
On ocean or on shore.

We know not where His islands lift  
Their frouded palms in air,  
We only know, we cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 29, 1876.

DEFECTS OF EDUCATION.—We do not agree with all the conclusions of our correspondent "T" in regard to the defects of education. Fully admitting all the evils of the day, which the writer laments, every lover of our country, and friend of civilization and of progress, will hesitate to lay the blame upon our system of popular education.

The example of some of the most enlightened of modern nations, if thoughtfully and candidly considered, will show that where the careful education of the people, not only moral and physical, but intellectual, has claimed the greatest attention, the proportion of vice and crime is greatly less than in more conservative lands, which have adhered to their old traditions.

But mere intellectual training should be ever associated with harmonious culture of the physical powers and the moral feelings, and we very earnestly advocate thorough industrial training and the acquisition of a useful trade, as a powerful preventive of crime.

But forward toward the light, not backward into the comparative darkness of the past, lies our hope of the ideal golden age. Not too much culture, but too superficial training of the minds and hearts of youth is to be deprecated.

HONEST LEGISLATION.—The strict adherence to party lines and party issues that has a

ing darkened the pages of our political history and made the elective franchise a thing to be bought and sold as common merchandise, appears to be working out its own cure. In a recent state and municipal elections held in various sections of our country, the necessity of placing the reins of government in the hands of upright and trustworthy men has been above every party consideration.

It is only as the best elements of society unite to preserve and perpetuate the blessings of our free institutions, and as integral parts of the great whole make common cause and common interest of the issues it involves that the full benefits of popular government can be enjoyed.

The teachings of Jesus are very plain upon this subject, allegiance to "Cæsar" is no less enjoined than allegiance "to God." If we had aright "the things of God" refers to those duties and obligations that grow out of our spiritual relations to the Father of Spirits.

"Cæsar" represents the earthly power controlling and directing human affairs, while we are in the body, and sustain material relations with material things, it is as necessary for us to yield obedience and contribute our full share to the maintenance of this authority, as it is to render allegiance to the unseen power which controls the spirit. More than this, if we do not fulfill our whole duty in that which is outward and seen, how shall we be judged faithful in that which is hidden and invisible.

Under the form of government that it is our privilege to enjoy, Cæsar or the sovereign power is still a unit, but representing the multiple of every man to whom the elective franchise belongs, each bearing his fraction of the obligation to maintain a pure and healthy political atmosphere, nor do we see that he can by any special pleading absolve himself from this requirement. It fastens on him with the attainment of his manhood, and holds its claim until aggravated pain or death releases him. Only an atom is true, yet everything we behold is divisible into atoms, and his atom may be the one that, thrown into the scale, turns the balance in favor of impartial justice. The world of to-morrow is just waking up to the value of

atoms, and it can no longer wisely be said: "what can one man do?" "the influence he may exert for bettering the condition of things is too insignificant to be of value." There never was a more palpable mistake. The "one" that prophetic vision said should "chase a thousand," is not indeed the man that thinks he can do nothing, but the strong, untiring, earnest worker, who awakened to a sense of his duty to his fellow-men, serves his country and his maker most truly and acceptably by bearing his full measure of the burdens and responsibilities that are inseparable from his human existence.

While honest, conscientious men, who have the welfare of the race at heart, stand aloof from participation in the affairs of government, they withhold a moral support therefrom, which not only takes from the weight of influence for good—but allows preponderance to base intrigues and corruptions.

We know there are very many Friends who feel excused from any participation in political affairs, but if noble, pure minds shrink from the responsibility, is it any wonder that selfish politicians use them to their own personal interests?—hence the wide-spread corruption which, if not stayed by *principle*, must result in the downfall of republican institutions. We should love our country and its true democracy too much to rest undisturbed by the gross evils which are being manifested in every section of the Union. Do we wish to see peace and righteousness take the place of war and crime? Do we desire the pure principles promulgated by Jesus Christ, to rule in the councils of the nations calling themselves by His name? If these are our desires, let each do whatever falls to his lot for its accomplishment, remembering the record of old—"By the faithfulness of *one* a whole city was saved."

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DR. THOMAS' LECTURE ON CHAUCER.—Dr. Thomas' lecture on Sixth day (the 21st inst.) presented several topics of interest, of which the following may merit the attention of our readers: Speaking of some of the remarkable peculiarities of the English language during its earliest period, the lecturer called attention to the use of double and



triple negatives which were very common even in the time of Chaucer. This poet, for example, in giving the character of the Knight whom he represents as a perfect gentleman, says :

"He never yet no villanie ne said,  
In all his life unto no manner wight ;"

that is, he never in his life used any vile or abusive language to any person, whatever might be his rank or condition.

In this passage we have *four* negatives, added in order to give the fullest emphasis to the negation. Double negatives were common in Anglo-Saxon as well as in French. But between the age of Chaucer and that of Spencer they entirely disappeared from our tongue. This change was probably due to the increasing study of the Latin language, which wholly rejects double negatives.

Another curious point that he mentioned was the universal use of "his" for "its" until the beginning of the seventeenth century. This he explained by the fact that in the Anglo-Saxon "his" was the possessive case both of the masculine "he" and neuter "hit" (it). The neuter possessive, he suggested, had been, perhaps, originally "hits," which by a natural process had been softened into "his." There were several other interesting points in the lecture which our limits will not permit us to notice ;—we will merely say, in conclusion, Dr. Thomas considers Chaucer as among the greatest poets England has ever produced,—ranking him in the very highest class with Spencer (whom he regards as on the whole inferior to Chaucer), with Milton, and with Shakspeare.

#### DIED.

RICHARDSON.—On the 14th inst., Hannah Y. Richardson, widow of the late Nathaniel Richardson, in the 78th year of her age. She was an esteemed elder of Byberry Monthly Meeting.

In contemplating the peaceful harmonious life of this beloved friend, it seems due to offer a little tribute to a memory which will be cherished with interest and affection by those who have been privileged to mingle with her in sweet communion, socially and religiously. Her benevolent spirit was ever ready to sympathize with the sorrowing and afflicted—to encourage the heavy-hearted and relieve the distressed and destitute—ready, too, to congratulate the cheerful and happy in spirit—to enter into the feelings and pleasures of childhood—to foster the amiable and virtuous aims of every class—and, indeed, in all the departments of domestic, social and religious intermingling, it was her prom-

inent desire to fulfill the mission of love and good works assigned her. We fully believe this was accomplished, and that her work in active life was finished ere the stern hand of disease laid her low. Her intellect remaining unclouded through years physical disability, it was interesting to observe how quietly and uncomplainingly she endured the consequent privations, and how consistently she still retained a lively interest and concern for all around her. Through a long life of married happiness, she and her valued husband extended simple and heart-felt hospitalities—sweet and precious enjoyments, wherein the treasures of heart and intellect were happily blended, and the spirit of criticism and calumny entered not.

Under the influence of these feelings habitual cultivated, it was their happy experience to form and retain friendships, which no vicissitude of change save that of death had power to weaken or dissolve. Thus have they, through the practice of broad Christian charities and virtues, left examples worthy our imitation. S. C. H.

SCOTT.—At her residence in Baltimore county Maryland, 24th of the Twelfth month, 1875, Phil L., wife of Abram C. Scott, in the 50th year of age, a member of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting.

In the unlooked-for death of this dear friend, not only her family, but the community has sustained great loss ; she ruled by love, and those around her were harmonized by its influence.

Although for a number of years greatly afflicted by disease—bringing her at times apparently to the very portal of death, she bore it uncomplainingly. For the last few months, her health appeared to be in a measure restored, yet when the final summons came, she met it with sweet resignation, and an expression of full confidence in her Redeemer's love. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

#### FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 84.

(Continued from page 765.)

#### LAST DAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

On 31st of Eighth month we took our departure from Chamouni. The morning was dark and unpromising at first, but just before the time for starting, one of the tall Aiguilles which stand like courtiers beside Mt. Blanc pierced the canopy of cloud, and through the rent down came a flood of radiance, which gilded the dark green of the mountain sides and flashed back from the snowy summits. This we accept as a presage of fair weather after two days' almost incessant storm, and are soon seated in the lofty diligence again ready for a fifty miles' ride back to Geneva. The road being almost a continual incline the journey is rapidly performed without excessive labor for the good steeds, the time being much less than that required in the trip to Chamouni. The beautiful valley veiled with mist, which gently lifts and rises up the mountain steeps as the sun rises higher and higher in the heavens. The clouds hang lovingly on the summits—

"They lean above the ancient hills,  
As doing homage there."



Many times do I look back, hoping to get one more glimpse of the great mountain whose presence I am leaving, and wish he would lift the crown of cloud that obscures him this morning, but he merely reaches down an ancient alpid arm, the Glacier du Bossons, which litters and shivers as we speed by, and his voice is audible in the roaring clamors of the Arve, which rushes with us down the valley.

The heavy rains of the last two days have not only swollen the Arve, but have exaggerated every stream that trickles down from the heights above into a roaring torrent, which it is good to see, sparkling in the glad beams of the morning.

In one spot I observe two streams pour their descending waters into one broad silvery band of satiny radiance, while the high waterfall of Nant d'Arpenaz is surprisingly glorious—equal to the Staubbach, and far more beautiful for situation. We are again impressed by the exceeding beauty and richness of the country through which we pass, and again amazed by the abundance of fine fruit which depends over the way. Sometimes the high diligence comes rudely in contact with the bowed branches, and a shower of apples or pears is precipitated upon us, or bestrews the wayside. The practical question arises, why might not our roadsides also be lined with fine fruit-trees, for the refreshment of the wanderer, instead of those which are comparatively useless, but which require quite as much care and expense? The apple, pear and cherry seemed to me peculiarly fitting. When one sees the utilization of every space on which a tree may be induced to grow—the beautiful spreading walnut, the useful chestnut, the beneficent apple with its autumnal fruitage, the long rows of the butternut, the horse chestnut and the spire-like Lombardy poplar, ornamenting, clothing and enriching the earth—it is sad to be reminded of the merciless destruction of trees in our own land. I remember the countless miles of broad, white, sunny roadways, which ought to be glorious shady arcades, or which ought now to be enriched with autumn fruitage, and wish that my voice may add a little to the general murmur which shall demand more care for the future, and more pity for the present, in regard to the preservation and the planting of trees.

A mighty bird soars from the highest cliffs against the blue vault of heaven, rising lightly as a feather, and with scarcely any perceptible motion of his wings, into the holiness of the upper air. It is an eagle, the hammergeier of the Alps, only surpassed in size and power among the feathered creatures by the Condor of the Andes; and he is taking this lofty flight, we may suspect, with no

nobler aim than to look for some less grandly endowed fellow-creature of the earth who may serve him for breakfast. How like is he to the warriors and conquerors of earth!

We arrive in Geneva at 2 P. M., and have only time to receive and glance over the letters which await us, before we start for an excursion up the lake to the Castle of Chillon, forever memorable as the prison of Bonivard. "Bonivard" is the name of the steamer which receives us, and swiftly and lightly does the memorial boat bear us eastward to day.

The lake is at first narrow as a river, and the Jura mountains on the north, and the hills of Savoy on the south and southeast, limit the view. We pass many pleasant villa residences on the left, conspicuous among which is Sir Robert Peel's Lammermoor, whose lawn slopes from the house down to the margin of the waters. I did not learn who now occupies the country house of the great English statesman. On the bank above, the chateau of the Empress Josephine is pointed out, as well as the recently erected palatial dwelling of Baron Rothschild.

Yonder little town of Genthod is memorable as having been the country home of De Saussure, the historian of the Alps, and of Bonnet, the naturalist.

Soon we pass the town of Versoix, which was laid out during the reign of Louis XV, of France, in a vain attempt to build up a rival to Geneva.

Coppet is the next point of interest. This is the frontier town of Canton Geneva, and was the residence of Necker, and afterwards of Madame de Staël during the days of her exile from France, when the potent Napoleon, before whom all the monarchs of Europe trembled, was himself alarmed by the social influence of this generous woman of genius, who loved liberty and would not flatter power. On another occasion, we visited this spot, and were admitted to the modest chateau where Necker, the upright but unsuccessful finance minister of Louis XVI, and his more distinguished daughter, ended their days. The chateau commands no view of the lake, a circumstance which suggests a strange error of judgment in the builders, but which, perhaps, did not unfit it for a home for Madame de Staël, who cared but little for the charms of natural scenery. It is now the property of the Duc de Broglie, her son-in-law, and is kept with perfect neatness. We are readily admitted, though a fierce-looking dog protests violently, at first, bounding forward, and challenging our right to enter the courtyard. My friend speaks respectfully and soothingly to him in his native language (French, not bow-wow) as the concierge ad-



vances gravely to receive us. All around is order and neatness, and a profusion of blooming plants, which fill every available space, indicate that the mansion is yet inhabited by persons of refined tastes, while the green park beyond reminds us eloquently of other days, when patriot, poet and philosopher, all found courteous welcome in this hospitable refuge from tyranny, and were soothed into forgetfulness of the desolations of the world by the tranquility of sylvan scenes, by the glory of the mirroring lake, by the morning and evening glow of the snowy mountain peaks, and, more than all, by the sympathetic companionship of the generous, noble-minded statesman, and of his gloriously gifted daughter.

We are shown first into a stately hall, and then, through several rooms, into the saloon, where hang a series of family portraits. The central picture is that of the author of *Corinne*, and her father's portrait hangs on the right hand, her mother's on the left. There is a very strong resemblance between Necker and the dark, plain, eloquent-looking daughter, and one can see why they were so closely bound together by sympathy as well as by natural affection. Her mother, a stately dame, fair, formal and cold-looking, is curiously unlike her daughter, and these portraits explain the entire uncongeniality of the two gifted women. Madame Necker, the daughter of a Swiss Protestant pastor, was learned, religious and austere, having early learned entire self-control, and she wished to educate the ardent and generous Germaine in her own strict principles. It is said of the daughter of Necker, that she was lively and merry, though precocious, and that her pleasures had nothing to do with her years. At eleven she conversed with the learned and intellectual men who frequented her mother's saloon, and became profoundly interested in the grave political questions which agitated France during the last days of the monarchy. Her one childish amusement was forbidden her. This was to cut out paper kings and queens, and make them act tragedies, by stealth, since she might not do it openly without parental reproof. It is difficult to understand the extreme austerity which would interdict such a harmless play of fancy. The severe studies to which she was required to devote herself proved injurious to her health, and at the age of fourteen she was sent to her father's country house to recruit her strength, and never fairly returned again to her mother's course of intellectual discipline. An original genius, gifted with fine fancy, wit, eloquence and intellectual power, she was a profound disappointment to her mother, who replied coldly to a friend who complimented her on the splendid qualities of Germaine:

"All that is nothing—nothing at all—to what I wished to accomplish."

The story of her varied and troubled life all before the world, and every one knows her literary triumphs; of her social magnetism, which attracted all hearts and powerfully influenced the most powerful minds; of her devoted love for her father, of her more generous attachment to her friends, of her perfect magnanimity to her enemies, and the errors into which an impulsive and generous spirit sometimes led her. Towards the close of her life, she said, sadly, of herself, "I never was wrong but sorrow came of it."

One who rather severely criticizes the life of Madame de Staël, remarks of her, "that she never betrayed or forsook a friend, that she never meanly resented a wrong, and that in a life so active and so extensive in action she never voluntarily inflicted the smallest injury on a human being."\*

We wandered a little time in the ground and applied vainly to be admitted to the shadowy enclosure, where lie the ashes of Necker and of his daughter.

We pass the town of Nyon on the heights and of Rolle which nestles amid the vine-clad slopes, and land for the night at Ouchy, the port of Lausanne. The splendid new hotel Beau Rivage cannot receive us, being already crowded with guests, and we spend the night at the Angleterre—the house which Byron wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon," when he was detained here two days in bad weather.†

The next morning we complete the pilgrimage, and reach the historic castle Chillon, which stands at the extreme east of the lake on an isolated rock, nearly surrounded by deep water. We are landed at a little distance from the castle, and as the day warms and the pathway to the fortress more exposed to the sunbeams, we accept an invitation to share a rowboat with another party, and are comfortably landed on the historic rock which is forever associated with the memory of François Bonivard, Prior of St. Victor. He had incurred the bitter enmity of the Duke of Savoy by his earnest defence of the liberties of Geneva and was, in 1530, condemned by that tyrant to perpetual captivity in the castle. A cutodian will lead us down the stairway to the dim dungeon where yet stands the pillar to which Bonivard was chained by the middle of the body, and here is the ring to which was attached his chain, only three feet long. The division walls of the compartment of the dungeon have been removed, and we stand

\* Kavanah. † Sixth month, 1816.



a large, lofty hall, which, at this noonday hour, is pretty well lighted through the tiny hole high up in the wall. The weary captive might make two or three steps to and fro, as I have seen a tiger in his cage, and the footfalls did, indeed, wear a pathway in the floor of the dungeon,

Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod

By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

It is hard to believe that he could endure such a terrible fate for six long years, retaining his reason unimpaired; but we can comprehend it when we remember the Divine consolation which goes with the prisoner to the dungeon and with the martyr to the stake, when the only crime of the sufferer is faithfulness to his convictions of duty.

Deliverance came to Bonnivard in 1536, when the Bernese and Genevese wrested the Pays de Vaud from Charles V of Savoy, and the garrison of Chillon was forced to surrender. The citizens of Geneva, now free from civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, heaped high honors upon him, presented him with the house previously occupied by the Roman Catholic Vicar-General, and conferred upon him an annual pension. The castle is now an arsenal for the artillery of the Canton of Vaud, but many things in the interior remind the visitor of the dark days of old. In one of the lofty, gloomy vaults of the chapel are shown a high beam, blackened with smoke, to which the condemned were suspended, and a smooth rock, slanting about 45°, is pointed out as the last resting place for the prisoner before execution. Beneath all this are the dark dungeons of feudal tyranny, whence the victim never again returned to the light of day. We are also conducted to the Hall of Justice (?) to which is attached the Chamber of Torture, with its various implements of cruelty; but I am not sure that I identified the spot where, in 1348, twelve hundred Jews were burned alive, on suspicion of having been accessory to a vast conspiracy of their nation to poison all the public fountains of Europe. What a lofty conception such deeds must have given this ancient people of Christian justice, mercy and truth!

Returning, we stop at two or three points on the southern side of the lake, and my attention is called to a variation in the method of vine culture on the slopes of Savoy. The soil is especially adapted to the growth of the chestnut, and these trees are systematically planted at convenient distances, and when they have attained a desirable height they are stripped of their bark, and form substantial supports for the vines which clothe every branch with leaves and fruit, thus

forming a tree bearing grapes. The chestnut, when allowed to fulfill its natural destiny, is also valued in this land for the excellent quality of the nuts, but no production is so profitable to the tiller of the soil on the banks of Lake Geneva as the fruit of the vine. On the north side of the lake, throughout the distance from Lausanne to Vevey, the rising bank is entirely clad with vineyards, to protect which from the natural wear of the waters, walls of great extent have been constructed, sometimes sixty or eighty feet high, for the sake of converting into terrace, spaces of ravine and precipitous rocky slopes, where nothing else could grow, but where the grape ripens perfectly. The effect is very monotonous, for not a garden, meadow or orchard refreshes the eye, the inhabitants preferring to purchase every necessary for themselves and cattle at the neighboring markets, while devoting every inch of the ground to the more profitable vine.

At Vevey is a society, or guild, of great antiquity, called the Abbaye des Vigerons; whose motto is *Ora et Labore*. Its object is to improve the culture of the vine, and for this purpose it appoints a commission, who, every spring and autumn, inspect the district, and awards prizes to the most skilful cultivators. Five or six times in a century, the society holds a festival, commonly choosing years of peace and plenty, in order that no feeling but rejoicing might find place in the hearts of the people.

The last celebration of this festival took place in the year 1851, when the chief attraction was an operatic performance, or tableau of five scenes, intermixed with ballets and songs in the patois of the country, in the open air. The first display was the ceremony of crowning the most successful vine dressers. "The first part was the procession of the troop of *Pales*, the goddess of shepherds and cattle, drawn on the car of spring by two white oxen and by a troop of young men and maidens with garlands, by flower girls, shepherds and shepherdesses, hay makers, milkmaids, gardeners loaded with products of the season, herdsmen of the Alps, cattle and a chalet. Next was the troupe of Ceres on the car of summer, drawn by two red oxen; in her procession were wheat sheaf bearers, gleaners, reapers, loads of wheat, ploughs and ploughmen, with all kinds of husbandry implements, and a miller on an ass. The third division was the troupe of Bacchus, headed by Fauns and Nymphs bearing the thyrsus; the god sits enthroned in state on the car of autumn, drawn by four white horses caparisoned with tiger skins; Indian slaves fan him to repose; his suite is formed of Fauns, Satyrs and Bacchantes, Silenus on an ass, vine dressers with



all their utensils, grape gatherers with their baskets, the two Hebrews bearing the enormous bunch from Canaan, Noah in his ark, a wine press, forge, etc. The fourth division was the troupe of *Winter*, and represented a rustic wedding, preceded by a village band, the husband in the costume of Canton Vaud, the bride in that of Argovia, accompanied by bridesmen and bridesmaids in those of the twenty-two cantons, the bearers of the trousseau, chamois hunters bearing a chamois, hounds in couples, and in the rear the car of winter, a load of wood covered with snow and followed by woodcutters. The fifth and last division consisted of a military band and soldiers in the old Swiss costumes. Each troop was preceded by its high priest with a corps of musicians, and at last 1,000 persons figured in the various pageants."

Then followed the musical performance,—anthems, invocations and the *ranz des vaches*; and each troop went through an imitation of the kind of work peculiar to its allotted character.

A vast platform was erected in the market place for the pageant, and 40,000 spectators enjoyed the spectacle. Two days were thus occupied by the festival, the evening being enlivened by illuminations, banquets and sports appropriate to the occasion. Such were the attempts of the Switzer people to revive a semblance of the joyous pageants of antiquity.

Our approach to Geneva in the evening, when the myriad lights which blaze along the quays and amid the trees of the garden, are reflected in the pure lake, and when the bustle of the days is hushed to rest, is like a dream; and two days spent in making preparations for our final departure from Switzerland require but little note. We were rather interested to find on the 2d of Ninth month, that we were to have a mild visitation from the characteristic *bise*,—the east wind of Geneva—which curls the lake into foamy billows and sends its waters dashing like ocean surges against the strong walls of the harbor. Suddenly summer heat is gone, and warm clothing is again desirable. What little dust can be found in the scrupulously clean streets is whirled up on high and finds entrance into open door and window, and every leaf upon the trees which wavers in its attachment to the parent stem, goes rustling in real autumnal fashion before the merry wind, and every hat which encounters the force of the *bise* must be forcibly held in place or it will go to keep company with the sere and yellow leaf. At night-fall the breeze goes to sleep with the rest of the world, and everybody is happier for the brisk visitation which has effectually purified the atmosphere of this exceptionally pure city. But I can imagine what

a stern character the *bise* must bear when it comes roaring down the lake from the snow-clad heights in the winter, bringing the arctic cold of the high Alps to the very doors of the comfortable citizens of Geneva, whirling the waters madly in its fury, and giving an unwonted impulse to the ever-powerful and rapid Rhone which darts impetuously through the fair city of his second birth. S. R.

*Ninth Month, 3d, 1875.*

#### ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

Many of the improvements which have been so useful to mankind, have been first suggested by some very simple incident which only one person in a thousand would consider worth a moment's thought. But that one person takes it up, turns it over in his thoughts, and finally sees in it, what others have failed to see, and forthwith a new principle, or a new application of an old one, springs into life. Examples of this are the discovery and application of the sand blast, cutting glass and stones.

Cape Cod is that long, curious, hook-like sand bar which projects itself far out into the ocean. Over this bar of sand the winds sweep with a force elsewhere unknown. It had long been noticed that the window glass upon the cape in all exposed positions, lost its transparency, and became opaque like ground glass. For a long time this was supposed to be the effect of the salt spray, dashing again and condensing upon the windows. Further closer inspection showed that the glass had been stippled and cut by the grains of sand which had been driven against them by the force of the wind. It was, indeed, the sand blast. Taking a hint from this, it was tried on a small scale, and was a success, so far as the glass was concerned. But the question was yet unsolved whether other substances could be successfully treated by the same process, and nature solved this problem easily as the first. In the Territory of Colorado there are immense quantities of rock belonging to the old red sandstone formation. They are found everywhere, and in all shapes from the size of a pebble to a colossal wall hundreds of feet high, upon which no man could climb. But everywhere they are lined, grooved, and stippled all over with dots; they are worn, and hollowed, and curved into innumerable shapes; and this is not a pebble or a square foot of the face of the bluff, which does not look as if it had been cut with a graver's tool. Yet no tool ever touched it; no hand has ever been there. For thousands of years the grains of sand have lifted themselves upon the wings of the wind, dashed themselves against the rock

s of these precipices, and shattered their  
tain masses into dust. "The weak  
gs of the world have brought to nothing  
things which are mighty." The sand-  
st could carve the rocks in the centre of  
continent, as well as the glass along its  
-lying shores, and now the marble work-  
carve out head-stones and letter them with  
sand-blast, almost with the rapidity of  
light. Copying nature is the true road to  
cess. A man in the country found a  
nd, smooth hole cut deeply into one of his  
t trees. He probed it; and found at the  
tom of the hole a bug or beetle which had  
s made a house for himself in the heart of  
tree. He put the intruder under a micro-  
pe, and found that he had made the hole  
n a very neat, but peculiarly formed cut-  
instrument which formed the snout of  
beetle. He copied its form exactly, made  
uger with a lip exactly like the one which  
e the hole in the tree, and he had the best  
er ever invented, and a fortune grew out  
the patent for it. Of all the thousands  
use that auger-bit, not one in a hundred  
e ever heard how it was first discovered.  
he writer of this had the story from the  
ntor and owner of the patent, he cannot  
be under mistake as to its origin.—*Trade*  
*eau.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LIFE'S BLESSEDNESS.

ve had sweet companionship with books,  
ave had dear companionship with friends,  
dearer still, perhaps, with kindly thoughts  
at made me visits in the early morn,  
n sleep had fled my pillow, or at eve  
hen the last flushings of the Western sky  
on the hills about me, and the fields  
ere soft with purple shadows.

I have said,  
-worn, at certain seasons, that the world  
as like a miser to his hungry wife  
starving children, having heaps of gold,  
ad piles of silver and rich treasury,  
doling with a parsimonious hand  
ne poor small pittance of necessity.  
in these rich ecstatic moments, come  
uch high revealings of life's blessedness,  
the Great Love that watches every need,  
at Mother Nature seems a bounteous hand,  
ensing lavishly her fairy gifts.  
days of tranquil, holy happiness  
cancel years of suffering and toil !  
e look with pity, in our after years,  
he complaining pains our childhood knew,  
ad smile as we are stronger.

Not an hour  
shall evoke our pitying retrospect.  
o-morrow sees the follies of to-day,  
gathers smiles from the long flow of tears.  
od sits in highest heaven dispensing good,  
we are foolish who pick up the gifts,  
ot caring the direction whence they come.  
when we look again, must vainly search  
rough the blue ether, and see not His hand.

A. F. B.

RIPE AND READY.

During a storm off the coast of Lancashire a small vessel was  
wrecked. Amid the confusion and dismay on board, a poor boy  
was heard praying that if any lives were lost, the "ripest and  
readiest" might be taken.

Loudly breaks the storm above them,  
Wild the waves that overwhelm ;  
Dark the clouds that hang around them,  
Weak the hand that guides the helm.

For their hearts have sunk within them—  
Hope has yielded to despair ;  
One alone amid the tumult  
Dares to bend the knee in prayer.

He, the youngest and the weakest,  
Casts all human fear aside ;  
Peaceful 'mid the gathering shadow,  
Calm amid the raging tide.

Can his faith the darkness fathom ?  
Will his Father hear his cry ?  
Yes, His word is pledged to listen  
To the feeblest, faintest sigh.

But he prays not for deliverance :  
"If thine angel Death must come,  
Send Thy message to the readiest ;  
Father take the ripest home."

And the prayer arose to heaven,  
Found acceptance at the throne ;  
Swift the answering mandate given,—  
Ocean swallowed *him alone* !

And the waves may roll above him,  
They can fright nor harm him more ;  
Ripe and ready, he has landed  
Safe on Canaan's peaceful shore.

But to us the lesson speaketh  
Words of warning and of love ;  
Ripe and ready, are we waiting  
For the summons from above ?

Have our hearts to Christ been given ?  
Rules and reigns His spirit there ?  
Has not pride a secret lurking ?  
Pleasure drawn us in her snare ?

Let us watch for foes around us ;  
Let us pray, for flesh is weak ;  
Strive to shun the world's allurements,  
And the narrow pathway seek.

Then when'er our work is ended,  
And the summons goes abroad,  
Father, grant that *ripe and ready*  
We may joy to meet our Lord. L. B. H.  
—*The British Friend.*

FOREL, a Swiss naturalist, has lately  
published an extensive work in quarto on the  
ants of his country. It is a worthy successor  
of the well-known book of Huber. It is fre-  
quently quoted by Lubbock in his second  
paper on the habits of bees and ants, just re-  
ceived. Forel asserts that ants, when they  
leave the pupal state, like the bees, devote  
themselves to household duties and the care  
of the young, not taking any part in the de-  
fence of the nest until a later period of life.  
As regards the memory of ants, he convinced  
himself that they recognized their companions



after a separation of four months; but he believes they would not do so for more than one season. The demonstrations made by ants that had been separated, that struck Huber as due to joy and satisfaction, Forel thinks are, in reality, signs of distrust and fear. Ants of different nests are generally hostile to each other; but it is not until three or four days after they quit the nest that they are able to distinguish friends from foes. Forel also bears testimony to the supposition that ants differ very considerably in mental activity and quickness.—*Independent*.

### NOTICES.

#### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

2d mo.	1st,	Concord, at West Chester, Pa.
"	2d,	Purchase, at Purchase, N. Y.
"	"	Farmington, at Macedon, N. Y.
"	8th,	Nine Partners, at Nine Partners, N. Y.
"	"	Philadelphia, at Race St., Phila.
"	10th,	Abington, at Abington, Pa.
"	11th,	Stanford, at Crum Elbow, N. Y.
"	12th,	Pelham, Half Year Meet'g, Pelham, O.
"	"	Salem, at Salem, Ohio.
"	"	Miami, at Waynesville, O.
"	16th,	Easton and Saratoga, at Easton, N. Y.
"	17th,	Shrewsbury and Rahway, at Plainfield, N. J.
"	19th,	Short Creek, at Mt. Pleasant, O.
"	21st,	Duanesburg, at Albany, N. Y.
"	"	Centre, at Bald Eagle, Pa.
"	"	Fairfax, at Fairfax, Va.
"	23d,	Stillwater, at Plainfield, O.
"	24th,	Bucks, at Wrightstown, Pa.
"	28th,	Warrington, at Monallen, Pa.
"	29th,	Burlington, at Mt. Holly, N. J.

The next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held Second month 1st, at 7½ P. M., at Green Street.

Friends' Historical Association will meet Fourth-day, Second month 2d, at 8 P. M., at 820 Spruce Street.

In Eleventh month last, the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, adopted a proposition looking to measures for the promotion of a better acquaintance and greater sociability amongst those connected with it and attenders of its meetings.

It has been concluded to hold a meeting at Race street Meeting-House, on Second-day evening next, 31st inst., at 7½ o'clock, to which all its members are invited who desire to see the concern efficiently carried out.

### ITEMS.

THE Senate of Pennsylvania has passed the bill to protect children in their right to acquire useful trades.

THERE are to be three English and three American steamers placed in the regular line between San Francisco and the Australian Empire of England, which receives a subsidy of £90,000 a year from the Australian colonies and New Zealand, and it is expected that when they are all put on their stations, as they soon will be, the world will be circumnavigated in less than eighty days. The calculation is

that Liverpool to New York will occupy eight days, New York to "Frisco" six days—American railway men promise to do it before long in five days—San Francisco to Hong Kong, twenty-one days, and thence to London, thirty-six days, making in all 71 days. Intending visitors to Australasia will be interested to know that the estimated time from San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand, is twenty-one days, and to Sydney 25 days, making a continuous speed, including stoppages, of 11 knots an hour. *World*.

VENUS and SATURN were in conjunction on the 17th inst., when the two planets presented the same position as Mars and Jupiter did in Eleventh month last. On the 28th the planet Mercury is in a favorable position for observation. It must be looked for in the southwest about an hour after sunset, at a little further north than the point where the sun sank below the horizon. It may be recognized by a peculiar brilliancy, unlike that of any other planet, and also by its nearness to Saturn, with which it is in conjunction on the same evening. At this time the four planets, Mercury, Venus, Saturn and Mars, are all visible. The new moon of the 26th is also near Venus on this same evening, and the slender crescent will add an additional attraction to the planetary picture. The path of the new moon lies this month near the track of the planets, for it is in conjunction, or at the nearest point with Mercury and Saturn on the 27th, with Venus on the 29th, and with Mars on the 31st. Of the remaining large planets, Uranus is now in good position, and may be seen in the evening with a small telescope, wearing its slow way among the small stars of Leo, and very far from Regulus. Neptune is also visible among the evening stars, but cannot be seen without a powerful telescope. Jupiter reigns alo throughout this month as a morning star, rising now about half-past three, and holding the supremacy among the stars until its light fades away the brighter rays of the approaching sun.—*Providence Journal*.

FROM an address delivered by J. T. Harvins before the Bee-Keeper's Convention in San Diego, California, in Eleventh month last.

"After long and toilsome journeys back and forth over the country, extending from the sea coast but as far as Julian, and from the Mexican border many miles north, Mr. Clark found that the White Granite range of Boulder mountains, running parallel with the coast and back therefrom a distance of from fifteen to thirty miles, possessed the best combination of wood, water and soil, together with a luxuriant vegetation, furnishing in the great abundance such shrubs and plants as are found to produce the finest quality of honey. This peculiar range of mountains, which we shall hereafter call the Bee range, extends through several of the counties of California, including Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego, and also extending into the Mexican State of Lower California. The numerous peaks that mark this range rise to the height of from a thousand to four thousand feet above the sea level. Viewed from a distance they present a rough, rocky appearance, showing but little signs of vegetation. On approaching them, however, we are surprised to find in every nook and crevice among the rocks, as well as on the slopes and plateaus where the rocks are covered by a sufficient depth of soil, a most luxuriant vegetation of various kinds that bloom in succession about eight months in each year, affording probably the best combination for profitable bee-keeping to be found in the United States."

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 5, 1876. No. 50.

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## AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A QUAKER AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY THOMAS C. BATTEY.

Boston, Lee & Sheppard, Publishers.

The author says, "This book has been prepared in view of the amount of 'sensational' literature with which our country is flooded, a 'little drop' among many which go to swell the inseting tide of less exciting, less imaginative, but more healthful, more instructive publications, destined, to some extent at least, to take the place of the former." We think few could read this very interesting narrative without feeling that the author has accomplished what he aimed at in its publication. It is a simple narrative of a mission teacher to the uncivilized Indians, the Addos and Kiowas, of the Indian Territory, undertaken from a sense of religious duty. It is allusions to the feelings which induced him to leave his family and take up his abode among a people whose habits were so repugnant to him, and to the seasons in which he was sustained by his solitary communings with his Heavenly Father, are very touching.

His descriptions of the customs of the wild tribes among which he resided, are given with much minuteness, and present a vivid picture of what he saw.\* We select the following

for our present number, and may occasionally make further extracts. [Eds.]

"22d.—To-day, while the young man who looks after Kicking Bird's ponies and mules, was riding in search of some missing ponies, after having taken my mules to the herd, he saw three white men (probably hunters, as they proved not to be surveyors), one of whom, for some purpose known only to himself, shot at him. The ball passed through his blanket and shirt, but fortunately missed his body, and he escaped unharmed. The Kiowas are much excited about it this evening. In all probability, had he been killed, the earth would have drunk other blood than his ere the sun of another day had arisen. That little party, if no more, might have looked upon the setting sun this day for the last time, and the free press of our country would have been flooded with inflammatory articles against the Indians, with horrible accounts of 'Indian barbarities,' '—men killed by the Kiowas,' &c. While there might not have been one to have given a word of explanation to the world. It is high time that the injuries received, and the aggravating circumstances which excite the uncultivated minds of these savages to retaliation and provoke their barbarity, were beginning to be understood and stopped.

"We hear abundance about Indian depredations in Texas, but seldom of the robberies committed by white people from that State against them. These are not seldom nor small. Hundreds of ponies and mules have been stolen from the Indians of this reservation alone, since the close of the council in the 10th month last, and the affiliated bands suffer nearly as much. Yet Governor Davis, at the council at Fort Sill, made the public declaration, 'My people have committed no depredations against you,' in the face of hundreds of Indians and many white people who knew to the contrary.

"It is a well-known fact that there is a gang of

\*The work can be procured at the store of Friends' Book Association, No. 706 Arch Street. Price, \$1.50.



desperadoes, having their head-quarters about Red River Station, Jacksboro and Waco, in Texas, who make a regular business of horse-stealing, and commit other desperate acts. These are furnished, as I have been informed from reliable sources, with Indian disguises—false hair, masks, &c., so that they readily pass for Indians when it suits their convenience to do so, and I have no doubt, while it must be admitted that the Indians have done and are still doing more or less raiding in that State, that a large amount of the so-called Indian depredations and barbarities, even of the darkest type, are committed by these savages with white skins. To add, if possible, a darker shade to their crimes, by attributing to others what themselves have done, they furnish telegrams and short articles for the papers, anonymous of course, but giving the authority of major or captain somebody, who has lately arrived from such a place, and reports so and so, giving the details of their own deeds, when the Indians thus reported on the war-path have been in their lodges, or running buffaloes hundreds of miles from the scene of the reported depredation. This has lately been the case with Big Tree and Satanta, whose doings in Texas since their release, have furnished hundreds of newspaper paragraphs, while to my certain knowledge, Big Tree was at his own lodge and on his own reservation sick, and Satanta enjoying the pleasure of running the buffalo with freedom on territory assigned for the purpose.

"23d.—Breakfasted with an old Kiowa warrior, an uncle of Kicking Bird, who has a Mexican wife. I was directed to sit on the side directly opposite the entrance, at the right hand of Kicking Bird, under what is commonly suspended from the lodge pole as the medicine sack. Of this, I took no notice on sitting down, but presently on turning my head, felt something brushing my ears softly, and discovered a quantity of hair. This had once covered the heads of victims of the old man's prowess. The scalps had been trimmed and stretched while fresh upon small hoops, about four or five inches in diameter, and strung upon sticks by running a stick a little like an arrow, only larger and about two feet in length, through them, near one edge. There were three of these sticks, each of which might have contained a dozen or more scalps, the long hair of which hung down and was partially concealed by a blanket, forming to civilized eyes a ghastly and sickening spectacle. But to the savage mind it was a trophy attesting the bravery and strength of the possessor.

"I had often before partaken of the hospitality of this old man and his wife, but always in warm weather, when the meal was served in the open air under an awning, and had never before been inside of their lodge. The wife is a fine-looking little woman, who was undoubtedly captured by him while young, and it would not be at all surprising if the scalps of her parents were hanging in her lodge as part of the evidences of her husband's valor. They have a very pretty little girl, probably about eight years of age, and I could but hope that the time may soon roll around, when such a spectacle as her father's lodge affords may be done away forever, and remembered, even by Kiowas, only with disgust and abhorrence. Truly, this would be a very great change from their present state of feeling, but knowing that there is One who can change the hearts of men as a man turns a watercourse in his field, such a thing not only is not impossible, but through the efficiency of Divine grace is even probable.

"30th.—Having removed to the Washita river,

above the mouth of Rainy Mountain creek, on the 25th instant, our mules and ponies were turned upon new pasturage, and last evening the young man to whom their keeping is entrusted reported several as missing, mine among them. This morning Kicking Bird set out himself to look for them. He soon found the tracks of my mules, which he knew by their having shoe prints, accompanied by those of a single unshod pony, whence he was led to believe them to have been stolen by an Indian. He accordingly pressed rapidly forward, following the trail for many miles, until it at length brought up in a Comanche camp, where he found the mules lariat-ed, proving the correctness of his supposition. I need scarcely add that he was in a very pleasant humor about it, and it was in a probability well for the Comanche that he had reached camp before being overtaken. He returned late this evening with my mules, without having found his own stock.

"1st mo. 11th, 1874.—Last night an infant son of Koyonemo, Stumbling Bear's daughter, died. He was awakened in the night by a death wail in the lodge. This morning the body was buried at some distance from the camp, being borne to its last resting place by the mother. The child had been sick for near two weeks, and its death expected for some days. As there is so much superstition among them, I did not press the matter of seeing the burial or the jugglery of the Medicine man. But I heard the passionate cries of the mother, whose face and arms were smeared in blood from gashes of her own inflicting, and the wailings of the near relatives as they left the lodge for the burial. I heard also the groanings, singing and unearthly noises made by the medicine man in his attempts to drive away the evil spirits which were the cause of the child's sickness and death, repeated from time to time as if it was considered dangerously sick, but all of no avail—the child is dead."

The following incident will show how superstition is often perpetuated:

"In connection with this account, I should mention a circumstance in which I was particularly implicated, as corroborating a superstitious notion of this people. It appears that in their doctrine of signs and omens, it is considered an omen of death to a child if any one steps over it. Some few days before this child was taken sick, I was in the lodge, which I consider my camp-home, belonging to Stumbling Bear. Sun Boy came in and sat down upon one of the mats which are used as lounges during the daytime and as beds at night. It is a part of his medicine that no person must pass between him and the fire. Ko-yone-mo came in with her infant in its cradle upon her back, and seating herself Sun Boy laid her babe back behind her, so that she extended from the side of the lodge to the place where she sat, across the mats. Other women came in and also seated themselves around the lodge while the side opposite to Sun Boy was occupied by the cooks, so that the passage on that side of the lodge where I was seated to the entrance of the lodge was completely obstructed. At this time my name was called outside of the lodge, and I at once went out to go, but one glance around the lodge convinced me that the only way of egress was behind Sun Boy and those sitting by him. Without any hesitation, I passed behind him, when this babe lay across my way, and not being aware of the danger of stepping over it, nor yet well enough versed in Kiowa politeness to wait for the mother to lift it out of my path, I stepped over it. A smooth



groan was uttered by every woman in the lodge, with the hand placed upon the mouth in token of 'bad medicine.' But it being too late to recall the act, I went out of the lodge. I had stepped over a living child as over a grave, and that child would surely die, and unhappily in less than three weeks its grave could be walked over."

"The aged Christian stands upon the shore of time, a storehouse of experience, filled with the treasures of rich heavenly lore. I love to sit and hear him draw from thence sweet recollections of his journey past, A journey crowned with blessings to the last." "Oft in my way have I stood still, though but a casual passenger, so much I felt the awfulness of life."  
— Wordsworth.

### "THE PATHETIC ELEMENT."

*Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:*

Upon reading the editorial in the *Ledger*, of this morning, on "The Pathetic Element," I felt that it would be appropriate for you, as calling attention to a trait of character that is too much put aside and suppressed. We are not enough like little children, honest to our best and actual feelings. When our sympathies are awakened into an affectionate interest in those by whom we are surrounded, why not let it be known how much we really love them?

My mind has been prepared for this thought by a visit, yesterday, from a little granddaughter aged nearly four years; her presence dispelled the pressure of some of the cares and trials of life, and her innocent sweetness and pure affection touched the finer feelings. It had been more than six months since I had seen her. On hearing a letter read from me, she said, "I want to go and see grandfather," and at times, for several days, continued to refer to it, so that her mother sent her to spend the day with us, and she appeared to feel that her visit was to "Grandfather," by keeping closely by me. Putting her arms around my neck, she said, "This is my dear grandfather. Thee loves me, don't thee? I love thee." Such was the quieting and soothing effect of the dear child's presence and caresses that, at least for one day, my perplexities were not as much thought of.

"Little children, love one another." We know that this love does not always require words to express it; but I fear that some of us shrink too much from its proper manifestation, and thus miss much pure enjoyment of ourselves, and also withhold it from others.

W. G.

First month 22, 1876.

### "THE PATHETIC ELEMENT."

"Whatever may be the faults of the present generation, it cannot be charged with being a silly and sentimental one."

"It is at least a question whether in this eagerness to free ourselves from everything silly and puerile, we are not also losing a certain tenderness and grace, which sweetens life, and helps us materially over its hard places. There is a mission which only the pathetic element of life can perform, and which will remain unfulfilled, if we contemptuously brush it aside. It is that of a softener and a harmonizer. The small troubles, vexations and annoyances of life, when taken together, probably cause more real pain than its serious calamities. They are so much more numerous, constant and irritating, that the very pettiness of their nature produces a double sting, for we are fretted first by the discomforts themselves, and then by discovering that we are not superior to such trifles. They lack the dignity of a great sorrow, and receive but little sympathy. They affect the temper, jar upon the nerves, sour the disposition and poison the happiness of life. Nothing smoothes down these asperities, or sinks them to their proper level so well as a touch of true pathos. Who has not felt his irritation vanish under the gentle tone of affection, the pressure of a friendly hand, or the loving embrace of an innocent child? Who has not experienced the calming effect of tender music, of a beautiful poem, of a speaking picture, or a tranquil scene in nature? Who has not felt his little trials or mortifications melt away in the presence of a real sorrow, or upon hearing a tale of distress? Directly a true emotion takes possession of us, we are ashamed of our petulance at trifles, and we hasten to bury them in the oblivion they deserve. Even a memory of the past, a sense of longing, a feeling of sympathy or compassion, or a glow of gratitude will frequently have the same salutary effect, and it is because all these experiences have something of the pathetic in them that they are thus powerful upon us.

"Tears, too—those emblems of pathos, which it is the present fashion to despise and suppress—have their own uses, which nothing else can supply. They are the best medicine for heart-aches, the surest relief for sorrows, which would otherwise consume and wear out the life. Even those gentle tears, neither hot nor bitter, which flow from sympathy or tender pity, and those which are drawn forth by the poem or romance that awakens dormant sensibilities, are neither idle nor wasted. They soften what is hard, refine what is coarse, and raise the thoughts from cold calculation to a purer and warmer atmosphere. Such are the tears of which Tennyson speaks, that

"Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

"And such the emotion that Longfellow describes—

"A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only,  
As the mist resembles rain."

"We can never afford to lose the pathetic from our lives. We cannot spare its tender grace, its delicate beauty, its refining and softening influence. False and foolish sentimentality should never be confounded with true pathos. The one is degrading, the other ennobling; the one is a sham, a mockery, a base imitation; the other genuine, pure and true. The one is puerile and contemptible from its very paucity of emotion, aping that which it can by no means fathom; the other is the natural and pure utterance of the heart, which can never be crushed down or resisted without sacrificing some of the finest elements of humanity and some of the sweetest pleasures of life."



For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

The writer has too long delayed furnishing for publication items of interest he has received from time to time from our faithful teachers in South Carolina, and he feels that a stronger apology is due to them for this apparent neglect than even to their friends, who are always so glad to hear from them. Pressing business and other engagements must, however, be his apology.

It is well known to many of our friends that our valued and indefatigable teacher, Cornelia Hancock, voluntarily resigned her position as Principal of our Mount Pleasant, S. C., schools, and that thus her mantle necessarily rested upon the shoulders of others who had been associated with her in the good work. Fortunate has it been for us, and still more for the objects of their care, that these have been so worthy and efficient.

Passing by two letters previously received, it is proposed to introduce some extracts from one addressed to the writer, bearing date the first day of the present year, written by Abby D. Munro, in which she says:

"We come to you with pleasant greetings for the New Year, which has opened so pleasantly and auspiciously with us. In regard to the school, there is nothing new to report. The attendance has been very satisfactory, more so than usual at this exciting time of holidays. Money is too scarce for any great demonstration on the part of the colored people. I have never seen them so poor, generally, as this winter. I cannot see how they can keep starvation away until the next crop comes in, their last was such a failure.

"The end of this crisis, all over the country, it is not easy to foresee. To-day they celebrate as 'Emancipation Day,' making such demonstrations in the city as mark our 'Fourth of July' at home; but out here it is very quiet. The weather is as mild as a spring day. Cornelia is stopping with us for a few days, and seems to enjoy her new life. Anna Stanton is also here, and, although she has not fully recovered her health, is much better," &c., &c.

Accompanying this letter is the customary monthly report, from which we learn there are 59 pupils on the roll, with an average attendance of 51 (mark this average!), only three of whom are over sixteen years of age. The whole are in arithmetic; 26 are in geography, while 46 write in books. Twenty-one have not been absent a single session in the month.

So much for the school and its present teachers. A welcome epistle has this day been received from Cornelia Hancock, bear-

ing date "Plantation, S. C., Jan. 18, 1876," in which she remarks, in reference to her present position, "I feel as much in my place as I did ten years ago, when I started the 'Laing School.'"

Although new duties claim her attention she seems as devoted to the cause of education as ever, and thus details some of her labors in that direction:

"Since the country schools have been opened it has been on my mind to try to improve their condition, and this is the first leisure in which I could give them any attention. On day last week I took a ride up the Georgetown road (the highway leading through the county). The school-houses are along the road, from four to six miles apart. They are built of logs, in the most primeval style; and certainly, if architecture is a test of civilization, theirs must be very low; and it is.

"The first school, after leaving the village is taught by one of our scholars; she has knowledge enough, but is not possessed of that perseverance necessary for a successful teacher. The next school-house is at present not in use, the lady-teacher preferring to assemble a very few only in an apartment in her own plantation house, thus in a measure preventing one of the objects of a school, the collecting together as large a number as possible.

"She is a white woman, fully sixty years of age, and draws her pay the same as if the school-house was occupied.

"Twelve miles on the road, I visited a school consisting of thirty pupils, in tolerable order, but spelling 'crow' and 'grow' many new ways.

"I felt this school was better than nothing to the teacher a black man, not well educated but looked as if he was willing for the children to learn, which is not the case in many of the schools in South Carolina. The management seems to be diametrically opposed to the advancement of the children.

"Eighteen miles from Mount Pleasant I found a vacant church, meant to be used as a school building. This was my destination and my business to secure this school and obtain a stopping-place for a qualified, young teacher. The country around seemed new even to my accustomed eye. We rode up to a house, and the man seemed very wide awake, in the prospect of a school, and in a few minutes he would accompany us. Another of the leaders (Friday Reed's) got upon his horse, took his gun and the hounds, just as in a civilized country you would get into a carriage at the front door. All of this occupied but 'a few minutes.'

"He was an interesting man to talk to. No school had ever graced their midst,



cept for three months, when an intemperate Southerner went to the building and drew his pay. They all seemed well acquainted with our school by hearsay, and appeared glad to see me face to face. I succeeded in finding a place for the teacher, but I must say my heart failed me a little when I saw the building in which she was expected to teach, built of logs, that had shrunk so you could see through every interstice, and no windows. There was a pulpit, however, and a communion-rail, which was some consolation.

"The young teacher (Carrie Lining, a graduate of the Charleston schools) accepted the situation, and I returned that night to my plantation, a ride of forty miles.

"My life on the plantation is too simple and uneventful to be of general interest. I am trying to arrange my business here so as to make my living.

"There are six children near here, across the river, I have engaged to teach. The currents here are strong, and gales are frequent, but as the season advances, the river will be calmer, and education can proceed.

"I cannot meet and pass unheeded the improvement of children; it has so long been my business that it seems almost like second nature. I believe, however, I did right to leave the labor of regular school duties. The fifth day of next month, 1876, makes ten years the 'Laing School' has been in operation, and during that time I have been assiduous in attention to its welfare. I believe the school to be excellent with its present teachers, and its size does not warrant more.

"Compulsory education is a great want here. You can ride miles and miles through this country, and find hundreds of children idle. Ask them why they are not in school! They say, 'they have no shoes,' 'they are going in Gen-u-a-rie' (January), or 'when the crop done sow.' Now, if compulsory education was enforced, these trifling excuses would be forestalled, and the children would be attending, not going to attend, school.

"Schools are cheaper than penitentiaries, and if one institution is not attended, the other is, as a consequence.

"Attending school is the labor of the young; and the nation, neighborhood, parents and teachers should be a band to see that labor accomplished.

"I suppose, in the many stirring events now transpiring in Philadelphia, a letter from South Carolina will seem very tame; but I believe in sticking at one undertaking, even if it is no greater one than the elevation of a neighborhood of freed people.

"Thy friend,

"C. HANCOCK."

After perusing the above, it will probably

be safe to assume, and to assure our friend, on behalf of the readers of the *Intelligencer*, that her letter is not a "tame" one, but one full of interest to her many friends at home, who will ever be glad to hear from her when her arduous duties will permit her devoting the requisite time for an epistle.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 1st mo. 27, 1876.

#### AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The following remarkable experience of a clergyman in the church of England is narrated in the Memoirs of Frederick Smith (a minister in the society of Friends). This clergyman had been requested by the Bishop of London to preach "in St. Paul's church on next Sunday." His sermon was prepared, and while the psalms were being sung he entered the pulpit and laid the sermon on the cushion. "During this time he felt great agitation of mind, though he knew not the reason. Previous to his preaching, he knelt down, as is usual, and fervently prayed for divine assistance, and that what he should have to deliver might be effectual to the hearts of his hearers. He believed he prayed from his heart; but, oh, the exercise he was under when he opened his sermon! He felt an injunction as clear as if he had been verbally told it, that he must not preach that sermon. What was he to do? There was not a moment to lose, the congregation were all in expectation, and looking at him. A part of the Epistle for the day, as in an instant, came to his mind, from which he took his text; and he proceeded in the faith that the Lord would help him, and he was not deceived. Matter seemed to flow in so extraordinary a manner that he was humbled as in the dust. Feeling deeply the subject he was upon, the tears flowed down his cheeks, as well as down the cheeks of his audience. There was no want of words, no halting, the only difficulty now was to know when to come to a period, so much fresh matter seemed to press upon him. He, however, stopped in good time, under the covering of divine favor. When he came out of the pulpit he was surrounded by the congregation, who expressed their grateful thanks for the blessing they had received through his sermon. 'And thankful was I, (said he to Frederick Smith,) when I got home, nor did I omit to return thanks where it was due for the condescending favor I had received; but,' he added, 'it was you that brought me into the difficulty, although I have reason to bless God for the termination of it.'"

In a conversation with Frederick Smith in the preceding week, this clergyman had remarked to him in a rather peevish way, that



he knew F. S. apprehended "it was not the best way to write a sermon beforehand; but he had considered the subject, and he thought if he had sat down on the Saturday and depended on divine assistance for its composition, it must be equally acceptable as though he had waited till the Sunday to receive instruction in the pulpit in order to deliver an extempore discourse. I replied," wrote Frederick Smith, in his autobiographical memoir, "that in the days of our ignorance and weakness, these things might be winked at, but when the dispensation came, in which we had an unshaken belief, that we must live by faith, it was then, I apprehended, very different; but I did not wish to dictate to him, my solicitude for him was that he might be directed right."—*British Friend*.

"SPIRITUAL LISTLESSNESS is not a bad condition, if a watchful, quiet, prayerful state is maintained,—but is doubtless a needed rest vouchsafed in love.

I know what the sense of unworthiness is, and I am often left to query where my standing ground is, in the apparent absence of that clear manifestation of Inward Light which I have at times had. But at all times my faith is strong and without shadows of wavering, that God is, and his attributes are Mercy, Love and Tenderness.

GROWTH in grace manifests itself by a simplicity, that is, a greater naturalness of character. There will be more usefulness and less noise; more tenderness of conscience and less scrupulosity; there will be more peace, more humility; when the full corn is in the ear, it bends down because it is full.—*Cecil*.

From the Leeds (Eng.) Times.

#### A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

As Alderman Tatham's name was mentioned as a likely candidate for the civic chair of Leeds, and as it appears to have been subsequently thought that he might not be inclined to dispense the hospitalities attaching to that office in the way in which our mayors have generally felt it their duty to do, it may be interesting to our readers to know on what principle the worthy alderman acted in the matter. Here is a letter which Mr. Tatham has addressed to his friends on the subject:—"Many questions having been put to me, and some misunderstanding existing, as well as censure on my action in declining the office of Mayor of Leeds, I venture to offer the following to such of my friends who may desire to be correctly informed. I am one holding strong convictions, both as a Quaker and as a teetotaler, and

whilst it is of no practical importance to the borough whether I officiate as Mayor or not, it is of every importance to myself that I should act up to my convictions. The municipal duties are not those from which I shrink; but I feel myself precluded from extending civic hospitality to distinguished visitors or strangers in a way which the public would consider appropriate.

"If I have a mission, it is to show the princes, dukes, and judges, magistrates, aldermen, councillors and others, that intoxicating drinks are not necessary for their due and proper reception, and this I feel, that both the Council and the public at large are not yet ready to accept. Again, I could not identify myself with the military. We saw over the entrance of our noble Victoria Hall 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain,' and this I fully believe. The peace of the borough is to be preserved by lawful means, and to me the sword and bayonet are not lawful. I could rely on the civil power alone. I draw a clear, though it may be a fine line of distinction between a policeman and a soldier; the policeman's duty is to preserve order, and although in doing this, life may be sacrificed, this is not his object—but the military aim at securing order by the destruction of life or limb. Just laws equitably administered, are to my mind the best securities for peace; and with these the civil power will, I believe, always be found sufficient. I may be told that this and other duties could be done by deputy. I would not do by another what I would not do myself, and were I Mayor, I should allow no one to exercise my functions. No one in officiating as Mayor is called upon, in my judgment, to encroach seriously upon his private resources by an undue extension of his ordinary expenditure. After a free and unreserved expression of these views in Council, I feel satisfied that many, with the best personal feeling towards myself, would still feel insurmountable difficulty in supporting my appointment. I have no idea that the Council is prepared to relinquish what has so long been regarded as a necessity, and to accept a year of utilitarian asceticism, or that they far accept the principles of peace and temperance as to wish to see them embodied in the person of their chief magistrate; and until that time arrives, if ever it does, I have no wish to be a martyr to my convictions by attempting to represent such an embodiment.

#### SHOW THAT YOU HAVE HEARTS.

In this dull world we cheat ourselves and one another of innocent pleasures by a score, through very carelessness and apathy.



courted day after day by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating besom, the stern material present; invited to help in rendering joyful many a patient heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud creation of its share of kindness from us. The child made merrier by your interest in its play; the old domestic flattered by your seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny (though give the penny too); the laborer cheered on his toil by a timely word of praise, the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love; and superiors gratified by attention and respect, and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one hand to gather; how many blessings for any heart to give! Instead of these, what have we rife about the world? frigid compliment—for warmth is vulgar; reserve of tongue—for it's folly to be talkative; composure never at fault—for feelings are dangerous things; gravity—for that looks wise; coolness—for other men are cold; selfishness—for every one is struggling for his own. This is all else, all bad; the slavery chain of custom, vetted by the foolishness of fashion.—*Pen and Plough.*

WHAT sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure; but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile accompanied by a kind word has been known to reclaim a poor outcast, and change the whole career of human life. Of all life's blessings, none are cheaper or more easily dispensed than smiles. Let us not, then, be too chary of them, but scatter them freely as we go; for life is too short to be frowned away.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE BALTIMORE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

"Mr. Merrifield asked whether the theory was correct, that the beach tree is never struck by lightning. He had heard the theory advanced, but could not vouch for its truthfulness. Dr. Dalrymple replied that it was confirmed to a certain extent by the fact that the Indians take refuge under a beach tree during a storm, thereby securing immunity from lightning in their belief.

"Dr. Dalrymple gave an exceedingly interesting account of his late visit to the Pamunkey Indians, near the White House, Virginia, and of their manner of making pottery ware. The only member of the tribe now living in that vicinity who has any knowledge of this art is an old woman, and at her death the process will be numbered among the lost arts. The clay (found on the banks of the river) is of a pinkish color and of a peculiar nature. This first dried, finely pulverized and carefully sifted free it from lumps or foreign matter. This is mixed with partially calcined mussel shells (also

carefully sifted) in the proportion of two parts of the former to one part of the latter. After being thoroughly mixed in the powder, water in sufficient quantity is added to it, and the mass is thoroughly kneaded with the hands and formed into the articles desired. After being dried they are burned by a peculiar process. They made all the drinking and cooking utensils used by them, and some of such excellence—notably the large preserving kettles or boiling pots—which were readily sold to the white inhabitants of the surrounding country. The vessels were made during the winter, and the Indians with their little carts loaded with them, made excursions within a radius of twenty miles from home, selling their wares.

"The good-housewives of that country believed that the Indian kettles possessed virtues in the preserving of fruit unknown to vessels of any other material or manufacture.

"An interesting discussion grew out of the question, 'Why was the mussel shell lime mixed with the clay?'

"Dr. Simon thought that the silicious acid in the clay united with the lime, forming a silicate of lime.

"Dr. Dalrymple promised specimens of the utensils at a subsequent meeting, and also further information respecting these interesting people, once the most numerous and powerful tribe under the dominion of Pocahontas."

#### THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not



"Too bright nor good  
For human nature's daily food;"

it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust.—*Ruskin.*

A letter bearing the direction of "My Son," arrived one day at the post-office of a seaport town. The difficulty of postal officials was great as to whom they should deliver the letter, until the perplexity was by a sailor arriving and asking—"Is there a letter from my mother?"

CHEERFULNESS is rest, be hands and feet never so busy. And by fostering a cheerful spirit and bringing home an atmosphere of sunshine, the *pater familias* may give his wife the very repose she needs. A loving lightness is as good as a burden removed. A responsibility fairly and pleasantly shared ceases to be wearisome.

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 5, 1876

WE occasionally have articles sent us for publication written by very young persons, and commended to our favorable notice on account of the youth of the writers. Some of these denote thoughtfulness and some facility for expression which may ripen in maturer years, and fit them for usefulness in that direction. But it would be well for parents and partial friends, instead of desiring to see these immature productions in print, thus leading the young to overestimate them, if they would kindly point out the defects and encourage the young to rewrite, not for publication, but to perfect themselves in clearness of thought and expression, until both matter and manner give them a claim to be read.

DR. THOMAS proposes, in case he meets with sufficient encouragement, to give a course of Historical Lectures in the Hall of the Spring Garden Institute, beginning, probably, on Fifth-day, the 10th of Second month, the course to consist of ten of the most interesting, selected from all his different courses of lectures. The price of a ticket for the course not to exceed \$3.00, with family tickets at a reduced rate.

SUMMER RESORTS.—Civilized society seems drifting back to the nomadic habits of its remote ancestry. Attachment to the "roof-tree" that sheltered their fathers can scarcely be classed among the affections of modern times. Few are satisfied to spend their whole lives in sight of the location where they were born: it now takes two hemispheres to furnish a home, the question of means being, in a large degree, the only draw-back.

In the simple days of our forefathers, summer resorts for the masses were not thought of, only the very wealthy or invalids sought the sea-side, the mineral spring or the bracing mountain air, and poorer folks had to content themselves during the sweltering heats of summer with an occasional day of recreation in some near suburban retreat.

Now all this is changed, and the family is considered poor indeed, that cannot afford to spend a few weeks at one or another of the numerous places of summer resort. So common has this practice become, in our large cities especially, that the change of residence for a time is no longer considered a luxury, but has grown into a necessity, and Christian philanthropy recognizing this, has awakened to a responsibility that is as new as it is eminently humane.

Comfortable boarding houses at the sea-side have been established, where the weary sewing women and their invalid babes may enjoy the benefits of the salt air, and entire freedom from the burden of ill-requited toil for a few weeks, at a nominal charge, or no charge at all, as the case may be.

The different religious bodies are taking up this matter in the interests of their members with most satisfactory results. Ocean Grove on the New Jersey coast, has been in operation long enough to demonstrate the decided advantages of this co-operative denominational enterprise.

Some months ago, a correspondent who resides within the limits of the southern quarter addressed a communication to us on this subject, and desired us to bring it to the notice of our readers, believing that Friends might be helpful to one another in the same way. Others have expressed a like feeling. We cannot do better than to quote from the letter.

ferred to. Our friend writes: "Why is it Friends cannot start a boarding-house at Betty's Cove, or some other near point where our distant Friends can come and share with us the delights of this highly favored locality?"

"It would not cost much to purchase ground sufficient to build a house, and the Institution would soon more than pay for itself. Are the followers of Fox and Penn less wise than they of other denominations, who are seeing the beauty and harmony of dwelling while apart, to consider the lovely works of the Creator, and to mingle together in religious and social intercourse?"

"A place could no doubt be had near the site of the Betty's Cove Meeting House. Who knows but a 'revival' may take place, even among us? I would have every comfort for the weak and infirm, and every rational enjoyment for the young, and every regard about the little ones, who could enjoy the loveliness of the surroundings for a season, at small cost, if we could only work in harmony."

Without committing ourselves to the proposed or any other special locality, we think the matter worth considering, and believe, if joint interest could be started, that a tract of land contiguous to salt water, either on one of our large bays or the ocean, might be purchased at a price which would bring the possession of a cottage at the sea-side within the reach of our members of quite moderate income, and that boarding-houses on a plain and economical basis, free from the enticements of fashionable hotels, yet containing every requisite for healthful rational amusement, might be conducted at reasonable cost to the guests, and with fair remuneration to the proprietors.

Those of us who have been at the "Watkin's Mountain House," kept by Friends, must admit the quiet, comfort and healthful recreation and recuperation that is found there. The home-like attractions of houses as a summer resort, conducted as this is, on friendly principles, must commend this subject to the consideration of those who wish to realize all the benefits to be derived from their summer recreations.

#### ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA—NINTH ANNUAL REPORT. —From this interesting report we subjoin the following extract:

At the close of 1874, a small part of the iron frame of the roof of the new building for the Academy had been set. It made slow progress during the winter, and was not in condition to be covered entirely by slates till last September. The delay in completion of the roof postponed the execution of the interior work. The structure is now so nearly finished that the library and all the collections of the museum have been transferred to it to be appropriately arranged as soon as the cases are ready to receive them.

It is hoped that the arrangement of the museum and library in the new building will be completed by the first of next April. It is proposed, however, that the contributors to the building-fund shall be notified when the work is finished, that they may inspect the premises before the museum is open to the public, and see the result of their bounty to the Academy.

A general description of that portion of the edifice which has been constructed may enable the contributors to understand the extent of the work done under the direction of the trustees.

The north wing of the new edifice covers an area in its foundations of 186 feet on Race, by 83 feet on Nineteenth Street. The ridge of the skylight is 80 feet above the footway, and the eave 50 feet above the water-table. The walls are constructed of brick, and faced on the exterior surface with green serpentine rock, except a space on the south side where the junction with the main building will be formed at a future time. The appearance of the exterior of the building is very generally approved. Its architectural style is known as the collegiate gothic.

When the edifice is completed, it will include a lecture room and laboratory, and contain a special collection illustrative of the natural resources of Pennsylvania, besides the general collections necessary in the study of chemistry and physics, mineralogy, geology, botany; of the lower invertebrates, insects, mollusks, vertebrates, and anthropology and ethnology. Lectureships in all these departments will be established and filled by expert and accomplished teachers. Then the Academy will stand among the foremost schools of natural sciences in the world, not only in the sense of colleges and universities, whose functions are limited to teaching the elements and general principles of what is already known in science, but also a school of original research in which truths of nature, not before ascertained, will be discovered and made known, for the common good of mankind.

To enter fully on this career, the edifice must be completed, the work-shop must be made capacious



enough to contain in abundance all the implements required by investigators in their pursuits. Employment for those who labor to ascertain what is not known of the works and laws of the Creator, and to render them intelligible to all, will never be wanting. The establishment we are seeking to complete for their use is to be permanent, to last for centuries. It must cost a large sum, no part of it ever to be repaid to those who may join in contributing it; yet, regarded in connection with its purpose, the sum is insignificant, compared with the millions spent on the vast and elegant structures in Fairmount Park, essential to display chiefly man's handiwork in all its multitudinous shapes and varieties for only a half year.

Whether progress shall now cease, or slowly limp along through another decade or more, in accomplishing this enterprise, seems to be contingent upon obtaining adequate aid from the State. Ten years have been diligently spent in obtaining means enough to purchase a site and construct one wing of the projected building. Who is willing to promise now that another five hundred persons can be found in this great community who will promptly contribute as much more to this object?

The effort to form a building-fund was commenced in December, 1865. Since that time the aggregate of personal subscriptions is \$229,016, besides the contributions made by the Academy and its conchological section, say \$38,000. In view of what the Academy has done and will do, is it unreasonable to ask the government of the State to enable the trustees to complete without delay the work confided to their execution by contributing as much as individuals have contributed towards establishing the institution in a new edifice adapted to its purposes?

Establishing an institution such as the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, without government aid, implies intelligence, generosity and public spirit in the community. Had the existence of the Academy been known to every resident of the city, and had the great value of its library and collections and their importance in connection with mental culture and education been generally recognized, it is presumable that application to the State at this time need not be suggested, because contributions in the past ten years would have been enough to meet all its wants. The society is grateful to those who have generously done so much to advance its interests. It is not willing to ask them to contribute more; but the incompleteness of the work it has undertaken constrains it to appeal to the intelligent public spirit of those who have not contributed, and solicit them, as well as all those who have contributed, to interest the members of the legislature in behalf of the institution. The whole is submitted.

W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER,  
*Chairman of the Board of Trustees.*

#### MARRIED.

On Fourth-day, First mo. 12th, 1876, with the approbation of Horsham Monthly Meeting, Joseph Knight, of Byberry, Phila., to Mary T., daughter of Isaac Warner, Jr., of Hatboro, Pa.

#### DIED.

CADWALLADER.—On the 7th of Fourth month 1875, at the residence of his father, William Cadwallader, near Yardleyville, D. Willis Cadwallader, M. D., of Philadelphia, aged 38 years.

CADWALLADER.—On Fourth month 10th, 1875, at his residence, near Yardleyville, Pa., William Cadwallader, in the 83d year of his age; a member of and for many years an elder of Makefield Monthly Meeting.

CADWALLADER.—On the 20th of Fifth month 1875, of typhoid fever, Letitia S., daughter of the late Wm. Cadwallader, aged 49 years; she was a esteemed and consistent member of Makefield Monthly Meeting.

RADCLIFFE.—On the 11th of First month, 1875, in the 72d year of her age, Ann M. Radcliffe, an elder and member of Fairfax Monthly Meeting, Loudon county, Virginia. Her exemplary life through many trying scenes (being left a widow with a number of children and with but limited means of support when comparatively young) won her the esteem and respect of all her friends. She was blessed with a full assurance of acceptance with her Maker.

ROBERTS.—Near Willow Grove, Pa., on the 17th of Tenth month, 1875, Hannah T., wife of Robert Roberts, aged 81 years; a member of Horsham Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 85.

(Continued from page 782.)

#### LYONS, VICHY, AND ONWARD TO ORLEANS.

On the 3d of Ninth month we take our departure from Switzerland, and turn westward into the land of France. A seven miles' ride from Geneva, and we cross the invisible border, and soon reach the station of Collonge in a narrow defile of the hills, where French custom-house officers inspect our baggage very carefully, but courteously, mark it with cabalistic sign, and permit us to pass on. This was one of the frontier posts of Gaul in the days of Roman rule, and the pass was fortified by Julius Caesar. Evidences of the vast improvement in the country during the time of Roman occupation are very abundant in this part of France, and it is easy to believe that Gaul, during these days, was a opulent and well-governed State, and the people industrious, contented and peaceable. To the Roman conquerors is attributed the introduction of the vine which, before the time, had grown only on the southern coast. Italian merchants sailed up the Gallic river



with their wines, which the people were glad to purchase with such wares as they had to dispose of, sometimes giving a young slave in exchange for a vessel containing about 18 gallons of wine. Now, it would almost seem that these vine-clad hills might supply the world with wines.

Our way runs almost directly south along the valley of the Rhône about 60 miles to Culoz here the road from Lyons to Geneva branches, one line leading southward to Chambery, the capital of Savoy, and by way of Mt. Cenis into Italy; but our route is westward over the Jura, passing through a long tunnel (587 yards), traversing the wild, imposing valley of the Alberine to Ambérieu at the western base of the ridge, whence we have a warm, rather monotonous ride to Lyons, which sits at the junction of the Rhône and the Saône. It is a large and beautiful city, with abundant open spaces, noble, substantial edifices, and with an air of refinement and opulence pleasant to see.

Lyons is the ancient Lugdunum of the Romans, and the second city of France in population and importance, numbering between 300,000 and 400,000 inhabitants. We are now in the great center of the silk manufacture, which was introduced from Italy to France about the close of the sixteenth century, principally during the beneficent reign of Henry IV, and is now one of the most important industries of France.

We find a quiet and delightful resting-place at the Hotel de l'Europe, where we have rooms overlooking the Saône, and just in front of the imposing height of Fourvières, which is a church surmounted by a mighty gilded statue of the Madonna, who, from her upward elevation, looks benignly down on the busy city consecrated to her. It is a half hour's walk up a very steep road to reach this spot, or one can take a carriage and ride up a zig-zag road of easy incline, which seems to be the most desirable method of making the pilgrimage. A pavilion has been erected on the best point of observation, and into this we are conducted and are furnished with opera-glasses with which to look down on Lyons.

The day is a little smoky or we could see Mont Blanc, 85 miles away, so says the cushman, and I fully believe it, but am more content on the noble city which lies just below with its two artery-like rivers, its envying fortresses, its cathedral towers, its beautiful shadowy avenues of trees. Over the Rhône are seven and over the Saône ten bridges, some of which are quite ancient, others of recent erection. On the slope of the hill the hospital of Les Antiquailles is situated out. This edifice occupies the site of

the Roman palace where the Emperors Claudius and Caligula were born. The fine cathedral of St. Jean Baptiste is very near, on the right bank of the Saône, and a musical peal of bells from its clock-tower reminds one of the passing hour. It is grey with age, and has been strangely tattered by the storms of the ages and by the religious phrenzy of the troublous times, but looks substantial enough to last another 600 years. On the other side of the Saône, a half mile lower down, is the church of the Abbey d'Ainay, dating from the tenth century, which is supposed to be erected on the spot where Caligula founded a school of rhetoric in the Roman days.

Very near at hand is the church of Notre Dame de Fourvières, in which is a statue of the Virgin to which highly miraculous qualities are attributed. This is quite a modern edifice, and is only notable to the observer who is skeptical on the subject of modern miracles, for its superb position, and for the great gilded statue of the Madonna which surmounts it. We are assured that millions of pilgrims, seeking spiritual or physical good, flock to this shrine, and that these poor little pictures, tinsel hearts, and other childish devices are the grateful offerings of those who have believed themselves healed of their maladies by the amiable help of the Madonna. Many worshippers were in the church, some sitting with bowed heads, some kneeling before the shrines, all absorbed in their silent devotions and quite undisturbed by the wanderers who pass among them, guide-book in hand. A great number of well-used crutches are preserved in one corner, that all may see how the lame have walked after bringing their infirmities to the feet of the all-pitying mother. A recent picture in a very central and conspicuous position in the church represents the city of Lyons kneeling in fear and anguish at the feet of the Virgin, who covers her with a corner of her blue mantle, and seems to be benignantly promising help. Underneath are these words in French: "It is our mother, well beloved, who preserved Lyons from Prussian invasion in 1870."

Many striking and interesting Roman remains have from time to time been found in this vicinity; some fragments are preserved on these heights, but the more important relics are collected in the Museum. Under the arcades of a spacious court which reminds one of Italy, are altars, inscriptions, sculptures and a tourobolium (sacrifice of oxen). The wonderful people who gave laws to almost the whole world at the time of the Christian era have left many memorials of their rule and of their works to illustrate the pages of their history.



A visit to one of the silk manufactories was of interest, but I was disappointed to see the work carried on in so small a way, and so much by hand labor. I had expected to see something corresponding in extent to our own great cotton and woollen mills, but we walk up a quiet stairway to the third floor of a very moderate house, and are admitted to a series of rooms, in which several Jacquard looms are in operation, and fabrics of great richness are slowly being evolved. Neat, careful-looking workmen are leisurely at work, throwing the shuttle in and out with skillful hand amid the glistening threads, and flowery brocades of many delicately blended tints are produced. In one loom, a portrait of Thiers, the French statesman, was being woven in a ground-work of white silk, and we were invited into an inner room to see a variety of such work which was offered for sale as mementoes. Here was the likeness of MacMahon, of Thiers, of Napoleon III, of Eugenie, of Washington, of Lincoln, and of many other notables, having all the perfection of finish of a good engraving; and there were pretty devices on a ribband, about an inch wide, which would be appropriate book markers.

The specimens in the Palais du Commerce illustrative of the progress of silk manufacture, which were arranged in chronological order, are also particularly instructive, and the fabrics shown are most wonderful for delicacy and for richness of work. The grotesque devices of the Japanese and Chinese are shown beside the beautiful work of the artisans of France and of Italy. An afternoon ride in the tiny little steamer up and down the Saone, in its tortuous and sluggish course through the city was not an unmixed delight, for we were too low down in the world to meet the refreshing breeze which swept along from the north, and the heat of the sunbeams from above and of the furnace fires from below, made the situation almost too warm for happiness. The boat was crowded, and I had an opportunity to notice the courtesy and kindly manners of the people. A lady makes room for me to sit beside her, even, I think, to her own discomfort; and, seeing I am a stranger, takes great pains to show me everything of interest upon the shores. Finding I do not fully comprehend, she rises and points out with much significant gesticulation, the important points in the moving panorama of Lyons. Yonder is the Palais de Justice, with its long Corinthian colonade, and just next to it is the church of St. Jean Baptiste, which has a wonderful clock like that of Strassburg. Beyond, there is the Place des Terreaux, where in the days of Richelieu those who offended

the powerful minister met a traitor's doom; and where the guillotine did its bloody work in 1794, till the wholesale system of shooting and drowning swept away more speedily the helpless victims of the fury of the hour. There in the Hôtel de Ville sat the revolutionary Tribunal, under the presidency of the infamous Collet d'Herbois, who seized this opportunity to wreak revenge on his personal enemies. It is estimated that 2,100 victims perished here. Now we reach the last bridge, and the little boat lands us at the Pont Napoleon,—a fine suspension bridge adorned with four obelisks,—and we may stroll along the broad Cours Napoleon, a noble avenue planted with trees, which reaches across to the Rhône, where another bridge of precisely the same style spans that river.

The clear and rapid Rhône, which seems borne onward by the spirit of the hills, is in strong contrast with the turbid Saone, which so soon mingles its waters with the more powerful mountain river upon which the little omnibus boats cannot ply. The city defended against possible floods by most substantial quays, which seem quite out of proportion with the size of the river, and which form long and beautiful promenades, in many parts shaded and furnished with pleasant seats. A pleasant city is Lyons, with just enough of the flavor of antiquity to make it interesting to the traveler, and we left with regret on Ninth month 6th, for Vichy, the Saratoga of France, situated near the geographical center of the country in a pretty basin of the hills, on the right bank of the Allier. Here is a pretty town of hotels, parks, of fancy shops, of hot springs and baths, and of all the musical and other attractions which beguile the idle and the aging multitudes during the summer months. But the holidays of France are over for the year, and the hotels and promenades of Vichy are almost forsaken, so we do not care to tarry long amid the banquet halls deserted. Such resorts, at their best, are far less attractive to me than the busy, earnest cities where men are striving to work out the intricate problems of civilization, and not for a moment to be compared to the glorious Swiss high places where the wanderer may take counsel of the solemn mountains. But we walk through the parks and under shadowy avenues, take note of the curious and the amusing who gather round the warm bubbling fountains of healing, and taste the waters with the imminent risk of health (for how can medicine be good for those who are perfect well without it); watch the monotone wheel of the lottery as it whirls around indicating worthless prizes to the holders of the fortunate numbers; pass under low-roofed



ottos and observe from a distance the ruined convent of the Celestins, suppressed 1774 during the reign of Louis XV. It related that among the privileges of this monastery was that of inviolability, and that in the year 1774, a lieutenant of the guards having killed his captain, took sanctuary among these venerable cloisters. But the authorities were not thus to be baffled. The convent was suppressed, the fathers of the order pensioned, and the criminal was seized to meet the penalty due to his crime.

Yonder is an antique round tower rising above massive old buildings, a portion of an ancient chateau built by Louis II, which now bears aloft a clock to warn the idlers of Vichy the solemn march of time.

Yonder old mansion with gardens is pointed out as the Villa of Madame de Sévigné,\* who tested the virtues of these medicinal waters as long ago as 1676, and found relief from rheumatism and a dropsical affection.

In her letters to her daughter she praises this spot in true French fashion, calling it the most beautiful place in the world, and describes her experience of the springs in lively terms. She says: "At 6 o'clock one goes to the spring,—one meets all the world, one drinks the waters and makes an ugly face; but can you imagine that they are boiling and have a very disagreeable taste of sulphur? One turns—one goes—one comes—one walks—one hears Mass—one describes how he uses the waters—this is the whole topic till mid-day. At length one dines and then goes to a reception,—to-day it was at my house. Mme. de Brissac played cards with M. de Hérem and Planci; the *chanoine* and I read Ariosto; she has her head full of Italian, and she found me good also. Then came the maidens of the country with a flute who ended the *bourrice* to perfection. Here the Bohemians display their charms—their sports the priests would find a little blameable. At 6 o'clock one takes a promenade in the delightful country—at 7 sups lightly,—and goes to bed at 10. Now you know all that I know." Such was the life at this now silent old chateau two hundred summers ago, and it is hardly wonderful that it was found beneficial to health.

The whole place is thronged with soldiers,—the French reserves—who are called out for a month's drilling every autumn, in preparation for the next life-and-death conflict with Germany, which ever impends over this land so favored by nature. The weather is oppressively warm, and they are clad in coarse, warm-looking overcoats and are loaded with about eighty pounds of baggage, with which they march wearily, limping along the highways. All day long they drill beneath the trees—thinking perhaps of the dread hour when they will be summoned to the fearful strife. There is no rest for the nations yet, it seems, though the powers of good are visibly at work in the earth, paving the way for the coming of the glorious Golden Year.

"Old writers pushed the happy season back,—  
The more fools they,—we forward:

But well we know  
That unto him that works and feels he works,  
The same grand year is ever at the doors."

On the morning of the eighth, we are awakened by a clamor of music intended to rouse the sleeping soldiers, who are many of them quartered on the inhabitants of the town. A heavy shower is falling, cooling the atmosphere and giving promise of a pleasant day for travel, and so we take a morning leave of Vichy and speed away to the northward along the valley of the Allier to that of the Loire, toward the ancient city of Orleans, famed in story. The scenery is rather monotonous, though often pleasing, and the hours glide dreamily by as we pass the town of Moulins on the Allier of Nevers, on the Loire, and thence northward to Gien, where a branch road to Orleans turns to the left. Here we have three hours to wait, which gives time for a glance at a characteristic old town of France. A little omnibus is in waiting which takes us into the city, and we are free to wander for an hour or two along the clean streets between houses hundreds of years old, some of them dating from the 15th century, and up a steep pathway to the Chateau, a substantial edifice of brick on a most beautiful site. It was constructed in 1494, and well preserves the look of antiquity. It is interesting to be reminded that while the foundations of this edifice were being laid, the bold Genoese navigator, guided by the recently invented mariner's compass, was finding a pathway over the western wave to another continent; that the art of printing was just beginning its beneficent work in dispelling the darkness of the middle ages, and that the minds of men in France, Italy, Germany and England were commencing to shake off the shackles of priestly domination, and to make their long and earnest pro-

\* Mary de Rabuten—Chantal, Marchioness of Sévigné, daughter of the baron of Chantal, was born in 1627, at Bourbilly, in Burgundy, and was an orphan at an early age. At the age of fifteen she married the Marquis de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel seven years afterwards. Left with a son and daughter, she devoted herself to their education. She was devotedly attached to her daughter, and to her she addressed many of the letters which have placed the Marchioness of Sévigné in the first rank of epistolary writers.



test against the superstitions and corruptions which had usurped the name of Christianity.

A handsome grey-haired woman is the concierge, and she conducts us through many of the halls of the chateau, which now are occupied by the officers of the municipal government of Gien, and indicates to us the prison chambers which lie beneath the judgment hall. We are curious to see the interior of a French prison, but she objects—telling us that the transgressors of the law are made quite as comfortable as they deserve, having airy, clean, well-lighted apartments in which to repent of their misdeeds. From the terrace of the chateau we have a very extended view of the land of corn and wine which spreads out on every hand. The ancient trees which rustle in the autumn wind, sending down showers of withered leaves, the old chapel with its richly stained windows,—all are eloquent with stories and legends of the days gone by. But the hours are slipping by, and we descend to the town, find a place in the omnibus and are soon seated in the train again and on our way to Orleans. A dull rain comes with the eventide, and I have no knowledge at all of what we passed on the road from Gien to the ancient ducal city. It is about eight o'clock in the evening when we arrive, and soon find rest at the comfortable Hotel d'Orleans.

This city, the Aurelianum of the Romans, is believed to have been founded by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, on the site of an ancient Gallic town destroyed by Julius Cæsar, and is now the capital of the Department of the Loiret, having a population of 50,798. It is a walled city and was once of great military importance, but now it is only a quiet old town, looking to-night just like any other quiet old town. Close beside the station, the friendly lights of the Hotel St. Aignan remind us of the terrible days of old, (450 A. D.) when Attila, the Hun, appeared with his conquering host before the walls of Orleans, but was met with such determined courage by the warrior bishop Argnau, that he was forced to raise the siege, and pursued by the Roman legions, met with bloody defeat on the plains of Chalons. S. R.

Ninth Month, 9th, 1875.

#### THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

We acknowledge the receipt of several numbers of the *New England Journal of Education*. It is the result of the union of the *Maine Journal of Education*, the *Massachusetts Teacher*, the *Rhode Island Schoolmaster*, the *Connecticut School Journal* and the *College Courant*. At the beginning of the

present year, the *Kindergarten Messenger* was also incorporated with this paper.

It gives us much pleasure to recommend this periodical to those of our readers who are interested in the subject of school education.

Every mother, as well as every teacher of little children, will feel an interest in becoming acquainted with the educational method of Froebel as set forth by E. P. Peabody, the accomplished editor of the *Kindergarten Department*. She thus speaks of her connection with the Journal. [EDS.]

"In taking my place among the editors of the NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, I must be permitted to congratulate myself, as well as the other disciples of Froebel, on the fact that the invitation to do so implicitly acknowledges that Kindergarten is the desirable, if not the necessary, foundation and preliminary of school education.

"I would fain think that my three years' work diffusing information of the labors of Mrs. Krieg and Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, and other faithful students and workers in the cause, and discriminating kindergarten work and life from school work and life had contributed to this result. It is certain that three years ago I could not get a place in any educational journal for a connected series of articles on the subject. Now hundreds of subscribers will be added to the subscription list of the JOURNAL because the *Kindergarten Messenger* is in it.

"Froebel's individual development, of which the kindergarten idea is 'the bright consummation,' runs parallel with the development of our national life in point of time, for he was born in 1782. It seems one of the divine harmonies that the system of education, whose essential feature is self-education and self government, should be a twin birth with a national 'government of the people, by the people, for the people.' Froebel's system, as a method, was original with him, though every idea and process were not absolutely new in the world, but so disconnected and practically unrelated as to be sterile.

"He became a practical educator in 1817, and wrote his first work, 'Die Erziehung der Menschheit' in 1827. In this work he fully expressed the idea that education was nothing less than a conscious coöperation of human with Divine Providence, so that it involved a devout and impartial study of the child on the one hand and the intentions of the Divine educator on the other. These intentions are simply the laws of nature, so called. Professor Carroll Everett has happily said, 'the laws of thought are in things,' and Mr. R. W. Emerson has said, that to study intellectual philosophy aright we must study the natural sciences, each discovered being an element of the intellectual life. But there is a time when the human being is a conscious nature, and can be studied in his instinctive, spontaneous action, which is never merely play in the child, but always the play of fancy more or less. This period of life, before the child is morally responsible, Froebel treated in his 'Education of Mankind' as wholly the mother's domain, and he proposed it should be spent in the mother's chamber, and not in a nursery, and be the work of the mother, not of a nursery maid, comparatively uninterested and undoubtedly ignorant. To help the mother, he published another book, unique in every respect, called 'Die Mütter und Kinder.'



eder,' which was illustrated by engravings, to be explained to children by the mother—a work it could be well for all kindergartners to be familiar with. But observation and experience in instructing others revealed to Froebel the impossibility of others doing justice to their children's unfolding natures between the years of three and seven (when children are put to school in Germany); and in 1840 he invented the kindergarten as a connecting link between the home and school, and to discriminate it from the school, and at the same time suggest its purely *developing* method, he called it a *garden of children*, who, at this age, are as purely works of nature as flowers, and with as little moral responsibility, though on the eve of becoming responsible.

"The name of Froebel's Institution should be kept sacred to the invention of Froebel, which, as I have said before, 'is something new and peculiar—a different thing from the school in aim and method. A kindergarten does not aim at instruction, but rather is a *preparation* for instruction. . . . It is the preparation of the ground of the child's nature, by laying its depths open to the sunshine, weeding, guarding its wild flowers, and educating; after which the primary, grammar and high schools, and lastly the university and active life, shall do their appropriate work, not at the disadvantage at which they do it now—sometimes in barren ground, and oftenest in ground covered with rank, wild growth, that chokes the crop expected from the good seed sown.'

"Fifteen years ago there was no kindergarten in the United States, in Froebel's sense of the word; and we cannot admit the validity of the claim of certain German-American object schools, which did make some use of Froebel's prepared playthings and song-directed movement plays, but neglected—and sometimes ridiculed—his philosophy of nature; and his graduated process of going from the known to the unknown, continually connecting contrasts, personally discovered and appreciated as such. Froebel's kindergarten is a most desirable preparation for the object-teaching of Pestalozzi as well as for the teaching of letters, but it is preliminary. In the plays, whether movement or sedentary, the child comes into contact with objects of course, impressions of which develop his senses, and the more complex of which he himself produces out of material given. First, these objects which he has produced, and then their material, are to be named and analyzed, and their relations appreciated in the kindergarten; for Froebel thought—like Miss Youmans—that it is not objects, but the connection of objects and the observation of relations that develops the mind.

"The first written article on the Kindergarten that appeared in America was in the *Christian Examiner*, at Boston, in 1858. It was a review of 'Le Jardin des Enfants' and of 'Rouge's Kindergarten Guide,' and immediately these books were imported by many people, with Froebel's materials; and infant schools began, which were called kindergartens in good faith, one of these being my own. But these 'guides' were quite inadequate to found kindergartens. They were only intended for the convenience of educated kindergartners, and this I found by experience of failure in results—my disappointment sending me to Europe to see those founded by Froebel, or by the teachers he had instructed to read the child's nature, and apply the principles of development that nature indicated by spontaneous play. For Froebel had spent the last twelve years of his life in instructing kinder-

gartners, practically and theoretically, how to exercise this art of arts, and begin to educate human beings for self-education, which is the only perfect education.

"I returned to America in 1868 to repudiate my so-called kindergartens, *as such*, though, under my able partner, it was an infant school in the full tide of pecuniary success; and to welcome Mrs. Kriege and her daughter to Boston, who had come to plant the genuine thing. The great obstacle they encountered was the impression made by the false kindergartens—for 'the corruption of the best is the worse,' and a kindergarten is nothing if it does not *create* order; but children will not create order unless they are guided according to Froebel's philosophy—for it is not *what* they do so much as *how* they do, and on what *motive*, that truly develops them."

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EVERY man, woman and child, in all parts of his life, reveals and manifests God just so far as he is true, pure, conscientious, generous, loving, noble, faithful.

Selected.

TRUST.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,  
Finding them crimson and large and sweet,  
What do you think I found at my feet,  
Deep in the green hillside?

Four little sparrows—cunning things,  
Feathered on head and breast and wings,  
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,  
Opening their mouths so wide.

Stooping low to scan my prize,  
Watching their motions with curious eyes,  
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,  
A plaintive sound I heard.

And looking up, at the mournful call,  
I spied, near a bough, on the old stone wall,  
Twittering and trembling, just ready to fall,  
The dear little mother-bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,  
And, while to the slender bough she clung,  
She thought the lives of her birdlings hung  
On a still more slender thread.

"O birdie," I said, "if you only knew,  
My heart is tender and warm and true";  
But the thought that I loved her birdling, too,  
Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,  
Bearing our needless burden of woe,  
Many a heart beating heavy and slow,  
Under its weight of care.



But, oh! if we only, only knew  
That God was tender and warm and true,  
And that He loved us through and through,  
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

#### LABOR.

Toil swings the axe, and forests bow;  
The seeds break out in radiant bloom;  
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,  
And cities cluster round the loom.  
Their tottering domes and tapering spires  
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,  
Stout labor lights its beacon fires,  
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,  
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,  
Toil launches on the restless tide,  
And there unrolls the flag of stars.  
The engine, with its lungs of flame,  
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,  
From labor's plastic finger came,  
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis labor works the magic press,  
And turns the crank in hives of toil;  
And beckons angels down to bless  
Industrious hands on sea and soil.  
Here sunbrowned toil, with shining spade,  
Links lake to lake with silver ties,  
Strung thick with palaces of trade,  
And temples towering to the skies.

—*Business Circular.*

#### NOTICES.

Philadelphia First-day School Union meets at West Philadelphia Meeting-House on Sixth-day Evening, 11th inst., at 7½ o'clock. An essay is expected on "Should the teaching in First-day Schools be confined to Religious subjects?" General invitation extended.

JAS. H. ATKINSON, *Clerk.*

A Circular Meeting, under the care of a committee of the Western Quarterly Meeting, will be held at Hockessin, Del., on First-day afternoon, the 13th of Second mo., at half-past two o'clock.

GEORGE THOMPSON, *Clerk for Committee.*

The Circular Meeting Committee, of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, will meet on Second-day evening, 7th inst., at 7½ o'clock, in Race Street Monthly Meeting-Room, to agree on a report.

JAS. GASKILL, *Clerk.*

Committee of Management of Friends' Library Association meets on Fourth-day, 9th inst., at 8 P. M.

J. M. ELLIS, *Clerk.*

The next Third-day evening Meeting occurs at Girard Avenue on 8th inst., at 7½ P. M.

Friends' Charity Fuel Association meets this evening at 8 o'clock.

#### ITEMS.

PROPOSED UTILIZATION OF FISH BONES.—German manufacturers are continually engaged in purchas-

ing fish bones, gathered along the Norwegian shores near extensive fish-curing establishments. These are pulverized and converted into fertilizers. It is suggested that arrangements be made for utilizing the bones from the establishments in Newfoundland, such products of American fisheries being estimated at 120,000,000 pounds per year.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THOMAS A. EDISON, of Newark, New Jersey, is the inventor of a system of telegraphing by which it is now possible to transmit four messages—two each way—over a single wire at the same time. The apparatus used is called by the inventor the "quadraplex." It is used by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and, according to Mr. Orton's last report, solves the most difficult problem presented to a telegraph manager—how to meet natural increases in business without a corresponding outlay for wires. The Western Union has offered Mr. Edison twenty-five thousand dollars cash for his invention, and a royalty amounting to nearly twenty-two thousand dollars a year. The inventor is only thirty years of age.—*Late paper.*

A SCHOOL for the education of women for the medical profession was opened in London in October, 1874, with about seventeen students; and during the two sessions that it has now been in existence the pupils have shown great aptitude for the study, and given uniform satisfaction to a staff of eminent professors, who had offered their assistance in starting the new school. Two difficulties have at present presented themselves in the way of the students before they can be entitled to practice—the want of hospital practice, and the refusal of the legalized authorities to register women. During the last year the Medical Council, after a most animated debate, decided in favor of the admission of women to the medical profession, and the British government is now almost committed to introduce a bill during the ensuing session of Parliament to compel the examining bodies to admit women as candidates. When this is done, it is hoped that the difficulties of clinical instruction will also be got over, although up to the present time every hospital in London to which a medical school is attached has refused admission to female students.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE project of bringing the gas of one of the natural gas wells of Butler county, Pa., to Pittsburgh, for the purpose of utilizing the same in certain of the iron works of that city, we may now record, as carried forward to a successful conclusion. The well from which the gas is taken is located about seven miles back from Tarentum, on the Allegheny river, and was originally dug as a test well for oil. No oil was struck, but at a depth of 1,200 feet a vein of gas was met, which came rushing from the opening with a vigorous roaring, under a pressure of about 100 pounds per square inch. The well was thereupon tubed with a 5½ inch pipe, from which the gas continued to escape in undiminished volume for months, lighting up the country for miles around. The distances of the well from the iron works are 17½ and 19½ miles respectively. The pipe is a 6 inch lap-welded one, and is sunk at an average depth of three feet beneath the ground surface. The gas is easily managed, is very economical and produces a quality of iron thought to be superior to that produced from the same materials with ordinary fuel. It is said to be the intention of those interested to use the gas without admixture with other fuel.—*Ex. paper.*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 12, 1876. No. 51.

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## EVERLASTING YOUTH.

What are the conditions of keeping these  
aspects always more fresh and green? I  
will name three, without pretending to ex-  
haust the subject. First, *always be learning*  
*something that lies out of the routine of daily*  
*work*, and so keep clear of the ruts and the  
dead mills. The mischief is, that men grow  
too the machinery they use, and are whirled  
around as one of the spokes of the wheel. In  
this way we fail to carry with us through  
the child's curiosity and sense of wonder;  
and the daily miracles that God works in us  
and about us are hidden from our eyes.  
Think of the people who are rolled round  
every twenty-four hours on the surface of this  
planet, with the stones and the trees, held to  
it and rooted in it, almost as much as they.  
Farmers there are who are not men upon  
farms, ministers who are not men in pulpits,  
mechanics who are not men in shops, bankers  
who are not men in banks, house-keepers who  
are not women in the house, whose woman-  
hood that is does not rise serenely over its  
work, but goes under it. Always to be learn-  
ing something out of our routine keeps us  
above it and in command of it, without being  
sucked under by it, and buried in it. Yea,  
we see, by-and-by, how our business stands  
related to higher things, and what golden  
threads may run into it and glorify it, and  
lead it away from the drudgeries of this world.  
Then we make our occupation the centre

about which a great deal of knowledge crys-  
tallizes, and grows clear; and, like Hugh  
Miller with his sledge-hammer, we may lay  
open a fossil and a chapter of the creation at  
the same time, and with the same blow.  
Otherwise our business grapples us, and we  
go under it, and our thoughts only creep  
round in its channels, which, like the brooks  
we angled in, grew dull, and sedgy, and near-  
ly dry. That is the history of those persons  
in whom all the young enthusiasm has burned  
out and left them only a human shell, and  
the world has them in its chilling embrace.  
The outer set of faculties is soon to grow dull  
when the inner set has not been touched at  
all. Always to be learning something out of  
the routine and above it—something that  
subordinates it and glorifies it,—if put at the  
beginning into the plan of life, would prevent  
the work of any household from degenerating  
into drudgery, and keep its leisure hours  
from the bane of moral indolence. It would  
save womanhood from its worst collapse; for  
when physical life has shed all its adornings,  
what are they to the fresh ones which follow  
them, if a higher intelligence and a spiritual  
life hold a finer brush and chisel, and bring  
out a richer and more celestial grace? And  
how different will religion become, when  
woman's deeper and finer intuitions, instead  
of being smothered, or locked in, shall have  
the culture of such a life-plan! Men, left to  
themselves, are great bunglers in theology.



You see what work they have made of it, in the scragged and dry creeds they have set up. If woman, instead of being moulded passively by its priesthood, and accepting its theology as a tradition, would cultivate her finer and deeper intuitions, by giving them a broader and higher intelligence, what plastic power might she have over the creeds, and be their living soul, and their inspiring song, and sift all the old inhumanity out of them. There is a world of truth in the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church, but it is truth in the fossil; and there is one woman of that church, who, in three of her poems, as I read them, has given us more theology that breathes and pulses with the inner life than can be found in its sermons and creeds. Always to be learning something above our daily work, and which commands it and glorifies it is the first condition, then, of everlasting youth.

There is another: *always to be doing something out of and beyond the circle of private and personal interest*; not here and there, and now and then, and when some agent comes along for contributions; but always, and as one of the cherished objects of the heart. The poorest man that lives can ill afford to keep his scanty treasure all to himself, for his sense of poverty will be twofold, unless he becomes the almoner of some charities to others. He must give out his life, or he will lose it; and the smaller it is, the more imperative becomes the necessity that it shall go forth and return in double measure. For every one must die spiritually, and become at length a withered limb upon the social body, if the end he lives for is not out of and beyond himself and his private affairs. And it will be sure to be in himself and keep there unless he chooses some good cause suited to his powers, and adopt it and cherish it as his own, and thus get a link between himself and the race, through which come the never-ceasing pulse-beats of humanity. He need not go far, nor look long. He will find it in his own church, denomination or community, where the work is waiting for him exactly suited to his unused faculties, waiting to break the seal from them and set them free. Hence the great benefit of being a living member of some church or denomination, through which flows the finer life-blood of our human nature, if for no other reason, to keep a man from the dry rot of selfish individuality and isolation.

There is one more condition, and one suggested by my text. "Rejoice evermore" is the apostle's exhortation, and immediately after, as if having something to do with it, "*pray without ceasing.*" Of course he does not mean the rite of prayer, which is periodical, but the heart, or substance of it, which is

a perpetual opening. This makes the thought chime with our doctrine—the unlocking of those inner chambers which look towards the east, and give us the Lord as our sun-rising, and our unclouded peace. Our spiritual faculties lie inmost, and so they are the last to open into perfect flower and fruit. And it is one of the rich provisions of our endowment, that when our natures are unfolded in their divine order, as sense becomes more dull, the spiritual power, if touched at all, becomes more clear, strong and sight-seeing. So that the prospect ever widens and brightens to the last. These belong to the compensations of life. If we started on the Swiss side struggling with self, and wrestling with temptation, climbing sometimes up hills of ice, we are sure to gain the summits where the Divine scenery lies soft and sweet upon the soul. And this is prayer without ceasing. It is when the stages of doubt, denial and debate, have all been passed and done with, when evil has been resisted and cleared away from us, and the peace of sin forgiven has been given us, and we apprehend God, not through blind and traditionary belief, but through the clarified consciousness; and then we join hands with the elders before the throne, and the sons of God shouting for joy.

And this is eternal youth, its conditions being threefold, learning, doing, praying; not once, but always, and having their places in our plan of life. And they will be sure to reach all the wards and ranges of our nature and throw them wide open successively to the full enjoyment of their objects; from youth that senses so keenly the things of this world to age, whose hairs grow silvery in the dawn of the world to come. I wish this subject could make its just appeal to those who can now decide for themselves whether existence shall be to them a short-lived pleasure, or an everlasting beauty and joy. I wish its message could reach every young person who is given over to moral indolence and insensibility. These conditions neglected, they will sink under the burden of the day as others have done; or, if they have no burdens, sink into vacancy—the soul poor and wrinkled as soon as the animal spirits have exhaled, and the sparkle of the hour is gone. These conditions observed, the mind and the heart will never grow old; the shallow gifts and graces of the outward person will fade, only the higher and better ones may take their place. Life ends, not on the northern side, but landscapes of more than Tuscan richness and beauty, where the rose is always fresh, and the leaf is always green, and where the body never wrinkles and decays, because the soul puts on the bloom of immortality.—*Dr. E. Sears, in Unitarian Review, for January.*



For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON SOME ASPECTS OF HUMAN NATURE.

Nearly two years ago, when the temperance agitation, called the "women's crusade," was running high in Brooklyn, one of the most noted clergymen of that city was reported as saying, substantially, in his public address, that the movement was a part of the great battle that must be fought in every generation by the spiritual against the animal man. Our observation must assure us that his conception of human nature is by no means exceptional. If I could see that this view is as true and helpful as it is prevalent, I would leave it undisturbed. I refer to the supposed ineradicable antagonism between the spiritual and the so-called animal life of man.

As nearly as I can make out, from Webster's and from my Latin dictionary, an animal is strictly a breathing creature; and such an animal is man. But man is essentially a spiritual, breathing creature, and therefore a spiritual animal, or an animal whose life is spiritual. The word spiritual is here used to signify the faculties by which man has perception of the Lord and union with Him, and which are, therefore, affectional faculties. For we will according to the quality of our love; and what we will of spiritual good we do; and in the doing of the Divine good, man becomes united to the Lord. This He appears to have taught when He said, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

My aim, in this paper, is to show that human nature, however evil, or however pure, however fallen, or however redeemed, is alike indivisible, harmonious and whole; that whether in the obedience which gives fellowship with angels, or in the license which condemns us to the dust, one unchanging principle remains—the subordination of the physical to the spiritual life. In whatever good or evil the human body exists, it is what it is, and does what it does by virtue of its connection, for better or worse, with the indwelling, animating and ever-dominant soul. Many of us are undoubtedly familiar with the teaching, that it is in the prevalence of man's spiritual life over his so-called bodily or animal propensities, that the good and truth of his being consist. I confess myself unable to conceive of any human life in which the soul is ruled by the bodily or so-called animal powers. Such a condition implies a disintegration of human nature and a reversal of the decree of the inviolable pre-eminence of the spiritual life in man, through which the soul is capable of putting on the

purity of Jesus Christ and exhaling the perfumes of His love.

The human body has no spiritual volition, and cannot, therefore, of itself do any good or evil; but whatsoever good it does, it does from good in the soul; and whatsoever evil it does, it does because it is in the bond of submissive correspondence with like ruling evil in the soul. That such is the order of human nature seems to be the only ground of hope for its regeneration in the world; for if the body had an independent volition, no amount of spiritual labor could effect the renovation of its evil any more than if it were another soul.

And now I would ask those naturalists who believe in the reality of spiritual communion with the Lord Jesus Christ—because I think only such know the meaning of human life—do not the spiritual powers of man, by which he has capacity for fellowship with the Divine, constitute a distinction between him and all inferior life, so great and so enduring, as to make all comparisons unfit, and all assertions of fraternity founded on physical likeness, absurd? So far as man can understand inferior life, he must look upon it as incapable of discerning human good or evil. Our knowledge of the living human body is the knowledge of a body united to a soul; it is the body's union with the soul that we speak of as life. I might avoid so undisputed an assertion, if it were not that I wish to use an admitted fact to show the harmony, if not the identity, of the life with the soul of man.

All who have attended to their own experience, must be aware that there is a conjunction between the spiritual and the respiratory life. This is, perhaps, most widely recognized under the influence of the disturbing emotions, such as anger and fear; but it is not less manifest in the still moments of submission to Jesus Christ. Since, then, there is this connection between body and soul, through which the incarnation and physical expression of all spiritual moods is necessitated, it follows that the physical life of man is essentially dissevered from fellowship with the brute. The physical aspects of human evil are, indeed, the most appalling objects we can contemplate or behold; but it is simply because they are more than physical that they are so terrible.

I believe our best spiritual experience depends upon this dissociation, in thought, of our physical nature from all other animal life. For the Divine love in man is love for the whole human form; and that love will reveal the possibility and establish the fact of Divine uses in all the functions of that form. In what other belief than that in the divineness of the human form, can it be possible to



know the blessedness of which our Saviour spoke when He said, "The light of the body is the eye; therefore when thine eye is single thy whole body also is full of light. . . . If thy whole body, therefore, be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light!" Undoubtedly these words have a spiritual meaning, for Jesus said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." What, then, may be the spirit and life which these words declare? To me, it is at least this: Man's affection is the eye of his spiritual understanding, and the spiritual understanding is the light of the heart. According to the quality of the affection, then, which is the spiritual eye, is the light of the soul or spiritual body, with regard to light or darkness. Divine love is man's spiritual light, or the true life of his affection. When it is received by man, he has the single eye; and since this love, when it exists in the heart in truth, is a single and equal love for the whole human form, it causes that whole form to be full of its own light. And when the whole form, in its spiritual life, becomes full of light, through submission to the regenerating operation of the Lord Jesus Christ by His Divine love, it will be seen that in its physical life, also, there is neither darkness nor evil, and that all the functions of the human body become Divine uses in the Lord.

EDWARD RUSHMORE.

#### RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

The minds of men have been darkened with the poor fancy that this earth began in confusion; that until the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, the elements were in discordant conflict; that at the beginning there was no law. Science tells us there never was a period of "chaos" in the sense of a period of disorder. The very conception springs from an uncultivated barbarism of thought. The most ancient rocks were deposited as calmly as the sands on the seashore to-day. Light fell upon the first creatures which gazed upon the earth gently as it fell this morning. Lavas poured from the first volcanoes as little indicate chaotic confusion as the fading away of sunset clouds. As though with strange sarcasm upon the trembling ignorance that dreams of chaos, the brightest jewels are found in the oldest rocks.

This world has been regarded as the ruin of an earlier garden more perfectly adapted for human happiness. A glory has (it has been believed) departed from the scene. In the Eden garden there were no weeds, and

man needed not to exhaust himself with toil until the terrors of a great judgment overwhelmed a fair world with desolations. The first step taken by science destroyed this unworthy representation of the fair star, our dwelling place. There is no witness of ruin, neither in valley nor mountain, on sea or land. Each ray of light is glorious as at creation's dawn. The vanished ages have not touched the perfume of a flower. Storms are notes in the eternal melodies of unbroken law. Desert places and fertile meadows stand in equal relationship to the perfect whole.

Science bids us mark the footsteps of a living God, who never ceases in the exercise of his creative energy. For many centuries the theory has been maintained that this earth was finished at a certain period, and continues to-day as it was when the final touch was put, centuries back, to a completed work. Even when it was admitted that changes took place before the creation of man, it was contended that *after* that momentous event change ceased, and that we see the world as it was to our remoter ancestors. Yet let an investigator station himself in thought at any period of the past since the world has been an abode of life, what does he see? Rivers, and seas, and lakes, and valleys, and mountains in unfamiliar boundaries, a midland sea (it may be) and an Atlantic continent, another world and yet the same. All the forces by which continents and mountains were worn down and again upbuilt, are in action at this hour, and are recognizable in past and present alike. Through the action of these very forces, no two atoms of matter have ever occupied twice precisely the same relationship to each other. The motions of the tides are sufficient to determine that the world's future cannot be as its past, by altering its position relatively to the planetary bodies.

It is as certain as the fact of past changes that the world of the future will not be the world of to-day. The depths of the Atlantic will become chalk cliffs; the chalk cliffs of Sussex will again form the bed of the sea. Since the appearance of man, the world has been largely refashioned. The courses of our streams and rivers, the exact boundaries of our continents, and the denizens of our woods and fields are not as our forefathers beheld them. Since man appeared in England, England has become an island; the hippopotamus has disappeared from its waters and the lion from its forests; the ice has held its hills in bondage, melted, and passed away; the reindeer has grazed on the highlands of Yorkshire, and mighty forests have decayed.

This earth, not having sprung from a prim



eval chaos; not being the ruin of a fairer star; not existing to day in the form in which it was at the beginning, or even when our race appeared upon its surface, bears its sublime witness to the progressive unfolding of the creative thought of God. The law of nature, to which science appeals, is not an abstraction; it is the exercise of a living will.

The idea that the action of law exclude a personal God from nature is the superstition of an ancient heathenism reappearing among Christian sects. The glory of a God in heathen mythology was the glory of a being who did what he liked. Great Jove upon Olympus was one, who could and would gratify unchecked impulse unboundedly. If we have scant faith in natural law, through fear lest it should be a restraint upon our God, and interfere with the freedom of his action, we reproduce the old ignoble fancy, that to be divine is to be delivered from self-control. In the nobler Christian thought natural law is the method of the Lord's action. It is regular, because he has no waywardness. It is persistent, because with him is no variable-ness, or shadow of turning.

While science unfolds the history of an everchanging world, and leaves it with man upon its surface still subject to change, two great facts remain which give divine meaning to the record of progress, and throw light upon the end towards which all creation tends. Whatever relations may be ultimately demonstrated between the human framework and antecedent forms, under whatever conditions the genesis of conscience may have taken place, the moral nature of man and the attained perfectness of Jesus Christ are facts of nature as established as the existence of the sun, moon and stars.

As a matter of fact, we exist in this world as beings capable of moral choice; and upon the faithfulness of our allegiance to good as opposed to evil, the blessedness of life absolutely depends. The gratification of appetite cannot bring peace. We may provide satisfaction for every craving and be lost in restless discontent. We may follow the course we esteem most pleasurable, and find ourselves beneath the shadow of a tremendous curse. We may maintain the right of our own wills to decide upon our conduct; we may declare that we *will* not be troubled by any invisible authority, and yet our own wills will be baffled, and trouble will fall upon us, and the shame of our own sin, which we hate to feel, we shall feel. When science has said its last word, it leaves man alone with himself, alone with that strangest of mysteries, his own life; and as he listens for a guiding voice within the depths of his own soul, he hears the commands of a righteous Lord.

Nay, more than this; when we wonder anxiously what the issues of our lives are intended to be; when we turn from the study of nature, and ask; "What place have *we* in this universe? Is there any prophecy of our own destiny as there is a prophecy of a new heaven and a new earth?"—the attained perfectness of Jesus Christ gives the one answer that brings peace. In him we have the type of pure manhood, fairly achieved. Jesus Christ is God's witness to the destiny of man. In that harmonious life is the prophecy of our future. We belong to a race visited by a Holy Spirit, which comes we know not whence, and journeys we know not whither; but which arouses and cherishes the unconquerable conviction, which the whole experience of history confirms, that iniquity is shameful, and that in Jesus Christ is a manhood towards which our aspirations press as the mark of our high calling.

The harmonies asserted by science in the world physical, Jesus Christ reveals in the world spiritual; and the outward kingdom of things visible, and the inward kingdom of things invisible, are bound together in one universe.

One of the grandest results of modern science in its relation to the spiritual education of our race is the conception it sustains of the universe as a perfect whole, a cosmos in unbroken harmony. For ages the minds of the most thoughtful were perplexed by the idea that a struggle between good and evil forces was manifested in physical phenomena. Wild passions of love and hate dwelling within the souls of the immortals were expressed in the sunshine and the storm, the ripening harvest and the devastating earthquake. The desert appeared useless, the impractical height a curse. Even to the earlier Jew the very existence of weeds was a sign of an offended Lord.

The contrast between the Latin poet Lucretius and Wordsworth wonderfully illustrates the difference between the heathen and the modern Christian and scientific spirit. Lucretius, a fearless skeptic of superstitious dreams, and glorying in the control obtained by man, over natural forces, could not escape from the sense of contradictions and antagonisms among natural phenomena. "For even if I were ignorant what the primary elements of things are, yet this I could venture to assert from the scheme of the heaven itself; and to support it from many other reasons, that the system of things was by no means prepared for us by divine power; so great is the faultiness with which it stands affected." Wordsworth walked with nature, as in a perfected temple, in which no sound could be heard but



"Choral song, or burst  
Sublime of instrumental harmony  
To glorify the Eternal."

In that passage of marvellous loveliness in the "Excursion," the highest faith of the poet, the man of science, and the Christian, finds an equal expression :

"I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard  
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.

"Even such a shell, the universe itself,  
Is to the ear of faith ; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever during power,  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."

—H. W. Crosskey, in the *Christian Register*.

From The [London] Friend.

#### ON THE TITLE "REVEREND."

We cannot lay down the pen without asking why so many brethren still retain the title of *Reverend*? We are willing to reverence the aged pastor, and we did not hesitate to give that title to our beloved friend George Rogers, just in the same way as we use the term "the venerable Bede," or "the judicious Hooker," but we are not prepared to reverence every stripling who ascends the pulpit ; and, moreover, if we thought it due to others to call them reverend, we should still want some reason for their *calling themselves so*. It seems rather odd to us that a man should print upon his visiting card the fact that he is a reverend person. Why does he not occasionally vary the term, and call himself estimable, amiable, talented or beloved? Would this seem odd? Is there any valid objection to such a use of adjectives after the fashion is once set by employing the word *reverend*? If a man were to assume the title of reverend for the first time in history, it would look ridiculous, if not presumptuous, or profane. Why does not the Sunday School teacher call himself "the respectable John Jones," or the City Missionary dub himself "the hard-working William Evans?" Why do we not, like members of secret orders and others, go in for Worthy Masterships and Past Grands, and the like? I hope that we can reply that we do not care for such honors, and are content to leave them to men of the world, or to the use of those who think they could do some good thereby. It may be said that the title of reverend is only one of courtesy; but then so was the title

of Rabbi among the Jews, yet the disciples were not to be called Rabbi. It is, at any rate, a suspicious circumstance that among mankind no class of persons should so commonly describe themselves by a pretentious title as the professed ministers of the lowly Jesus. Peter and Paul were right reverend men, but they would have been the last to have called themselves so. No sensible person does reverence us one jot the more because we assume the title. It certainly is in some cases a flagrant misnomer, and its main use seems to be the pestilent one of keeping up the unscriptural distinction of clergy and laity.

We wonder when men first sought out this invention, and from whose original mind did the original sin emanate. We suspect that he lived in the Roman Row of Vanity Fair, although the Rev. John Bunyan does not mention him. One thing is pretty certain, he did not flourish in the days of the Rev. Paul, or the Rev. Apollos or the Rev. Cephas.  
C. H. SPURGEON.

#### SUCCESS IN LABOR.

There is nothing more essential to prosperity than the establishment in the popular mind of the intimate connection between efficient labor and true success. In one sense they are synonymous. Success consists not so much of the reward a man reaps from labor as the value of the labor itself. He who, by honest work of hand or head, is constantly enriching the world, is intrinsically the successful man, whether riches or poverty fall to his lot, while he who amasses millions by speculation or fraud, leaving none to bless his memory when he is gone, has made his life a disastrous failure.

We trust the time may arrive when this shall be the common acceptation of the word *success*, but at present it is not so. We usually measure it by what is gained—not by what is given ; by the reward which labor brings—not by the intrinsic value of the labor itself. Even by this gauge, however, the connection is still closely preserved. Eventually each one's personal welfare is strictly dependent upon his value to others. There may seem to be exceptions to this. Idleness and unfaithfulness may occasionally appear to reap the fruit that belongs of right only to honorable industry, but, in the long run, it is not so. The cheat is discovered, character is sifted, and justice is indemnified for her dishonored claims. Faithful, patient labor of some sort that benefits mankind is the only road to personal prosperity, and the success that seems to follow quicker and easier methods is short-lived and illusory.

Few, however, believe this in their heart



To many, work is only a disagreeable necessity, to be taken like medicine, in as small quantities as possible and dispensed with as soon as may be. They do not love it for its own sake; they do not care for its importance to mankind, or its reflex influence on their own characters. They do not specially desire to attain excellence in it, and they only put enough energy into its performance to accomplish immediate and necessary results. Their hearts are not in it; they are ever looking beyond and over it to find objects of interest. Other things excite, stimulate and inspire them; their work alone is dull and irksome. Labor thus performed can never be of superior quality, can never greatly add to the happiness or progress of mankind, can never bloom into true success. It has no soul to animate, no hope to inspire, no vital power to develop it. A life spent thus, in unwilling and compelled labor, in which the heart has no place, is surely one of the saddest of failures.

There are others again who fail in their life work because they are ashamed of it and think it beneath them. They blame fortune or circumstances for having condemned them to a toil which they conceive degrading. If their lot had been cast differently they think they might have made some mark in the world; if their work had been of a higher grade they could have pursued it with energy and zeal; as it is, they only follow it from necessity and with no more assiduity than they are compelled to exert. Such persons make a fatal mistake. It is in them, not in their work, that the fault lies. For if they do not perform what is committed to them with fidelity and zeal, how can they be fitted for a higher post? Besides, this separation of work into ranks and grades is altogether artificial and unauthorized. Who can decide which labor is higher or lower than another, which is of more or less value to mankind? It is not the kind of work, but the manner in which it is done that determines its value. The faithful day's work in the field, the workshop or the forge, in the kitchen or the factory, is far more honorable, useful and elevating than that of the scheming politician or the flushed and eager speculator, who count their votes or their gains by the thousands, but whose labors add nothing to the prosperity, happiness or virtue of the community.

It is certainly important for each one to find his own appointed work in the world, that which he loves best, and can do best, as far as practicable, but it is folly to sit down upinely and give way to despair and ethargy because he imagines he ought to occupy a more prominent or important post. Nine-tenths of the changes made under this

delusion prove to be for the worse instead of the better. The character and capacity that fail of success in the one case, fail yet more signally in the other. Froude well says, "You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer and forge yourself one," and it is only by laying hold earnestly and vigorously of the work that lies nearest to us, and raising its value by putting into it all the vigor and energy, all the patience and fidelity, all the thought and ability we can command, that we have any right to expect success in any of its meanings.—*Ledger.*

## SCRAPS

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

There is surely, my dear —, a great amount of loveliness to be found among our young Friends—intelligence, high intellectual cultivation and general amiability of deportment; and yet do we not very often, when mingling with them in social intercourse, feel that the devotional element is not active enough. Perhaps it has not had enough culture, and has languished for want of nourishment. Some persons consider religious thoughtfulness incompatible with the reasonable enjoyments of youth. I do not. On the contrary, in my view it heightens and sanctifies them and increases the zest with which they are enjoyed. I also believe that the lack of this feeling among the young is often due to their unfavorable surroundings rather than to any innate shrinking from it, for it seems to me that the devotional feeling is the natural outflow from the pure spirit of guileless youth, and that if it were not repressed, it would as often be manifested as is the innocent joyousness so often seen.

But, in thus referring to our young Friends, there is another side of the picture which must not be overlooked. Here and there we can recognize an evidence of a gradual submission to the restraining influence of Truth. We, who are fast growing old, hail with pleasure such evidences, for they inspire a hope that those testimonies which have been dear to us, and which we believe are based upon the revealings of the Divine law, will still be sustained when our places in the church militant shall be left vacant.

I remember, in this connection, the language of Jesus, when seeking to encourage one of His disciples to depend upon the same Power which had been His qualification: "... The works that I do, shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." So may our young Friends who are to be the future work-



ers in our church, be encouraged to seek unto, rely simply upon, and faithfully follow the unfoldings of the Divine law. Thus will they be enabled to fill up their measure of service and keep pace with Truth's revealings.

Our anticipations are sometimes sadly disappointed by the early removal of those to whom we had looked as helpers. The following extract, from a letter just received, speaks of such a case:

"I loved — very much, and felt her loss. I had hoped she would have been not only valuable in the social circle, but a useful member of the church. She possessed valuable gifts, that were being gradually and surely brought under the guidance of the Good Spirit, and her perceptions of Truth were quickened and being made operative in a manner which interested me, and made me hopeful of the future. But how suddenly was all this crushed, and her spirit borne into the realms of the unknown. Such is life! And who shall question the wisdom of that which, to our finite judgment, is incomprehensible, and to our sensitive natures affliction?"

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## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 12, 1876.

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**GETTING INTO RUTS.**—We are all in danger of getting into ruts, and the tendency becomes more apparent as we advance in years. Ruts of religious thought are, perhaps from their nature, the most difficult of escape. It requires great watchfulness to preserve that even balance of the mind which is so essential to its perfect development, and is its only safeguard and protection.

It is as if a tree, fairly and fully proportioned in every limb and branch, should cease to push forward in some of its parts, leaving them dwarfed and stunted, while that which ought to have given vigor and beauty to the whole is either lost entirely or pushes to undue proportions the more healthy branches. As abnormal growth in any single direction implies weakness, so any lack in the several parts tends to the destruction of the whole.

It is not so much the ruts of other people that we are to avoid as those we make for ourselves. While we, as a religious society, claim the freest and largest liberty of private judgment, we are, from the very nature of

our profession, more easily warped and biased by our own prejudices.

In the absence of those outward means and instrumentalities which draw together and develop religious thought in nearly every other branch of the Christian church, and afford to all the members and seekers after knowledge in divine things full and equal opportunities for its expression, we are left to certain trains of thought, which, because of the self-imposed reticence that so largely prevails amongst us, we work out, not always to our own satisfaction, yet which, for want of abrasion with other minds, we accept as the ultimatum of truth. Hence, our ruts are mainly individualizing, and, in a certain sense, they pervade the whole body, from the fact that the point to which they all tend is a common centre.

And this point, so liberal in its inception, and true to all inspired teaching, we make special claim as our own—the "universal light" that lighteth every man, we continue to formulate according to old traditions and prohibitions, just as if all truth had crystallized around the revelations made to the early fathers, and nothing further remains to be unfolded to us who succeed them. It is the same old rut that the world has traveled in since recorded history began. "*We* be the children of Abraham, and were never in bondage," said the self-satisfied Pharisee, and the world, in every decadence of its spiritual life since the days of Jesus, has made the same boastful claim.

Religious thought would long ago have extricated itself from these ruts but for the easier travel found along the beaten road of ages.

Not that we ought to set a light estimate on the footpaths of the fathers; they were the solitary lanes through the wilderness of awakening accountability.

In the long, waving grass of the Western prairie, the traveler still sees definite lines—marks of a single footfall, stretching out for long, weary miles, yet so firmly trodden that the renewal of successive summer growth fails to obliterate them. They are there, and have been the trail of travel to generation who long since passed away. We look with admiration on the patience and perseverance

of those early travelers who left their foot-prints on the deserts, but we should pity and condemn the folly of him who would still insist on marking out these lonely trails when, in the march of human progress, great highways have been made, wherein the multitudes may pass and repass without let or hindrance.

In the isolation of peoples and countries that preceded the present intercommunication of nations, it is no marvel that religious thought, and indeed all thought, was circumscribed, and dogma and tradition ruled, to the crushing out of free inquiry.

The advocate of a more expansive liberty in the truth can point to the brightest example in the world's catalogue and claim common brotherhood; for it was Jesus himself who reproved the disciples when they forbade him because he followed not with them.

The moment we become satisfied with any attainment, and feel that there is nothing more to reach after in that direction, we may be sure we have come to a rut. We may say we know," that is well so long as we further add "for ourselves," and remain alive future openings.

True individuality is progressive. It is a forgetting the things that are behind," and going on to that which is before. With all the advance that has been made towards a realization of that higher spiritual life to which the religion of Jesus leads, it is as true to-day as when the Apostle Paul wrote, we only "know in part," and while we remain in this dual condition, subject to the limitations of our earthly and material nature, this must be true of all our attainments. The tendency to lapse into a beaten track, if encouraged, not only mars individual development, but it lessens the influence of right progress.

The "more excellent way," which was shown the asthetic Greeks of Corinth—that purity which "suffereth long and is kind," and "which thinketh no evil," is the world's great highway, that, sooner or later, must attract the whole brotherhood of man. This is the way "cast up," wherein nothing that is unclean can enter—the road leading to that beautiful city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God.

## DIED.

HAINES.—Suddenly, at Upper Greenwich, Gloucester co., N. J., on the 28th of Twelfth mo., 1875. Jacob C., son of Job S. and Ellen B. Haines, aged 16 years and nearly 7 months; a member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 86.

(Continued from page 798.)

## ORLEANS AND ANOTHER GLIMPSE AT PARIS.

The morning of the 9th of Ninth month was dark and rainy, but we were not to be deterred from proceeding to explore the antiquities and the monuments of Orleans.

Very near at hand, in the central Place of the city, stands the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, by Foyatier, which was erected by the town in 1855. The statue is colossal, being 14 feet high and is placed on a granite pedestal 15 feet high, while around the base are inserted ten tablets in bronze, giving representations of the leading events in the life of the Maid of Orleans. The first of these represents the peasant maiden with her flock, listening to the "voices" which perpetually assured her that by her means France would be delivered from the English conquerors, and the rightful prince be restored to his throne. The enemy were besieging Orleans, and it was almost an hour of despair for France. It is recorded that the mysterious voices so exalted Joan that she resisted not their appeal, feeling in her heart something divine. Doubting nothing, she departs to accomplish the designs of God, "filled with the courage of the heroes and the faith of the martyrs."

The second tablet gives the scene of her departure from Vancouleurs. The people of the town have given her a horse, and she has laid aside her woman's vestments and donned the dress of the cavalier. On the 13th of February, 1429, she sets out accompanied by the commandant of Vancouleurs, Captain Baudricourt, to carry hope and succor to her king. She goes on a long and perilous journey, traversing forests, fording rivers—all the roads of the country being in possession of the English and the Burgundians. "If they bar me from every road," says the inspired maid, "I have my God, who will open for me a passage to 'monseigneur le Dauphin.'"

The third tablet is the scene of her first interview with Charles at Chinon, after her perilous ride of fourteen days. The Dauphin disguises himself and stands among his courtiers to see if Joan will discover him. She goes immediately to the prince, and falling on her knees, exclaims: "In the name of



God, it is you who are the king and no other. I am called Jeanne la Pucelle, and I am sent by God here to bring succor to you, sire, and to your kingdom. The King of heaven commands you by my voice to have yourself consecrated and crowned in your city of Rheims."

Moved by these words of the peasant maiden, Charles causes her to be examined by learned theologians, and she astonishes the prelates by her prompt responses. Her divine mission is acknowledged, and her summons is obeyed.

The fourth tablet represents the entry into Orleans. Charles has invested the inspired shepherdess with the command of the army. Joan holds in her hand a white banner, and places herself at the head of 5,000 men, and after three days' march, arrives upon the heights of Orleans. At evening Joan enters the city accompanied by Dunois, directing her steps first to the cathedral to render thanks for victory. The people follow her with torches, and hail her coming with glad acclaim. She replies with gentle and gracious words, promising them the end of all their woes if they have firm faith in the Divine Helper, and a true hope.

The fifth tablet is the taking of Tourelles. The faith and energy of the inspired maiden has reanimated all hearts, and victory has followed her pathway.

The sixth tablet represents the coronation of Charles VII at Rheims. After the deliverance of Orleans, the maiden continually entreats the Dauphin to depart for Rheims. "Noble Dauphin," she cries, "make not so much delay, but come quickly to Rheims to take your royal crown. Fear nothing, for the citizens are ready at your coming to make submission." As she predicts, a deputation bearing the keys of the city lays them at the feet of the prince, and Charles makes his entry into Rheims amid the glad acclaim of the citizens. At the coronation, Joan, clad in armor, stands by the altar, bearing the sacred banner in her hand; and when the ceremony is over, she deposits her sword and banner upon the altar, declares her mission accomplished, and begs with tears to be allowed to return to her mother. But the king and his council will not consent.

The seventh tablet shows the Maid of Orleans wounded before Paris and borne away with the retreating army.

The eighth pictures her a prisoner at Compiègne. She has fallen into the hands of the Burgundians, who deliver her up to the English duke of Bedford.

For four months the Duke of Luxemburg, her captor, refuses to deliver his prisoner into the hands of her cruelest foes, but at length intimidated by threats, he sells poor Joan to

the English for 10,000 crowns. Then she is treated with direst cruelty, loaded with fetters and consigned to a dungeon at Rouen.

The ninth scene is Joan in captivity at Rouen. Threatened with torture if she does not admit herself guilty of crimes of which they accuse her, she calmly declares: "No pain makes me confess anything, I protest that you have torn it from me by violence."

The tenth scene is that of her martyrdom where the inspired shepherdess meets death with all the constancy and heroism which have marked her short career. Her thoughts are turned towards her prince, and she declares before the people that she consecrate to him the fruit of her victories, desiring for herself only the outrages, and the sufferings. All hearts are moved with compassion, and even the cruel judges weep for the innocent victim condemned by themselves. To their eternal dishonor, it is recorded that all the judges except one, before whom the Maid of Orleans was arraigned, and by whom she was condemned, were French ecclesiastics. The crime for which they doomed her to torture and a death of fire was witchcraft, and it is small recompense for unmerited suffering that the Pope afterwards annulled her sentence, that Charles VII ennobled her family, and that the French people will remember her patient heroism and her faith with gratitude through long generations. How much of myth is here mingled with historic truth it would take a much wiser head than mine to determine; and the story of the shepherdess of Domremy is not exactly an illustration of the excellence of the principle of peace and non-resistance.

Many relics of Joan of Arc are preserved in the historical museum; and the most interesting of these is the sacred banner, which in the sixteenth century, was carried in annual procession commemorative of the deliverance of Orleans. It is not the usual place for visiting this collection, but the custodian kindly admits us on application, and does his utmost to satisfy our curiosity. Here are relics illustrative of the great events, and commemorative of the important persons of the Gallic land, from the far Roman times till the present century—strange rusty link the weird chain which binds the ages in connected story. On the upper floor of the natural history collection, illustrating the Fauna of this department of France, but did not give it much examination for want of time.

Very near is the reputed house of Du Poitiers a well preserved specimen of the rich dwelling of the Renaissance style, but we did not enter it—contenting ourselves with a survey of the exterior.



Our attention is also called to the antique mansion, reputed to have been the home of Agnes Sorel, cotemporary with Charles VII. It is curiously rich in ornamentation, and the façade is remarkable for the harmony of its proportions—so say the connoisseurs of architecture—while the interior is equally remarkable for its delicate columns, with elegantly sculptured capitals, its cornices, arcades, and its floors laid in various designs. The Archeological Society of Orleans, have taken the necessary care to preserve this charming residence as one of the important historic monuments of the city. Another important edifice, linking the present with the past, is the little hostelry in which the Maid of Orleans was received on her first arrival. Here is shown the little vaulted room in which it is said she rested when she came with her heart filled with the enthusiasm of hope, to reassure her prince and to rekindle the glow of patriotism among the people of her stricken land.

Great interest attaches to the ancient churches of Orleans, the most important of which is the Cathedral of Sainte-Croix, built upon the foundations of an old Roman castle at Saint Euverte, in the fourth century. It has been again and again destroyed; first by Norman warriors, then by an incendiary, and again by the Calvinists in the sixteenth century. It was reconstructed by the command of Henry IV, and is now a grand and beautiful temple, rich in sculpture, but not open or crowded with ornament. I was much interested in the bas reliefs in stone which decorate the lower spaces on each side of the church, representing the "way of the cross" as typified in the life, sufferings and death of Jesus Christ. At every station devotees are kneeling, and silently commending themselves to the protecting and governing powers to whose worship the mighty edifice is dedicated.

We make hasty visits to the other churches of Orleans, all of which are enriched with memorials of the solemn past, and with beautiful and interesting works of art.

A handsome and substantial bridge, the Pont d'Orleans, one of the finest in France, connects the city with the Faubourg St. Martin, and below it flows the Loire, hiding beneath its waters inestimable treasure for the Archeologist. The long drought of the years 1870, 1871, 1872 and 1873, so lessened the volume of the waters, that the foundations of the ancient bridge were brought to light, and many curious remains of bygone ages were revealed—some of them believed to be two thousand years old. Here were found abundant memorials of Celtic, of Roman and of Mediæval days, as well as of the Renaissance period and of our own time.

The ancient Gallic town of Genabum, destroyed by Julius Cæsar, had so completely vanished from the memory of mankind, that the antiquarians doubted whether it ever had had an existence, but the Gallic coins and armor from the Loire, have decided the question beyond any reasonable conjecture. Roman occupation is also fully proved by the domestic implements, the coins and the arms of that people; and the memorable siege of 1428 is brought to light by the arms, the arrows and the early artillery of that period. Then, too, important light has been thrown on the Pilgrimages and the customs of the Middle Ages; for the Loire during a long period, was one of the principal channels of communication between Gaul and France.

I have delightful, though rather indefinite recollections of a restful boat ride on the Loiret by the light of the declining day, enjoying to the full the calm and the peace of the silent woody places after a busy day of sight-seeing in the city. The oars fall lightly in the pure waters, and the little boat glides softly past parks, lawns and flowery garden grounds. The ancestral homes of the old noblesse yet stand embowered in their ancient trees, and one almost expects to see the gay and elegant lords and dames of other days enjoying these delicious retreats. At present, the aristocracy of France seems quite removed from the observation of travelers. There is no court to which the ambitious might seek presentation, and I sometimes hear selfish murmurs from Americans in regard to the withdrawal of the old pageantry. They like liberty, equality and fraternity well enough in their own land, but in France they sigh for the old time splendor of the monarchy or the empire, wisely wagging their heads and protesting that the French are not fit for republican liberty. Do not these observers strangely mistake the shadow for the substance; and do they not forget the eternal truth, that the best education for rational liberty is liberty?

I look with something like enthusiasm on these industrious, energetic and most elastic people, who have passed through so many dire desolations and convulsions without any permanent depression—without ever losing heart and hope. Nowhere do we see an idler, and drunkenness and beggary are very exceptional; but it is quite impossible for me to estimate how much this exemption may be due to the vigilance of the police. The use of a very pernicious liquor, called *absinthe*, is said to be greatly on the increase in France, and it produces intoxication of the most dangerous kind. Perhaps this is the direst enemy of the French people, and one which will require more vigilance, and a more determined



struggle to overcome it than the armed hosts of Germany.

On the next day, a railway ride of less than three hours, over a country rich in historic memories, brings us to the fair city of Paris once more, and here our wanderings cease for a time. We have traversed many lands, have seen many races, have admired the ingenuity and industry with which the modern peoples are overcoming the baffling forces of nature, and the taste and genius which ornament the beautiful cities of this elder world. We have visited the most ancient monuments of a lost civilization, and have made a pilgrimage to the city of David—to the land forever venerable as the home of inspired prophets and teachers, and of the blessed Founder of the religion of peace on earth and good will to men. We have lingered long among the ancient hills—have seen the majesty of snow-clad summits and of inaccessible heights—have listened to the voice of the thunderous avalanche and of the melodious waterfall, and have rested, well pleased, on wintry plateaus, where the fervors of the summer never reach. Now, it is most pleasant to think of a return to the dear land beyond the western wave, though Paris is full of gaiety and splendor, and has stores of delight to hold the traveler many days from the purposed way.

Letters await us at the bankers, and friends from home meet us in the street before we have been many hours in Paris. The city is certainly blessed with a large stock of American visitors at this season, and we have some difficulty in finding quiet and comfortable quarters for our autumn visit. It is not needful to speak of sundry movings, of wearisome searchings and of disappointments in our quest; suffice it to say, that a neat, cozy home, combining comfort with a good degree of elegance, and having a fine outlook and pure air, was found at last, and that I shall bear home with me pleasant and grateful memories of the excellent English pension at No. 9 Avenue de l'Empereur.

We are a few minutes' walk from the gay Champs Elysées, on one hand, and the elevated Place de Roi du Rome, in which our fine avenue terminates, on the other. From this spot we get an extended view of the city, and the prospect is especially charming at the evening hour. But the best point of observation we found to be the summit of the Triumphal Arch (Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile). This most magnificent structure, at the terminus of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, stands on a slight eminence, making it visible from almost every part of the city and its environs. It consists of a vast arch, 101 feet in height and 48 in breadth, inter-

sected by a transverse arch of much smaller dimensions. The entire structure is 162 feet in height, 146 in width and 72 deep. It is one of the grand monuments commenced by the first Napoleon in commemoration of his many victories, and it was completed by Louis Philippe in 1836. The sculptures which adorn the various sides of this structure are a pictured history of the triumphs which marked the career of Napoleon—fruitless triumphs, all, destined to be followed by an overthrow as terrible as ever befell prince or warrior. On the vaulting of the transverse arch are recorded the names of 36 generals of the republic and of the empire and those who fell in battle have their names underlined. A spiral staircase, of 281 steps in the south pillar, leads to the platform from which I had at various times the most satisfactory views of the glad, gay city. Twelve stately avenues, bordered with trees, radiate from the circular area around the arch, leading to every part of the city. Eastward lies the splendid Avenue de Champs Elysées, its broad, tree-bordered spaces darkened with the busy, moving multitude—gay pleasure-carriage, the serviceable hack, the democratic looking omnibus, the prancing cavalier, and last, not least, the immergantly gaudily-colored car which delivers merchandise for the grand magazine (store).

The famous obelisk of Luxor marks the centre of the Place de la Concorde, speaking evermore to laughing, brilliant Paris of its solemly mysterious past—of the realm of Pharaohs, and of the great people of a forgotten age who built majestic cities and reared mighty temples to the gods on the banks of the Nile. Beyond lies the palace garden of other days, adorned with its wealth of sculptured heroes, gods, symbolic and wealth-giving rivers. The yawning ruins of the ancient palace of the kings have no tale to tell of the phrenzy of the Commune during the terrible spring-time of the year 1771. No edifice in Paris was so rich in historic memories as the Tuilleries. It was founded, in the sixteenth century, by Catherine de Medicis, and occupies the site of an old brick-yard, whence its name. At various periods, additions were made to the original palace, till it grew to a vast size, being 1565 feet in length and 112 in width. As we look upon its ruins to-day, it is impossible not to be reminded of the old monarchy, the overthrow of which is symbolized by these heaps of debris and these tottering walls, or of the greater splendor of the consulate and of the empire founded by the first Napoleon, who seems just as surely passed away.

One recalls, too, the sad story of Louis XVI., and of his hapless queen, the beau-



ghter of Austria, who passed the last  
s of their royal power within these darkly  
d walls; of the faithful guard of Switzers  
o, lion-like, perished, rather than betray  
trust they had received—to guard with  
r lives the broken fleur-de-lis.

The garden was designed in the reign of  
is XIV, and, although its beautiful ave-  
s, groves and pavilions have witnessed so  
y overturnings, it yet retains its beauty  
smiling aspect. It is 2,376 feet long and  
feet wide, affording ample spaces for the  
ng of promenaders and pleasure-seekers  
love to linger in this beautiful place.

o the right, on an island of the Seine,  
the ancient towers of Notre Dame and  
imposing dome of the Pantheon, besides  
st array of airy spires and lesser domes,  
h make the landmarks of this most mag-  
ent city. The gilded dome of the Inva-  
is also a notable object as it glitters in  
bright autumn sunshine—another re-  
der of glory passed away, for under it  
the remains of the great emperor.

estward, we look up another fine avenue,  
inuuous with the Champs Elysées, called  
Avenue de la Grande Armée, seeming to  
beyond the city and its suburbs, to the  
quil fields which bound the view. The  
ness, order and beauty of these great  
which lead in every direction from the  
of the Star, impress the beholder with  
ound respect for the authorities and peo-  
f Paris, who understand so well how to  
tify and to enjoy life. It is said of them  
ose who know more about it than I can  
nd to, that they have not yet rightly  
ed some of the most important lessons  
ue Christian civilization; but where  
is so much that is admirable—so much  
try, so much cheerfulness, so much ge-  
so much elasticity of spirit after the  
ure of overwhelming calamity—surely  
is no good thing which we may not  
to see attained by the French people.

S. R.

TER OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S, AD-  
DRESSED TO AN AMERICAN.

*Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:*

ar Friends: A correspondent of one of  
Philadelphia papers, in sending the fol-  
g letter for publication, remarks: "I do  
now but you will think this too old to  
st. I cut it out of a paper in 1868, but  
it so noble, that I should not be sorry  
it in every woman's paper, at least  
year."

s was so in unison with my own views  
would like to see it in the *Intelligencer*,  
y many of our own young women might

read it to profit, particularly the reference to  
qualifications for work without "the privi-  
leges of inaccuracy of weakness," too often  
claimed by women even in our own society.

L. H. H.

LONDON, Sept., 13th.

TO LEMUEL MOSS—MY DEAR SIR:

I cannot do what you asked me to do in your  
kind letter of July 12th, viz: Give you information  
about my own life; though if I could, it would be  
to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has  
been led by God, by strange and unaccustomed  
paths to do in His service what He did in hers. And  
if I could tell you all, you would see how God has  
done all and I nothing. I have worked hard, very  
hard, that is all, and I have never refused God any-  
thing; though being naturally a very shy person,  
most of my life has been distasteful to me. I have  
no peculiar gifts. And I can honestly assure any  
young lady, if she will but try to work, she will  
soon be able to run the "appointed course." But  
then she must first learn to walk, and so when she  
runs she must run with patience. (Most people  
don't even try to walk).

But I would say to all young ladies who are  
called to any particular vocation, 1st—Qualify your-  
selves for it as a man does for his work. Don't  
think you can undertake it otherwise. No one  
should attempt to teach the Greek language until  
he is master of the language, and this he can only  
become by hard study. And 2d—If you are called  
to man's work do not exact a woman's privileges—  
the privileges of inaccuracy, of weakness. Submit  
yourself to the rules of business as men do, by  
which alone you can ever make God's business suc-  
ceed; for He has never said that He will give His  
blessing to inefficiency, to sketching, to unfinished  
work. 3d—It has happened to me more than once  
to be told by women (your country women), "Yes,  
but you had personal freedom." Nothing can be  
further from the truth. I question whether God has  
ever brought any one through more difficulties and  
contradictions than I have had. But I imagine  
those exist less in your country than among us, so I  
will say no more.

4th—But to all women I would say, look upon  
your work, whether it be an accustomed or an un-  
accustomed work, as upon a trust confided to you.  
This will keep you alike from discouragement and  
from presumption, from idleness, and from over-  
taxing yourselves. Where God leads the way, He  
has bound Himself to help you to go the way.

I have been nine years confined a prisoner to my  
room from illness, and overwhelmed with business.  
(Had I more faith, more of the faith which I profess,  
I should not say "overwhelmed," for it is all  
business sent me by God. And I am really thankful  
to Him, though my sorrows have been deep and  
many, that He still makes me do His business).  
This must be my excuse for not having answered  
your questions before.

Nothing, with the approval of my own judgment,  
has been made public, or I would send it. I have  
a strong objection to sending my own likeness for  
the same reason. Some of the most valuable works  
the world has ever seen, we know not who is the  
author of; we only know that God is the author of  
all. I do not urge this example upon others, but it  
is a deep-seated religious scruple in myself. I do  
not wish my name to remain, nor my likeness. That  
God alone should be remembered, I wish. If I  
could really give the lessons of my life to my  
country-women and yours (indeed I fain look upon



us all as one nation), the lessons of my mistakes as well as of the rest—I would; but for this there is no time. I would only say, work,—work in silence at first, in silence for years—it will not be time wasted. Perhaps in all your life it will be the time you will afterward find to have been best spent; and it is very certain, that, without it, you will be no worker. You will not produce one “perfect work,” but only a botch in the service of God.

Pray, believe me, my dear sir, with great truth, ever your faithful servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

P. S.—Have you read Baker's sources of the Nile, where he says, he was more like a donkey than an explorer? That is much my case, and I believe, is that of all who have to do any unusual work. And I would specially guard young ladies from fancying themselves like lady-supervisors, with their obsequious following of disciples if they are to take any great work.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

It is a tale so often told,  
It is a song so often sung,  
Death comes not only to the old,  
He lays his hand upon the young,  
Just in the prime of manhood's years  
That father's soul hath passed away,  
And o'er a new-made grave the tears  
Fall, mingling with the honored clay.  
It is not mine to speak his praise,  
That every tongue hath spoken long—  
The crowning virtue of his days,  
His “love of right, and scorn of wrong.”  
Nor is it mine to say how well  
His spirit passed from earth away,  
The heart instinctively can tell  
The closing of a good man's day.

He lived as few have lived, he died  
And left behind a shining track,  
Where the worn heart by sorrow tried,  
May see the sunlight streaming back.  
In many a spirit's tenderest thought,  
His gentle memory findeth room,  
And good deeds that his hands have wrought,  
Speak from the silence of the tomb.

One chair is vacant, at one hearth  
A saddened group is gathered round,  
Their loss, the greatest loss on earth;  
And theirs, the sorrow most profound.  
O loving father, faithful friend,  
O husband dear, through weal and woe!  
Thy precious memory still must blend,  
With every wish and thought below.

Thy counsel's sage and tender care,  
How shall we miss through many a year!  
Our morning thanks and evening prayer,  
Are sad without thy presence here.  
Yet have we holy thoughts of thee,  
Yet do we feel 'mid cares that press,  
God's love, the widow's staff shall be,  
And Father to the fatherless.

Still shall we feel thy presence near,  
Through summer's long unclouded day,  
When autumn's leaves are brown and sere,  
And winter holds his stormy sway,  
Sweet fancies of the bliss reserved,  
For those who know and do God's will,

Shall whisper through each spoken word,  
Thy vacant place in life to fill.

When o'er thy tomb sweet flowers shall wave  
And wild birds sing above thy head;  
A sacred spot must be the grave  
That holds the consecrated dead.  
And we, who miss thee so, shall learn,  
Such sorrows never come in vain,  
With clearer sight our eyes discern,  
The Hand that takes, to give again.  
A. F. B.

From the New York Tribune.

HOT AIR.

The season of the domestic furnace has in. This substitute for the domestic heart is now heating thousands of houses that on side are fair to look upon, but inside are filled with an atmosphere that if it could be seen would be recognized as abominable. Its violence is scarcely perceptible to the nostrils. A certain choking sensation that one feels entering such a house from the fresh air dizziness or faintness that assails the visitor sitting in the nicely furnished parlor or reception-room—these are some of the evidence. “We always have headaches for the first week or two after the house is warmed” is a current family experience. The occupants soon get used to the hot air; live through it tolerably till winter is over, and then wonder why they are sick in the spring.

One of the fallacies about this business furnace heat is the belief that all danger to health is avoided if there is a pan of water over the fire, and the temperature of the apartment is not over 70°. Dryness of air in the house, we are told, is especially asperating to people with irritable throats and weak lungs. Yet we send people of just the sort, when we want their health to improve, to the driest climates attainable. In the high levels of Colorado, where damp air is not of more than a few hours' continuance, they usually recover. Heat or heated air does not necessarily hurt them, for as a rule a warm instead of a cooler climate than our own agrees best with these delicate ones. Still it must be admitted that the pan of water on the stove makes the hot air much more endurable; it does not seem so utterly devitalize and incapable of supporting life, so stifling. It is possible that the moisture absorbs something from the air, or at all events renders something less palpable to our senses. The well-known smell of coal gas—of furnace—is certainly diminished by moistening the air. But is the product any less poisonous?

It is worth while to ask this question. A French physician of eminence noticed a peculiar class of diseases was prevalent among the occupants of certain wards in the hospital at Savoy, but not in the other wards.

his studies led him to the belief that the blood of those patients was poisoned by the air they breathed. The symptoms were similar to those observed where persons had attempted to kill themselves by the favorite method of suicide in France—a close room and a pan of burning charcoal. It has been ascertained that the poison in that form of suicide is due not to the carbonic acid but the carbonic oxide inhaled. Of the two the latter is far the more deadly, acting as a blood poison. Both gases are produced when hard coal burned in a furnace, but the oxide is chiefly the result when the draft is partly turned after a hot fire has been started. It has no smell. It is not absorbed by water; hence it gets into the air outside the furnace it will not be taken up by steam or moisture. Next came the discovery that this carbonic oxide passes through red-hot iron as easily as water through a sieve. The French Academy investigated the facts, and determined them by abundant experiments. Meanwhile the stoves of the Savoy hospital had been replaced by open fire-places, and the whole train of peculiar symptoms among the patients disappeared. General Morin afterward showed that the inhalers of cast iron allowed the gases of combustion to pass freely through their substance even at a heat much below redness. Quite recently Mr. W. Chandler Roberts has demonstrated similar facts as to other forms of iron.

In short, the furnace to heat air is very little better than the open pan of burning charcoal. It sets free the same gases when iron is near a red heat, and fills the apartments above with more or less diluted poison. The pores of the iron were filled with some proof glazing, perhaps the escape of gas could be prevented; but nobody as yet, we believe, come forward with such an invention. Tiles of terra-cotta have been suggested, but certainly have not made their appearance here. Steam-heating apparatus is unfortunate rather costly, though every year becoming cheaper. Meanwhile, those who will continue to use furnaces may save the general health of their households and economise in doctors' bills as to the variety of obscure diseases, by observing two rules:—Don't let the iron of the furnace approach red heat except while the draft is wide open; and don't let the burning fuel come higher than the lining. A furnace under such treatment will last longer; which, however, is a doubtful advantage.

THEY who know the truth are not equal to those who revere it; and those who revere it are not equal to those who find pleasure in it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

# REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC. FOR FIRST MONTH.

	1875 Days.	1876 Days.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	6	11
Rain all or nearly all day.....	0	0
Snow, including very slight falls.....	7	4
Cloudy, without storms.....	7	5
Clear, as ordinarily accepted.....	11	11
Total.....	31	31

TEMPERATURES.	1875 Deg.	1876 Deg.
Mean temperature of First mo., per Penna. Hospital.....	25.92	38.00
Highest point attained during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	43.00	70.00
Lowest point reached during month, per Penna. Hospital.....	3.00	17.00

DEATHS.	Numb'r.	Numb'r.
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for each year.....	1789	1806

MEAN TEMPERATURES.	Deg.
Average of the mean temperatures of the First month for the past 87 years.....	31.40
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1790.....	44.00
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857.....	22.37

"Oh, how warm!" "Had we ever such weather in January?" with other exclamations and queries of like import seem to have been in everybody's mouth. We answer, *yes, we have*. But before proceeding to give details of comparisons with other years, we will record some *unusual* characteristics of the month just closed, which it must be admitted has been a remarkable one. A relative of ours informed us on the 2d instant, that on the night previous, the occupants of the second and third stories of his dwelling, in the northern part of the city, (near Thompson street) were much annoyed by mosquitoes! On the 2d it was positively warm, 68 degrees in some localities. On the 6th, our correspondent at Osceola, Clearfield county, Pa., informed us that a severe thunder-storm had visited that place the night previous. Accounts received from Berks county report the same thing.

On the 11th a change of 30 degrees in the temperature was experienced, dropping from 50 degrees on the day previous down to 20. On the 18th a dense fog covered the Delaware river, and for several hours navigation was nearly suspended (bear in mind, not from ice, though). Two of our ferry-boats collided, and, though, both were well filled with passengers, fortunately no one was injured. The boats, however, sustained some external injuries. One of our city periodicals is responsible for the following item published on the 20th of the month:

"A large-sized butterfly made its appearance one day this week in the garden of a resident on North Broad street, this city, which is something unusual at this time of the year. The insect, however, did not long survive, as it was chased and killed by the children."

The current opinion of the death rate being always increased by such unseasonable damp weather



as we have just passed through, does not appear to have been sustained in the present instance by the record as above, viz.: 1875, 1749, and 1876, 1806. And now for other comparisons. The temperature of 1876 has been equalled or exceeded during the past 87 years, as follows, viz.:

1790,	44.00 degrees.
1802,	38.00 "
1828,	39.00 "
1838,	38.00 "
1843,	38.00 "
1845,	38.00 "
1858,	39.72 "
1863,	38.25 "
1870,	41.07 "

There are also four years of 36 degrees, viz.: 1850, 1851, 1869 and 1874; so it will be seen we have even recently had very "*mild Januarys*."

Of the month in 1790 *Peirce* remarks: "The mercury often run up to 70 in the shade at midday. Boys were often seen swimming in the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. There were frequent showers as in April, some of which were accompanied by thunder and lightning. The uncommon mildness of the weather continued until February 7." In 1802 he states: "During the last week some trees and shrubbery were in blossom." For 1828, "Early shrubbery and trees were beginning to put forth their buds." Other statements of like character are not infrequent.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Second month 1, 1876.

NOTE.—It is occasionally a matter of regret, as in the present instance, that the necessities of the case seem to demand the *Intelligencer* going to press so early in the week. The above was prepared on the evening of the first inst., but, of course, had to be delayed until the present week.

J. M. E.

## NOTICES.

"The Central Employment Association," with an exhausted treasury and an increased demand for work, solicits aid.

Its members visit applicants for Charity or Sewing before furnishing either. All articles made are distributed to the deserving Poor. Donations in goods or money may be sent to E. F. Williams, President, 617 Franklin St.; Rachel O. Bunting, Secretary, 1125 Callowhill St.; Mary M. Scranton, Treasurer, 2015 Ogden St.

The Lecture of Dr. Hartshorne, of Haverford College, "A Talk on Health," will take place at the Spring Garden Institute, on Sixth-day evening, the 18th instant, (instead of the time first announced). Tickets gratuitously at the door, or of Jacob M. Ellis, 325 Walnut street.

The next Third-day Evening Meeting will be held at Race street, on the 15th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

## ITEMS.

A SUMMER school of Zoölogy will be conducted at Cornell University during the coming summer. The number of students will be limited to fifty.

A SPECIAL despatch to the London *Daily News* from Lisbon announces that the Chamber of Peers has voted the abolition of slavery in St. Thomas, Gulf of Guinea.

ADVICES from the Cape of Good Hope report that the Zambesi Mission have succeeded in placing a

steamer on Lake Nyanza. Seven hundred natives were employed to carry the vessel past the Murchison cataracts.

THE Khedival Geographical Society, of Cairo lately held its first meeting, under the Presidency of Dr. Schweinfurth. The Khedive gives to the Society a local habitation, suitably furnished, and also subscribes 10,000 francs a year to its funds. *Popular Science Monthly*.

A MILL has been erected on the line of the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad, Cal., for the purpose of manufacturing the fibre of the cactus into paper pulp. The experiment has been tried says the *Scientific Press*, and an excellent quality of paper is the result.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

CABLE telegrams of Second month 3d state:—The indications of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius are steadily increasing. Prof. Palmieri announces that the instruments at the observatory for indicating and measuring the eruptions are disturbed, and the activity of the crater is becoming daily more apparent. A speedy eruption is generally expected.

THERE is a growing sentiment among the people of civilized nations in favor of uniformity in coinage, weights and measures, legal codes and postal rates. So far as this continent is concerned, Peru has taken the lead in suggesting that a Congress of Jurists, composed of delegates from all the American States, be formed to discuss the means of accomplishing such a result.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS wrote as follows recently to an English farmers' club, which was trying to put a stop to cruelty to trapped game and small birds.—"That men should be charged with plucking the wings and feathers of these most harmless of God's creatures while still alive would seem incredible the present day; but as it appears the destination of these feathers is for the adornment of ladies' attire, it is nearly time the sense of Englishwomen were quickened to the enormity of the crime. I have already communicated with many of the leaders of fashion in this country on the subject, and a sympathetic letter which I had from Mme. Louis I regret to learn that, repugnant as is the present fashion, there is still a growing demand for it. English ladies will therefore incur a serious responsibility and an unenviable reputation for heartlessness, unless they discard a practice which is attended with so much torture to its innocent victims as this is now shown to be."

NEW PROCESS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF WOOD A new process for the preservation of wood from fire and decay has been invented by Messrs. Weatherly & Moore. It consists, first, in kiln-drying wood, which deprives it of all moisture and much of its volatile turpentine and other inflammable matters. It is then put into suitable cylinders, which lime and water with sulphurous acid gas, forced into the pores of the wood under considerable pressure. The wood is removed, dried, and then ready for use. The chemistry of the process consists in the formation of a soluble sulphate lime, by means of the sulphurous acid and the lime; this crystallizes as a bisulphite, which oxidizes and is converted into the sulphate of lime, or gypsum. As this is an exceedingly insoluble salt, it is easily removed from the pores of the wood, and only by its presence protects it as a non-conductor of heat, but deoxidizes all matters which are liable to prove objectionable as ferments.—*N. Y. Trib*

# FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION: LET HER NOT GO: KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS TRY LIFE."

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 19, 1876.

No. 52.

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AGENTS:—T. Burling Hull, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph S. Cohn, New York.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

## AMONG THE INDIANS.

FROM "LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A QUAKER AMONG THE INDIANS"

BY THOMAS C. BATTEY.

"17th.—After lying over one day at the Wichita Agency, I this day came on to that of the Kiowas.

"24th.—Several of the school children being very sick, with pleuro-pneumonia, and no nurse at the school, as my time has to be put in at jobbing,—one day at the mill, another at whitewashing, etc., I went to the school to take care of the sick children; and one of the boys in a very suffering as well as dangerous condition, the others comparatively easy, at needing careful nursing. To-day, Horseback, a Comanche chief, brought in and delivered up to the agent two white captive boys, whose stories may be told as follows: The name of the elder of the two is Clinton Smith. One year and a half since, he, with a younger brother, were taking care of some cattle or sheep, but a short distance from their father's house in Texas, when they were seized by a small party of Arizona Apaches, and carried away captives. A few days subsequently, Clinton was sold a band of Quahada Comanches, by whom he had been held in captivity up to the present time. He is a boy about thirteen years of age, and talks fluently the Comanche language. His father had been asking all the exertion in his power for the recovery of his children, had written to the agent on different occasions, but all had been unavailing, until the present autumn, so many outrages, murders, &c., having been perpetrated in the frontiers of Texas by the wild bands of Indians inhabiting the region of the Staked Plains, including the Kiowas and Quahadas, that government determined upon their chastisement. Col. McKensie with some troops was sent into that region, and falling upon an encampment of the Quahadas, killed several of their men and took about one hundred and twenty women and children into Texas as captives. He afterwards

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discovered an encampment, from which the Indians had fled, and destroyed upwards of a hundred lodges; hence they are finding themselves in a narrow place, cut off from their rations and annuities by their agent, driven from the haunts of the buffalo by the military, and winter approaching, they have but one alternative, and that is, to agree upon terms by which they can secure their rations and annuities, and if possible, the liberation of their women and children.

"Horseback, though in no wise implicated in the affair, has been among the Quahadas and persuaded them to give up these boys and to come in and make peace with the agent; but they being in mourning for their dead as well as for their women and children, will not come in at present.

"Clinton informs that there are other white boys in the camp, but as they were continually watched, they could not speak to each other in English, and he could tell nothing more about them. This boy was clothed and placed in school upon his restoration, and kept there until a suitable opportunity occurred, after some weeks, of sending him home to his friends, who reside near San Antonio, in Texas.

"John Valentine Maxie, a boy about nine years of age, was brought in with Clinton Smith, by Horseback, and delivered to the agent; he had been some years with the Quahada Comanches, had forgotten his name and language, and could remember nothing but the scene of his capture. His account of this, as elicited by the interpreter, was, that his father was killed at the woodpile, his mother, together with a babe in her arms, were killed, while himself and a little sister were carried away; but his sister being unable to walk was killed that night. He also was clothed and placed in the agency school. Notices of their restoration were published in the Texas papers, and after about two months the father of this boy came to see him, and found indeed, his own son. The real story of his capture, as



I learned from his father, was substantially as follows: Some three years since he was suddenly called to go several miles from home, in the early evening, leaving his father, wife, children and a neighboring woman with her child at his home. It appears that his departure was noticed by some Indians lurking near, who soon made an attack upon the old man (grandfather to the boy) who was chopping wood at the door, the children playing near him. He was killed at once, and the neighbor's child was also killed upon his attempting to run. The woman in the house hearing the noise and screams of the children, ran to the door, when the mother of our little captive, with a babe in her arms, was shot, and falling in the door, was drawn in by the other woman, and the door closed. When the Indians, after shooting an arrow through his leg so that he could not run, seized this boy and his sister and fled with them. The woman was not killed, but the ball after passing through the head of her babe, severed the artery in her arm, from which she came near bleeding to death, but is still living to receive as from the dead this her only surviving child.

"Strange as it may appear, after the child had seen his father, though all attempts to bring incidents to his memory by which he might be identified had proved unavailing, it seemed as though a new light had suddenly broken upon him, and not only his name, but several incidents of his early life were unsealed to his memory, proving his identity beyond a question. This boy was in the encampment which was surprised by Col. McKensie, and with great presence of mind mounted a pony, fled to another camp, gave them notice of the approach of the soldiers, and thus prevented their surprise.

"10th mo. 28th.—Kicking Bird and seven other Kiowa chiefs came in and delivered several stolen mules to the agent. Upon the subject of my going among them being laid before them, they all gave an unqualified word of approbation, 'offering to do all they could for me: Kicking Bird himself offering to take care of me, but thought I had better not go among them until the chiefs who have gone to Washington shall return. They claim that they intend now to settle down and not 'do bad any more,' but travel in the road that Washington makes for them, and until their chiefs come back to teach them Washington's road, they will travel the road their agent makes. Several of the chiefs came around and shook hands with us, saying it felt good to take their agent by the hand again. He told them they might always take him by the hand, by doing right; it was by doing bad—killing people, stealing mules, horses and children, that prevented their taking his hand—they had killed more than forty persons, and stolen a great many mules and horses this past summer, and he had withdrawn his hand, but when they do right, he will give it to them again.

"11th mo. 14th.—Since my last entry, when not otherwise engaged, I have been constructing, painting and varnishing, a set of outline maps for the use of my school, if I ever get one in operation at the Kiowa camps. I have made 8 maps on tracing linen, viz: A map of the World, hemispherical; North America; South America; Europe; Asia; Africa; United States; Indian Territory.

"This afternoon Horseback brought in and delivered up to the agent, two more white captive boys, who were duly washed, shorn and clothed. Their hair hung in mats, which it was impossible to comb out, and was of course alive with vermin; they were thinly clad and were suffering much with

cold, being but poorly protected therefrom by thin muslin leggings and wrappers. After being washed shorn and clothed, their appearance was much improved, they looking like smart intelligent boys.

"Adolph Kohn, one of the boys mentioned above is a German, says he is 11 years of age, speaks German, English, Spanish and Comanche. He says he has a father, mother and nine brothers and sisters; he was captured some three years since, near San Antonio, Texas, while taking care of sheep; few days after, his captors—three Arizona Apaches—traded him to a band of Quahada Comanches, with whom he remained up to the time of his delivery. His treatment has been undoubtedly that of other captives, that is, he has been compelled to herd ponies and mules and perform the drudgery for the camp generally. On one occasion a sick child, which he had the care, died, and he was severely whipped. He is now very much elated with the idea of his deliverance, and the prospect of being again restored to his family and friends. Adolph was placed in school and kept there for some week when, a suitable opportunity presenting, he and Clinton Smith were sent home to their friends.

"Temple Friend, the other boy brought in by Horseback, though appearing to be a very intelligent boy, having been taken young, has forgotten the English language, remembering only the scene of his capture. He thinks his mother was killed while his father (whose given name he remembers to have been John) and sister, older than himself, were away from home. There seemed to be no clue by which this boy could be identified, and the whole household at the agent's were becoming much attached to him, when an old grey-headed man, L. S. Friend, a Methodist minister, who had for many years acted as a missionary on the frontiers of Texas, arrived from Kansas, where he now resides, having seen notice of the delivery of two unknown boys at the agency in the papers, and had come to see if he could recognize in one of them his long-lost grandson. He had spent much money, and had traveled over fifteen thousand miles in unwearied search, and now his efforts were crowned with success. The old man gently put his arm around the boy and drew him towards him. The tears started in his eyes, as he slowly uttered the words 'Temple Friend.' The boy started as if from sleep, looked at the old man, and having learned a few words of English, replied, 'Yes.' The old man then pronounced the name of his sister, 'Florence Friend.' The boy with a look of unutterable amazement replied as before 'Yes.'

"We learned from the grandfather, that Temple is 13 years of age, was captured in Texas, and been with the Indians five years. His mother, though transfixed by an arrow through both breasts and arms, having had the cords of her wrists severed, and having been scalped in two places, lives to rejoice over the return of this her long-son, 'Who was dead and is alive again, was found and is found.'"

**DUTY.**—The sense of duty is the great gift of God. The idea of right is the primary and the highest revelation of God to human mind, and all outward revelations are founded on and addressed to it. All theories of science and theology fade away before the grandeur of the simple perception of duty which dawns on the mind of the little child. That perception brings him into



ral kingdom of God. That lays on him everlasting bond. He, in whom a conviction of duty is unfolded, becomes subject from that moment to a law which no power in the universe can abrogate. He forms a new and insoluble connection with God—that of an accountable being. He begins to stand before an inward tribunal, on the decisions of which his whole happiness rests; he hears a voice which, if faithfully followed, will guide him to perfection, and in neglecting which he plunges upon himself inevitable misery. We begin to understand the solemnity of the moral principle in every human mind. We think how awful are its functions. We forget that it is a germ of immortality. Did we understand it, we should look with reverence on every being to whom it is given.—*Channing*.

#### LETTER FROM GEORGE DILLWYN.

The following extract from a letter of George Dillwyn to his townsman, John Hoskins, was sent us by a Friend, whose grandfather had preserved it. It was written while G. D. was on a religious visit to England, and is dated Norwich, Eighth mo. 4th, 1786. The school to which he alludes as having been established through difficulties, and after reiterated conferences and committees, was situated in Burlington, N. J., where G. D. and his friend J. H., resided. It is worthy of note that the letter was written about nine years before Philadelphia Yearly Meeting took action for the establishment of West Hill Boarding School, [Eds.]

I am sorry to hear that the school concern gains little ground in our Yearly Meeting, and fear it owing to a declension in other respects; indeed, much the same here and in Ireland; but, then, minds in these lands have not yet had their attention so awakened to serious considerations as we have. I cannot but consider a relaxation in these respects as laying a foundation for future troubles, and wish those who see it so, may discharge themselves faithfully to their careless brethren. Thou must remember, we had our difficulties to encounter, and yet by reiterated conferences and committees, they were gradually overcome. A patient persevering firmness is necessary to success, not only in the establishment, but support of such important institutions; for the enemy of all righteousness is aware that in the promotion of them one of our strongest holds is attacked, and if fairly carried, tend very much to weaken his kingdom. Oh, the captain of our salvation may enable his devoted ones, in his sufficiency to say 'we are strong.' What dost thou think of a school in New York nearly on the plan of Ackworth, (only on a larger scale), and to take in Friends' children of three Quarterly Meetings, those in affluent circumstances as well as those who are not; the latter to be supported by a fund, raised for that and the use of building a suitable house? I don't doubt Friends would be raised up to take the charge on principle. (This, of Ackworth, is wonder-

fully blessed hitherto, and an occasion of admiration to all who visit it). I have thought much about it, and if the proposal should take, believe I should think it right to do my part in setting it a going. Perhaps thou may have opportunity of feeling the pulses of our brethren, and judging whether it would be practicable. I long to have our truly dear Society turned more from the world to its best interests, and exerting itself in ways for which posterity may be the better, when our heads are quietly laid down, as will soon be the case! I am glad you continue the monthly visitation of our school, and hope it won't be suffered to drop; though for the present, you may seem to gain no ground, and only to be holding on. Yet, doing your best, it will give you boldness to labor with others, and enable you to sympathize with them under those difficulties and discouragements, which you have yourselves been wading through; I am pleased that I have had a share with you under them; for, as I meet with Friends in my travels who are exercised in like manner, I am better fitted to be serviceable to them, than I could have been without such experience.

"I feel now and then as if I would fain take a look in as I used to do, at your houses; but oftener am refreshed, when I suppose you gathered in your assemblies, under the spreading of immortal favor, one here and another there, rising from the deeps with their stones of memorial; and the fathers and mothers in Israel, rejoicing to see the precious fruits of their travail, flourishing as olive branches around the table of the Lord! My heart is enlarged in love towards you, and broken into tenderness while I am writing, so as to baffle the attempt I am making to express it; but I believe thou canst feel with me, and feeling has no fellow, and under this blessed cementing influence, I feel liberty to salute the Friends of our Monthly Meeting with the desires that the wisdom you wait for, and which alone is profitable to direct, may guide you in your movements and knit you together as the heart of one man, that your lives may be pleasant, and that in death you may not be divided. I do not request the public expression of this, but leave thee to communicate it to such as thou thinks proper, hoping it may be a means of reviving me upon their minds, and engaging them when favored with access to the house of prayer, to implore the Divine Majesty for the merciful preservation of their far-separated, and often exercised, yet nearly united brother.

GEORGE DILLWYN."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### THE CENTENNIAL.

The present year seems vocal with Centennial sounds; we hear them from the North, the South, the East and the West; orators, poets and historians are training their genius to its best inspiration and highest flights, to inaugurate the great occasion and give it an echo heard around the world. Do we ever ask ourselves the question what is this great display at the expense of millions for? is it not to celebrate a great victory achieved by the sword? Our Society has been actively engaged since the sitting of the Geneva court throughout the length and breadth of our country, in conspicuous efforts in favor of peace. We memorialize the President and Congress with a zeal worthy the great cause, and seem to be



sensible of the terrible calamities of war; yet I discover by the papers that some of our Friends have engaged places in the great Centennial Buildings to exhibit their productions, wares and mechanism, perhaps in full view of the great mowing machines of war, which are apt to have the central places of observation. At the exposition in Paris, in 1867, the Krupp gun was the great centre of attraction, and three years after, it was at work all over France, and the bleeding winnows it left on the field of battle few would care to look at. I would ask, can we with confidence send our well-written memorials to the law-makers of our government, and then be seen at the Centennial viewing those terrible engines of destruction that have taxed the ingenuity of some of our most inventive minds, whose powers might have been turned in a different direction? I am aware it may be claimed that these industries, arts and sciences are also to be there to furnish notes to the music of peace. I would ask, does it look like progress towards the millennium, when the sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare, that during a year of peace we have sixty-one millions appropriated for the army and navy? "Shall the sword devour forever?" How would it look to see one wearing the plain coat and broad brim of a Friend, listening to the orator of the occasion on (what is called the 4th of July), next summer, rehearse the scenes of one hundred years ago, interspersed with those national airs, Hail Columbia and Star Spangled Banner? When the hour of trial comes, we screen our bodies from exposure to danger, under conscientious scruples against war; let us not forget that the eyes of a jealous people are upon us, and be careful to make straight steps, not only before the world, but before that all-seeing eye that penetrates the heart, and not be found supporting an "armed peace system."

*Second mo. 5th, 1876.*

W. C. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### MOUNT MEETING AND FIRST-DAY SCHOOL.

We have received a copy of a report from "Mount" First-day School, addressed to a recent meeting of the "First-day School Union," held at Trenton. It contains an interesting fact, which may properly be transferred to our columns.

The information alluded to was given in answer to the inquiry, "What effect has the establishment of First-day schools upon the attendance of our religious meetings?"

It appears from the report that the Mount meeting has been regularly held for more than one hundred years, and always in silence so far as regards its own members. Rarely

numbering, during the last few years, over five in attendance, and surrounded as it has been, by meetings of other professors, it is remarkable that it has been thus sustained.

The First-day school was established in the Seventh month of 1874, and the change was very marked. From an average attendance of five, the average became 75, and some times during the past eighteen months there were present 120, those who came to meeting staying to attend school. The report states that the future prospects of the school are promising.

From the foregoing facts, our isolated members may gather some encouragement still to hold on in the faithful attendance of their small meetings. Surely, the few who thus assembled, year after year, at the Mount Meeting-house, must have realized the fulfilment of the promise, "Where two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

"HOWEVER much we may differ in regard to theories, ways and means to be used, a true men and women will agree as to the great object to be attained and the object for which the Father sent His well-beloved Son into the world. It was to save men from sin, and bring them to righteousness and peace forever. We all agree that the end aim of all law and all gospel is a noble manhood and a true womanhood. We are called to be honest and loving sons and daughters of God." The value of all doctrines, creeds, systems and religions must be estimated by their power to make men better. All true religion helps men to build true, pure, beautiful characters, living characters that shall stand the test of fire, and shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

From the Public Ledger.

#### "TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA," &c.

The small courtesies of life are what make intercourse pleasant. They render it possible for people of the most variant pursuits and tempers to slip easily along without clashing. The secret of this is that the true and even the conventionally polite avoid doing or saying what they apprehend will be disagreeable to others. The truly courteous are considerate from principle. The conventionally polite are so from policy. They "assume a virtue though they have not." The assumption answers every purpose so far as others are concerned, till some accident strips the mask off. So a counterfeit note or coin serves all the purpose of a currency till it is detected.

There are a great many important per-

ages among us, however, who cannot act a part. Their importance is in an inverse ratio to their years and their inches. These important individuals are the children and youth. If they have not been schooled in sincere and habitual deference to their elders and in gentleness to each other, all charges given them upon special occasions "to be polite" are words thrown away. They despise concealment, and let their natural impulses and inclinations be evident—and, it may be added, as disagreeable as evident. Why should they care? They pay little or no respect to parents and elder brothers and sisters, and they are not very considerate of the comfort of those who are employed to take charge of them. And why should they heed the repose of people whom they do not know? Certainly what is good enough behavior for their brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, and fathers and mothers, is quite sufficient for strangers, who have no claim upon them.

Here and there an exceptional child can be filled into the hypocrisy of society and made to respect the burden of the old song, "Behave yourself before folk." The little actor in public is, however, a terrible hindrance to the scenes. When the restraint of the presence of strangers is taken off, the native shrill notes wild may be overheard from the "company" who have just witnessed the puppet exhibition of "politeness." That such cases are exceptional is a fortunate circumstance. If all children would be thus filled in duplicity the world would be even worse than it is. The glory of childhood is its transparent honesty, even though untruth behavior and pert speech are the unpleasant evidences that the child is no hypocrite.

The true remedy is in such habitual openness in the home-circle as will make children agreeable, from habit and training, when guests are present and when the children are taken abroad. Of course it is meant that in the family all the "ceremony" should obtain that is customary in public. Yet the freedom of family intercourse should have its limits. No member of the family, and certainly no child, should be permitted to disregard the simple rules of order and punctuality, without which no use is comfortable. If home is the "abode of love," it is too often the case that it becomes a place where affection is more severely tested than in any other. Mutual affection seems rather to consist in mutual forbearance than in the mutual tender of kind offices. It is of little things that we are now speaking, for they make up the sum of life. Nobody's affection should require a great calamity or a

great sorrow to make it evident. And yet how many friends and relatives there are whose latent affection can only be brought out by an earthquake.

Affection and respect should lie nearer the surface than to require a convulsion to make them apparent. In a word, the little amenities of life should be shown in the constant and habitual modes of family intercourse. Under such training, the manners of children would need no cover of hypocrisy to make them presentable. Deference and honest respect is the point in which children require especial teaching. In the "good old times"—the somewhat indefinite epoch to which we are all fond of referring—it is said that "children were children." This much seems to be true, that they were kept under greater fear than at present. It may be true, also, that there was a lack of loving confidence between children and their parents and teachers. In avoiding the evils of the old times, and in giving to children more freedom, the fashion of the days seems to have reached the other extreme. It would appear not only to have subordinated the parents, but to have laid social comfort on the altar of sacrifice to the supremacy of the younger and the youngest. One thing, if remembered, would do much to abate the evil. And that is the axiom that it is really a comfort and help to the little folks that they are not, or should not, be required or expected to act or think in all things for themselves, and they should be both expected and required to yield obedience to those whose experience gives them confidence to decide. In a word, home influence should make them modest and deferential, not from fear, but from courtesy. And they should be educated by silent, kindly influence, to know that the practice of cheerful obedience is the means by which their present happiness and future success are to be assured.

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#### THE NEW BIRTH.

A good deal is said in religious teaching about "the new birth," or, as it is oftener called, "regeneration," which is the Latin word for the same thing. The figure is taken from Christ's conversation with Nicodemus, recorded by John. It is not a literal statement, but an illustration, a figure of speech.

What is physical birth? It is simply the beginning of life. To appreciate the meaning of birth, we look not at the fact itself, not at the weak, insignificant creature that comes into the world, but rather at that many-sided and wonderful experience that makes up the full existence of a human being. By the cradle of the unconscious babe our thoughts



run forward to all the blossoming and fruitage of the future, to the struggles, the joys, the loves, the sorrows, the defeats, the victories that are to come. It is by life that we interpret birth.

Now in the New Testament "life" is constantly used to signify the activity of man's nobler nature. It denotes the free play of all generous, and spiritual, and exalted dispositions. It is heroism, aspiration, sympathy. It is all that is included in the sweep of Paul's thought: "Whatsoever things are true, just, honest, pure, lovely, of good report." Especially, it is that disposition in which a man passes out of selfish isolation, and so identifies himself with other men, that he makes their sorrows and joys his own. It is that state of which it is said, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." It is a love of, and earnest struggle for, righteousness. Still further, "life," in this full sense, implies vital union with the supreme source of life. It is such trust in the Divine love as fills the heart with peace, such yearning towards the Divine goodness, that the soul grows ever into nearer likeness to that goodness.

This is life in the New Testament sense—the development of man's higher nature under the law of duty, and the inspiration of love and the expectation of immortality. "I am come," said Christ, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The new birth is simply the entrance upon this life.

"But why," it may be asked, "did Christ so emphasize this idea to Nicodemus, a man who evidently was already leading a virtuous and even a religious life?" The answer touches the core of the subject. Nicodemus, from what we can gather, was at that stage which has been to countless well-meaning people the grave of progress and so of true life. He was self-satisfied. He had accepted the discharge of a certain round of duties, as all that was necessary or possible. To be a good Jew; to keep the commandments handed down from Moses; to observe the prescribed ritual of religion,—what more could any one do? Nicodemus, we take it, was a typical Jew of the time. It was this national vice of self-satisfaction that drew from Christ the intensest utterances. It was part of his mission to break up this base content; to declare a blessing on those who hungered and thirsted after righteousness; to implant a sense of the Divine Holiness that should rouse all the energies of the soul to ceaseless aspiration; and to kindle a love for mankind that would give no rest while one sorrowful heart was un comforted or one sinful soul unreclaimed.

Like all his class, Nicodemus had a great respect for what he could see. He begins by acknowledging the evidential force of Christ's miracles. Christ absolutely ignores this tribute, and interjects upon his scrutiny of material phenomena an affirmation of spiritual truth, whose simple intensity dazzles and blinds him. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." And when the bewildered listener stumbles over this mystic utterance, he gets no simplified explanation, but another boldly imaginative illustration: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." In the very element of mystery in the saying lay its power. Here was a man living by his senses and his logical reason, a self-satisfied man, who thought his shortsighted vision took in the whole moral universe; that there could be nothing greater than to be a Jew, and that God himself was a possession of the Jewish nation. Into this narrow, hard conception of things, imprisoning all aspiration, all sense of spiritual truth as close as a turtle is pent in his shell, breathed this strange word of Jesus. Listen, he said, to the voice of nature; listen to the sighing wind in the trees above our heads, and know that no less mighty and mysterious is the breath of the Divine Spirit upon the soul of man. The word was, as if he had led from the cave one who had always dwelt under a rock, and bid him look upon the stars, and know how much greater was God's universe than his thought.

When from this special instance of its use (and almost the only instance in the Scriptures) we turn to the general and universal meaning of "the new birth," we find our thought of it confirmed. It is the entrance of the soul upon the exercise of its noblest powers; the beginning of *life* in its best and truest sense. But Christ used a hundred of figures to express the true relations of man to God. He spoke of the sheep and the shepherd, of servants and their master, of debtor and creditor, of subject and king, of the bride and the vine, of bridegroom and bride, parent and child. The great truths that his words can fully compass, he set in the light of a hundred illustrations. The Scriptures exhaust the imagery of nature and society, to indicate the inexpressible fact of the higher life. And out of this wealth, have in later times drawn a few elements, stereotyped them with rigid literalism. Christ's teaching is as different from the logical formulation often given to it as an apple-tree full of leaves and blossoms, singing-birds is different from the same



cut down and sawed, and split and made into a symmetrical wood-pile. And so this figure of a "new birth," or "regeneration," has been often so literalized as to take all life out of it and enforce harmful mistakes. Many suppose that it implies in every case an instantaneous and complete transformation. But in truth, there is often no sudden change whatever. In a Christian community, it is above all things natural and desirable, that from its earliest years a child should so steadily grow up in Christ-like ways of living, as never to have need to reverse the whole course of habit. Where, on the other hand, there has been persistent refusal or neglect to live with this supreme aim, there must be a deep and radical change of purpose. But that is only a beginning. Birth is nothing, except as growth follows it. It takes many months from the first planting to bring roses to bloom, and Christian manhood is a higher growth than a rose-tree. The important thing is not to ask, "Was I once converted?" but to press on into new activities. The most ruinous of all possible mistakes, is to rest satisfied with what we already have done. "Ye must be born again," is a saying that has its application, not once in a life-time, but every day and every hour. At our best, we have not tasted the first possibilities of what the future may have for us. Our highest present attainment is but the earnest of what God will yet work out in us, if we yield ourselves to Him. Rest there should be for us continually, but stay there should never be while before us rise shining heights that we have not attained.—*Christian Union*.

BE noble-minded. Our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

#### THE VATICAN.

This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length, and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built upon the spot once occupied by the garden of Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 160, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II, a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II, King of Arragon. In 1305 Clement V, at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than 100 years.

But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1736, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforth considered as a regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books until it became the richest depository in the world.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1,400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description.

When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the richness of the Vatican.—*Late paper*.

From The Presbyterian.

#### A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

"Good-natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half the papers in the United States." Yea, verily. "Will you please publish the poetry I send," says one, "it is my first effort," and some crude lines go in, to encourage budding genius. "Our church is in great peril," says another, "will you publish our appeal?" and a long and dolorous plea is inserted. "My father took your paper for twenty years," writes another, "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the session of Big Brake church when he died," and in go resolutions of no interest to a majority of the readers. "I am particularly anxious that the views I present should go before the church this week," and out go a covey of small, pithy contributions, to make room for three columns from a ponderous D. D. "There is an immediate necessity for the exposure of one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes another, as he sends an attack upon an antagonist which will fill an entire page. "I am about to publish a book, identifying the Great Image of brass, iron and clay, and I would be obliged to you to publish the advance sheets of the fifth chapter, which I herewith enclose to you." "Why do you not publish in full R——'s great



speech in the General Assembly? it would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you, I will take *eight* extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of Foreign Missions," says a pastor, as he forwards the half of his last Sabbath's sermon. And the ladies—bless their sweet smiles and sweet voices—the good-natured editor surrenders to them at once, and they go away happy, utterly unconscious that they have helped to spoil the paper.

CRAFTY men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.—*Bacon.*

## FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 19, 1876.

CORRECTION.—On page 701 of this volume, second column, twenty-fifth line from bottom, for "reluctant" read "revolving."

"FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER."—With this number our present volume closes. If our readers have enjoyed its coming as we have sending it out as a messenger of Christian help and cheer, our work has been doubly blessed.

It can hardly be expected that all we have published has been received with favor by every reader. In the diversity of sentiment always found among a people free to think for themselves, it would be a fruitless undertaking to attempt to conduct a religious paper without clashing in some degree with the opinions and conscientious convictions of one or another. It is this presentation of "things new and old,"—the thoughts and reasonings of persons who, while equally sincere and earnest, see from various sides and angles, that constitute one of the highest claims of usefulness in a public journal. While we look only at the phase of a subject that is turned towards our own vision, we can see but a small part of all it contains. The wider scope that embraces the researches and observations of many minds, gathering here one fact and there another, and bringing all into harmonious relations, is the only process by which true advancement is made.

Our aim has been to encourage investiga-

tion into the phenomena of Nature, as well as to foster a healthy, elevated tone of thought concerning the truths of our spiritual life. The great moral and social questions that belong to our age and time have not been neglected. As faithful and fearless guardians of the trust we hold, we have tried to do our whole duty. We have endeavored to refrain from those controversial questions that have in themselves the germs of disintegration, and have sought rather to build up and strengthen the good and true, in which there can be no antagonism, and to present living issues that belong to the *now*, and concern our own civilization.

Though, in the narrow path of our simple profession we have been excluded from participating in much that is transpiring around us, yet we are not unmindful of the claim that our beloved country has on the loyal service of every intelligent citizen within its borders, and we have not withheld the word of encouragement, when it seemed required to all who have the growth and perpetuity of our free institutions at heart.

The general diffusion of thought and information has been greatly facilitated by modern appliances, and so far as these are used for good they are a blessing; but the desire that is evinced in very many of our newspapers "to tell some new thing," without regard to whether it be wholesome or otherwise, is, we fear, creating in the minds of those who habitually and indiscriminately read them an appetite for what is strange and startling and, shall we say for gossip that is insidious to good taste and good morals. We admit that public exposure of vice and corruption may be better in some cases than to allow it to smoulder in secret, but there are two undesirable habits of mind produced by constant familiarity with these public disclosures. In the thoughtful and religious they produce a great depression, the effect of dwelling too much on the dark side of human life, while the more thoughtless become altogether too familiar with details, from which the sensitive mind should ever recoil. As editors of a Friends' paper, we have felt no temptation to enter this field; we have also considered personal allusions (except when necessity re-

ired), and the bringing forward of individuals by name in connection with trivial and important occasions, neither useful nor elevating. But every item of information connected with the welfare of the members of our household of faith, or the wider brotherhood, is gladly welcomed and freely transferred to our columns.

While our work has been a pleasant one, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts are appreciated by a large proportion of those who receive our paper, the long list of unpaid subscriptions to the volume now pressing is a disagreeable reminder that some, at least, are indifferent to the financial credit of its publishers. Much of this remaining indebtedness, we are willing to believe, is owing to the unsettled monetary condition of our country, and we have patiently waited on our delinquent subscribers, hoping that most of them would feel able to remit the full sum that our paper costs before the close of the year. We believe the *Intelligencer* to be fully worth to every subscriber the amount paid for it, and those who look forward to its weekly appearance would, we suppose, be very loath to dispense with it; and if all withheld substantial support, it would be impossible to continue its publication. We hope that those for whom this is intended will see the difficult position in which so large an arrearage places us, and take no time in fulfilling *their part* of the obligation.

We believe volume thirty-second compares favorably with any of its predecessors. Our continued aim will be to maintain to the best of our ability its present standard, and to increase, as far as we can, to its value. We are conscious that our younger members may have felt that their wants have not been sufficiently regarded; this we hope to remedy, and we wish the *Intelligencer* to be as welcome to the children as it is to the parents. It is our purpose to devote some portion of our columns to literature that will be instructive and profitable to the youthful reader. If it may be said that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, surely the incidents and occurrences of real, every-day life may be wisely drawn from, as useful lessons

to the inexperienced, and a love for the common things that enter so largely into human existence be thus encouraged.

We again ask our friends in the several Quarterly Meetings, to send us for publication such local information as will interest the general reader, that we may be able to record how it fares with "the brethren" everywhere.

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#### DIED.

PAXSON.—At her residence in Dolington, Bucks co., Pa., First month 27th, 1876, Betsey Paxson, in the 94th year of her age.

PAXSON.—At the same place, Second month 2d, Jonathan Paxson, in the 85th year of his age. These Friends were brother and sister, and had always been members of Makefield Monthly Meeting. For a long time they were overseers and elders of said meeting, and were very consistent and valued Friends.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

#### FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

No. 87.

(Continued from page 813.)

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#### IN PARIS AGAIN—THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. DENIS.

It would be a useful and delightful work for some ready writer and faithful observer to write out, for the benefit of travelers, a detailed description of the interesting monuments of Paris, with the mystic legends and historic incidents they are designed to commemorate. Frances Trollope, some forty years ago, expressed the opinion that this would be one of the most interesting books in existence, and I am sure it would supply a want that many travelers have felt.

Perhaps the best starting-place for such a work would be the ancient Abbey Church of St. Denis, where the monarchs of France found a burial place. A twenty minutes' ride from the northern railway station of Paris takes us to the little town of St. Denis—*little* in comparison with the majestic city so near at hand, but boasting a population of 16,000. By contrast, it looks to us small and mean this bright October day, and as we walk up the unclean street toward the Abbey we are reminded that this is only an ancient French town like those a hundred miles away from the gay capital.

But who is the saint in whose honor has risen a great temple of worship, and who has been chosen as the special guardian of French royalty? Those who are not critical in regard to the verity of church legends are content to believe he is the same with Dionysius, the Athenian philosopher, the judge of the Areopagus, so wise in heavenly things



that he was called Theosophus. It is related of Dionysius that he went to Egypt to study astrology, and that he was at Heliopolis at the time of the crucifixion of Christ. The darkening of the heavens for three hours greatly troubled this inquirer after truth, and his observation of this strange phenomenon prepared his mind for the eloquent preaching of Paul at Athens, when the wondrous story of the Messiah was unfolded to the philosophic Greeks. Doubtless it was a strange experience to the learned Areopagite to find a teacher and spiritual guide in this Jewish doctor, who announced so distinctly the eternal and only God, Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and Who is ever near to the humble, seeking children of His creation. We read that, while some scoffed and mocked when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, others said, more thoughtfully, "We will hear thee again of this matter," and "certain men clave unto him and believed, among whom was Dionysius, the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." (Acts xviii, 34.)

We are told that the Greek philosopher was made first bishop of Athens; that he made a visit to the blessed Virgin mother at Jerusalem, and was present at her death and burial, and that afterwards he went to Rome and attended Paul at his martyrdom. Later, he is sent by Pope Clement as a missionary to France, accompanied by two deacons, Rusticus and Eleutherius. On his arrival in Paris, he finds it an exceedingly great and rich city, full of inhabitants and well provided with all the good things of this earth. The skies are bright and the land fertile, so that it seems to Dionysius another Athens. Here he fixes his residence and devotes all his energies to the instruction of this learned and happy people in the way of life, sending missionaries to all the provinces of France and Germany.

"But," says the legend, "the Spirit of Evil roused up many of the nobles and others against the good bishop, and certain of their emissaries accused him to the Emperor Trajan," or, according to some authorities, to Diocletian, and the lord of the Roman world sent an order to Paris for the imprisonment of Denis and his faithful brethren. Brought before the prefect, they persisted in denying the gods, and so were condemned to death. On coming to the place of execution, Denis knelt and raised his hands and eyes to heaven, commending himself to God, and his companions responded with a loud amen.

The heads of the three confessors fell beneath the sword of the executioner, and their bodies were left, as usual, to be devoured by

wild beasts. "But the Lord did not forget his faithful servants, nor was it His will that their holy remains should be dishonored. Therefore he permitted a most stupendous miracle, namely, that the body of Dionysius rose up on its feet, and taking up the head with his hands, walked the space of two miles to a place called the Mount of Martyrs (since called Mont-martre) the angels singing hymn by the way."

The bodies of the three martyrs were afterwards buried on this spot, and the first church raised to their honor was St. Genevieve, assisted by the people of Paris.

King Dagobert, in the seventh century, founded the Benedictine Abbey of St. Denis, and commenced the construction of the church, and to this spot were removed the relics of the three martyrs.

Then Denis became the patron saint of French monarchy, and his name the war-cry of the armies of France, and the famous flamme was the banner consecrated on tomb.

But the stately towered edifice before has suffered so much destruction, and undergone so much restoration in the course of ages, that we can hardly imagine that a portion of the original temple now remains. During the first revolution it was pillaged and desecrated by the fierce multitude, who in their not groundless wrath against priestcraft and tyranny, cared not even to preserve memorials of the good and gracious teachers of truth, or of just paternal princes, whose names are synonyms of wisdom and patriotism. St. Denis was converted into a "temple of reason," made a depot of artillery, and a salt magazine. Later, it was proposed to demolish it and convert the site into a public market-place, but from this fate it was saved by Napoleon, who in 1806 caused it to be repaired and restored as a place of ship.

We pause a few moments to examine the three receding portals, which are adorned with numerous sculptures. The Last Judgment, with all its horrors, occupies the central portal, and at its sides are the Wise and Foolish Virgins, a perpetual warning to the thoughtless and busy world to be vigilant and ready for the coming of Him who shut the door and none can open.

"Too late—too late—ye cannot enter now."

On the south portal the story of the martyrdom of St. Denis is portrayed, and either sides are sculptures of the occupations peculiar to each month in the year. The northern entrance is the work of later times and is consequently of less interest.

We enter the solemn sanctuary, admiring



oble proportions, and take note of the great profusion of stained glass windows, which contain portraits of saints, fathers, popes, kings and queens, the events of the crusades and the deeds of Saint Louis.

The work of restoration is in energetic progress, and we find we are not entirely at liberty to walk back and muse among the ancient marbles which once marked the resting-places of royal and princely dust. We must await the coming of the *verger*, pay a franc for a ticket, and then be shown, with about twenty others, the treasures and relics of St. Denis. Strangely solemn are these cumbersome old marbles, which, from Dagobert the latest Bourbons, tell the pathetic story of the warfare of life—of sorrow, disappointment, pain and woe, reaching even to the thrones of kings.

Here kneels Louis XVI, and near him, his consort, the hapless daughter of Austria, seems to appeal to later ages for that pity which was denied her by the cruel days in which she lived. The countenance of Louis is gentle, benevolent and pleasing, but lacking masculine power; and we may well believe that he was worthy of a better fate than that at which the sins and errors of his predecessors called down upon his hapless family. This lofty, canopied tomb was erected for the mortal remains of Louis XII, the Father of his People, and for his queen, Anne of Bretagne. They are represented in a recumbent posture on the sarcophagus, and on the pedestal are reliefs which commemorate the military achievements of the king.

Similar to this is the adjoining monument of Henry II, and Catharine de Medicis, his consort, and their mausoleum is inappropriately adorned with reliefs representing faith, hope, charity and good works.

The tomb of Francis I and his queen Claude, in the south transept, is yet more sumptuous, and is a memorial of the magnificent reign of this prince, famous alike for his warlike deeds, his love of learning and his patronage of commerce and the fine arts. The royal dust is all gone, scattered by the old wrath of the revolution, but the tombs have been restored as far as practicable, and the ancient statues have been again placed in the old church, as nearly as possible in their original order. The work of desecration was commenced on Tenth month 12th, 1793, the precise day on which, one hundred years before, Louis XIV had caused the demolition of the ancient tombs of the emperors of France.

After our long walk through the crypt and around the church, we had little disposition to ascend the tower, the summit of which commands a grand panorama of Paris and

of the surrounding country. I think it is not generally known how exhausting is the act of sight seeing when one walks and stands while the monotonous voice of the guide recounts, in an imperfectly understood tongue, the events which are designed to be commemorated, and the observer is not allowed the comfort of a moment's digression, or of a single irrelevant question.

At the High Altar of this church the nuptials of Napoleon I and the archduchess Marie Louisa were solemnized, and on the same spot, in 1593, Henry IV was received into the pale of the Church of Rome. S. R.

Tenth month 15, 1875.

#### THE METRIC SYSTEM.

It is important that this system of weights and measures should be taught in our schools. It is not yet used to any extent in common business transactions, but its use for such purposes is legalized, and the time is coming when the change must be made. A preparation for that change is demanded of teachers, for it is only through the schools that the change can be practically accomplished. For a time, the old and the new must both be taught, and the relations of the two must also be understood, so that if an amount be expressed in one system, its equivalent can be easily given in the other. When any such change is to be made by a people, some generation, or, perhaps, successive generations, must have such extra work to do. We may consider it unfortunate that the burden rests upon us; but why not upon us as well as upon our successors?

A nation which has so fully established the decimal system in its currency, that even the very terms, pounds, shillings and pence, in their old colonial sense, are almost obsolete, ought not to be afraid to extend the decimal system still further. It is true that the different values of the colonial currency rendered a change imperative; but do not teachers of science find a change equally demanded by the confusion which now prevails in textbooks and scientific works? The government took the old coins and transformed them into new ones of the decimal system; but it did not do all the work at once. It cannot take our yard-sticks and transform them all into meter measures. The change must be a gradual one. The old measures will be used; but there must come a time when new ones will be purchased in the new system.

The interests of science demand that the people should be educated in the metric system; and, on the other hand, the interests of the rising generation require that they should



be so trained as to be able to read, understandingly, scientific works. We would have the system taught in the lower schools at the same time with the other tables, as is now done in some of our best schools. The textbooks should also insert it in the proper place, and not in the last part of the book.

The following list embraces the points which we consider it most important to drill our pupils upon :

1. A METER is one forty-millionth part of a meridian of the earth, and is equal to 39·37 inches, or about 3 feet, 3 inches and  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch. Practice in estimating and expressing distances in meters, and in the use of square and cubic meters.

2. The meaning of the prefixes *deci*, *centi*, *milla*, *deca*, *hecto*, *kilo* and *myria*. Practice in their use.

3. A CENTIMETER is about  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch, or a little more than  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch.

4. A KILOMETER is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile. Practice in expressing distances to adjoining towns in kilometers.

5. A GRAM is the weight of a cubic centimeter of water, and is nearly  $15\frac{1}{2}$  grains. The temperature and purity of the water, and weighing in a vacuum, are not important for beginners.

6. A KILOGRAM is the weight of a cubic decimeter of water, and is about 2·2 pounds avoirdupois.

7. A TONNEAU, or a thousand kilograms, is the weight of a cubic meter of water, and is about 2,200 pounds, avoirdupois. It is about 1·1 tons, or a little less than a long ton.

8. A LITER is a cubic decimeter, and is about one quart. It may be conceived of as the volume of a cube, each side of which is about 4 inches long.

A hectoliter is a little less than 3 bushels (about  $2\frac{5}{8}$  bushels); but it is not so important to gain a definite conception of it, as of those before named.

The *are* (a square decameter), and the *stere* (a kilolitre, or cubic meter,) are less frequently met with, and it is not of so much importance that they be committed to memory.—*New England Journal of Education*.

From the Delaware County Republican.

#### ALASKA MUMMY CAVES.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing from San Francisco, gives the following interesting account of the manner in which the Yukon and other Indians preserve their dead :

The theory that the aborigines of this country are wanderers from the Orient would seem to have received additional proof of its

correctness by the discovery that several tribes of the southern portion of Alaska preserve their dead according to the method used by the ancient Egyptians, the only difference between both processes being the material used.

No one suspected that such a custom was known among the red men of this continent but the researches of Mons. Pinart and other lovers of ethnological lore have brought the fact to light, and have thus enriched the ethnographic literature of our land. During a visit that I made to the Aleutian Islands in the summer of 1872, I was fortunate enough to get a couple of mummies from a Russian fisherman who took a deep interest in the manners of the red men, and many a pleasant hour did I spend in poring over their soot-faces and studying the mode in which they were preserved. The custom of preserving the dead must have existed among the natives of the Kodiak Archipelago and the Aleutian Islands for many centuries; but the fact that it was unknown on the mainland would go to prove that its origin was caused by the difficulty of securing burial places, and that it was therefore an invention of necessity rather than a borrowed or traditional habit, for the ground is rendered so hard and compact by the action of frost that the digging of a grave would be a difficult feat with the dull implements they possessed, and wood is so scarce as to have rendered cremation impossible.

The captain of a trading vessel called at this place in 1873, and being guided to the caves by some natives, he took away all the perfect mummies he could find and such implements of the war and the chase as were stored with them. The latter were confined to lance-heads made of flint, a proof of the primitive character of the people. A few ivory toys, made apparently from the tusks of the phocidæ family, and some work-baskets were the only vestiges of the handicraft of the race found in the caves. From these we can infer the condition of the Esquimaux tribes of the Pacific in the past, and deduce that they are non-progressive, for they have not improved upon their work since that time nor have they attempted to better their physical life, as their abodes readily attest.

The Indians inhabiting the islands south of the Alaska Peninsula not only mummified the dead, but also prepared them in natural attitudes, and dressed them in the richest apparel, or incased them in armor or wood-masks. Hunters were represented in pursuit of the seal; women in the act of nursing attending children, and old men in beating the rude tamborines used at festivals, the being the chief duty of the decrepit at the festivals, as the young devote their attention



the dance and the revel. Masks are supposed to protect the dead from the influence of evil spirits, hence their frequent use when departed is of any special importance.

The natives of Kodiak, who devote their special attention to hunting the whale, are considered unclean during the hunting season, and for this reason they are avoided so much by their kindred that they form a caste of themselves. Their prowess is, however, highly appreciated, and the bodies of successful Nimrods are preserved with scrupulous care, and kept in caves known only to their kindred or possessors, for a large amount of good luck is supposed to attend those who have them. This superstition led to a unique system of kleptomania, as one hunter would steal the mummy of another and secrete it in his own cave, that he might obtain the good fortune supposed to attend it.

All classes believe that mummies have the power of averting the vengeance of that great forbear of Indian happiness, evil spirits, and they pay them much attention and heed them occasionally, that their love may not be withdrawn. They are usually taken out to enjoy the first berries of the season, and as the dish containing the fruit is empty at the return of the host, the natural inference is that the skeleton devoured its contents; but had he kept close watch, he would have found that some sly squirrels had enjoyed the dainty repast. One of these fossils went out to enjoy the warm rays of spring, and at dinner of oil was "nabbed" by a United States Custom House official, and lodged in a out-house near his own residence. The natives discovered the theft, but instead of displaying anger they only grumbled at the official's penuriousness in not feeding the mummy, as it had been seen prowling about the village at night in search of food, and as seemed very hungry they did not know at that moment it might enter their repose and steal from them more than they could afford to spare. They were told that such an event could not occur again, and they left perfectly satisfied.

Throughout the whole of the Northern archipelago, fronting the Alaska coast, mummy caves are quite numerous, but they have thus far, with few exceptions, remained closed to the scientists who have visited the region, as the natives do not care to make strangers acquainted with their manners and customs through fear of being mocked at; and they have, besides, a deep reverence for their dead, and believe if they are molested they will revenge themselves on the people by permitting their rest to be disturbed. Some Russian navigators, in their exploration of the region, discovered a few isolated

mausoleums, and carried their contents to St. Petersburg; but, with one or two exceptions, our officials have not troubled themselves about such matters.

[From the Philadelphia Sunday Republic.]

#### GLEN MILLS.—WHERE THE GOVERNMENT PAPER IS MADE.

Nineteen miles from Philadelphia, on the line of the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad, are located the mills in which is made the paper used by the Treasury Department for its notes, currency, revenue stamps and other financial stamps. These mills are the property of Mark and James M. Willcox, who represent a family, which, for nearly one hundred and fifty years, has been engaged in the manufacture of paper in this section, among other important work executed by its ancient members, being the paper used for a great part of the Continental issues, and the first used by the Bank of North America, of this city, all of which was done at the first mill established—the Ivy, located about two miles from Glen Mills. About the exterior of these latter mills there is nothing attractive, but the interior of the principal building is full of interest to the visitor, and is well supplied with the most perfect and costly machinery. The brothers Willcox have the contract to perform the work, and employ the hands and supply the material, but the whole establishment is under the immediate supervision of the United States Government, and its representative, Luke Bemis, gives constant and careful attention to the duty entrusted to him. The mills are guarded night and day by a force under the command of a captain of the guard, and no one is permitted to enter without the permission of those in charge.

In the manufacturing of Government paper no other material is used but linen—not rags, in the ordinary meaning of the word, but new linen, collected from different manufacturing establishments in Europe, and how immense is the quantity may be estimated, when we say that a six months' supply is always kept on hand, and that Government uses up sufficient each day to make some two thousand pounds of paper, about equally divided between its money and its revenue issues. The linen is first boiled for half a day with lime, in a large boiler, to extract the color and gluten, is then placed in a washing engine, where, by an ingenious process, it is further cleansed, and then, after a mixture with chemicals, allowed to drain and bleach in vats. It is then reduced by the "beating engine" to a fine pulp, and the distributive fibre, the red material so well



known to every one who handles the national currency, but the exact nature of which is kept a secret, is introduced in lengths of about an inch, it being, when fine enough, let down by a valve at the bottom of the engine to the stuff chest in the machine room on the floor below. The blue fibre, also so well known, is prepared in the same way, and is let down to a separate chest on the machine. The pulp containing the red fibre flows on to the machine in the lower floor the same as other kinds of paper do on a Fourdrinier machine, while that containing the blue fibre, by a novel invention of J. M. Willcox, flows in parallel lines through the entire length and in the particular part of the paper desired. The paper, which is at first nothing but a milky-looking fluid colored by two fibres, passes over continuous steam rolls and under calender rolls, gradually being sized and attaining greater consistency, until it finally leaves the machine, of the proper weight and strength. Just as it is finished, another machine slits it lengthwise to the required width, and immediately afterwards another cuts it into small sheets. It is then taken to a loft and hung across racks to dry, and when dry is calendered and counted by the contractors, and is then taken to a large and well-lighted room, in which, at numerous tables, are seated young ladies, representatives of respectable and influential families, who quietly and carefully examine and count each sheet, rejecting all that are imperfect, and so verifying the count that mistake is impossible. These young ladies board in West Chester and other localities convenient, and ride each morning to their work.

The name of the examiner and counter is placed on each package, so that in case of error the author of the mistake may be readily detected. The sheets are finally placed in boxes sealed with the seal of the treasury, and are expressed to Washington. On the first floor are the offices of the Messrs. Willcox and of Mr. Bemis, the latter being ornamented by ivies trained along the walls and by an intelligent-looking lady who acts as clerk to the superintendent. Next to Mr. Bemis' office is a small room for the use of the captain of the watch, and having the appearance of a miniature armory; but while the Government depends upon the force of which this officer has charge for the protection of the building and its contents, it also exercises the closest surveillance over employees and visitors, since the larceny of a small piece of paper, much less a sheet, might give facilities to counterfeiters which it is not desired they should possess, and by posters in the building notice is given that the penalty for having any of the paper in one's pocket

is \$5,000 fine or fifteen years imprisonment, or both. The contractors employ from fifty to seventy-five persons of both sexes and all ages, who are paid according to their industry and activity. At the upper mill, the internal revenue is mostly made, and by an ingenious device of one of the brothers Willcox the paper is so made chemically that it is utterly impossible for any alteration to be made in it with acid or otherwise, without the plans of the person desiring to alter a figure or to make other change being immediately made known in the permanent discoloration of the paper.

THE subject of the fertilization of flowers by insect agency is attracting more than usual attention just now. Its practical bearings will make it a particularly interesting one. The honey-bee has been introduced for a long time since into Australia; but the clover does not seed. According to Mr. Darwin only the humble-bee, which has a longer proboscis and is stronger than the honey-bee, is able to reach sufficiently deep into the flower to collect the pollen. Hence, there is an effort made to import the humble bee to New Zealand, in the interest of clover seed. A quantity has, therefore, been recently shipped from England for Canterbury, New Zealand. Every care is being taken to get the nest there safely. A Mr. John Hall has been sent to watch and care for them, and a large quantity of ice is taken on board, to keep them cool while passing over the Tropics. It will be remembered that in a paper before the Detroit Meeting for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Meehan reported going over Mr. Darwin's experiments, and found, by placing a riddle with one-sixteenth of an inch mesh over the plants, in the open ground, the seeded just as well as if they had free access to the bees. He found small sand wasps inside, to be sure; but these are not the large bees supposed to be required. Mr. Meehan supposed that climatic or other causes affecting nutrition has often the effect of preventing fertilization, as well as the lack of bees. It will be interesting to watch the further development of this interesting examination. *Independent.*

From the Evening Express.

#### THE BETTER WAY.

BY IDA W. BENHAM.

If your neighbor is unkind  
Meet him with a gentle spirit;  
Meekness doth the earth inherit;  
All the powers of wrath combined  
Never can his spirit move  
To one kindly deed of love.

Seeds of love bear healing fruit,  
Guilt and misery dispelling—

Scatter them beside his dwelling,  
 Hatred is a poisoned root—  
 Touch it not, lest it should brand  
 Hateful scars upon your hand.

Would you have a friend indeed?  
 Make your enemy your neighbor;  
 To that end direct your labor;  
 Be to him a friend in need:  
 Like a beggar at his gate,  
 Be content to ask and wait.

What! a brother won from strife?  
 From old jars and long suspicion,  
 To a brotherly condition!  
 See his children and his wife  
 Laugh with yours inside your door,  
 Thrice as happy as before.

## EXTRACT.

We watched her breathing through the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied;  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
 Another morn than ours.”

THE Springfield Republican says: “There is a kind of assumption that woman is a purer, cleaner, more sensitive and more refined creature than man. It may be so; but she will do many things which a gentleman could not bring himself to do. There is a gentleman in Springfield, for instance, who would walk through Main street dragging part of his raiment on the ground after him. Any gentleman would consider himself defiled by such a performance, and probably would soon get himself in the hands of the police and be committed before a commission *de lunatico*. No gentleman would care to parade the street in the attire that one hand was consequently occupied in reefing the slack of his breeches, and the manner of holding up skirts at the present time. American gentlemen attach much character of gambler to a man who wears many jewels and rings, and recognize a gross vulgarity in the lady who similarly overloads herself on occasions when personal ornament is not in keeping. What we mean is that there is a modesty and sobriety of attire even of bearing among recognized gentlemen which the recognized lady has not yet learned.”

## AUDIBLE AND INAUDIBLE SOUNDS.

The phenomenon of color-blindness is a familiar fact; but an analogous phenomenon, what might be called pitch-deafness, though not uncommon, is not so generally known. By *pitch-deafness* is meant insensibility to certain sound-vibrations. Prof. Donaldson, of the University of Edinburgh, used to illustrate the different grades of sensibility to sound by a very simple experiment, namely, by sounding a set of small organ-pipes of great acuteness of tone. The gravest note would be sounded first, and this would be heard by the entire class. Soon some one would remark, “There, ’tis silent,” whereas all the rest, perhaps, would distinctly hear the shrill piping continued. As the tone rose, one after another of the students would lose sensation of the acute sounds, until, finally, they became inaudible to all.

There is reason for supposing that persons whose ear is sensible to very acute sounds are least able to hear very grave notes, and *vice versa*. Probably the hearing capacity of the human ear ranges over no more than twelve octaves. The gravest note audible to the human ear is supposed to represent about 15 vibrations per second, and the sharpest 48,000 per second.

The auditory range of animals is doubtless very different from that of man; they hear sounds which are insensible to us, and *vice versa*. Many persons are insensible to the scream of the bat—it is too acute. But to the bat itself that sound must be in all cases perfectly sensible. If, then, we suppose the bat to have an auditory range of twelve octaves, and its scream or cry to stand midway in that range, the animal would hear tones some six octaves higher than those audible to the human ear—two and a half million vibrations per second.

Scoresby and other Arctic voyagers and whale-hunters have observed that whales have some means of communicating with one another at great distances. It is probable that the animals bellow in a tone too grave for the human ear, but quite within the range of the cetacean ear.—*Pop. Science Monthly*.

It is probable that the highest efforts of the mind, those efforts in which new truths have flashed out, then vanished, then returned again, until the investigator has finally made them his own, have been made without the aid of language. Language is a medium between man and man, not necessarily between man and nature. Thoughts which come to us through language must come to us at second-hand. Language being the medium of thought cannot precede thought.



... Words mean the same to those persons only who have had the same experiences. Words do not convey ideas; they suggest them. When a word is spoken, the hearer is at first conscious of sound. If he has been accustomed to associate the spoken word with some idea, the mind instantly represents the idea. If the experience of both speaker and hearer has been the same, the word has the same meaning to each. In the mind of the speaker the idea suggests the word; in the mind of the hearer the word suggests the idea. No word ever explains any sensation, pleasant or painful, to one who has never felt the sensation. By aid of the imagination, we may, to an extent, give meaning to language that does not directly appeal to experience; but the imagination can do nothing more than recombine materials that have been furnished by experience, so that directly or indirectly words derive their meaning from experience; and words have a common meaning because they suggest ideas of a common experience.—*From "Mental Discipline in Education," in Popular Science Monthly.*

## NOTICES.

### CIRCULAR MEETING.

2d mo. 20th. Whitemarsh, Pa. 3 P. M.

Persons from Philadelphia, and along the line of the North Penn. R. R., wishing to attend this meeting, should take the cars leaving Berks and American street at 2 P. M. for Fort Washington, near the Meeting House, returning at 6.23 P. M.

### CORRECTION.

In the list of Circular Meetings within Abington Quarter, the following changes should be made in Friends' Almanac, so as to read:

Abington, 3d mo. 5th, and 9th mo. 3d.

Gwynedd, 3d mo. 19th, and 9th mo. 17th.

Friends' Charity Fuel Association meets this evening, at 8 o'clock.

The next 3d day Evening Meeting, will be held at Spruce street on 22d inst., 7½ o'clock.

## ITEMS.

THE largest telescope ever yet attempted is now in course of construction in Dublin, by Mr. Grubb. It is intended for the new observatory of Vienna. The object-glass will have an aperture of over twenty-six inches, and the focal length is to be about thirty-two feet.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

AS AN instance of the effect of heat and cold in expanding and contracting the iron of the dome of the National Capitol, it is stated that the colossal statue surmounting it inclines  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches to the west in the forenoon, and the same distance to the east in the afternoon. This fact has been ascertained by fixing a plumb line to the statue and dropping it to the rotunda below. As the morning sun upon the east side of the dome heated the iron and caused an expansion on the side of the statue, it was thrown westward  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches. In the afternoon, when the sun upon the west side heated and

expanded that side of the dome, the statue inclined to the east a similar distance.—*Ex paper.*

A WRITER in the *Popular Science Monthly* on the formation of "sand-dunes" or hills, such as are found on Long Island and the New Jersey coast, says that the native pitch pine trees flourish on the most sandy soils, and if planted abundantly over the surface of broken hills of sand, the movement of the latter would be delayed, if not arrested. They can be made to do something more than this in watering places on the New Jersey coast. They would afford shelter behind which other vegetation would thrive and make of the dreary sand wastes a blooming garden. The science of gardening consists largely in the choice of plants and trees to serve special purposes, and on the sea coast as in the almost equally barren wastes known as public squares, a little care in protecting the more tender plants with hardier ones, would result in success, where now there is almost universal failure.—*Public Ledger.*

ONE of the many changes brought about in Japan by intercourse with foreigners has been the inauguration of a complete postal system throughout the Empire. Under the government of the Tycoon prior to 1868, there was no postal system whatever established in the interior of Japan, the only mail being those forwarded by foreign Consuls on vessels running between the Treaty ports. The present government of the Mikado which came into direct power in 1868, established in 1871 a postal route between the cities of Tokio (the present capital) and Osaka near the Inland sea, a distance of about 400 miles. This service was confined to the towns and villages immediately along the route, the mails being transported by men runners at the rate of about 150 miles per day. The next year the route was extended, and has since been increased until the present time mails are conveyed with regularity and fair despatch to nearly all parts of the Empire. In this service the main features of the foreign postal regulations have been adopted, so the Japanese mails now transport letters, newspapers, magazines, books, sample packages, of limited weight, and postal cards, the same as in the United States.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

THE alleged insectivorous habits of certain plants such as *Drosera* and *Dionæa*, have attracted attention to the question of the composition of the viscid substance secreted by the glands of the leaves of species belonging to the former of these genera. The properties of this substance are evidently closely analogous to those of the pepsin, which is the ferment secreted in the human stomach, and it is even to give off the odor of pepsin on treating with sulphuric acid; but the quantity in which it has hitherto been obtained is too small to admit of accurate analysis. Prof. Frankland, of London, obtained results which convinced him that the substance was an acid, or mixture of acids, belonging to the fatty or acetic series; and he thinks he obtained certain evidence of the presence of propionic and probably also of acetic and butyric acids. Lawson Tait, of Birmingham, Eng., on the other hand, believes he has proved the main ingredient to be lactic acid, while Prof. Will, of Erlangen, forms acid to be certainly present (which Frankland failed to detect), as well as indications of propionic and butyric acids. A. W. Bennett, London, has detected glands in the leaves of *Drosera* and *Pinguicula*, which seems to have hitherto escaped attention, and which he believes to be intimately connected with the processes of absorption and digestion.—*Harper's Weekly.*

















